THE

UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE,

NEW SERIES

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS

IN

HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, THE BELLES LETTRES, POLITICS, AMUSEMENTS,

&c. &c.

VOL. XVIII.

JULY *to* DECEMBER, INCLUSIVE.

1812.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,

(Successors to Mr. H. D. SYMONDS), No. 20, Paternoster-Row;

By whom Communications (post paid) are received.

[Price 13*s.* 6*d.* Half-Bound.]

Printed by Charles Squire, Furnival's-Inn-Court.

No. 11261 20.10.76

THE
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No CIV.—Vol. XVIII.] *For* JULY, 1812. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

Sir,

OUR insertion of the following statement, in the pages of your Magazine, will be no less an obligation to me than a service to the cause of truth, as an exposure of perfidy and ingratitude.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
W. Mudford.

July 16th, 1812.

Statement *of* Facts, *disproving some* Gross Calumnies *insinuated by* Miss Churchill *and her* Mother, *against* Mr. Mudford.

Were the proceedings which have called forth the present statement marked merely by that folly which sometimes belongs to depravity, they would have remained unnoticed by me: and, even as it is, some of my friends have suggested how far it is a worthy office to appear as the antagonist of two such persons as Miss Churchill and her mother*; but, upon the maturest deliberation which I have myself been able to give the subject, it has appeared to me that the following particulars may not be altogether unnecessary. The meanest reptile may be venemous, and he who had been stung by it, would hardly be thought wise if he refused to apply medicaments because he despised the creature that had wounded him. At the same time, as I am extremely unwilling to attach any thing like undue importance to the *truly feminine rancour* of Miss Churchill and her mother, I shall content myself with a very brief relation of facts; and if they do not carry conviction of themselves, I shall despair of convincing by my comments upon them. Perhaps, indeed, I should disdain to seek the satisfying of those who remained doubtful after reading them.

In the beginning of December, 1810, Miss Churchill and her mother were introduced to my acquaintance by a letter from my publishers, Messrs. Sherwood and Co. as persons who were desirous to bring out a publication, and who wished for some direction and assistance. I had several interviews with them, and, after a time, a portion of the projected work was submitted to my inspection. Of that valuable MS. I will not say one word, lest any censure of mine should be ascribed to that literary envy which is supposed to belong so necessarily to an author. Suffice it to add, that I drew up for them an address, which was printed; and that I directed them how to apply for subscriptions to the work, which were obtained, to the amount of about sixty pounds; which not being enough to pay the expences of printing and paper, the scheme was abandoned, and a new one tried. This curious production was then offered to a variety of booksellers, by all of whom it was rejected. All this time, however, the mother and daughter were availing themselves of a free offer of my services which I made, in any way that could avail them. I wrote innumerable letters, I made personal applications, (often to my own personal discomfort, in consequence of relying too implicitly on Mrs. Churchill's veracity,) and I was accessible to their visits and importunities whenever they chose to make them. As often as I could, too, I called on them, to consult upon their condition. They then lived at

* Now residing at No. 3, Union-street, Somers Town.

Lambeth. Perfect strangers as they were to me, and destitute as I thought them, I think it is pretty evident I could have no very interested views in the business; at least if I had, I pursued them very clumsily, for I often neglected my own interest, where it really lay, to attend to theirs. But the reader will see, by and bye, how I contrived to make what is technically called *a good job of it.*

Finding that there was no hope of publishing the invaluable work which had been partly prepared for my inspection, that they were daily sinking deeper into difficulties, and that they must shortly either go to prison, pay their lodgings, or quit them, I made them a voluntary offer of my assistance in endeavouring to solicit private charity. My circle of acquaintance is but small, and yet I was sanguine enough to hope I should be able, by setting my friends at work within their respective circles, and so on, to accomplish what I wished. They told me one hundred pounds would completely extricate them from all their debts.—I applied myself to the task with sincere good will. In the month of February last I inserted an advertisement in the Morning Chronicle, nearly similar, in every respect, to the following circulating letter, of which I had, also, a number printed for distribution:—

"*The* GRAND-DAUGHTER *of* CHARLES CHURCHILL.

"If the assertion of Johnson be true, that the "Chief glory of every people arises from its authors," may it not be hoped that an enlightened nation will identify its own greatness with the prosperity of its literary men and their posterity? When the grand-daughter of Milton was discovered in poverty, a generous emulation appeared, who should be foremost to honour the memory of the great epic poet, by befriending his aged and indigent descendant. This was worthy of a people proud of their literary greatness. A similar occasion now calls for similar benevolence. The grand-daughter of Charles Churchill, of a writer not excelled by any for vigour of imagination, and for a manly independence of character, is, at this moment, languishing in poverty, sinking under accumulated embarrassments, with the added pain of beholding a mother the sharer of her afflictions. The sum of one hundred pounds would not only relieve them from the threatened terrors of a prison, but enable the daughter to avail herself of peculiar advantages she possesses to support herself and mother. Born in France, the victim and survivor of all the horrors that marked the progress of the French revolution, she has now, in her twentieth year, visited the soil of her ancestors, hoping to subsist, by her industry, in the country that has been adorned by the writings of her progenitor. A series of minute difficulties, which now, in the aggregate, amount to a total inability to escape utter ruin, unless relieved by the generosity of private individuals, has prevented her hitherto from exerting her abilities in the task of teaching the French language, to which she is eminently competent from her long residence in France, from the purity of her pronunciation, and from her equal skill in the English tongue.—Fettered by difficulties, she cannot make the first step in that path which, once entered, would lead to decent competence for herself and mother: but it is anxiously hoped that this appeal will not be fruitless, and that the individual who has ventured to make her situation known will be enabled, by the benevolence of those whom this address may reach, to impart relief and consolation to the virtuous and the afflicted.

W. MUDFORD.

No. 13, Union street, Somers Town.

*** "Any particulars that may be wished, and which, from motives of delicacy, should rather be the object of a private than a public communication, will be cheerfully imparted by Mr. Mudford to those who may interest themselves in the subject."

This advertisement produced but *one* application, and that application produced *no donation.* The person who applied was a Mr. C. Rist, upon whom I afterwards called, at No 62, Cornhill. Why he withheld his bounty I am unable to say; but *I have reason to suspect he had good grounds for it.*

After the above circulating letter

was printed I distributed it with all the efficacy I could, and with a great sacrifice of time and trouble; I say a great sacrifice, because my regular pursuits, during one half of the year, are more than sufficient to occupy me. To all my friends I recommended the cause I was engaged in, and entrusted to their hands copies of the circular letter, with a view to its distribution. In short, wherever I could give them, from personal knowledge, I did, and wherever I could send them, with any likelihood of success, I sent them. Among the latter were His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and Lord Spencer. To the Duke of Kent I applied, because I knew, from opportunities that once were in my power, a tale of distress never reached his ear in vain. To Lord Spencer I wrote as Vice President of the Literary Fund; and the donations that I received from those two distinguished personages were ALL that reached my hands as the direct consequence of any written application. From my friend, the Rev. Mr. Sim (I am sure he will forgive my using his name on this occasion) I also received a one pound note, which *I gave to Mrs. Churchill*, not indeed as his *donation*, for reasons stated in my letter to the Duke of Kent, with regard to Lord Spencer's subscription, *but as a loan from myself.* Five shillings were also left at my house by an anonymous contributor; and *since* my rupture with these persons, I have received a one pound note from my friend Mr. Pratt, whom I had interested in the business, as the donation of a Major P. That actively benevolent friend had also procured me for them the patronage of the Countess of Besborough; but, just when I was about to avail myself of that patronage in their behalf, their conduct justified me in desisting from all application; yet the reader will perceive the shameless introduction of Mr. Pratt's name in the letter which Miss Churchill has printed.

I shall studiously abstain from all mention of innumerable acts of kindness which I shewed to these persons on various occasions. An ostentation of humanity is the most disgusting of all egotism. I have, therefore, very little else to say. Their conduct, especially that of Mrs. Churchill, had long excited my disapprobation, and sometimes my disgust, before I ceased to act in their behalf; and I *did not* cease to act in their behalf, because I did not think it necessary that an object of charity should be a pure and faultless being. The immediate cause of my disclaiming all further intercourse with them, as well as other particulars, I need not mention here. They will be found in the following letter to His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, to whom Mrs. Churchill, in the over-heated malice of her revengeful nature, wrote a letter, charging me with having been guilty of the meanest practices. That letter, his Royal Highness, with a dignified candour of proceeding, immediately transmitted to me, expressing "his earnest hope that I should be able, satisfactorily, to explain away the imputations laid to my charge."

"*No.* 13, *Union-Street, Somer's Town, July 4th*, 1812.

"SIR,

"I cannot adequately express to your Royal Highness the deep sense which I feel of that noble and elevated conduct, on your Royal Highness's part, by which you have disdained to listen to a tale of slander, without offering to the person calumniated a fair and honourable means of defence. Sir, a very brief statement will explain to your Royal Highness this transaction.

"When I first undertook, from a spirit of benevolence, which I may almost call Quixotic, to advocate the cause of Mrs. Churchill, I had *one*, and *only one*, specific object in view, as your Royal Highness may have observed from the printed address I had the honour of sending to you. That *object* was to raise a sum sufficient to *pay the debts she had contracted.* Just, however, as I had begun to make exertions, which I first did in the month of Feb. last, she was arrested for sixty nine pounds, and thrown into prison. This was *one*, and the *principal one*, of those debts for whose liquidation I was soliciting subscriptions. Touched with her condition I *became her bail*, for that sum, with costs added to it

amounting, altogether to 80 pounds. I liberated her from a prison, and became personally responsible for that amount, and for which amount I am *still responsible*. Thus circumstanced, I was additionally anxious to raise the "hundred pounds" specified in the "Address;" but, *till I ever did raise*— and with the proudest feelings of conscious rectitude I state it—was £15. 5s.; of these fifteen pounds, ten were contributed by Earl Spencer; three by your Royal Highness; two by two other friends of mine, and five shillings were left at my house by an anonymous contributor.

"By this time your Royal Highness will probably anticipate *why* I deemed it prudent to withhold, from Mrs. Churchill, the *whole* amount of what I received. I was looking forward to the period when I should be called upon, either to pay her debt of eighty pounds, or to surrender her person in lieu thereof. The latter course I was naturally solicitous to avoid, and I was equally solicitous to secure myself from a loss which I could ill sustain. I was aware, also, that Mrs. Churchill's condition was such, that if I told her what little money I had in my hands, I should be harrassed with ceaseless importunities, with endless tales of distress, until I gave it her; to do which, however, would have *defeated* the *express object* of the subscriptions, besides leaving myself to the risk of paying the sum for which I was bail.

"I departed from this resolution, however, in one case, and that was in giving her *half* the subscription of Lord Spencer, retaining the other half towards that fund out of which I was to pay her debts. I also distinctly refused to give her your Royal Highness's subscription for the same reason, and because I was likewise responsible, (besides the eighty pounds) to another person, Mr. Squire, a printer, for a bill of her's to the amount of £5. 14s. Surely, then, I may anticipate with sufficient confidence the approbation of every one as to this part of my conduct.

"This letter is growing to an extent which I wish I could avoid, but I trust your Royal Highness will participate in my feelings, and excuse me if I seem prolix.

"I shall now state to your Royal Highness the immediate cause of our rupture. Mrs. Churchill, not finding the subscriptions coming in with that rapidity she expected, was desirous of trying a public advertisement, and she wished to add the names of all the subscribers. To this I positively objected with respect to your Royal Highness, from motives of the purest honour and delicacy. I explained, both to Miss Churchill and her mother, that as your Royal Highness had contributed, through me, in a private and confidential manner, I did not, nor I could not, feel myself at liberty to introduce your name into the public papers. Perhaps I may have been wrong in my view of the question, but I formed my opinion from a consideration of how I should feel if *my* name were thus unauthorisedly used. I had similar scruples with respect to Lord Spencer, and perhaps the only error which I have committed was, in not telling Mrs. Churchill, *even in this stage of the business*, the exact amount of his lordship's subscription. I was influenced, however, by those prudential motives which I have already stated, and if I erred, thank God it was an error of judgment, not of principle. I have only to add that Mrs. Churchill persisted in introducing your Royal Highness and Lord Spencer's names; and that, in consequence, I indignantly disclaimed all further connection with her or her concerns*.—With what malicious activity she has since persecuted me, with what untired revenge she has endeavoured, and is still endeavouring, every where to blast my character, and with what a dreadful disregard of truth all these machinations are pursuing, I need not tell your Royal Highness. I must own, however, that I am deeply shocked at her baseness. Could your Royal Highness know the whole history of my brief acquaintance with Mrs. Churchill and her daughter, the time that I have bestowed upon their concerns, to the great injury of my

* The letter which I wrote to Miss Churchill, stating my disgust at their conduct, they shewed to Lord Spencer, and his Lordship disapproved of it. I have only to say, that what I *feel* warmly I *express* warmly.

own sometimes, the labour I have undergone, and the expense which I have incurred, I am afraid your Royal Highness would be incredulous; your own feelings would rise in opposition to a belief in such monstrous ingratitude, and you would be tempted to think that I *must* be guilty to account for conduct so apparently beyond the line of human depravity. I can lay my hand upon my heart, however, and I can call my God in attestation, that, *every syllable contained in this letter is religiously correct.* My whole conduct in the transaction is before your Royal Highness, and to all the guilt which *that conduct* involves I am ready to plead.

"I again unfeignedly thank your Royal Highness for the generous channel which you have afforded me of exculpation. I shall anxiously await your answer; it will be a great consolation to me to know that you believe me guiltless. If but a shadow of doubt should still rest upon your mind, I entreat you will enable me to remove it. I am most anxious for your good opinion, and hitherto, I believe, I have possessed it. Is it likely I should now forfeit it for a few pounds dishonestly, and with a meanness of dishonesty, obtained? What course to take in order to counteract, generally, her assiduous malevolence I know not; but my first and greatest object undoubtedly is to clear myself in the estimation of your Royal Highness and of Lord Spencer.

"I have the honour to remain, &c.

"*Field-Marshal his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, &c.*"

To this letter I had the honour of receiving the following answer:—

"*Kensington Palace, 6th July,* 1812.

"SIR,

"I am instructed by the Duke of Kent to acknowledge your letter of the 4th inst. and to acquaint you that the *explanation therein given, upon the subject of Mrs. Churchill's accusation, is* ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S MIND: but he cannot help regretting the necessity that appeared to you, of withholding from Mrs. Churchill a knowledge of the full extent of Lord Spencer's donation, *although he plainly understands the motive that induced you to do it.*

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
JOHN PARKER.

"*W. Mudford, Esq.*"

To the observation with which the above letter closes, I most cordially assent. No man has more reason to regret the step I took, than myself, looking to the consequences that have ensued. But I must add, that no man can *fully and completely appreciate* my motives, who does not know Mrs. Churchill. Had she been informed of what little money I had received, I might as well have attempted to resist a falling torrent, as to check her eternal importunities to obtain it. I may appeal for the truth of this to my friends, Mr. Black and the Rev. Mr. Sim, who had opportunities of knowing how my door was besieged by the mother and daughter, morning, noon, and night, upon the progress I was making. If, therefore, I had told them what I had received, and refused to give it out of my hands, no doubt I should then have been publicly branded, not as an insidious betrayer of the unsuspecting, but as an open and impudent defaulter: I beg, however, that it may be distinctly remembered, for it is an essential point, that I was soliciting subscriptions to pay off the debts they had contracted, and not to provide for their daily and weekly subsistence, to accomplish which latter purpose I was procuring, and had been partly successful, families and single pupils for Miss Churchill to instruct in the French language. If, therefore, I had given to them the money, as I received it, I should have deviated from the *express* and *only* object of the subscription: and, independently of my responsibility, together with my friend Mr. Black, as Mrs. Churchill's bail, I was bound to retain the amount subscribed, in my own hands, till enough was raised to pay her debts. My reasons for concealing from Mrs. Churchill any part of what had come to me, I have already stated, and if they do not carry conviction with them, I must leave the incredulous unconvinced.

Men who are meditating schemes

of villainy generally mature them in silence, and it may be presumed if I had been occupied in the monstrous consideration of how I could enrich myself, and secure my future independence in life, though at the expense of my moral character, by keeping £9. 5*s*. (the whole amount of monies now in my hands), I should have made my calculations in secret. It will be seen, however, from the following letters, that I really was imprudent enough to tell my friends, in confidence, what sums I had got; and why I thought it a matter of prudence to act as I did. One of them, indeed, whose name I will not particularise, told me at the time, I was wrong in giving *any* to Mrs. Churchill, my object being to pay her debts, and for which debts I had become personally responsible. I was moved by her clamorous exclamations of distress, however, and partly, perhaps, wearied out with her importunities. I shall now insert the letters.

"*Stanmore, Essex, July* 6, 1812.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"In reply to your question, I very well remember that you told me Lord Spencer had subscribed 10*l*. for the relief of Mrs. Churchill, and the Duke of Kent 3*l*. I also recollect your stating, that it would not be prudent to acquaint Mrs. Churchill with the whole of what you received, in the propriety of which measure I concurred, knowing what your object was in raising the money, and that you could retain it in your own hands only by keeping the amount a secret.

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
JOHN SIM."

"*W. Mudford, Esq.*

"*London, July* 8, 1812.

"DEAR SIR,

"In compliance with your request to state to you what I know of the subject of an accusation brought against you by Miss Churchill, of having received subscriptions from several individuals on her account, with the intention of concealing them from her, I have to say, that some time ago I remember having met you, when you told me that you had just come from Lord Spencer's; that you had received a subscription of 10*l*. for Miss Churchill; and that you intended to give the half of it to that lady and her mother, and to retain the other half for the purpose of indemnifying yourself from several debts you were engaged for on their account. I remember you also told me you had received a subscription of 1*l*. from Mr. Sim, which you meant to retain for the same purpose, and another of 3*l*. from the Duke of Kent. Having been engaged along with you, as bail, for Mrs. Churchill, I was naturally led frequently, on seeing you, to enquire into the situation of their affairs, when, in my view of them, you always stated the amount of Lord Spencer's, Mr. Sim's, and the Duke of Kent's subscriptions, to be what I have already mentioned.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
JOHN BLACK,
8, Carlisle Place, Lambeth.

To William Mudford, Esq.
13, *Union-street, Somers Town.*"

"P. S. I remember when you first mentioned to me the amount of Lord Spencer's subscription, and your intention of only giving the half of it to Miss Churchill, you urged as a reason for not telling her the actual amount, that so long as she knew of a penny in your hands she would plague you night and day for it. J. B."

"20, *Paternoster-Row, July* 9, 1812.

"DEAR SIR,

"In reply to your's of this morning, I certainly do recollect, most distinctly, that upon my calling on you respecting the Life of Cumberland, Miss Churchill was present; and upon her leaving the room, I enquired how the subscription for her mother was going on; you informed me that Lord Spencer had subscribed ten pounds, five of which you had withholden for the purpose of accumulating a fund to pay her debts, and the other five pounds you had given her; and likewise, that you had become her bail for the sum of, I believe, sixty or eighty pounds. You will recollect that I then told you, you had committed yourself, and I expressed a hope that you would receive a suffi-

ciency to cover your bail, and by all means not to part with any more until you were quite secure.

Yours &c.
W. SHERWOOD."

"*Mr. Mudford.*"

My only object in inserting these letters (and I could produce more, if more were necessary), is to shew that I certainly made no secret of the amount of Lord Spencer's donation, except to Mrs. Churchill; and that if, therefore, I was intending to amass so large a sum as five pounds, by any clandestine proceedings, I was not a very skilful knave. Whatever degree of censure may attach, in the minds of any one, to my neglect, in not subsequently apprising Mrs. Churchill of the real amount of Lord Spencer's donation, I am prepared to endure.

The proceedings of Mrs. Churchill in this business, appeared to me, at first, so foolishly depraved, that I had resolved not to take any public notice of them; but when her daughter ventured so far to forget what I had done for her and her mother, as to print and circulate, with malignant industry, the following letter, I then felt myself compelled to adopt a different mode of procedure. Silent contempt, opposed to such an accusation, might very justly have been interpreted into the abashed consciousness of guilt:

"Miss Churchill, who is unfortunately the subject of the enclosed, has (together with her mother) been for the last twelve months deluded by a person of the name of Mudford, (who was introduced to her as an assistant, in the intended publication of a work), with the fallacious hopes of being relieved by a private subscription, and after having been so reduced as to be under the painful necessity of pledging many articles for subsistence, never having received from this person more than *Five* pounds; she has had the mortification of being informed by Lord Spencer, that his lordship had graciously bestowed ten pounds, of which she has received only five; with an assurance from Mr. Mudford, that this sum was the whole his lordship had subscribed. Miss Churchill having received the above information from Lord Spencer, she is apprehensive that she and her mother may have been defrauded of the benevolence of many humane persons; she therefore begs permission, most respectfully, to return her grateful thanks to her intended benefactors, and to solicit the favour of those who have honoured her case with their patronage, to be so obliging as to inform Mr. Hammersly, of Pall Mall, who has most kindly undertaken to receive subscriptions, what donations have been received from them by Mr. Mudford, or by any other person, particularly by Mr. Pratt, who is a total stranger to Miss Churchill, and who, she understands, Mr. Mudford has solicited to procure subscriptions on her account."

Upon this letter I have very few observations to make here. Its tendency and quality will be discussed in another place, a court of justice being the only way of adequately repelling the crime it more than implies; and to that I have already resorted. It will be perceived, however, that Miss Churchill begs that "all those who have honoured her case with their patronage, will be so obliging as to inform Mr. Hammersly," &c. I am sorry to see so respectable a name as Hammersly's connected with a business like this. The obvious import of the sentence, however, is to insinuate that I have received considerable sums, and to beg that they who sent those considerable sums would send in their names to Mr. Hammersly, as a means of detecting my frauds. My only reply to this shall be the following list of the names of *every person* to whom a direct application was made by myself.

His R. H. the Duke of Kent - -	£3
Earl Spencer - - - - - -	10
Sir Francis Burdett	
Lord Holland	
Lord Lansdowne	
W. Burdon, Esq. Welbeck-street	
Mr. Baring	
Sir Samuel Romilly	
Mr. Secretary Croker	
Earl Moira	
Sir J. C. Hippisley	
Earl of Carlisle	
J. Nicholls, Esq.	
R. Wharton, Esq.	
Mr. Elliston	

J. J. Angerstein, Esq.
M. P. Andrews, Esq.
R. B. Sheridan, Esq.
Miss Duncan
Countess of Derby
Dr. Thornton
Duchess of Devonshire
—— Coutts, Esq.
S. J. Pratt, Esq.
J. C. Cheetham, Esq. Royal Arsenal, Woolwich
Hewson Clarke, Esq.
J. Black, Esq.
Mr. Rist, Cornhill
Mr. Barry, Union-st., Somers Town
Mrs. De Castro, Great Russel-street, at the recommendation of Mr. Pratt.

These were all to whom I sent any papers, or made any application; and as Mr. Hammersly's is to be the chosen depository of my delinquency, *I call upon them, or any of them, to say, in a letter addressed there, or in any other way, that they ever gave me one penny for any purpose whatever*, save the two elevated personages whom I have particularised. By far the greater part of them, indeed, returned me no answer of any kind. I may also add, that I forwarded copies of the printed address to the editors of the Anti-Jacobin, Gentleman's, Monthly, European, and Universal Magazines, and to the Literary Pano——a, with a view to their insertion, as a means of extending the knowledge of the case; and they *were* inserted in the Gentleman's, European, Anti-Jacobin, and Universal Magazines. I might, perhaps, be tempted to dwell a little here upon these exertions in their behalf; but they become very intelligible when it is remembered that I was trying to raise money for myself!

I have now little else to add. I think I have proved that I am not yet such a petty villain as would pocket the charitable contributions which I was soliciting for others. I have written this for the satisfaction of my friends, whose ears the calumny has reached; but I must own I have felt a proud sense of humiliation in defending myself from a charge so little corresponding, I trust, with the whole habits of my life, and with my notions of moral rectitude. There is no "divinity," however, "which hedges in" a man's actions, and all human turpitude is possible in any one. Much, therefore, as I might despise my calumniators, I could not safely despise their accusation. I have written this for those who *do*, and for those who *do not* know me. I shall seek a further vindication in a court of justice. As to the motives which have actuated Miss Churchill and her mother, I do not wish to enquire into them. To a liberal mind it might have suggested itself, even when the amount of Lord Spencer's donation was known, that any cause, rather than a perfidious one, had influenced me in withholding a part of it; and such a suggestion might, most naturally, have occurred to them, knowing, as they had opportunities of knowing, what had been my conduct towards them from the *first moment* they approached me as charitable objects, or as their "assistant in the intended publication of a work," if they like the phrase better. When, however, I ventured distinctly to refuse giving them the Duke of Kent's three pounds, then it was they discovered I was a knave, because I presumed to reserve the money for its legitimate purpose. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* Miss Churchill is justly fond of her grandfather's writings. I wonder with what peculiarity of feeling she will hereafter peruse the following lines from his pen:

Injurious thought! accursed be the tongue
On which the vile insinuation hung!
The heart where 'twas engender'd, curs'd be those,
Those —— who not themselves alone expose,
But ——— who make the very name,
By which they're call'd, a standing mark of shame!

W. MUDFORD.

July 8, 1812.

LITERARY SHREDS AND PATCHES.

Collected by Mr. J. N. BREWER.

THE editor of Curll's edition of Shakspeare's Poems (that is to say, the *second* edition; the *first* was printed about thirty years after the death of the poet) presents us with the following anecdotes respecting the literary taste of Dryden.

"He (Dryden) was once talking of translating Homer, and I recommended Euripides to his pen, but he replied *that he did not like the poet*, which was a proof that he had but little taste of nature, or that he was afraid to do that poet justice in the English language, lest his charming draughts of nature should refine our taste, and make us contemn the tinsel trifles of our modern writers of tragedy. But I am rather apt to think it was his want of a true relish of nature, he having been early misled by a great conversation with the French romances, which are just opposites to nature, because he told a gentleman being by, one day at the coffee-house, who had met with success in some of his plays, that *he would make much such another poet as Otway.* The gentleman justly replied that he desired to be no greater."

The same writer, in the course of his remarks, has the following passage:—

"It is now more than thirty years since the death of the ingenious Butler, yet *it is certain* that Mr. L——l of the Temple, has a manuscript of his in his hands, perhaps more valuable than his Hudibras, and in the same kind, because the subject would afford greater matter for so fine a genius to work on."

I confess that I am unable to supply the hiatus in this writer's designation of Mr. L—l. Was he correct in his assertion? If so, what has become of the manuscript?

Shakspeare has been frequently blamed by his commentators for the supposed irregular and indefinite manner in which he speaks concerning the *titles* of many of his dramatis personæ. A learned critic, speaking of the comedy of "Twelfth Night, or What you will," says, "This, as well as some other of his comedies, has some confusion about the chief person, for sometimes Orsino is *Duke*, or sovereign of the country, at other times he is *Count* Orsino." But suffer me to remind your readers that Shakspeare, in this instance, was strictly correct. Camden, writing concerning the "degrees of rank," has this passage:—"The same also who are named *Dukes* are likewise termed *Counts*; for instance, most people call William the Conqueror of England *Duke* of *Normandy*; whereas William of Malmesbury writes him *Count* of *Normandy*."

There is in some parts of England (Lincolnshire for instance) a mode of designating the wapentakes, or hundreds, into which every county is divided, which, for some of your readers, may require explanation. I allude to the term *Wapentake*. In Lincolnshire we meet with the Wapentake of Aveland, the Wapentake of Loveden, &c. Camden states the origin of this term, by an extract from the laws of King Edward the Confessor. "When any one received the government of a wappentach (so the word was originally spelt) on a certain day, and in the place where the meeting was used to be held, all the elder sort met him, and, when he was got off his horse, rose up to him. Then he held up his spear and took security of all there, according to custom, for whoever came touched his spear with theirs, and this touching of armour confirmed them in one common interest, and was a public league. Agreeably to the English tongue, *wepentac* is a *touching* of *armour*; for *wepen* signifies armour, and *tac* is touching."

That the northern tribes were formerly the terror and scourge of this island is generally known; but I do not remember to have seen it remarked by more than one writer that the panic among our countrymen was so great as to carry them to the pitiful extremity narrated in the following passage:—"At this period was inserted in the public prayers, and litanies of the church, the supplicatory words—'From the fury of the Danes, good Lord deliver us!'"

Dean Swift, writing in the year 1708, concerning the Dutch, says,—"They are a commonwealth founded on a sudden, by a desperate attempt in a desperate condition; not formed or digested into a regular system by nature, thought, and reason, but huddled up, under the pressure of sudden exigences, calculated for no long duration, and hitherto subsisting

by accident in the midst of contend ing powers, who cannot yet agree about sharing it amongst them."

I do not remember to have seen any allusion made by the writers on the mental imbecility of Swift, in his latter years, to the nearly similar situation, at a former period, of his uncle, Godwin Swift. Yet this near relation, at no very advanced period of life, fell into a kind of "lethargy or dotage, which by degress deprived him of his speech and memory, and rendered him totally incapable of being of the least service to his family and friends." Would it not seem probable that the peculiar insanity to which the Dean was subject may be more justly ascribed to circumstances of family taint, than to any extraordinary exertion of his own faculties? The latter periods of Swift's life were passed in comparative indolence, rather than in prejudicial habits of intense study.

During a visit to a most respectable Roman Catholic family in Berkshire, I was lately looking over a little manual of piety, composed, in 1712, for the young ladies who were then pensioners at the monastery of St. Augustin, at Bruges. In many parts of this manual I met with lessons of sound morality, and praiseworthy directions for habitual humility of spirit; but I was surprised into frequent smiles by the scrupulous watchfulness with which the ghostly writer followed the lady-pensioners (though with pious fancy only) to the very sacred of sacreds! He was not contented with directing them concerning the prayers which he believed proper to be used when they assumed, or laid aside, their respective garments, but even directed them what to do before they attempted to close an eye on the softness of their pillows! Prayers are specified by this zealous pastor for the following curious occasions:

In putting on your petticoat.
In putting on your night-gown.
In dressing your head.
In putting on your manteau.

In regard to the ceremony of laying aside these memorials of the weakness of Eve, our general mother, there is a prayer to be offered "whilst you undress yourself," and the ladies are strictly enjoined, before they "get into bed, to take holy water." The writer concludes this part of his instructions by saying, "when you are *in bed*, write the name of Jesus on your forehead *with your thumb!*"

I lately inspected the genuine will of Shakspeare, which is preserved in Doctor's Commons. A fervent admirer of the bard must needs behold the last stroke of his inspired pen with a feeling of respect approaching to awe! His name is signed in three places; and it was with reverential grief that I observed his weakness and extremity of distress to have evidently increased in the short time required for these three signatures. His hand trembled at the first; when he came to the second, the pauses occasioned by lassitude or anguish would appear to be perceptible, from the tremulous breaks in the writing. When his name was to be signed for the last time; when the pen, gifted with powers to instruct and delight all succeeding ages, was to make its last, lingering mark; the spirit of Shakspeare, and all his incalculable energies, appear to have been subdued! The name is almost indistinct, and the eye which guided the hand in its melancholy office seems to have been filmed.

The orthography used by Shakspeare in this instance, of course, prescribes the mode in which his name is to be spelt; yet many learned commentators have erroneously used the e final in regard to the first syllable of the word. The way in which his name was *pronounced* during his life may be learned from an inspection of his will. The notary (who had been called hastily to the performance of his duty) had no opportunity of correction, and he spelt the name of his immortal client from the recollection of accustomed *orthoepy* alone, Shackspeare.

I presume that I am correct in asserting the signature of the will to be the only specimen extant of Shakspeare's hand-writing?

CONTINUATION *of* COXE'S TRAVELS *in* SWITZERLAND. *Translated from the French.*

M. RAYMOND, who has translated our author into the French language, and enriched his translation with notes, has remarked, in his preface, that he presumed the reader would benefit by his translation, because he himself had passed through the country which he had described, and had sometimes seen more and in a different light from Mr. Coxe.

Mr. Coxe, as an Englishman, was principally attentive to the constitution of the country, civil and political; he also travelled as an opulent person, and was of course mostly indebted to persons of equal rank for his information: however, being unacquainted with the language of the country, he could be but a very superficial observer of the peasant of the Alps.

I have travelled among the mountains; or to speak in other words, I have wandered on foot without any determined view, with only one companion, a native of the country.—I have heard the different dialects spoken in Switzerland. Neither myself nor my companion have preferred our own ease or convenience to the object of our journey. We have experienced the hospitality of the most retired cottages, and lived upon equal terms with shepherds, but always concealing, as much as possible, our real character—as persons actuated by mere curiosity.

With these claims to attention, I may be permitted, from time to time, to add some traits to the descriptions of the English traveller, and also to the manners and customs of the country. I shall make a moderate use of this right; and, not wandering from the route laid down by Mr. Coxe, my intention is merely to finish his picture, and not to substitute that of my own. I have sometimes aimed at fixing a vague phrase, and have often endeavoured to throw some motion and variety into the original; because I thought this was merely doing justice to nature, and making some reparation for the losses which those descriptions must necessarily sustain when they pass from one language into another.

On Mr. Coxe's letter from Wallestadt, where he is speaking of the office of a bailiff among the Swiss, M. Raymond observes, "I shall explain the distinction made by Mr. Coxe, in observing that in the aristocratic cantons the sovereign is represented by a small number of citizens, residing in the chief place. Every one who has no part in the sovereignty, is a subject. Hence, in the cantons of Berne, Lucerne, Fribourg, and Soleure, there are none but republicans. Those who compose the tribunes of the capital, the inhabitants of their territory, are equally subjects with those of a monarchy; for the mildness of a government and certain privileges do not change the nature of a thing. The citizens who govern the state, govern their subjects by officers appointed by the bailiffs, who, as Mr. Coxe observes, are responsible to their constituents for their conduct. The other species of bailiffs do not differ from these but in appearance; for whether the cantons are aristocratic or democratic, they have an individual sovereignty over certain conquered countries, the inhabitants of which are their subjects, and which they also govern by bailiffs. Now, whether this sovereignty be divided among several cantons, or united in one; whether under bailiffs or proconsuls, it has no influence upon the nature of the government in general, and Mr Coxe's distinction relates merely to the form. It is a remarkable circumstance, and shews the inconsistency of human actions, that the moral difference which distinguishes the bailiwicks of the Swiss aristocrats from the democrats is, that the inhabitants of the former are governed with the most compassionate moderation; on the contrary, the latter are often oppressed with vexations. Those men who plume themselves upon having no master, and boast of their reciprocal equality, are pleased to make their subjects feel all the weight of power and the humiliation of slavery.

Relative to the winds which blow upon the Lake of Wallestadt, I have not been able to enquire much more than Mr. Coxe, but it is easy to conceive something of their nature in a defile of five leagues in length, closely

shut in between two mountains of considerable height, with no opening whatever but at the two extremities. As to the alternate succession of two opposite winds, an explanation would be very difficult; but the cause may probably be found in the different aspects of the sun, upon the appearance of which it seems to depend, and in the alternate rarefaction of the two opposite parts of the atmosphere visited by this planet on its rising and setting. This opinion is the more probable, if we consider the state of the air while the sun is near its meridian, for then there is a perfect calm on the lake, which lasts an hour or two, which is the space between that and the changing of the wind.—However this may be, when the north wind is very impetuous this order is deranged—no place can then be more dangerous than this lake, or more tumultuous than its waves; the wind descending vertically from the rocks of prodigious elevation, strikes the surface of the water, the waves of which curling and boiling up towards the heavens gives this lake the most frightful appearance imaginable: then the navigation of it is most dreadful, as vessels have but small resources between two shores equally steep, and where they are kept from the only points which they can approach with safety by the boisterous wind.

This lake receives the Linth near Wallestadt, and discharges it again into the lake of Zurich; the space between the two lakes is but four leagues, which the Linth traverses between two chasms of mountains of a moderate height, the last of that dreadful range belonging to Glaris and the Grisons. The plain watered by this lake is low, marshy, and level; it seemed to me to have been formerly united to those of Wallestadt and Zurich: this specious idea occupied my head every time I traversed this country. I consulted a peasant of the neighbourhood, who, with one word, destroyed my whole system. He also informed me that the two lakes, very far from diminishing, as I imagined, increased very sensibly; and alleged, as a proof of this, the loss which his father had sustained in the plain I before spoke of, together with other meadows which were now converted into impassable marshes. He even pointed out to me several pasturages only half submerged among the rushes, and observed, that the waters which covered them would, in a few years, mingle with that of the lake of Zurich, which was already upon a level with the land, and would soon join with the lake of Wallestadt.

Mr. Coxe says, "since the commencement of the last age, the number of protestants has considerably increased, and their industry in every branch of commerce is much superior to that of the catholics; an evident proof of the shackles put upon the genius and activity of mankind under the Roman communion."

To this I reply, the aversion of one sect to another seems to extend its influence over every circumstance in life. It has an effect even upon the mode which the people of Switzerland adopt in receiving strangers.—The sojourn I made with the shepherds of the Alps, has convinced me of this truth. My manner of travelling, I may say, laid me at the mercy of nine hosts; the necessity of conciliating them taught me to manage their passions; and I have remarked two distinct forms of *salutation*, the use of which is not indifferent, since one of them is adapted to catholics, and the other to protestants; and I have learned that it is dangerous to make use of one for the other in a cottage where we may wish to experience hospitality.

Still, with respect to Mr. Coxe, it should be recollected it is a protestant that speaks, and it would have been more agreeable if he had softened his expressions when speaking of that religious intolerance with which he reproaches the canton of Appenzel; however, I must do justice to his remarks. The catholic males there, of sixteen years of age and upwards, are in the proportion of 4000 to 500 protestants.

Mr. Coxe says, that "the finest quarries of slate are in the valley of Sernft," to which I add, that among these slates are innumerable quantity are found bearing the most beautiful impressions of plants, marine and terrestrial, as also those of insects and fishes, some entire, some otherwise. Those selected from the Blattenberg

for their neatness, size, and perfection, are beyond description.

I shall add a trait of the description of the canton of Glaris, in the recital of my courses in the mountains, and finish the picture of its moral and political state, by an account of one of their general assemblies at which I was present. The plains of Glaris are separated from the canton of Uri by a mass of mountains, of immense height rising to a peak on each side, so that both are equally steep. This mass is absolutely about four leagues in breadth, and the pastures which cover its summit are equally divided between the two cantons.

In July 1777, I was at Altdorf, the capital of Uri, and was making some stay after my return from a journey to the Valais, which I had terminated by some courses over the *Fourches* and St. Gothard, and it was my intention to enter Glaris by that chain of mountains I have just described. I had a companion, like myself, accustomed to the fatigues and dangers of the Alps. As we had contracted a habit of wandering about in these regions, we set out without a guide. One league from Altdorf we entered into the valley of Schachen, running from west to east, with an easy and imperceptible ascent to the foot of the mountains. At eleven at night we arrived at Unterschæchen, a small village situated almost at the foot of the valley, about four leagues from its entrance, where we proposed to pass the rest of the night; but all slept, and the most profound silence prevailed. We were afraid we should obtain no asylum, and were upon the point of hazarding the continuance of our journey, which the serenity of the night had rendered very agreeable. The moon rose with extraordinary brightness, magnificently silvering the icy sides of the Chausenberg: the stars also seemed to shine with a purer brilliancy than common: every thing announced one of those nights which, with the day-break, is not to be enjoyed any where but in the Alps: however, fatigue and the apprehension of being overcome by the cold which is experienced on the mountains, made us alter our purpose. We knocked at the door of the curate's house, which in this village, as well as in all the villages of Switzerland where there are no public houses, is the refuge of travellers. His servant opened the door, gave us bread and cheese, and an indifferent bed: however, it was sufficient for half a night; before four o'clock we were up and set out.

From Unterschachen the road begins to ascend imperceptibly, the sides of the valley draw in closer, and the foot of the mountains close it entirely. At the distance of a league we came to a hamlet named Esch, almost backed by mountains, from whence we saw the whole of the path we had to climb, creeping, as it were, along the declivity of a rock. We thought we should gain the summit in about a quarter of an hour, but never was any place so deceitful; we occupied a whole hour in this fatiguing ascent, and which I would advise no person to undertake who may be as weary as we were at that time. Nothing, however, can be more beautiful than the valley, which extended its whole length before our faces, nor any thing more singular than the appearance of our path, every step of which we could distinguish from the plain from whence we set out, to the flat summit to which we were proceeding. Still it was impossible to guess at the place where we should arrive; the way seemed to terminate, all at once, with a wall of rocks vertically placed, though pierced by a number of caverns to which it seemed to lead. Under this rock, however, the path suddenly turns aside, and leading to the left side of the mountain, it presents an opening. Scarcely had we arrived there when the scene changed, the valley disappeared, and we found ourselves in a small plain traversed by a tranquil stream, and closed on each side by rocks, which in regular lines and in a perpendicular direction, makes the whole appear like an ancient fortress flanked by towers.

Some cabins, built of stone, which we found scatterd about the streamlet, had served to decorate this desert, but they were now abandoned. This situation, and the different avenues leading therefrom, threw us into a state of uncertainty as to the way we should take; however, proceeding to the right, towards the formidable Gemli-

berg, clothed with eternal snows, which tower above the points of granite, and form a contrast with them after three quarters of an hour we came to the termination of the valley, and beneath our feet beheld another running in the same direction, still larger and more fertile, bounded on its left by the same wall of rock, and on its right by the Gomliberg. This valley presented a charming scene; its rich pasturages are diversified by cottages and watered by the Lendmatt, which, being bordered with trees, rolls peaceably towards the foot of the mountains. We followed a very rapid descent, if we may give this name to a large ravine, its sides formed entirely of wrecks of the rock that moved beneath our feet, and which rendered our descent extremely disagreeable. We felt hunger and fatigue at once, and we entered a cottage where they gave us milk. No place could possibly be more rural and pastoral than this valley; it seemed to have no outlet, but to be separated from the world and protected against the effects of its eager curiosity by the immense bulwarks by which it was surrounded.

After an hour's repose, we continued our route from the best information we could obtain. The steepness of the valley soon began to increase, and became narrower by degrees till we arrived at the spot which separates the canton of Uri from that of Glaris. Here the scene is all at once transformed into a rude defile, which opens into an abyss still more capacious, darkened by a forest of firs along the whole of its extent. This valley the Lindmatt traverses; its waters resounding from the broken rocks with which it comes in contact. After wandering some time in this forest, we formed the resolution to follow the torrent, which, according to our judgement, would descend into the plains of Glaris, from whence we thought we were at no great distance, when suddenly we perceived the sound of the waters was altered, and that a deep but more distant murmur was heard among the trees. It was not difficult to conceive that it arose from some considerable cascade or cataract, and that it would be dangerous to proceed; we accordingly changed our route, and met two peasants, who, like ourselves, were going to Glaris, and who served us as guides. The steepness of the descent we had to encounter is dreadful; and the peasants themselves, thinking our track rather too narrow, after asking us if our heads and feet were made for mountains, chose the path the most difficult and dangerous of all. It was scarcely discernible, and leading directly down the declivity of the mountain, one is almost every moment impeded by its rugged points and projections, over which it was necessary to slide at the greatest hazard. Some young firs for a while concealed a part of the precipice to which we were proceeding. From our view till the path suddenly passing over a distant rock, which seemed to hang over the abyss, the whole plain of Glaris opened to our view, and under our feet discovered a depth of not less than fifteen hundred feet.—Nothing could be more beautiful as a prospect; but I defy the strongest head to sustain it many moments; mine was so deranged that, from that moment, I conceived my walk more dangerous than before. It is even said that persons who have passed the most difficult and dangerous ways in Switzerland, generally feel some alarm when they come here. Even those persons who have ascended on foot to the Valais through the rudest of its mountains, or others who are only acquainted with the high roads to the Alps and some of the most frequented communications with the interior of the country, can have no idea of what we have seen of the terrible kind, nor the hazard to which travellers are exposed in the midst of these mountains near Glaris.

At the bottom of this descent we found Linthal, a handsome village in the front of the mountains, and which only one half hour before we had seen perpendicularly under our feet. The distance from Unterschæchen to Linthal is six good leagues; here we took a little repose and some nourishment, and again proceeded on our way. A surface of ground with a more numerous population than Glaris, that is, the plain, can scarcely be imagined.

From Linthal we passed through seven large villages before we arrived

at Glaris, distant about six leagues; but, exclusive of these seven villages, there are several smaller, besides the hamlets spread here and there on both sides of the road, which appear delightful from the different aspects presented. Here a group of neat and well-built houses announces the comfort and happiness of the people.—Here the women and children were to be seen assembled about their habitations, occupied with different branches of industry. Farther on, rich meadows and orchards exhibit the gratifying spectacle of the fertility of the canton; while the numerous streams that fertilize the soil, transparent as the air that environs them, and pure as the virgin snows by which they are continually fed, infuse vigour and health into every branch of vegetation. But if we turn away our eyes for a moment to admire the superb picture which surrounds us, what a spectacle! and what magnificence! A chain of lofty mountains, at once the bulwark, the treasure, and the ornament of the country, confine the view on every side: their threatening summits are crowned by the inaccessible glaciers, and form a striking contrast with the rocks that support and the pastures which both seem to protect. Indeed, if we did not know that these enormous masses were the grand magazines of nature, and the reservoir of our rivers, we need not then be astonished that she had been at the expence of these impregnable bulwarks, which seems intended to inclose a country destined to be the inviolable asylum of liberty.

The pastures, the most elevated in Switzerland, are upon the summits of these mountains, from whence an interesting picture may be seen of the flocks, which are the colonists of the canton. It is in these Alps that the cattle are multiplied almost to infinity. Compared with these prolific meadows, political establishments are nothing: in reality, what are a few trifling manufactures that spring from a project which, perhaps, is destroyed at once by a rival competitor? These schemes and speculations play with the existence of human beings, flatter them for a moment with the idea of augmenting the population, and at length consign those very persons over to famine whom they had promised to nourish. Whatever depends on fashion, is mutable like its parent; and if all the productions of foreign industry were excluded from the Alps, these will never betray or deceive their inhabitants. They are the eternal guarantees of their riches, as far as competency is consulted; but they necessarily impose a certain restraint upon the population, as to its number, which it would be fatal to exceed. This, in spite of their soil and situation, might be augmented; but, as a certain punishment, it would inevitably be followed by luxury, depravation of morals, the inequality of fortunes, and perhaps, last of all, by corruption and oppression.

[*To be continued.*]

Hell Fire.

THE Scriptures are allowed, by most Christians, to be the true source from which the knowledge of the divine intentions concerning the future destination of man is to be derived; to these, therefore, I shall appeal, as the proper evidence in an enquiry into the nature of that place and fire, which Christians look to as the place of the future punishment of man.

1. The first enquiry is into the meaning of words, and first of the word *hell*. It is said, Numb. xvi. 30, 31, that 'Korah, Dathan, and Abiram descended alive into hell.' That this word hell does not, in Hebrew, signify a place of torment is evident from the language of Jacob, who uses it to express his expectation of the grave or tomb, Gen. xxxvii. 35, 'I will go to the TOMB to my son Joseph.' Gen. xlii. 38, 'If mischief befall my son (Benjamin), then ye will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the TOMB.' Of course, therefore, Korah and his companions descended into the grave alive, i. e. were swallowed alive by the earthquake.

The word in these places, rendered *hell*, *grave*, or *tomb*, synonimously, has the same radical meaning as the old Saxon word *heli*, to hide, cover, conceal, and from this word our English word hell is derived. The word hell does not, therefore, necessarily imply a place of punishment, and

much less of torment; but the place of the dead, the house of concealment to which all the living must go; the sepulchre, tomb, or grave.

2. *Fire*, rendered improperly, Gen. i. 2, 'light,' is the first and most powerful instrument of Deity in the act of creation. In itself it is perfectly inert, but when once combined and called into action, it is the most powerful of agents. In Scripture it is frequently spoken of, literally, as an instrument of vengeance, as in Gen. xix. 24, 'Jehovah rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah fire from Jehovah out of heaven,' and in various other places. But the word is more frequently, figuratively, used to denote the severity of the threatened judgment, Deut. xxxii. 22. Ps. lxxviii. 21, &c. &c. &c. Our Lord frequently uses it in this figurative way, as Matt. xiii. 42, 'The son of man shall send forth his messengers, and shall gather out of the kingdom all that offend, and those which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.' At v. 39, our Lord explains this figure as not having to do with future punishment, but on the contrary, with the end of the Mosaic dispensation; when the Roman soldiery, as the messengers of Jesus, should, like a furnace of fire, collect and destroy the sinners of the Jewish nation, who did iniquity by crucifying and rejecting the authority of the Son of David.

3. Another expression used by Jesus is *everlasting punishment*, Mat. xxv. 46, 'and these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but these into life eternal.' In this verse the words *everlasting* and *eternal* are both rendered from the same word, *aionon*, which signifies *concealment*. Jesus had been (xxiv) answering some questions concerning the time when the Israelitish polity should be dissolved: he then declares its certainty, and that it would be soon, 36, 'but of that day and hour no man knoweth; no, not the messengers of heaven, but my father only;' v. 42, 'watch, therefore, for ye know not at what hour your Lord doth come.' This he afterwards farther inculcates by parables, and with it, what would, on such an awful occasion, be their wisdom and duty; for, that these things were all to happen 'before that generation passed away, but he that endured to the end should be preserved.' The everlasting punishment, therefore, here spoken of, can mean only the *chastisement, pruning, or cutting off* in the judgments that would certainly come on those who did not keep watchfully on their guard, observing the signs of the times; but those who did, who kept their lamps trimmed and burning, who preserved their Christianity, daring to visit the imprisoned Christian, enduring in faith and obedience to Jesus, they should preserve their lives; having hidden life, the believer escaping, and the unbeliever suffering the horrors of that *unknown* day and hour.

4. Mat. xviii. 7—10, Mark ix. 43—49, Jesus threatens his disciples with *aionian* fire, and with the fire of Geenha, or hell fire, with never dying worms, and fire unquenchable. By turning to Isaiah lxvi. 24, it will be seen that these phrases are there used for temporal judgments; so also Eccles. vii. 17, 'Humble thyself, for the vengeance of the ungodly is fire and worms.' So also Judith xvi. 17, 'Woe to the nations who rise up against my kindred; the Almighty will take vengeance on them in the day of judgment, by putting fire and worms into their flesh; and they shall see them and weep.' The whole subject in Mark and Mat. may easily be proved to refer only to the Apostolic Jewish Christians, and these passages shew that the punishment threatened is the same as the everlasting punishment, Mat. xxv. 46, the fire of the Roman sword, attended with all the horrors of unsocialised society and civil war. The subject in Mat. arose out of a question, who should be the greatest in the kingdom? and Mark casts more light on this subject, by relating, that John, one of the disciples, having seen one perform miracles in the name of Jesus, had assumed a controling authority over him, and forbad him; therefore, in Mark and Matthew, ambition, a Diotrephian spirit occasioned this severe language of Jesus, who reproves him for the impropriety and wickedness of such conduct. First,

men of the world would take offence at such a disposition being manifested by the disciples of Jesus. Secondly, it would therefore be as much better for the church to remove the cause of such offence, as it would be preferable for the major part of the church to be preserved by the exclusion of a leading member, than it would for the whole church, for the ambition of a few individuals, to be destroyed in the temporal judgments about to come upon the Jewish nation.

5. Hell fire also occurs, Mat. v. 22, 'Whoever will say THOU FOOL shall be obnoxious to hell fire, or fire of Geenha.' The word *morch*, here rendered *fool*, should have been translated *apostate*. Jesus was shewing that the laws of God propound a gradation of punishment for a gradation of crime. An *apostate*, or *rebel*, under the Jewish theocracy, was punished with death, no eye was to spare him, at the mouth of two witnesses he suffered, as in the case of Nabeth; and the whole passage may be thus considered. By the letter of the law, the murderer merits death; by the spirit of the law, all that would lead to the crime, in proportion to its approximation to it, merits punishment. He, therefore, who, without cause, would call his brother Israelite, an apostate, as by it he would subject his brother to be stoned, as the priests on this vile slander afterwards murdered Jesus, merits, from the villainy of his motives, that temporal destruction by stoning, to which he would have subjected his innocent brother of the family of Abraham. This passage like the others has not the least to do with future torments.

6. Another place that has been supposed to allude to future punishment, is Thess. i. 9, 'Who shall be punished with *everlasting destruction* from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.' But this passage cannot allude to a future state, because Paul, in 7 and 8 verses, contrasts it with the *rest*, *peace*, or *security* of the Christian believer, who, at the time in which he wrote, was then under persecution from the Jews. Compare Acts xvii. 1—10, with 1 Thess. i. 6, 'The wrath to the uttermost,' or *sufferings* the Jewish nation was about to endure. This passage is therefore of similar import with Matthew xxv. 46.

7. Another passage, supposed to allude to hell as a place of punishment, is Jude 7, 'The messengers who kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in *everlasting chains*, under darkness unto the judgment of the great day.' The words here rendered *everlasting*, is, Rom. i. 20, rendered *eternal*, and in both places should have been rendered *unseen*, and cannot therefore have any allusion whatever to a place of punishment, but to the unseen, or invisible state of the grave, in which man is confined till the last great and dreadful day, when the dead shall arise and be judged every man according to his works.

These, I believe, are the principal places in the New Testament that seem to speak of what is vulgarly called a hell, and hell fire, as a place of future punishment for the wicked; but to me it appears clear, that on the examination of them, not any thing will be found in them to countenance such a doctrine. They seem all of them to be of the same import as the words of Moses, 'Our God is a consuming fire.' They describe the providence of God, because, in the way of divine providence, the deity will consume by his temporal, fiery judgments all the dispositions of his creatures that leads them to transgress. In the same figurative words Paul writes to the Corinthians, 1 Cor. iii. 13, 'Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall manifest it, for it shall be made known as by *fire*, for the *fire* shall try every man's work of what sort it is;' i. e. persecution and suffering was here the fire which was to try the faithfulness and purity of the Christian teachers, by the faithfulness and fortitude, or cowardice and apostacy of their scholars, under the fiery sufferings of persecution. Peter writes in similar language, 1 Pet. i. 7, 'The trial of your faith being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be *tried with fire*.'

From this examination of these passages, together with the general tendency of the scripture language, I am inclined to doubt the general notions of Christians concerning the nature

of future punishment. Man is on this earth guided by present hopes and fears, and it will be found, that future rewards and punishments have very little effect upon the generality of mankind; but temporal divine promises and threatened judgments have a very great stimulus upon human actions, but as objections may be formed from passages in the Revelations, it will be well to examine them.

Rev. xix. 20, the beast and false prophet 'both were cast into the lake of fire burning with brimstone.'—From the prophecies of Daniel, as well as from other parts of this book, we learn that the *beast* here spoken of is an empire, an idolatrous empire; and as a prophet is not only one who foretels events to come, but is also a teacher, a false prophet is therefore a teacher of falsehood; and this, by being united with an empire, manifests it not to be a person, but a system, an imperial system of false instruction, a religion nationally established to teach falsehood for truth. As the subjects are figurative, so also must the place of suffering be. It is therefore evident, that instead of sending a beast and a false prophet into hell, it is a prophecy of a *complete and total destruction* of the Roman empire, and the false instruction it has taught since the days of Constantine, falsely called the Great, under the feigned name of Christianity.

Rev. xx. 2, 3, 'And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, who is the devil, even Satan; and he bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the abyss, and closed it and set a seal upon it, that he might not deceive the nations more, till the thousand years shall be completed, and after that he must be loosed for a little time.'—As the dragon is, in xii. 3, the idolatrous Roman empire, and, in the xii. 9, the serpent, devil, and Satan have the same figurative meaning, it consequently and necessarily follows, that the whole must be considered as a prophetic and figurative description of the state of that empire during a thousand years, or the millenial reign of the saints. In the ix. 2, the bottomless pit, or abyss, is the emblem for the tumultuous confusion of nations, out of which the Turkish Sultanas arose, to destroy the Greek Roman empire. This passage, therefore, instead of teaching, with Mr. Winchester, the shutting up the devil in hell, as in a prison, teacheth that the accusative, serpentine, crooked policy of the idolatrous, unholy Roman empire, as emblem'd by those titles, should, by the wars and tumults of the people, be restrained for a thousand years; but, at the end of the thousand years, should be again called into action *for a little time*, xx. 7, when, being loosed from this restraint, 8, they should deceive all the nations of the earth, and lead them to battle, to be destroyed by fire from heaven; after which this worldly disposition, which had so completely deceived all the nations of the world, should 'be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone,' i. e. be fully and eternally destroyed, as the Roman beast and the establishments of Christianity, or imperial instruction in error and falsehood, were, xix. 20, prior to the millenial reign of the saints. Upon a full examination of all these passages, and any other there may be in the prophecies of the Revelations, it appears to me, that they, like all the other passages that have been quoted from the Old or New Testament, will be found not to have any thing to do with future punishment; nay, further, that it will not be found possible to find an individual passage that can, directly or indirectly, be said to allude to any such place of punishment, whether of forment or correction.

The hell of the ancient Romans and Greeks appears to be taken from the Egyptian mysteries; and they, from the endeavours of kings, priests, and legislators to inculcate virtue among the living by the trials of the dead, marking the vicious with infamy, and holding up to renown the names of those whose lives had been a blessing to mankind. These trials introduced into religion, perhaps with a virtuous intention, were the means of introducing mystery into the religion of the country. Tartarus and Elysium became their abode, of the wretched, the first and the last of the virtuous: the superstitious inventions of the Egyptians were carried into Greece by the philosophers and poets;

the flimsy artificial tissue invented to encourage virtue, and terrify vice, may be seen through in the faithful simplicity of the exact Homer, whilst it is, in the learned Virgil, worked into an elegant system, the close of it discovers in the philosophical poetical language of the day, that it is a phantom of the imagination, a vision of a deluded mind.

There is not Old Testament evidence of the ancient Hebrews having any idea of such a place; they often speak of the graves or tombs, but not any where of a place of punishment, or even of the future confinement of the wretched children of wickedness. It is true, modern Israelites have gathered, from the heathen nations amongst whom they have resided, confused ideas of such a place, and they have endeavoured to accommodate some passages in the ancient scriptures to their newly-acquired ideas. They say that hell is beneath the waters and mountains, in the centre of the earth, and has three ways of entrance into it. 1, in the wilderness, by which way Korah, Dathan, and Abiram entered; 2, in the sea, because Jonah cried unto God out of the belly of hell; 3, at Jerusalem, because it is said the fire of the Lord is in Zion, and his furnace at Jerusalem. They say that hell is called in scripture by seven different names, which shews that there are in hell seven various degrees of punishment; that infidels and very wicked persons will be endlessly confined there, but that all the seed of Abraham, uninfected with some heresy, or not disobedient to the rabbinical points, will receive, at most, but a year of suffering.

Mahometans believe in the eternity of rewards and punishments — The Koran says hell has seven gates. 1, for the Mussulmen; 2, for the Christians; 3, for the Jews; 4, for the Sabians; 5, for the Magians; 6, for the Pagans; 7, for all religious hypocrites.

Christians, in general, believe in the existence of a hell as a place of punishment after death; but they shew that they have not their ideas of it from scripture, by their variety and very indefiniteness. Whiston supposed that every comet was a separate hell, appointed to carry the damned to the region of the sun, to be first dreadfully scorched, and from thence, beyond the orb of Saturn, to suffer the extreme of frost and cold. Another modern considers the sun itself to be hell. Milton goes farther a field; he says,

"Long is the way,
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light:
Our prison strong, this large convex of fire
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress."

Others, on the contrary, think hell to be in the bowels of the earth, and that the crater of every separate volcano is but another gate into the infernal regions. Cowley says,

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Beneath the dens where unfledg'd tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try:
Beneath th'eternal fountain of all waves,
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And undisturb'd by moons in silence sleep.

DAVID.

As Christians differ concerning the place where hell is situated, so also do they differ concerning the intent and duration of future punishment there. Most who call themselves Christians consider the torments of hell to be endless, and to arise out of the infinity of the deity who inflicts them; Origen is at the head of the ancients, who denied their eternity, it being his opinion, that all punishment was inflicted by a just God, as a corrective, and in proportion to crime. Many modern writers also deny it, arguing the infinite disproportion there is between temporary offences and eternal torments. These, and all other objections from reason, prove that a hell, its torments, and their duration, are not founded on revealed truth, but on human imagination and policy, too often increased by the terrors of superstition and political craft, intended to enslave the mind, and prevent the rising efforts of free-born man.

To me, therefore, there does not appear any scripture evidence for the existence of a hell as a place of punishment: and that all such passages

as I have hitherto met with, that are quoted to prove its existence, have a directly contrary tendency to the establishing of it. If we appeal to the general language of scripture, we find sufficient to terrify the vicious, without inventing fictitious torments. If 'our God is a consuming fire, it is sufficient to make us tremble at vice, for if he loveth us, his judgments must consume our vices; our dispositions and habits must be corrected before we can be happy.

The language of scripture shews, that God does not think fiery troubles are the most efficacious means to subdue the hardened mind. Those valuable writings tell us, We love God, not because of his terrors, but because he *first* loved us,—that judgments are his strange work,—that his abounding kindness it is that subdueth,—that his tender mercies are over all his works,—that he loveth all that he hath made,—that it is his goodness leadeth man to repentance. It therefore appears to me, that there is not, in scripture, any evidence for the existence of a hell, and that reason tells us such a place is contrary to all that is revealed of the divine character. The scripture is addressed to our rational faculty, and unfolds every ennobling inducement to virtue, with every just fear of deprivation and degradation; and all this is there founded on the divine and human nature, terrifying from vice, or leading man to abhor it with horror, from viewing the high situation he is called to, as the creature and the offspring of God.

NOLEUT.

MISCELLANEA SELECTA.

Are the BEYS, *who govern* TUNIS, TURKS *or* ARABS?—*At what precise Period did they usurp the Authority which the* DEYS *formerly possessed?*

[From Chateaubriand's Travels.]

IT is near one hundred and fifty years since the Beys of Tunis wrested the authority from the Deys, but they have not retained, without revolutions, the authority which they usurped. The party of the Deys several times recovered the superiority, and was not completely discomfited till 1684, on the flight of Mahmed Ichcleby, who was expelled by Mahmed and his brother, Ali Bey. An hereditary monarchy was then established, and Mahmed Bey, the author of the revolution, was the first sovereign. This new order of things was no sooner established than deranged. The Dey of Algiers, taking umbrage at the Tuniseens, went to enforce his pretensions at the head of an army (Oct. 13, 1689), laid siege to Tunis, obtained possession of it in consequence of the flight of the Bey, and set up Ahmed Ben Chouques in his stead. Mahmed Bey having gained over the Arabs on the frontiers to his side, advanced against Ahmed Ben Chouques, engaged and defeated him, and then proceeded to lay siege to Tunis. His competitor having, after the battle, retired to Algiers, Mahmed Bey, without difficulty, made himself master of the capital, where he once more established his authority, which he retained till his death. He was succeeded by his brother Ramadan Bey, the mildness of whose character encouraged the Tuniseens to expect a tranquil reign. They were not disappointed, but this very circumstance occasioned his ruin. His nephew Murat, son of Ali Bey, impatient to enjoy the throne to which he was the next heir, availed himself of his uncle's indolence, rebelled, took him prisoner and put him to death. Murat's reign, too long for the welfare of his people, was marked with atrocious cruelties. Ibrahim Cherif, the Turk, put a period to it by assassinating him (June 10, 1702). The house of Mahmed Bey becoming extinct by this murder, Ibrahim had no difficulty to procure himself to be acknowledged as Bey by the divan and the soldiery. Being afterwards taken prisoner in a battle, in which he was defeated by the Algerines, the army elected Hassan Ben Ali, the grandson of a Greek renegado, as his successor. With him commenced a new dynasty, which has continued without interruption till the present time. The

new Bey was aware that his throne would not be secure as long as Ibrahim lived. This consideration induced him to employ various means to get him into his power. This he, at length, effected, by declaring that he was but Ibrahim's substitute, and only waited for his appearance to abdicate the supreme authority. Ibrahim, deceived by this apparent submission, repaired to Porto Farina, where his head was struck off, (Jan. 10, 1705).

Hassan Ben Ali reigned in peace, and nothing but an heir was wanting to crown his wishes. Finding that he was not likely to have issue by any of his wives, he resolved to nominate his nephew Ali Bey, who commanded his army, as his successor. Several years had elapsed, when a prize was brought in by one of the cruisers of the regency, which happened to have on board a Genoese woman, who was placed in Hassan Ben Ali's harem. This woman, for whom he conceived an attachment, became pregnant. When this circumstance was fully ascertained, he assembled the divan and put the question, whether, in case this woman, whom he had in vain solicited to turn Mahometan, should be delivered of a son, this child could be acknowledged as his successor? The divan was of opinion that he could not, unless the Christian slave embraced the religion of Mahomet. Hassan renewed his solicitations, and his favourite at length consented to renounce her faith. She was delivered of a son, who was named Mahmed Bey, and afterwards of two more, Mahmond and Ali Bey. Hassan seeing that he had now three heirs, informed his nephew Ali Bey, that, as heaven had changed the order of things, he could not leave him the throne after his death; but that, as a proof of his constant friendship, he would purchase for him the place of pacha, whom the porte still continued to nominate at Tunis. The young Bey, submitting to his uncle's pleasure, accepted the promised appointment, and assumed the title of Ali Pacha. His ambition appeared gratified; but he affected a content he did not feel, to disguise the great designs which he had conceived. He could not, without impatience, behold the sceptre snatched from his hands, and, to spare himself this disgrace, he fled from Tunis to the mountain of Ouseletis, put himself at the head of a party which he had secretly formed, and attacked his uncle. This attempt proved unsuccessful: he was defeated, and being obliged to quit his retreat, he sought refuge at Algiers, where, by intrigues and promises, he prevailed on the Algerines to espouse his cause. They sent an army to Tunis, and, after a complete victory, obliged Hassan Ben Ali to leave his capital and flee to Keyrouan. On the conclusion of the civil war, which produced a famine, the fugitive prince quitted Keyrouan and repaired to Sousse.

A French captain, of la Ciotat, named Bareilbier, who had long been attached to Hassan, gave proofs of his zeal by going continually to procure him corn and provisions; the prince gave him bonds for the amount, which he was to pay in case fortune should replace him on the throne. Affairs, however, grew worse and worse, and being deprived of every resource, he resolved to send his children to Algiers (which seems to be the refuge of all the fugitive princes of Tunis), with a view to join them there; but when he was preparing to accomplish this design, Younnes Bey, the eldest son of Ali Pacha, overtook him, and with his own hand struck off his head. Ali, having thus got rid of his most dangerous enemy, looked forward to the peaceable enjoyment of his power; but his tranquillity was interrupted by the disharmony of his children. Mahmed Bey, who was his favourite, formed the plan of excluding his elder brother Younnes Bey from the throne, to which he was the next heir. He accordingly endeavoured to ruin him in the good opinion of his father, and succeeded in the attempt. Ali Pacha, deceived by his specious stories, gave directions for the apprehension of his eldest son; but Younnes, being apprised of the circumstance, revolted, and made himself master of the castle of Gasps and the city of Tunis; but being again driven out by Ali Pacha, he was obliged to seek refuge at Algiers. Mahmed Bey, being freed

from so dangerous a competitor, resolved to rid himself also of his younger brother, and caused him to be poisoned. He then procured himself to be acknowledged presumptive heir to the throne, and had the prospect of one day enjoying the dignity which his crimes had prepared for him, when the face of affairs was all at once totally changed. The city of Algiers experienced one of those revolutions so frequent in military governments; a new Dey was appointed, and the choice of the soldiery fell upon Ali Tchaouy, a Turk. He had before been ambassador at Tunis, and had there received an affront from that same Younnes Bey, who was afterwards obliged to implore his protection. Regardless of his solicitations, he espoused, out of revenge, the cause of the children of Hassan Ben Ali, and supplied them with troops, commanded by the Bey of Constantine, for the purpose of recovering the throne.

Success crowned their enterprise: they sacked the city of Tunis, and took prisoner Ali Pacha, who was immediately strangled. Mahmed Bey, the eldest son of Hassan, was seated on the throne. This good prince reigned but two years and a half, and left two sons, Mahmoud and Ismael Bey, who were yet infants.

His brother Ali Bey succeeded him, upon promising, it is said, to restore the throne to Mahmed's children when the eldest should arrive at years of discretion. The desire to transmit it to his own family prevented him from fulfilling this engagement. He sought by degrees to remove his nephews from the government, and to raise his son to it. He shewed the young Hamoud to the people, gave him the command of his army, and solicited for him the title of pacha. By these means he secured the suffrages of the people in favour of his son; and, by kind treatment, acquired such an ascendancy over the minds of his nephews, that, when he died (May 26, 1782) they voluntarily relinquished their claims, and were the first to recognise their cousin Hamoud Pacha as sole Bey of Tunis.

Since that period the state has not been disturbed by any revolution, and those who have it in their power to excite one, seem too much attached to the Bey to have the least inclination to do so.

The remembrance of past calamities, and the spectacle of the troubles of Algiers, have taught the Tuniseens to be too much upon their guard against the restless and uneasy disposition of the Turks, to admit them into the government. The Beys have therefore endeavoured to abolish by degrees the authority which they had usurped: they have made a point of keeping them out of all the important places of administration reserved for natives and Georgians, and to suffer them to fill such only as have but a shadow of authority attached to them. Thus, though the reigning family may be considered as Turkish, since Hassan Ben Ali was descended from a Greek renegado, the government itself must be considered as Moorish.

II. *With what nations of Europe has Tunis entered into treaties? At what period were they concluded, and on what terms? Are they still in force?*

XVII. *What nations have consuls at Tunis? Are there any nations who permit their consuls to engage in trade?*

XVIII. *How many foreign houses are established at Tunis for the purpose of trade, and to what nations do they belong? Are they all in the capital?*

N. B. These questions, as well as some of the succeeding, are brought together on account of their connection with each other.

The European nations to which Tunis has granted treaties are, France, England, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and Spain. Venice also may be included in the number, notwithstanding the present war in which she is engaged with this regency, and the emperor, whose flag has been struck only on account of his rupture with the Porte. The Ragusans, as tributaries of the Grand Signor, have also their treaty, but without flag and without commerce, and merely as a protection for their ships.

The treaties between France and Tunis are the most ancient; they date from 1685, though there were some antecedent to that period which no longer exist, and which are not referred to in this treaty. That with

England was concluded five or six months afterwards, and that with Holland a few years later.' The treaties with the other nations abovementioned, are not of an earlier period than forty or fifty years back.—From the subjoined outline of the treaties with France, a judgment may be formed respecting those with the other nations, since they were all framed as nearly as possible after that model. By an article of these treaties, and with reference to the practice adopted by the Porte in regard to ambassadors, the French consul at Tunis takes precedence of the other consuls. His majesty confers on him the title of consul-general and chargé des affaires, because, on the one hand, he is empowered to administer justice to the houses established at the port, and the ships that touch there, and, on the other, to treat concerning the interests of the two powers. All the consuls have a right to engage in trade except the French consul, to whom it is forbidden, upon pain of removal from his post. This judicious prohibition was designed to prevent him from being, as he otherwise might, the judge and a party in the same cause, and likewise too powerful a competitor for the merchants, since the consideration attached to his office would easily have procured him a preference in all affairs of business.

The other nations, having no mercantile houses established in Tunis, for the contrary reason allow their consuls to engage in trade.

There are (in 1787) eight commercial houses established at Tunis, all of which are French, and fixed in the capital.

III. *What is the amount of the population of this empire? Are the Moors, or the Arabs, the most numerous? Are they taxed by tribes, or individuals? Is there any proportion in the imposts? Are there any Arabs fixed in the city?*

The population was calculated at four or five millions of souls before it was thinned by the plague, which may be computed to have swept off one-eighth. The number of the Arabs exceeds that of the Moors.

Some taxes are paid by tribes, and others by individuals. There is no absolute rule for establishing any proportion in the taxes; and upon the whole nothing is now left arbitrary. There are Arabs fixed in the city, but they are not the most numerous class of its inhabitants.

IV. *Are there in the heart of the kingdom, or on the frontiers, many tribes who refuse to pay the imposts? Are the Moors, or Arabs, the most untractable? Which of these two are the most opulent? Do the wandering tribes ever farm lands of the inhabitants of the towns, for the purpose of cultivating them, or depasturing their flocks and herds? What do these flocks and herds consist of?*

There are tribes on the frontiers which at times refuse to pay the imposts, but the troops sent to levy them soon compel payment. It is in general the Arabs that are most untractable. There is every reason to presume that the Moors are the richest, because they not only hold offices, but embark at the same time in agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. As the Arabs confine themselves to agriculture, the wandering tribes frequently farm lands of the inhabitants of the towns, either for the purposes of tillage, or as pasturage for their flocks and herds, consisting of horned cattle, sheep, and camels, which serve them for beasts of burden, whose hair they spin, whose milk affords them nourishment, and whose flesh they often eat.

Fine horses are become very scarce, the Arabs have grown tired of breeding them, because the government, or its emissaries, took from them every tolerable horse just at what price they ple

Are there many proprietors of lands? Are these proprietors all resident in the towns, or are there houses detached and in villages? Are not the latter exposed to depredations from the roving hordes?

Though the Bey possesses a great extent of land, and though there is much, the revenues of which belong to Mecca, the proprietors are nevertheless numerous. They reside in the towns, in villages, and even in detached habitations, and in all these situations they are but little exposed to depredations from the roving hordes.

VI. *What may be the amount of the revenues of the state? From what sources are they derived? Are they entirely consumed by the ordinary expenditure, or can any part of them be laid by? Is the Bey supposed to have amassed money, and is the amount considerable?*

As far as it is possible to form an estimate of the finances of a state, most of the revenues of which are annually put to sale, and a great part of which is raised by extortion, the revenues of the Bey of Tunis may be computed at twenty-four millions of livres. The sources whence it is derived are, the customs, licences for exportation, the different sums of money given by every new governor, the amount of which keeps continually rising on account of the [illegible] sales, the revenue of the domains, the tenths collected upon lands, the produce of prizes, the sale of slaves, &c. &c. The yearly expenses are considerably below the revenues, part of which are of course annually laid by.

There is no doubt that the Bey possesses considerable wealth, and that he is continually augmenting it, the most sordid avarice being one of his faults. The peace with Spain has just increased it by some millions, and Venice will not be long before she does the same.

Algiers and Constantine sometimes make heavy drains upon this treasure, which the government of Tunis might secure against their extortion, if it were to lay out part of its wealth in keeping up its fortresses, its marine, and a few disciplined troops.

VII. *Are there many Christian slaves at Tunis? Have any been ransomed of late years, and at what price? Of what nation were they?*

The number of Christian slaves at Tunis is very considerable, and has greatly increased within these few years, owing to the youth and military genius of the Bey, who encourages cruising, and even sends out corsairs himself. It is impossible to ascertain the exact number of slaves, because some are constantly being taken, and others ransomed. They are, in general, Neapolitans, Venetians, Russians, and Imperialists. At the present moment, Naples ransoms all of hers that she can, Genoa now and then, Malta almost always; but religion sometimes makes exchanges, by which Tunis is invariably a gainer, never releasing a Maltese but for two, three, or even four Mussulmans.

The ransom of the slaves belonging to the Bey, who are most numerous, is fixed at two hundred and thirty Venetian sequins for the seamen, and four hundred and sixty for the captains and women, of whatever age they may be.* Private individuals nearly follow these prices, from which, however, they at times make some abatement, either on account of the age of the slave, or his want of talents. It may be asserted, that the condition of slaves at Tunis is in general very easy; many remain, or return after they have been ransomed; and some obtain their liberty at the death, or even during the lifetime of their masters.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The BRITISH SPY *in* AMERICA.

LETTER II.

[Continued from Vol. XVII. p. 467.]

AGAIN, in digging several wells lately in this town, the teeth of sharks were found from sixty to ninety or an hundred feet below the surface of the earth. The probability is, that these teeth were deposited by the shark itself; and as this fish is never known to infest very shallow streams, the conclusion is clear, that this whole country has once been buried under several fathoms of water. At all events, these teeth must be considered as ascertaining what was once the surface of the earth here; which surface is very little higher than that of James river. Now if it be considered that there has been no perceptible difference wrought in the figure or elevation of the coast, nor, consequently, in the precipitation of the interior streams since the earliest recorded discovery of Virginia, which

* Since the time of the Prince of Paterno, the ordinary ransom has been fixed at three hundred Venetian sequins, and the double ransom at six hundred piastres.

was two hundred years ago, it will follow, that James river must, for many hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, have been running, at least here, with a very rapid headlong current; the friction whereof must certainly have rendered the channel much deeper than it was at the time of the deposition of these teeth.* The result is clear, that the surface of the stream, which even now, after all this friction and consequent depression, is so nearly on a level with the site of the shark's teeth, must originally have been much higher. I take this to be an irrefragable proof, that the land here was then inundated; and as there is no ground between this and the Atlantic, higher than that on which Richmond is built, it seems to me indisputably certain, that the whole of this beautiful country was once covered with a dreary waste of water.

To what curious and interesting reflections does this subject lead us! Over this hill on which I am now sitting and writing at my ease, and from which I look with delight on the landscape that smiles around me—over this hill, and over this landscape, the billows of the ocean have rolled in wild and dreadful fury, while the leviathan, the whale, and all the monsters of the deep, have disported themselves amid the fearful tempest.

Where was then the shore of the ocean? From this place, for eighty miles to the westward, the ascent of the country is very gradual, and even up to the Blue Ridge marine shells and other phenomena are found, which demonstrate that *that* country too has been visited by the ocean. How then has it emerged? Has it been by a sudden convulsion? Certainly not. No observing man, who has ever travelled from the Blue Ridge to the Atlantic, can doubt that this emersion has been effected by very slow gradations. For as you advance to the east, the proofs of the former submersion of the country thicken upon you. On the shores of York river, the bones of whales abound; and I have been not a little amused in walking on the sand beach of that river during the recess of the tide, and looking up at the high cliff or bank above me, to observe strata of sea shells not yet calcined, like those which lay on the beach under my feet, interspersed with strata of earth, (the joint result, no doubt, of sand and putrid vegetables), exhibiting at once a sample of the manner in which the adjacent soil had been formed, and proof of the comparatively recent desertion of the waters.

Upon the whole, every thing here tends to confirm the ingenious theory of Mr. Buffon, that the eastern coasts of continents are enlarged by the perpetual revolution of the earth from west to east, which has the obvious tendency to conglomerate the loose sands of the sea on the eastern coast, while the tides of the ocean, drawn from east to west, against the revolving earth, contribute to aid the process, and hasten the alluvion. But admitting the Abbé Raynal's idea, that America is a far younger country than either of the other conti-

* An elegant and well-informed writer on the theory of the earth, under the signature of "An Inquirer," whose remarks were suggested by the perusal of this letter of the British Spy, observes that sea shells and other marine substances are found in every explored part of the world, "on the loftiest mountains of Europe, and the still loftier Andes of South America." As the British Spy was not writing a regular and elaborate treatise on the origin of the earth, he did not deem it material to congregate all the facts which have been seen, and supposed, in relation to this subject.

Whether the British Spy is to be considered as an Englishman of rank, on a tour through America, and writing the above letter in Richmond to his friend in London; or whether he is to be considered as one of our own citizens, disposed to entertain the people of Richmond, and its vicinity, with a light and amusing speculation on the origin of their country, in either instance it was both more natural and more interesting that the speculation should appear to have grown out of recent facts discovered in their own town or neighbourhood, and with which they are all supposed to be conversant, than on distant and controvertible facts, which it was not important to the enquiry, whether they knew or believed, or not.

nents, or, in other words, that America has emerged long since their formation, how did it happen that the materials, which compose this continent, were not accumulated on the eastern coast of Asia? Was it, that the present mountains of America, then protuberances on the bed of the ocean, intercepted a part of the passing sands which would otherwise have been washed on the Asiatic shore, and thus became the rudiments of this vast continent? If so, America is under much more obligations to her barren mountains than she has hitherto supposed.

But while Mr. Buffon's theory accounts very handsomely for the enlargement of the eastern coast, it offers no kind of reason for any extension of the western; on the contrary, the very causes assigned, to supply the addition to the eastern, seem, at first view, to threaten a diminution of the western coast. Accordingly, Mr. Buffon, we see, has adopted also the latter idea; and, in the constant alluvion from the western coast of one continent, has found a perennial source of materials for the eastern coast of that which lies behind it. This last idea, however, by no means quadrates with the hypothesis, that the mountains of America formed the original stamina of the continent; for, on the latter supposition, the mountains themselves would constitute the western coast: since Mr. Buffon's theory precludes the idea of any accession in that quarter. But the mountains do not constitute the western coast. On the contrary, there is a wider extent of country between the great mountains of North America, and the Pacific or the Northern oceans, than there is between the same mountains and the Atlantic ocean. Mr. Buffon's theory therefore, however rational as to the eastern, becomes defective, as he presses it, in relation to the western coast; unless, to accommodate the theory, we suppose the total abrasion of some great mountain which originally constituted the western limit, and which was itself the embryon of this continent. But for many reasons, and particularly the present contiguity to Asia, at one part, where such a mountain, according to the hypothesis, must have run, the idea of any such limit will be thought rather too extravagant for adoption. The fact is, that M. Buffon has considered his theory rather in its operation on a continent already established, than on the birth or primitive emersion of a continent from the ocean.

As to the western part of this continent, I mean that which lies beyond the Allegany mountains, if it were not originally gained from the ocean, it has received an accumulation of earth by no means less wonderful. Far beyond the Ohio, in piercing the earth for water, the stumps of trees, bearing the most evident impressions of the axe, and on one of them he rust of consumed iron, have been discovered between ninety and a hundred feet below the present surface of the earth. This is a proof, by the by, not only that this immense depth of soil has been accumulated in that quarter, but that *that new country*, as the inhabitants of the Atlantic States call it, is, indeed, a very ancient one; and that North America has undergone more revolutions, in point of civilization, than have heretofore been thought of, either by the European or American philosophers. That part of this continent which borders on the western ocean, being almost entirely unknown, it is impossible to say whether it exhibits the same evidence of emersion which is found here. M'Kenzie, however, the only traveller who has ever penetrated through this vast forest, records a curious tradition among some of the western tribes of Indians: to wit, that the world was once covered with water. The tradition is embellished, as usual, with a number of very highly poetical fictions. The fact which I suppose to be couched under it, is the ancient submersion of that part of the continent, which certainly looks much more like *a world* than the petty territory that was inundated by Deucalion's flood. If I remember aright, for I cannot immediately refer to the book, Stith, in his history of Virginia, has recorded a similar tradition among the Atlantic tribes of Indians. I have no doubt that if M'Kenzie had been as well qualified for scientific research as he was undoubtedly honest, firm, and perse-

vering, it would have been in his power to have thrown great lights on this subject as it relates to the western country.

For my own part, while I believe the present mountains of America to have constituted the original *stamina* of the continent, I believe, at the same time, the western as well as the eastern country to be the effect of allusion; produced too by the same causes, the rotation of the earth, and planetary attraction of the ocean.

The perception of this will be easy and simple, if, instead of confounding the mind by a wide view of the whole continent as it now stands, we carry back our imaginations to the time of its birth, and suppose some one of the highest pinnacles of the Blue Ridge to have just emerged above the surface of the sea. Now whether the rolling of the earth to the east give to the ocean, which floats loosely upon its bosom, an actual counter-current to the west*, which is occasionally further accelerated by the motion of the tides in that direction; or whether this be not the case; still to our newly-emerged pinnacle, although the ocean, as well as the solid earth, must perform a complete revolution around their common axis, once in twenty-four hours, it does not follow, as I take it, that the globules of the fluid ocean must, all this time, remain as fixed as the atoms of the solid earth: they certainly may, and they certainly have, from some cause or other, a subordinate motion among themselves, frequently adverse to the general motion of the globe: to wit, a current to the west. The atmosphere belongs as much to this globe as the waters of the ocean do: that is to say, it cannot any more than the ocean fly off and attach itself to any other planet. It feels, like the ocean, the gravitating power of the earth, and the attraction of the neighbouring planets. It is affected, no doubt, very sensibly (at least the lower region of it) by the earth's diurnal rotation, and, like the ocean, is compelled to attend her in her annual journey around the sun. But what of this? Does the atmosphere remain fixed in such a manner, as that the part of it which our antipodes are respiring at this moment, is to furnish our diet, our *pabulum vitæ*, twelve hours hence? Certainly not: the atoms which compose the atmosphere are, we know, in spite of the earth's diurnal and annual motion, agitated and impelled in every direction; and so also, we equally well know, are the waters of the ocean.

If the Inquirer, when he says that "the motion of the earth is communicated to every part of it, whether solid or fluid," intend that the motion of the loose and fluid particles of the ocean take, from the earth, a flux among themselves to the east, the result would be an actual current to the east, which is not pretended. If he mean that the globules of the ocean, unaffected by any other cause than the motion of the earth, would always maintain the same position in relation to each other, he may, indeed, allege a principle which is well established; but as it does not meet the approbation of my reason, and as I am not in

* This idea, which is merely stated *hypothetically*, is considered, by the Inquirer, as having been a position *absolutely* taken by the British Spy; and as the reverse principle, (to wit, that the motion of the waters is taken from and corresponds with that of the solid earth) *is so well established*, he concludes that it must have been contested by the British Spy through mere inadvertence. But, for my part, I do not perceive how this hypothetical idea of the British Spy is, at all, in collision with the doctrine of the diurnal or annual revolution of the terraqueous globe.

The British Spy could not have been guilty of so great an absurdity as to intend that the waters of the ocean deserted their bed, and broke over the eastern coasts and lofty mountains of opposing continents, in order to maintain their actual counter-current to the west. It must have been clear to him, that the ocean, keeping its bed, must attend the motion of the earth, "not only on its axis, but in its orbit." But the question here is not as to the position of the whole ocean as it relates to the whole earth; the question is merely as to the locomotion of the particles of the ocean among themselves. For

which is whirled, by the earth's motion, through the waters of the deep, the consequences will be the same as if there were this actual and strong current. For while the waters will be continually accumulated on the eastern coast of this pinnacle, it is obvious that on the western coast, (pro-

the habit of reading merely that I may understand and believe, I must beg permission to enter my dissent to the principle. It would be difficult, if not impossible, so close as we are in the neighbourhood of the earth's attraction, to invent any apparatus by which a decisive experiment could be made on this subject. But, by the way of illustration, let us suppose the earth at rest; let us suppose the atmosphere, by the hand of the great chemist who raised it into its present aeriform state, once more reduced to a fluid; let us suppose it, like a great ocean, to surround the earth within the torrid zone, (partitioned at right angles by two or three mountains running from north to south) and all its parts reposing in an halcyon calm, let us then suppose the earth whirled on its axis to the east, what would be the probable effect? It is clear that the lower region of this superincumbent ocean would be most strongly bound by the earth's attraction; it is equally clear that the stratum of globules, immediately in contact with the earth, would adhere more strongly thereto than to the fluid stratum which rested upon it, while this adhesion to the surface of the earth would be assisted by the many rugged protuberances on that surface. Hence, at the first motion of the earth, the lowest part of this circumambient ocean, being most powerfully attracted and attached to this earth, would slide under the fluid mass above it, and thereby produce an inequality in the upper surface of the water itself; an elevation in the eastern, a concavity in the western side of each partition; while the waters, from their tendency to seek their level, would strive to restore the balance, by falling constantly from east to west.

Whether this effect would continue for ever, or how long it would continue in our oceans as they are at present arranged, it is not easy to solve. But that a current from the east to the west would be at first produced, is as evident as the light of heaven: if it be denied, I demand the solution of the following phenomenon:—If a plate be filled with oil or other fluid, and the plate be then drawn in any direction, how does it happen that the fluid will manifest a tendency to flow in the opposite direction; insomuch, that if the draught of the plate be sudden, the fluid, running rapidly over the adverse edge of the plate, shall discharge itself completely, leaving little behind but the inferior stratum? I take it, that the man who solves this phenomenon satisfactorily, will be compelled to resort to principles which, when applied to our oceans resting loosely as they do on the earth which rolls under them, would inevitably produce a western current; and this current once produced, it will be difficult to say why and when it should cease. A current, thus produced would be unequal, from the nature of its cause, at various depths; it would be subject to temporary affections and alterations near its surface, by the winds, the tides, and the diversified shapes of the coasts on which the ocean rolls. The general tendency, however, of the great mass of the waters would be to the west.

I see no sound reason in renouncing Mr. Buffon's theory, either on account of the eloquent and beautiful manner in which it is explained; nor because it has long had its just portion of admirers; nor because there are other more modern theories. While we are children, it may be well enough to lie passively on our backs, and permit others to prepare and feed us with the pap of science; but when our own judgments and understandings have gained their maturity, it behoves us, instead of being "a feather for every wind that blows," instead of floating impotently before the *capricious current* of fashion and opinion, to heave out all our anchors; to take a position from which nothing shall move us but reason and truth, not novelty and fashion. In the progress of science many principles, in my opinion, have been dropped to make way for others which are newer, but less true. And among them

tected, as it would be, from the current by the newly risen earth) the waters will always be comparatively low and calm. The result is clear. The sands, borne along by the ocean's current over the northern and southern extremities of this pinnacle, will always have a tendency to settle in the calm behind it; and thus, by perpetual accumulations, form a western coast, more rapidly perhaps than an eastern one; as we may see in miniature, by the capes and shallows collected by the still water, on each side, at the mouths of creeks, or below rocks, in the rapids of a river.

After this new-born point of earth had gained some degree of elevation, it is probable that successive coasts of vegetation, according to Dr. Darwin's idea, springing up, then falling and dying on the earth, paid an annual tribute to the infant continent, while each rain, which fell upon it, bore down a part of its substance, and assisted perpetually in the enlargement of its area.

It is curious that the arrangement of the mountains both in North and South America, as well as the shape of the two continents, combine to strengthen the preceding theory. For the mountains, as you will perceive on inspecting your maps, run in chains from north to south; thus opposing the widest possible barrier to the sands, as they roll from east to west. The shape of the continent is just that which would naturally be expected from such an origin: that is, they lie along, collaterally with the mountains. As far north as the country is well known, these ranges of mountains are observed; and it is remarkable, that as soon as the Cordilleras terminate in the south, the continent of South America ends; where they terminate in the north, the continent dwindles to a narrow isthmus.

Assuming this theory as correct, it is amusing to observe the conclusions to which it will lead us.

As the country is supposed to have been formed by gradual accumulations, and as these accumulations were most probably equal, or nearly so, in every part, it follows that, broken as this country is in hills and dales, it has assumed no new appearance by its emersion; but that the figure of the earth's surface is the same throughout, as well where it is now covered by the waters of the ocean, as where it has been already denudated. So that Mr. Boyle's mountains in the sea cease to have any thing wonderful in them.

Connected with this, it is not an improbable conclusion, that new continents and islands are now forming on the bed of the ocean. Perhaps at some future day, lands may emerge in the neighbourhood of the antarctic circle, which, by progressive accumulations, and a consequent increase of weight, may keep a juster balance between the poles, and produce a material difference in our astronomical relations. The navigators of that day will be as successful in their discoveries in the southern seas, as Columbus was heretofore in the northern. For there can be little doubt that there has been a time when Columbus, if he had

Mr. Buffon's theory of the earth. The effect of alluvion is so slow, that any one generation is almost unable to perceive the change wrought by it; hence many people, unable to sit down and reflect on the wonders which *time* can do, fly off with a kind of puerile impatience, and resort to any thing, even a *bouleversement* of a whole continent, rather than to depend on so slow and imperceptible an operation as that of alluvion. This is not philosophical. Neither, on the other hand, would it be philosophical to reject a theory because it might be new, and unsupported by a name. On the contrary, the man who on any branch of philosophy starts a new hypothesis, which has even the guise of reason, confers a benefit on the world; for he enlarges the ground of thought, and although not immediately in the temple of truth himself, may have dropped a hint, an accidental clew, which may serve to lead others to the door of the temple. In this spirit, I not only excuse, but am grateful, even for the wildest of Dr. Darwin's philosophical chimeras. In the same spirit, I offer, without the expectation of its final adoption, the idea suggested by this note as to the cause of a western current.

lived, would have found his reasonings, on the balance of the earth, fallacious, and would have sought these seas for a continent, as much in vain, as Drake, Anson, Cooke, and others, encouraged perhaps by similar reasoning, have since sought the ocean of the south.

If Mr. Buffon's notion be correct, that the eastern coast of one continent is perpetually feeding on the western coast of that which lies before it, the conclusion is inevitable, that the present materials of Europe and Africa, and Asia in succession, will, at some future day, compose the continents of North and South America; while the latter, thrown on the Asiatic shore, will again make a part, and, in time, the whole of that continent, to which, by some philosophers, they are supposed to have been originally attached. It is equally clear that, by this means, the continents will not only exchange their materials, but their position; so that, in process of time, they must respectively make a tour around the globe, maintaining still the same ceremonious distance from each other which they now hold.

According to my theory, which supposes an alluvion on the western as well as the eastern coasts, the continents and islands of the earth will be caused, reciprocally, to approximate, and if materials enough can be found in the bed of the ocean, or generated by any process of nature) ultimately to unite. Our island of Great Britain, therefore, at some future day, and in proper person, will probably invade the territory of France. In the course of this work of alluvion, as it relates to this country, the refluent waters of the Atlantic will be forced to recede from Hampton Roads and the Chesapeak; the beds whereof will become fertile valleys, or, as they are called here, river bottoms; while the lands in the lower district of the state, which are now only a very few feet above the surface of the sea, will rise into majestic eminences, and the present sickly scite of Norfolk be converted into a high and salubrious mountain. I apprehend, however, that the present inhabitants of Norfolk would be extremely unwilling to have such an effect wrought in their day; since there can be little doubt that they prefer their present commercial situation, encumbered as it is by the annual visits of the yellow fever, to the elevation and health of the Blue Ridge.

In the course of this process, too, of which I have been speaking, if the theory be correct, the gulf of Mexico will be eventually filled up, and the West India Islands consolidated with the American continent.

These consequences, visionary as they now appear, are not only probable, but, if the alluvion, which is demonstrated to have taken place already, should continue, they are inevitable. There is very little probability that the isthmus of Darien, which connects the two continents, is coeval with the Blue Ridge or the Cordilleras; and it requires only a continuation of the cause, which produced the isthmus, to effect the repletion of the gulf, and the consolidation of the islands with the continent.

But when? I am possessed of no *data* whereby the calculations can be made. The depth at which *Herculaneum* and *Pompeia* were found to be buried in the course of sixteen hundred years, affords us no light on this enquiry; because their burial was effected not by the slow alluvion and accumulation of time, but by the sudden and repeated eruptions of Vesuvius. As little are we aided by the repletion of the earth around the *Tarpeian* rock in *Rome*; since that repletion was most probably effected, in a very great degree, by the materials of fallen buildings. And besides, the original height of the rock is not ascertained with any kind of precision; historians having, I believe, merely informed us, that it was sufficiently elevated to kill the criminals who were thrown from its summit.

But a truce with philosophy. Who could have believed that the skeleton of an unwieldy whale, and a few mouldering teeth of a shark, would have led me such a dance!

Adieu, my dear S——, for the present: may the light of heaven continue to shine around you!

[*To be continued.*]

Interesting Particulars *relating to* Collins.

[From Calamities of Authors.]

WHEN he was living loosely about town, he occasionally wrote many short poems in the house of a friend, who witnesses that he burnt as rapidly as he wrote. He wrote his odes for a present supply: they were purchased by Millar, and form but a slight pamphlet; yet all the interest of that great bookseller could never introduce them into notice. Not even an idle compliment is recorded to have been sent to the poet. When we now consider that among these odes was one of the most popular in the language, with some of the most exquisitely poetical, two reflections will occur; the difficulty of a young writer without connections, obtaining the public ear; and the languor of the poetical connoisseurs, which sometimes suffers poems, that have not yet grown up to authority, to be buried on the shelf. What the outraged feelings of the poet were, appeared when, sometime afterwards, he became rich enough to express them. Having obtained some fortune by the death of his uncle, he made good to the publisher the deficiency of the unsold odes, and, in his haughty resentment of the public taste, consigned the impression to the flames!

Who shall now paint the feverish and delicate feelings of a young poet such as Collins, who had twice addressed the public, and twice had been repulsed? He, whose poetic temper Johnson has finely painted, at the happy moment when he felt its influence, as "delighting to rove through the meadows of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, and repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens!"

It cannot be doubted, and the recorded facts will demonstrate it, that the poetical disappointments of Collins were secretly preying on his spirit, and repressing his fairest exertions. His mind richly stored with literature, and his soul alive to taste, were ever leaning to the impulse of Nature and study—and thus he projected a "History of the Revival of Learning, and a translation of "Aristotle's Poetics," to be illustrated by a large Commentary.

But "his great fault," says Johnson, "was his *irresolution*; or the frequent calls of *immediate necessity* broke his schemes, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose." Collins was, however, not idle, though without application; for, when reproached with idleness by a friend, he shewed instantly several sheets of his version of Aristotle, and many embryos of some lives he had engaged to compose for the Biographia Britannica; he never brought either to perfection! What then was this *irresolution*, but the vacillations of a mind broken and confounded? He had exercised too constantly the highest faculties of fiction, and he had precipitated himself into the dreariness of real life.—None but a poet can conceive, for none but a poet can experience, the secret wounds inflicted on a mind made up of romantic fancy and tenderness of emotion, who has staked his happiness on his imagination; and who feels neglect, as ordinary men might the sensation of being let down into a sepulchre, and being buried alive. The mind of Tasso, a brother in fancy to Collins, became disordered by the opposition of the critics, but their perpetual neglect had not injured it less. The elegant Hope of the ancients was represented holding some flowers, the promise of the spring, or some spikes of corn, indicative of approaching harvest—but the Hope of Collins had scattered its seed, and they remained buried in the earth.

To our poor bard the oblivion which covered his works appeared to him eternal, as those works now seem to us immortal. He had created Hope, with deep and enthusiastic feeling!

"With eyes so fair—
Whispering promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail;
And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair!"

The few years Collins passed in the metropolis he was subsisting with, or upon his friends; and being a pleasing companion, he obtained many literary acquaintance. At this period Johnson knew him, and describes him:

"His appearance was decent, and his knowledge considerable; his views extensive, and his conversation elegant." He was a constant frequenter at the literary resorts of the Bedford and Slaughter's; and Armstrong, Hill, Garrick, and Foote, frequently consulted him on their pieces before they appeared in public. From his intimacy with Garrick he obtained a free admission into the green-room; and probably it was at this period, among his other projects, that he planned several tragedies, which, Johnson observes, "he only planned." There is a feature in Collins's character which requires more minute attention. He is represented as a man of cheerful dispositions; and it has been my study to detect only a melancholy, which was preying on the very source of life itself. Collins was, indeed, born to charm his friends; for fancy and elegance were never absent from his susceptible mind, rich in its stores, and versatile in its emotions. He himself indicates his own character in his address to Home:

"Go! nor regardless while these numbers boast
My short-liv'd bliss, forget MY SOCIAL NAME."

Johnson has told us of his cheerful dispositions: and one who knew him well observes, that "in the green-room he made diverting observations on the vanity and false consequence of that class of people, and his manner of relating them to his particular friends was extremely entertaining;" but the same friend acknowledges that "some letters which he received from Collins, though chiefly on business, have in them some flights which strongly mark his character, and for which reason I have preserved them." We cannot decide of the temper of a man viewed only in a circle of friends, who listen to the ebullitions of wit or fancy; the social warmth for a moment throws into forgetfulness his secret sorrow. The most melancholy man is frequently the most delightful companion, and peculiarly endowed with the talent of satirical playfulness and vivacity of humour*. But what was the true life of Collins, separated from its adventitious circumstances? It was a life of want, never chequered by hope, that was striving to elude its own observation by hurrying into some temporary dissipation. But the hours of melancholy, and solitude were sure to return; these were marked on the dial of his life, and, when they struck, the gay and lively Collins, like one of his own enchanted beings, as surely relapsed into his natural shape. To the perpetual recollections of his poetical disappointments, are we to attribute this unsettled state of his mind, and the perplexity of his studies. To these he was perpetually reverting, as after a lapse of several years, he shewed, in burning his ill-fated odes. And what was the result of his literary life? I have heard that he returned to his native city of Chichester in a state almost of nakedness, destitute, diseased, and wild in despair, to hide himself in the arms of a sister.

The cloud had long been gathering over his convulsed intellect; and the fortune he acquired on the death of his uncle, served only for personal indulgences, which rather accelerated his disorder. There were, at times,

* Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," offers a striking instance. Bishop Kennett, in his curious "Register and Chronicle," has preserved the following particulars of this author. "In an interval of vapours *he would be extremely pleasant, and raise laughter in any company.* Yet I have heard, that nothing at last could make him laugh, but, going down to the bridge foot at Oxford, and hearing the bargemen scold and storm and swear at one another; at which he would set his hands to his sides, and laugh most profusely; yet in his chamber so mute and mopish, that he was suspected to be *felo de se.*" With what a fine strain of poetic feeling has a modern bard touched this subject:

"As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

Moore's Irish Melodies.

some awful pauses in the alienation of his mind—but he had withdrawn it from study. It was one of those intervals that Thomas Warton told Johnson, that when he met Collins travelling, he took up a book the poet carried with him, from curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen—it was an English Testament. "I have but one book," said Collins, "but that is the best." This circumstance is recorded on his tomb.

"He join'd pure faith to strong poetic powers,
And in reviving Reason's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deem'd the Book of God the best."

At Chichester tradition has preserved some striking and affecting occurrences of his last days; he would haunt the aisles and cloisters of the cathedral, roving days and nights together, loving their

"Dim religious light."

And, when the choristers chaunted their anthem, the listening and bewildered poet, carried out of himself by the solemn strains, and his own too susceptible imagination, moaned and shrieked, and awoke a sadness and a terror most affecting in so solemn a place; their friend, their kinsman, and their poet, was before them, an awful image of human misery and ruined genius!

This interesting circumstance is thus alluded to on his monument:

"Ye walls that echoed to his frantic moan,
Guard the due record of this grateful stone;
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial of his talents raise."

A voluntary subscription raised the monument of Collins. The elegant sculptor of our own times*, combining with a poet or poets, has thrown out on the eloquent marble all that fancy would consecrate; the tomb itself is a poem.

There Collins is represented as sitting in a reclining posture, during a lucid interval of his afflicting malady, with a calm and benign aspect, as if seeking refuge from his misfortunes in the consolations of the Gospel, which lie open before him, whilst his lyre, and his "Ode on the Passions," as a scroll, are thrown together neglected on the ground. Upon the pediment on the tablet are placed in relief two female figures of Love and Pity, entwined each in the arms of the other; the proper emblems of the genius of his poetry.*

* Mr. Flaxman.

Methods *employed in* Dying Turkey-red.

[From Galt's Voyages.]

Professor Oettinger, at Tubingen, was the first chemist, in the west of Europe, whose experiments approximated to the discovery of the oriental process of giving to cotton that beautiful red dye, which withstands the strongest solvents. In 1764, he published a small work, in which he mentioned, that by steeping the dyed Turkish yarns in olive-oil, the colour may not only be extracted, but the material of it transferred to other thread. Hence it was inferred, that either the dye itself, or the preparing liquor, or both, must be of a fat nature, and soluble in oil.

The Persian method.

The process in use, at Astracan, for dying Turkey-red is nearly as follows:—The cotton is first washed exceedingly clean, in running water, and dried in bright weather. If it does not dry before the evening it is taken under cover, on account of the saline dews so remarkable in the country around Astracan, and again exposed to the air next morning. When it is thoroughly dry, it is laid in a tub, and fish-oil poured over it, till it is entirely covered. In this state it remains all night: in the morning it is hung up, and left till the evening. This process is repeated seven successive times, in order that the cotton may fully imbibe the oil, and free itself from all air. The yarn

* I am indebted to my friend, the Rev. J. Dallaway, for a correct description of Collins's tomb; and in his forthcoming history of Sussex we may hope to be favoured with a plate of this beautiful monument.

is then carried to a stream, cleaned as much as possible, and hung up on the poles to dry.

After this preparation, a mordant is made of three materials, which give the grounds of the red colour. The pulverized leaves of sumach are boiled in copper kettles; and, when their colouring matter has been sufficiently extracted, some powdered galls are added, with which the colour must be again boiled; and, by these means, it acquires a dark dirty colour. After it has been sufficiently boiled, the fire is taken from under the kettle, and alum put into the still hot liquor, where it is soon dissolved. The whole mordant must be strong, and of an astringent taste.

As soon as the alum is dissolved, no time must be lost, in order that the mordant may not be suffered to cool. The yarn is then put into small wooden vessels, into each of which a quantity of the mordant is poured, sufficient to moisten the yarn. By this, it acquires only a pale yellow colour, which, however, is durable. It is then hung up in the sun-shine to dry; again washed in the stream; and afterwards dried once more.

The next part of the process is, to prepare the madder dye. The madder, ground to a fine powder, is spread out in large troughs, and into each trough is poured a large cup full of sheep's blood, the kind of blood easiest procured. The madder must be strongly mixed in it, by means of the hand, and then stand some hours, in order to be thoroughly soaked by it.

After this process, water is made hot in large kettles: and, as soon as it is warm, the preparation of madder is put into it, in the proportion of a pound to every pound of cotton. The dye is then suffered to boil strongly; and, when it is boiled enough, which may be tried on cotton threads, the fire is removed from under the kettle. The dyer then dips the cotton yarn, piece by piece, into the dye; turns it round, backwards and forwards; presses it a little with his hands, and lays each piece into pails. As soon as all the cotton has received the first tint, it is hung up to dry. As the red, however, is still too dull, the yarn, which has been already dyed once, and become dry, is put once more into the dying-kettle, and left to seeth, for three hours, over a strong fire, by which it acquires that dark red colour so much esteemed in the Turkey yarns. After this process it is again dried; afterwards washed in the stream, and, when dry, is marketable.

The fact disclosed by this process is, the animalization of the madder and cotton by blood and oil.

The Greek method of dying Turkey-red.

The first process is, that of cleaning the cotton; for which purpose three leys are employed; one of soda, another of ashes, and a third of lime. The cotton is thrown into a tub, and moistened with the liquor of the three leys, in equal quantities; it is then boiled in pure water, and washed in running water.

The second bath given to the cotton is composed of soda and sheep's dung, dissolved in water. To facilitate the solution, the soda and dung are pounded in a mortar. The proportion of these ingredients employed, are, one oke of dung, six of soda, and 40 of water. When the ingredients are well mixed, the liquor expressed from them is strained, and being poured into a tub, six okes of olive-oil are added to it, and the whole is well stirred, till it becomes of a whitish colour, like milk. The cotton is then sprinkled with this; and when the skeins are thoroughly moistened, they are wrung, pressed, and exposed to dry. The same bath must be repeated three or four times; because it is this liquor which renders the cotton more or less fit for receiving the dye. Each bath is given with the same liquor, and ought to continue five or six hours. It is to be observed, that the cotton, after each bath, must be dried without being washed, as it ought not to be rinced till after the last bath. The cotton is then as white as if it had been bleached in the fields.

The galling is performed by immersing the cotton in a bath of warm water, in which five okes of pulverised gall-nuts have been boiled. This operation renders the cotton more fit for being saturated with the colour, and gives to the dye more body and strength.

After the galling comes aluming, which is performed twice, with an interval of two days; and which consists in dipping the cotton into a bath of water, in which five okes of alum have been infused, mixed with five okes of water, alkalized by a ley of soda. The aluming must be performed with care, as it is this operation which makes the colouring matter combine best with the cotton, and which secures it in part from the destructive action of the air. When the second aluming is finished, the cotton is wrung. It is then pressed, and put to soak in running water, being inclosed in a bag of thin cloth.

The workmen then proceed to the dying. To compose the colours, they put in a kettle five okes of water, and thirty five okes of madder-root: the madder having been pulverized, and moistened with one oke of ox or sheep's blood. The blood strengthens the colour; and the dose is increased or lessened, according to the shade of colour required. An equal heat is maintained below the kettle, but not too violent, and when the liquor begins to grow warm, the skeins are then gradually immersed, before the liquor becomes too hot. They are then tied, with pack-thread, to small rods, placed crossways above the kettle, for that purpose; and when the liquor boils well, and in an uniform manner, the rods from which the skeins are suspended are removed, and the cotton is suffered to fall into the kettle, where it remains until two thirds of the water is evaporated. When one third only of the liquor remains, the cotton is taken out, and washed in pure water.

The dye is afterwards brought to perfection by means of a bath, alcalised with soda. This manipulation is the most difficult, and the most delicate of the whole; because it is that which gives the colour its tone. The cotton is thrown into this new bath, and made to boil, over a steady fire, till the colour assumes the required tint. The whole art consists in catching the proper degree.

N.B. The peculiarity in the Greek process is, the use of dung. This substance contains a large quantity of volatile alkali, in a disengaged state, which has the property of giving a rosy hue to the red.

The chief manufactories for dying spun cotton red, established in Greece, are in Thessaly. There are some at Baba, Rapsani, Tournavos, Larissa, Pharsalia, and in all the villages situated on the sides of Ossa and Pelion. Ambelaki, in the vale of Tempé, is the most eminent.

A German process for dying Turkey-red.

Make a caustic ley of one part of good common pot-ash, dissolved in four parts of boiling water, and half a pint of quick-lime slaked in it. Dissolve one part of powdered alum in two parts of boiling water; and while this solution of sulphate of alumine is still warm, to avoid re-crystallization, pour into it successively, always stirring it, the above-mentioned caustic ley, till the alumine it had at first precipitated, after saturation, to excess with sulphuric acid, has been re-dissolved. Leave this solution to cool. Then mix a thirty third part of linseed-oil, with which a saponaceous liquor is formed. The skeins of cotton or linen ought to be successively immersed in it, and equally pressed, that they may be then exposed to dry, on a pole, in the order in which they are taken from the mixture. They must be dried under shelter from rain in summer, and in a warm place in winter, and be left in that state for twenty-four hours: they must then be washed in very pure running water, and be again dried; after which they are to be immersed in an alkaline ley, pressed and dried a second time, in the same manner as at first; taking care, however, to recommence the immersion in the ley with those skeins which have been last in the oily mixture, because the first never fails to carry away a larger portion than the last. It will be proper, also, to consume the mixture each time.

The intensity of the red proposed to be obtained will be in proportion to the quantity of the madder employed. By taking a quantity of madder, equal in weight to that of the skeins, the result will be a red, which, by clearing, will be changed to a rosy shade. On the other hand,

shades of crimson, more or less bright, will be obtained by employing two, three, and even four times the weight of madder, without ever forgetting the addition of chalk, if the water employed does not contain some of it.

The best method of obtaining shades, lively as well as bright, is, to expose the dark reds for a considerable time, when they have been cleared, to the action of a ley of oxygenerated muriate of potash, or of soda, with excess of alkaline carbonate, in order to have such a degree of shade as may be required. But it may readily be conceived, that this method would be expensive.

The Glasgow method of dying Turkey-red.

I. For 100 lbs. of cotton yarn take 100 lbs. of barilla, 20 lbs. of pearl-ashes, and 100 lbs. of quick-lime.—The barilla is mixed with soft water, in a deep tub, from which the ley is filtered through a hole, covered with cloth, at the bottom. The strongest ley required must float an egg.—Dissolve the pearl-ashes in forty gallons of soft water, and the lime in fifty six gallons. Let all the liquors stand till they become quite clear, and then mix forty gallons of each. Boil the cotton in the mixture five hours, then wash it in running water, and dry it.

II. Take fifty gallons of the barilla ley, and dilute it in two four-gallon pails full of sheep's dung; then pour into it half a gallon of oil of vitriol, and one pound of gum arabic, and one pound of sal-ammoniac, both previously dissolved in a sufficient quantity of weak barilla water; and, lastly, twenty five pounds of olive oil, which has been previously dissolved, or well mixed with eight gallons of weaker barilla ley than that in which floats the egg. In this steep the cotton, until it is thoroughly soaked; let it lie twenty-four hours; then wring it well, and hang it up to dry. Repeat this process three times;

III. Repeat the last process, except that the sheep's dung is to be omitted.

IV. Boil twenty-five pounds of galls, bruised, in forty gallons of river-water, until four or five are boiled away; strain the liquor into a tub, and pour cold water on the galls in the strainer, to wash out of them all their tincture. As soon as the liquor is become milk-warm, dip your cotton, hank by hank, handling it carefully all the time, and let it steep twenty-four hours. Then wring it carefully and equally, and dry it well, without washing.

V. Dissolve twenty-five pounds of Roman alum in fourteen pails of warm water, without making it boil; skim the liquor well, and add two pails of strong barilla water, and then let it cool until it be luke-warm. Dip your cotton, and handle it, hank by hank, and let it steep twenty-four hours; wring it equally, and dry it well, without washing.

VI. Repeat, in every particular, the last process; but, after the cotton is dry, steep it six hours in running-water, and then dry it.

VII. The cotton is dyed in quantities of about ten pounds at a time; for which take about two gallons and a half of ox-blood, and mix it in the copper with one hundred and twelve gallons of lukewarm water, and stir it well; then add twenty-five pounds of madder, and stir all well together. Then, having previously put the ten pounds of yarn on sticks, dip it into the liquor, and move and turn it constantly one hour; during which, gradually increase the heat, until the liquors begin to boil, at the end of an hour. Then sink the cotton, and boil it gently one hour longer; and lastly, wash it and dry it. Take out so much of the boiling liquor, that what remains may produce a luke-warm heat, with the fresh water with which the copper is again filled up; and then proceed to make up a dying liquor, for the next ten pounds of the cotton.

VIII. Mix equal parts of the second and third process-liquors, taking about twenty gallons of each; tread down the cotton into this mixture, and let it steep six hours; then wring it moderately and equally, and dry it without washing.

IX. Ten pounds of white soap must be dissolved, most carefully and completely, in sixteen or eighteen pails of warm water: if any little bits of the soap remain undissolved, they will make spots in the cotton. Add sixteen gallons of the strong barilla

water, and stir it well. Sink the cotton in this liquor, keeping it down with cross-sticks, and cover it up; boil it, gently, two hours; then wash it and dry it, and the processes are finished.

N.B. The Glasgow method is similar to the French. But in none of all these different methods does it appear that the juice of lemons or citrons are employed. It is from this circumstance that I have ventured to infer, that the scarlet colour of Scutari is obtained by the use of the vegetable acid, in some stage of the process.

On PAINTING *and* ENGRAVING. *By* GEORGE DYER.

[From his "Poetics."]

AS I am drawing to a close of this volume, I profess, that, in speaking of the services which literature renders poetry, I aim rather to keep from common tracts, than to attempt very sublime excursions;—to skim, and play, as it were, at the foot of knowledge, instead of aspiring to reach summits, or to "sail through the deeps of air."

On philosophical, theological, and political topics, though not unconnected with my plan; and on the arts, painting, and music, though immediately related to poetry,—I speak with no precision or system: I study rather to be brief and pertinent, than discursive or comprehensive:—and herein I act as much from principle as prudence.

I act from prudence; for though with respect to those arts, sometimes called imitative, sometimes sister arts, I conceive they naturally belong to this inquiry; and that, to examine how far they are imitative arts, to point out the source of their relationship, to notice the marks of their resemblance, to ascertain their corresponding harmonies, their observable differences, and similar discordances; though to scrutinize into the laws and constitution of our nature, those nice analogies, those ready associations, those silent movements of our animal passions, that mysterious softness of our moral feelings, by which phænomena, apparently so wide asunder as sounds, colours, words, and well-arranged thoughts, rush to one centre, and form one well-balanced harmonious passion; and though to call up those ideas of grace, beauty, harmony, passion, and terror, which present the liveliest, most interesting, most powerful figures, to the imagination; and to inquire, how each art may best assist each, so as to produce the greatest possible delight, the greatest possible good;—though these speculations, and others connected with these naturally, I must repeat it, rise out of a work of this kind, and, if pursued, might be made an agreeable, enchanting employment; yet thinking it not prudent to follow these meanderings, though branches of the same stream, I, as it were, suppress my curiosity, and follow the middle course; not musing, and discursively roving after what is dispersed so wide, nor wholly overlooking it. Prudence suggests the way rather of allusion, than of long discussion; rather of occasional illustration, than philosophizing too nicely, and in terms of art.

Not, however, that I am of opinion, that none are qualified to judge of the arts, but artists. Most true it is, none but artists can judge by what magical interminglings and workings on rough gross materials, by what gradual operations and technicisms of advance, a painting or piece of sculpture is wrought out to its utmost perfection, so as to look like nature; or by what preparatory aids, by what ordering, and interweaving of proportions and discords, and dexterity of finger, a grand piece of music is so filled, as it were, so inspirited, as almost to oppress and overpower our souls:—these, such alone as can execute, can understand. But as the arts have their origin in our nature, and profess both to delineate natural objects, and to express natural feelings, so in our nature are the rules of judging found. For let the arts work ever so mysteriously, ever so elaborately, they must appear in open day, without too much of pretension or demand. They must be determined by their effects; they must appeal to the eyes, the ears, the feelings of man. Where these have their true tone and proper exercise, there will be a capacity for judging; for men decide on the execution and display of the arts, not by their technicisms and se-

parate, distinct progressions, but by observable effects, visible appearances, and experimental feelings.

This idea is not inconsistent with the belief, that every sort of knowledge relating to an art, and particularly a knowledge of principles, which is called the science of art, is useful, in forming a judgment. It is only by the knowledge of principles, that men know the *grounds* and *reasons* of their approbation and disapprobation, and can enter on a detail of particulars: and the greater knowledge men possess of principles, the more means they certainly possess for determining right: yet science itself goes but a little way in tracing causes; and philosophers, as well as common men, look for demonstrations, and are determined by effects.

Indeed, though in a certain sense, even the practical parts of painting and music bear some analogy to poetry, yet in the intellectual it is most sensibly seen. And, strictly speaking, how far the analogies of the arts extend, is a question to be agitated in the school rather of philosophy, than of the arts. The natural relation, the regular inclinations, the reciprocal influences, and various operations of the arts with respect to each other, are the points, on which any question ought to turn, in this place.

But I take my present course from principle, as well as prudence, from a particular, as well as a general, feeling. The question, which would properly fall under consideration here,—on the correspondence of the arts,—has been discussed with eloquence and skill by eminent artists. And I shall do little more than point to such as have spoken on this interesting subject.

Mengs, who writes so completely on painting, has not dwelt on its correspondence with poetry. He says, indeed, in a concise, cold manner, "that the noble art of painting cannot be compared with any other thing better than poetry, having both the same end—to instruct by pleasing;" and as concisely and as coldly directs his pupils to study the poets; but, judging from his works, I should infer, that the advice, which he gives, he did but little practise; a circumstance the most remarkable, his favourite artist being Corregio,* the most graceful and harmonious of painters.

Monsieur De Piles, in his Idea of a Perfect Painter, confines himself in like manner to his rules for painting, without glancing at poetry. Dufresnoy, in his elaborate little poem, De Re Graphica, (to which I have alluded before,) has a few pertinent lines on the connexion of the two arts.

This point is handled best by our own artists. For Reynolds, Fuseli, Barry, Shee, and Opie, have all entered on this interesting subject: and from their writings poetry might easily deduce resemblances and generous correspondencies, even in design, colouring, chiaro scuro, and composition, though with happier effect in the prime intellectual excellence of both arts—invention; and as the ideas upon this subject of the latter artist, Opie, are well conceived, and admirably expressed, I content myself with referring the reader, who takes any interest in these inquiries, to what that ingenious painter says, on the relative distinct operations of invention in poetry and painting.†

As this subject relating to the correspondence of poetry and painting

* Besides his Reflections upon Beauty and Taste, where he illustrates so much from Corregio, and his Reflections upon the Three Great Painters, Raphael, Corregio, and Titian, Mengs has written Memoirs concerning the Life and Works of Anthony Allegri, denominated Corregio. His works, published in England in a most incorrect translation by a Spaniard, with the observations of the editor, are contained in two volumes. Mengs was the particular friend of Winkelman, so well known for his writings on the arts. On Mengs I have been thus particular, on account of the great merit of his writings on painting, but the only traces of poetry he has quoted, are two short common places from Horace, "Decipit exemplar Vitiis imitabile," —and, "Ego nec studium sine divite Vená, &c."

† Lectures on Painting: delivered at the Royal Academy of Arts, by John Opie. Lect. 2.

has been illustrated by some who are painters by profession, so has it by others who are poets; Dryden, Pope, Mason, have written, more or less, on this relation;‡ all bearing to the same great point, that between poetry and painting there subsists not only an original consanguinity, as it were, but a reciprocity of talent, much correspondence in their views, a conspiracy and energizing impulse, urging to the same end.

But—though I mean not to exceed—I beg leave to subjoin one or two observations, connected as I think they are immediately with this subject, on the utility of painting, and the rather, because they have not, perhaps, been sufficiently insisted on, and seem to arise out of what has already been said on the use of medals.

This utility includes not the refining and moralizing influence, which painting is said to have on society, but the immediate assistance, which it is qualified to render poetry. For as poetry has rendered essential services to painting, and painters have been proud to derive some of their best-told stories, their boldest ideas, and richest embellishments, from the poets, so is painting empowered to repay the obligations, and to render similar services to poetry—by multiplying its sensations, by originating thoughts, by enlivening the passions, and by impelling, as by an extraneous force, the imagination. Each has its proper force; each may be made a sort of conductor to each, in conveying the divine electric fluid to the other.

Whoever has looked at the paintings of the great masters with a poet's eye, will immediately feel what I mean. What poetical eye ever examined the divine Raphael's paintings in the Vatican, Michael Angelo's sublime figures in the Sistene chapel; what poetical eye ever dwelt on the grace and harmony of Corregio; the natural living colours of Titian; the wild, astonishing, yet classical scenery of Salvator Rosa; the glowing melting landscapes of Claude; the grandeur and magnificence of Reubens; who, with a poet's eye, I ask, ever seriously surveyed the works of these masters, without enriching his ideas, and catching inspiration?

It may be thought, perhaps, that I speak in too high a tone, with the airs of the cognoscenti and travellers, who talk sometimes of having seen what they never saw, and of feeling what they never felt: and many things just alluded to, I have certainly never seen. But the correctness of the thought should be examined, not by the frowardness of my situation, nor by the incapacity of my eye-sight. Whoever has been much in the way of visiting museums, and of seeing collections of paintings, (and I have had some opportunities,) must have seen some pictures of the great masters, worthy of being seen and remembered; and even a copy, or engraving, if well executed, may convey something like the enthusiasm of the original: it is true, the light is only reflected, the heat is only reflected; yet real is that light, and that warmth real. And, I own, I have made this little flourishing excursion abroad, as it were, that I might settle at length on a salutary, pleasing spot at home.

For such as are acquainted with these matters are not to be told, that most of the pictures introduced into this country by factors, and poured over by the dilettanti, are not originals—and let this pass as a trifling observation.—An observation more to our purpose, is, that of the best works of the great masters before mentioned, there are engraved collections; and valuable splendid works some of them are. And I appeal to such as have seriously perused these works, for the truth of the preceding remarks.

Who can studiously examine the

‡ Fresnoy's Latin poem was translated by Dryden into English prose; the latter part therefore of Pope's line in his Epistle to Mr. Jervis, on the subject, seems not quite appropriate,

"Fresnoy's close line, and Dryden's native fire."

Prefixed to the translation is a preface by Dryden, drawing a parallel between painting and poetry. Mason, who in his own practice united painting with poetry, has given a poetical translation of Fresnoy's poem, to which Sir Joshua Reynolds has written notes. With respect to Pope, I allude to his Epistle to Mr. Jervis.

Admiranda,* without rising better informed, not only in antiquities, but ancient poetry; and, if possessing a poetical mind, without feeling their force in his own experience, and increasing his fund of imagery and story?

Would it be justice, as I have insensibly fallen on this subject, to pass by our own artists? Fuseli, Northcote, Opie, and other English artists, have composed some sublime pictures from Shakspeare and Milton. Barry has left his name recorded on the walls of the Society of Arts and Manufactures, by works replete with poetry. In our water-colour exhibitions, Glover, Varley, Cristall with a most delicate classical hand (let me pay this tribute of respect to a highly ingenious artist,) and others, have delighted the public not only by descriptions borrowed from the scenes of their own country, but from native English poets.—Thus stands modern painting in relation to its sister, poetry.

Will any one say, that here the matter should rest? Shall we leave our artists under the disgrace of being mere copyers, and as capable of being nothing more? Shall we say, that nothing has been added to what has been borrowed? nothing superinduced, diversified, enlivened, inspirited, and elevated, from the art, which is peculiarly their own? Let us not say this. They have proved that if painting borrows much from poetry, it is like a well manured land, capable of paying back much, and even lending and enriching in its turn.

We have had one artist, peculiarly our own, who in the department of humour and the delineation of human character, is in his way an original, a school in himself. He seems indeed to have been little indebted to poetry. But he drank at the same source, whence all true poetry springs. He observed nature, and pictured man. Not to appear drinking at other people's sources, I content myself with referring to some excellent thoughts on this subject, in the Reflector.† But I beg leave to ask, Can poetry derive nothing from Hogarth?

As painting has been called the sister of poetry, engraving has been called the handmaid of painting: and from a hint just dropt, (and I think it not unconnected with the view that I am taking of the subject,) I must insist, that the services which it renders to painting, and therefore to poetry, are most important. We have engravers of acknowledged powers for such services. Sharpe is worthy, and how few‡ are worthy! of multiplying the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian. He is capable, and how few are capable! of giving us the tenderest sympathies, the distinct pursuits, the manliest feelings of private life; the real picture of the real painter; the still, the harmonious scenes of rural life; the agonies, the convulsions, the despairs, with the whole confusion of elements, which mark the shipwreck; the bustle, the energy, intrepidity, and consternation, which attend the besieging of a town; and the fire, and the smoke, and the ruins, and the deaths, which give all that terrible sublimity to the battle of the plain or the sea-fight. I am not here altogether going out of my proper line, but must maintain, that engraving, if employed in copying only beautiful, grand, and interesting subjects, might be called something more than the handmaid of painting and poetry, it might be called their friend.

Engraving is to painting, in some measure, what the art of printing is to manuscripts, the means of multiplying and circulating copies, and, of course, of spreading the reputation of artists. The full force of this idea was felt by Monsieur Delisle; and he accordingly devotes a greater portion of his work to prints than to any part of painting, his immediate art, and the avowed subject of his book.§

* Engravings of Antiquities of Rome, Fables, and Histories; accompanied with copious appropriate illustrations from classical authors.

† No. III.

‡ An ingenious engraver, Mr. Thomas Holloway, who has done himself so much credit in Lavater's Physiognomical Essays, will, no doubt, prove himself worthy. He is now employed, it is well known, on the Cartoons of Raphael.

§ Idea of a Perfect Painter. Chap. 27.: Of the Usefulness and Use of Prints.

To poetry, engraving has thrown open as it were a grand exhibition, in which antiquities, history, and the remains of ancient art, are brought within a small compass, and may be examined at comparatively small expense. Some knowledge too of the fine arts, as they now exist in England and foreign countries, may be thence most promptly acquired. Poetry may acquaint itself with the different states of each school, and with all the varieties of each artist: it may examine them, compare them together, contrast them, and improve from all; and, to say nothing of the pleasure to be derived from this source, by a very little exertion may acquire a considerable stock of knowledge.

I have used the word *Sister-arts*, agreeably to the theory of most writers on the arts: but, as it will appear more fully in the following chapter, in a very limited sense.—But it remains to say a few words on music.

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.—(No. X.)

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
" The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
" Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
" And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY.

MIRABEAU, (HONORE GABRIEL-RIQUETTI, Comte DE)

WAS born in 1749; youthful impetuosity and ungoverned passions made the early part of his life a scene of disorder and misery. After having been some years in the army, and served in Corsica, he married Mademoiselle de Marignane, a rich heiress in the city of Aix, but the union was not fortunate, and his extravagant expenses deranging his affairs, he contracted debts to the amount of 300,000 livres, in consequence of which his father obtained from the Châtelet an act of lunacy against him. Enraged at this he went to settle at Manosque, whence he was, on account of a private quarrel, some time afterwards removed; and in 1791, was shut up in the castle of If; he was then conveyed to that of Joux in Franche Comte, and obtained permission to go occasionally to Pontarlier, where he met Sophie de Ruffey, marchioness of Monnier, the wife of a president in the parliament of Besançon. Her wit and beauty inspired Mirabeau with a most violent passion, and he soon escaped to Holland with her, but was for this outrage condemned to lose his head, and would probably have ended his days far from his country, had not an agent of the police seized him in 1777, conveyed him back to France, and carried him to the castle of Vincennes, where he remained till the month of December, 1780, when he recovered his liberty. The first use he made of it was to bring an action at law against his wife, who refused to live with him again: he pleaded his own cause before the parliament of Aix, but lost it, and his wife obtained a separation. The French revolution now presented a vast field for the activity of Mirabeau, and being rejected at the time of the elections by the nobility of Provence, he hired a warehouse, put up this inscription: Mirabeau, woollen-draper; and was elected deputy from the tiers-état of Aix; from that time the court of Versailles, to whom he was beginning to be formidable, called him the plebeian count. It has been said that the account of his intrigues in Provence having alarmed the commandant M. de Caraman, the governor tried to seize him, that he might be sent over to India. On the day when the States opened he looked at the monarch, who was covered with the crown jewels, and said to those near him, " Behold the victim already adorned." He soon took possession of the tribune, and there discussed, as it in jest, the most important matters in the organization of society. He had never, at that time, conceived the possibility of establishing a democracy in so immense a state as France. " His penetration," says Mallet Du Pan, " speedily formed a

judgment respecting that mob of the communes, whose inexperience and vanity were ready to shatter that monarchy they thought to repair. Instinct and principle incessantly drew again towards the court a man whose talents were equal to his vices, and who would have set little value on the success to be obtained by a demagogue, had it not been the way to the honours and profits of government." His motive then for seeking popularity, was solely that he might regulate a court which he caused to tremble, but the court committed the fault of not seeking to seduce his ambition. He then connected himself with the Duke of Orleans, from whom he obtained the sums he wanted, but soon perceiving that it was impossible to make any thing of such a clod, he broke off the intimacy in October, 1789. If he was not one of the principal causes of the events which took place on the 5th and 6th of that month, the words he made use of before and during that time, give reason to suppose he was no stranger to them. The next day he made the king new overtures, and repeated them shortly after, but they were invariably rejected; and he then considered how he should, by new blows, compel the sovereign and his council to have recourse to him. Not, however, till the end of the session did this take place, and then by the intervention of Madame de Mercy and M. de Montmorin his debts were paid, and a pension was granted him. From that time he devoted himself wholly to strengthening the monarchy, and religion as its basis, and addressed to the king a statement on the causes of the revolution, and the methods of putting a stop to it. It may be doubted whether he could have succeeded in this undertaking, but it is now certain that at the moment of his sudden death he was busied in a project for dissolving an assembly he could no longer direct. Perhaps, indeed, this would have been the only way, if any there were, of saving the monarchy; but his ostensible conduct must now be considered. In the first meeting of the tiers-état Mirabeau appeared in the tribune to declare against taking any resolution, and to prove that complete inactivity would be the most efficient weapon to compel the other two orders to join or explain themselves. On the 27th of May he proposed calling on the clergy to examine into their common powers, and on the 15th of June he urged the chamber to resolve itself into an assembly of representatives of the French people. On the 16th, desirous of defending some expressions he had made use of with regard to the royal *veto*, he uttered these remarkable words, which he repeated in the debate on the sanction: "If the king has not the *veto*, I would rather live at Constantinople than at Paris." When M. de Brézé came, after the royal meeting on the 23d of June, to repeat to the assembly the order for their separation, Mirabeau answered: "Go, tell your master that nothing but the point of the bayonet shall drive us from our places." He forthwith obtained a decree, declaring the representatives inviolable, and every executor of tyrannical orders infamous, and a traitor to his country. On the 8th of July he proposed the formation of the national guard, and the day following voted an address to the king to desire him to send back the troops who were advancing towards the capital: this address is, perhaps, one of his most eloquent productions. On the 15th, the day after the taking of the bastile, the assembly having been informed that the king intended appearing among them, testified the most lively joy, but Mirabeau checked it by exclaiming: "Let a solemn and mournful respect be the first reception the sovereign meets with; at a time of affliction the silence of the people is a lesson to the king." On the 16th, he proposed an address to demand the dismissal of the new ministers; on the 23d he moved that all the authorities, constituted at Paris in consequence of July the 14th, should be resolved into a municipality, as the only mode of restoring the city to tranquillity. On the 25th he strongly objected to the people's violation of the secresy of letters; on the 8th of August he indignantly rejected the notion of a public failure, proposed to render the debt national, and opened the way to one of his agents, who immediately moved for its liqui-

dation by means of the ecclesiastical possessions; on the 10th he inveighed against tythes, which he represented as a kind of salary bestowed on the clergy, but this expression being disapproved, he exclaimed, "I know but of three ways of existing in society, to beg, to steal, or to receive a salary." On the 18th he made a second attack on the decree which enacted that the troops should take an oath before the municipality, asserting that this law would lead to a municipal despotism. On the 17th he read the sketch of a declaration of the rights of man; but on the 18th said he thought it better to defer it till the constitution was finished. For this opinion he was violently attacked, and from that time forward was reproached with the species of despotism which he sought to exercise over the assembly. On the 22d he voted that the agents of power should be responsible in case of arbitrary orders, and that this responsibility should extend from the prime vizier to the meanest janisary. On the 23d he made a motion on the union of religion and legislation, and declaimed against the friends to the prevailing mode of worship. On the 27th, in expressing his approbation of the schemes of finance, brought forward by Necker, he made use of this singular but profound expression: "The constitution is put up to auction, and the deficiency is the treasure of the state and the germ of liberty." On the 1st of Sept. he spoke energetically, in behalf of the royal *veto*, offering, as a counterpoise, the permanency of the assembly, the responsibility of the ministers, and the yearly renewal of the taxes, and consequently of the army. It would appear singular, were not the enigma solved by the inconsistencies of faction, the intrigues and the treasures of the duke of Orleans, that at the very time when the Parisians were roaring against all the orators who favoured the *veto*, that they continued to adore Mirabeau, and were even on the point of marching to Versailles, in consequence of a report that he had been assassinated. On the 8th he laughed at the partisans of the two chambers, who wished to appeal to votes on that question, observing to them, that "the decree which enacted the permanence of the assembly, enacted likewise, that there should not be two chambers." On the 15th and 16th he tried to obtain a decree to incapacitate the Spanish branch of the Bourbons from succeeding to the throne or holding the regency. On the 19th he opposed his brother's motion for declaring that no member of the assembly could be elected to the succeeding legislature. On the 26th he proposed to adopt a plan suggested by the minister of finance, and the assembly, carried away by his eloquence, would have decreed it on the spot: but what was the general surprise when he himself opposed it? Seeing that he was not understood, he was obliged to explain himself, and represented, that, considering the urgency of the case, the assembly ought to permit M. Necker to execute his design, but ought not themselves to decree it, lest they should thereby make themselves responsible for its success. At this period he denounced the coming of the Flanders' regiment; on the 1st of October he proved the necessity there was that the nation should consent to the issuing of paper money, which, without their consent, he declared to be stealing or borrowing, sword in hand. On the 5th he spoke with apparent moderation of the feasts and orgies of the body guards, blamed the account given of them, and when Monspey defied Pétion to sign these denunciations, Mirabeau declared that he was ready to sign them and bring forward the proofs, provided that the king's person alone should be instantly declared inviolable. This step terrified the right side, as it struck directly at the schemes formed by that great conspiracy of becoming alike formidable to the court and the revolutionists. The meeting was nearly over when the women, who came from Paris under the guidance of Maillard, filled the hall and interrupted the debates; but while they made the other members tremble, Mirabeau checked them, directed them as he pleased, and imposed silence on them, saying, "Doubtless the friends of liberty do not come hither to disturb the liberty of the assembly." He had also informed the president that

Paris was coming upon Versailles, at a time when it was impossible to know it, unless he had been in the secret of the insurrection. Almost all the depositions made at the Châtelet, respecting the 5th and 6th of October, all indeed very vague and inconclusive, accused Mirabeau of having directed the rage of those who called themselves Parisian women, of having endeavoured to corrupt the Flanders' regiment, and finally, of having done all in his power to serve the Duke of Orleans. When Lafayette wished to compel the duke to fly to England, Mirabeau promised to denounce the general if he had the courage to stay, and threatened to denounce him if he departed, but he could not inspire his vile accomplice with energy, and in one forcible expression, of which decency precludes the mention, he drew an accurate and just portrait of him. All the accusations then heaped on him, far from diminishing his eloquence and daring, seemed only to give him new powers, and on the 7th of October he kept possession of the tribune even longer than usual, either to avert or to brave suspicion. On the 10th he denounced M. de St. Priest, as having said to the women, when they asked on the 5th for bread, "When you had but one king you did not want for bread, now you have twelve hundred go and ask them for some." On the same day several members having solicited a new decree of inviolability, he combated them with his favourite weapon, irony, and proposed another reading of the first decree as an answer to all that had been said, was said, or could be said on the subject. On the 14th he, at the desire of the assembly, drew up a law against mobs, which was greatly aplauded. On the 19th he obtained a decree of thanks to Lafayette, and on the 27th proposed to enact that every insolvent man (he was himself loaded with debts) should be incapable of sitting in the legislature, as should their children, likewise, unless they cleared their father's affairs. On the 30th he somewhat sharply opposed his brother, who defended the property of the clergy, spoke with great force and address to prove that it belonged to the nation, and again discussed the same subject on the 2d of November, in order to reply to the abbé Montesquiou's eloquent speech on the subject. On the 7th he, for the second time, gave it as his opinion, that the ministers might be chosen from among the convention, and retain their places there; but to remove all appearance of self-interestedness, he consented to be himself expressly excluded. On the 20th he opposed Necker, who wanted to make the discount chest a national bank, and proposed to issue assignats, for which the goods of the clergy should be a security. The city of Geneva having offered a patriotic gift to France, he vehemently inveighed against the donors, accusing them of an intention to purchase, by this largess, the maintenance of that aristocratic government, which they so imperiously maintained over their fellow-citizens. On the 10th of December, he, with great art, developed the principle of rising gradually in public offices, thus imitating the operations of nature and the progress of the human mind; in consequence he proposed to adopt in the constitution the gradual and progressive advance of public functionaries from post to post. On this occasion he said to Barnave, who was of a contrary opinion, "These rhetoricians speak for four hours, but true legislators for all time." In 1790 he was still in possession of the greatest influence, but yet he lost by degrees some part of his popularity, in proportion as he more openly combated the jacobins, whose aim he guessed, and whose crimes he foresaw. At this time too he became a more decided partisan of the court, and yet on the 13th of April, when declaring his enmity to the motion for establishing the catholic mode of worship as the national religion, he exclaimed, "I entreat the assembly not to forget that this tribune looks on the window whence Charles the IXth, animated by fanaticism, gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew." This oratorical burst suggested the idea of placing a stake near the Louvre, in 1792, to the disgrace of Charles the IXth's memory, on which was an inscription differing little from Mirabeau's expression. This stake was removed in 1802 by order of the

consular government. On the 15th of May he eagerly defended the right of peace and war as inherent in the executive power, and it was this opinion which gave rise to the famous pamphlet against him, entitled, Great Treachery of the Comte de Mirabeau; but adroit in giving up his ideas when they seemed not to promise a favourable issue, he himself proposed on the 22d, the decree which deprived the king of this right, and left him only the primary sanction, insisting, that he had been misunderstood, and that this sanction was all he had been contending for during the last five days. Frequently appearing in the tribune he still possessed great influence, and seemed to study particularly to revive his popularity from time to time, by declaiming vehemently on matters or events of little importance, that he might afterwards speak to more advantage in behalf of the court with regard to important affairs. Thus, for instance, on the 25th of July, he desired that the Prince of Condé should be declared a traitor to his country, unless he disavowed the manifest liberticide attributed to him. On the 25th he brought forward a political statement relative to an alliance with Spain, in whose favour he proposed taking arms. On the 3d of September he proposed to pass a decree in approbation of Bouillé's conduct at Nancy. On the 2d of October a keen debate took place concerning his share in the events which took place at Versailles on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, and he, most powerfuly inveighing against the Châtelet, obtained a decree, in which the assembly declared there was no ground of accusation against him. About this period he was several times abused by the right side, few of the members knowing the secret of his conduct, and then his pride was inflamed, and gaining the mastery over him, he uttered such invectives against the royalists as tended to keep up his popularity. In December he took a month's leave of absence, intending to go to Aix, and on the 23d, previous to his departure, appeared in the Society of the Friends of the Constitution, where he presided, informed them that he was going away, that he might oppose those enemies who had endeavoured to make him unpopular in his own country, and excited such enthusiasm in the assembly, that having escaped from their acclamations, a deputation was, at Danton's suggestion, immediately sent to entreat him not to quit the metropolis, as if the safety of the state had depended on his presence. On the 14th of January, 1791, he read the sketch of an address to the French people on the new constitution of the clergy. It was impossible for those who were not in the secret to recognise the wonted genius of the author, he seemed, indeed, to have attempted to burlesque himself; but it displeased all parties, and the ministers and the court alone regretted its non-acceptance. On the 16th he was appointed a member of the department of Paris, and on the 31st president of the national assembly. This being the period of his closest connexion with the court, he wished, as president, to acquire new celebrity, and shew himself capable of directing the assembly; a design which he executed with a degree of address admired even by his enemies. He was particularly applauded for the eloquence with which he answered the most trifling deputations, which were sent more frequently, that they might be received by Mirabeau. In the tribune of the assembly he delivered Franklin's funeral panegyric, and caused a decree to pass for all the members to put on mourning and wear it three days. On the 25th of February, in the midst of a warm debate, which took place concerning the residence to which it was proposed to restrict the royal family, he, with an ascendant absolutely inconceivable, obtained a hearing from all parties; declared against the right side, without, however, touching on the question, and ended, by pledging himself to pursue all those seditious persons who should attack the groundwork of monarchy. On the 28th, with a happy mixture of address, logic, and eloquence, he opposed a law against emigration then projected, and even treated the jacobin party, who wished to prevent him from proceeding, with great contempt. In this debate he attacked them more

openly than ever, and in the midst of the interruptions, cried aloud, "Silence, ye thirty," thus revealing the secret of the number and power of the principal leaders. This was the last important topic he debated, and in which, without deserting his revolutionary principles, he gained the whole right side. On the 1st of March he appeared at the bar of the assembly, heading a deputation from the department of Paris, and made a speech of no weight; but a few days after he wrote a proclamation in the name of the same body, in which he, in the most forcible and persuasive manner, shewed the necessity of order and respect for the laws. On the 22d, when he discussed the regency question, his style was eloquent, but his arguments were not conclusive; and on the 27th he made a long speech on the mines, the last he delivered from the tribune; for the next day he was taken ill, and died on the 2d of April, at half past eight in the morning, aged 42. So short an illness excited a suspicion at first that he had been poisoned, and all parties mutually accused each other of this crime; but when his body was opened, there appeared, as the physicians asserted, no marks of violence. When on his death-bed, he said openly to his friend, "I shall carry the monarchy with me, and a few factious spirits will share what is left." Mirabeau, in his last moments, wrote a Discourse on Succession, and calling Talleyrand Perigord, gave it to him, saying, "The assembly is busied in making a law respecting testaments, and will perhaps be pleased that a man who is making his, should, as his last tribute, offer the opinion he has prepared on this subject; to your friendship I commit the charge of having it read in the tribune." In the moment of his death he retained all his fortitude and self-possession, on the very morning he wrote these words, "It is not so difficult to die," and at the instant when his eyes were closing, his hand wrote "to sleep." His loss seemed to be considered as a public calamity, and it is remarkable that all parties, believing them to be in their interests, joined in regretting him. His last production was read on the 4th of April, his obsequies were celebrated with great pomp; all the theatres were shut, the deputies, the ministers, the members of all the authoritative assemblies, formed a procession which extended above a league, and which was four hours marching, and his body was placed in the Pantheon beside that of Descartes. In November, 1798, his ashes were, by order of the convention, dragged thence, and scattered abroad by the people, who at the same time burnt his bust in the Place de Grêve, as an enemy to the republic, and one who had corresponded with royal family. Thus did Mirabeau verify what he had himself said, "that the capitol was near the Tarpeian rock, and that the same people who flattered him, would have had equal pleasure in seeing him hanged." He was of middle stature, his face was disfigured by the marks of the small pox, and the enormous quantity of hair on his head gave him some resemblance to a lion. "Mirabeau," says one of his colleagues, who seems to have known him well, "was of a lofty character, and had talents which were extraordinary, and sometimes sublime; his felicity of diction was unrivalled, and his knowledge of the human heart profound, but he was essentially a despot, and, had he governed an empire, he would have surpassed Richelieu in pride, and Mazarin in policy. Naturally violent, the least resistance inflamed him; and when he appeared most irritated, his expression had most eloquence and most energy, and being a great actor, his voice and gestures lent a new interest to all he said. His chief passion was pride, which ever rendered him very irascible, and though his love of intrigue was unbounded, it can be ascribed only to his pecuniary necessities, thus those brilliant flashes of genius, those sweet breathings of sentiment which would have done honour to the most virtuous man, were to this profound schemer a mere speculation. He was throughout his life the most immoral of men, a bad son, an execrable husband, a brutal lover, and an imperious master, and the only fixed system he ever had, was to serve his interest and his passions at the expense of all parties. In the last year

of his life he paid immense debts, bought estates, furniture, the valuable library of Buffon, and lived in a splendid style." The principal works of Mirabeau are a Memorial respecting Lettres de Cachet and State Prisons, 1782; Erotika Biblion, 1783; a gross and licentious work, in which the author pretends to prove that dissolute as is the state of society among us, the ancients and the Jews in particular were much worse; Denunciation of Stock Jobbing to the King and the assembly of the Notables, 1787; it was at that time a matter of merriment to see him attack the stock-jobbers, in whose advantages he had often shared. History of the Prussian Monarchy, under Frederic the Great, 1788, an ill-digested compilation, which he purchased from Major Mauvion; Secret History of the Court of Berlin, 1789, a libel, which was burnt by the hands of the hangman; History of England from the accession of James the First to the Revolution, translated from the English of Catherine Macaulay, with notes, 1791; Milton's Theory of Royalty, 1791. After his death was published a collection of letters, written by him from the fortress of Vincennes, containing some particulars relative to his private life, and his amours with Madame Monnier, 1792; a Translation of the Elegies of Tibullus, and the Basia of Secundus. In 1792 a collection of his works in five volumes was presented to the national assembly. Lastly, there are some things written by him in early life, as the Libertine of Quality, the Rubicon, and various satirical memoirs against his father, his mother, and his wife, which shew how profligate were his tastes, and how depraved were his morals.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

" Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

" ONE NIGHT!" *which was begun* " ONE DAY," *and is now brought to a Conclusion without being Finished; yet containing some Things worth beginning, which, like Eternity, will have no End. Amongst others, the singular Opinions of the Author himself; and last, not least, a practical Illustration of the Art of Procrastination.* 1 vol. 12mo. 1812.

IT will be difficult to characterize this work by any description or analysis which should convey to the reader any thing like an adequate notion of its contents. From the first half-dozen pages we might be tempted to suppose it was written in answer to, or from the suggestion of, the popular work of *Thinks I to Myself*, and there is, indeed, in pages 40, 41, and 42, some ironical allusion to several parts of that production; beyond that, however, the author of *One Night* stands free from all obligation to his precursor. The only peculiarity of the work before us, which can be easily exemplified in this account, is, that the author in the commencement professes his intention of informing the reader by what accident it was that he entered the family of Sir Peter Pix, and he begins his account with the words *One Night*, but contrives, through the whole of the volume, to start off into some digression as often as he mentions those words, so that the work at last closes without the reader's knowing what it was that really happened on that *One Night*, the relation of which is repeatedly begun but never finished. *Ab uno disce omnes*—and we will, therefore, extract as a specimen the way in which he begins this procrastinated story:—

" One night, just as the clock struck twelve, and the watchman had gone to sleep after counting the hour, and the street-brawler was hastening home to bed, and the street-nymph was retiring from her nocturnal orgies, and the rogue was commencing his, and his victims were snoring in their first sleep; just at this dead hour, this awful moment of time which the writers of the horrid and the terrible choose for the appearance of their ghosts, their bloody daggers, their clanking chains, and their yawning dungeons of impenetrable gloom; at this hour, which tolls the knell of a

departed day, and announces the coming in of a new one; which, once a week, brings freedom to the trembling debtor whom awe of duns, and bailiffs—than duns more terrible—confines to his solitary chamber; this important hour which spreads peace and rest to half the world—this solemn—

"If there be a situation in the world which is truly pitiable on the one hand, and truly ludicrous on the other, I have often *thought to myself*, it is that where a man works himself and his reader into a high state of expectation by climax after climax, and when he is just at the top of the ladder finds himself unable to go any further—makes a dead stop—and either stays where he is, or falls back again, by some 'lame and impotent conclusion,' into greater dulness than he rose from. It is like a singer, who, ascending to a high pitch of voice, gives a sort of promise, which every body accepts, of a still higher reach, but suddenly drops a whole octave lower, and we all know what a disappointment that is. One thing is certain, to be sure; every person may avoid such a bathos, by weighing well the quality and extent of his powers, and, like an able tactician abstaining from every attempt beyond them. This is our first duty: but when we happen to neglect this, there still remains another, which is what I now mean to discharge: viz. when we find ourselves engaged in an undertaking beyond our powers to complete, prudently to retire from the contest, and rather leave it unfinished than finish it with inadequacy. Farewell then to my ascending climax upon the midnight hour of twelve: and welcome the more humble strain of narrative that follows.

"Reason is an admirable faculty! and in nothing more admirable than in the power which it gives us of vindicating our own conduct. I never knew a man in my life, however foolish, or absurd, or guilty his actions may have been, who was fairly unable to say something in his own defence. Plausible, or not plausible, just, or not just, we can always twist an argument into a sort of shield to cover our defects; and the only difference between the clown and the wit on these occasions is, that the one manufactures a shield of straw while the other produces one of tinsel, shining in our eyes so as to dazzle, but without superior strength to resist the attacks of wisdom.

"One night—(I dare say the reader, if he has any curiosity, rejoices to meet with these words of promise once again)—when all our family were quietly retired to rest, and the sound of my father's hammer no longer echoed through the house, nor the shrill accents of my mother's voice accompanied the heavy and quick returning thump of the said hammer, nor my obstreperous gambols joined in the general hubbub, nor—pish!—how difficult it is for a man of genius to descend. I protest I have just fallen into the same ambition of sublimity as before, and that too without the slightest consciousness of what I was doing—a true sign of natural impulse—but I will desist, only begging the reader to observe the superiority of my sad genius, and to note with what dexterity I have varied the concomitants and signs of midnight on this second occasion. Well then, to avoid prolixity, which is a fault I mortally abhor in writing, and in speaking too, especially in public speaking—(I wish some of our parliamentary orators hated it as much, for you must know, reader, that I am a reporter, and therefore interested in the length of their speeches, especially towards three o'clock in the morning, after being in the gallery of the House of Commons from 12 the preceding day)—I shall proceed to relate, with unvarnished simplicity, what I have been so long attempting to begin. I am resolved not to be led astray again, by any *ignis fatuus* of discursive and collateral disquisition.

"One night—blessed words says the impatient reader—but whither will you lead me?—One night, when we were all fast asleep and snoring, at least my father was, for it was a villainous trick he had with his nose, and I have heard him declare my mother's nose was just as musical, so it is a fair presumption that they were both snoring, and, as we know that we derive many of our physical habits from our parents, at least Haller says

so, and I am not arrogant enough to dispute the authority of so great a physiologist, there is every ground for logically inferring that I, being their child, and no doubt conceived in a snore—(I was certainly snored to many a time during the nine months of my gestation)—was performing on the same wind instrument at the same identical period of time as my honoured father and mother were playing on their bassoons; and thus the reader will readily perceive, without my pointing it out to him, the just and accurate, at least the probably just and accurate—and a high degree of probability amounts to moral certainty—nature of the expression I used above, namely, not only that we were all fast asleep, but all snoring. The reconciling of these apparently problematical matters, should never be neglected by a writer who aspires not only to please the imagination, but to satisfy the reason of his readers. Suppose for instance—

Good God! who will dare to deny the truth of that maxim which we have so often heard urged by moralists as a cause why we should be cautious in our conduct, viz. that no man certainly knows the scope of his intentions, when he beholds in me so striking an instance of its truth?—Have I not said, and have I not meant to perform what I said, that I would continue my narrative without one more aberration, without one more divergent course from the main road of my text? And yet, look at me now! Here am I at the end of my third chapter, and the reader knows no more how I came to be an inmate of Sir Peter Pix's family, or to what the often used monosyllables "one night" refer, than he did at the commencement of this chapter. Sad incertitude of human affairs! Melancholy proof of the instability of man's mind! Deplorable instance of the mutability of things! I will not regret, however, that it has happened if I *can think to myself*, that any one who reads this volume has learned, from its occurrence, to rectify his notions of moral conduct, and to form the firm resolve of doing that, in this life, which he ought to do, without turning to the right or left in his progress, without listening to the syrens which beset his course, and which tempt him to deviate, but whose temptations he cannot yield to without finding himself, at the end, a loser, and a serious loser in the great account of human actions."

From this sample the reader may form some idea of the manner in which the professed object of the narrative is evaded throughout the whole work, by introducing accidental tales, anecdotes, and opinions. We find also, at p. 163, the fragment of a satire entitled *One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twelve*, in which Mr. Walter Scott is thus invoked:

> "Stand forth thou minstrel of the simp'ring throng,
> King of eight syllables and feudal song;
> Stand forth thou idol of the weak and vain,
> Who pertly prattle o'er thy battle strain;
> Who sigh and weep, and swear thy fluent line
> Surpasses all the labours of the Nine.
> Stand forth——"

We have room only for one extract more, and that one shall be the character of the late Mr. Perceval, which we think is drawn with some fidelity.

"The talent which Mr. Perceval possessed in debate was a dexterity in reply, which never forsook him. He was an acute arguer, with some degree of sophistry. The feeble parts of his adversary's attack he was sure to note, and through that feeble part he commonly made a breach by which he was enabled to assault the stronger holds of defence. His logical precision of conception was sometimes confused by a verbosity of expression. His mind was untired. The whole weight of the administration rested upon him, for his colleagues in office were quite unable to cope with the opposition; and he displayed a degree of skill and firmness in managing the House of Commons which few persons believed him to possess. The entire developement, indeed, of his character as a minister was produced by circumstances as they arose; and no man perhaps ever won opinion from prejudice more perseveringly or more successfully than he did. There was an appearance of candour and sincerity in his manner, which irresistibly prepossessed those who saw

and heard him; so much so, that I believe I may safely affirm, he never embraced any opinion, or continued to act upon any opinion, but from a firm and unfeigned conviction of its propriety. 'His errors,' said Mr. Canning, 'were the errors of a virtuous mind.'

"One art he pre-eminently possessed that of conciliating those whom he opposed. He never seemed to argue with anger. Conscious that he had a right to maintain his own sentiments, he always appeared to act as if he felt that the same right belonged to every other individual. He completely exemplified the maxim, *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo.* He played about an opponent, but always made advances: he smiled at him with the very spirit of benevolence, but never failed while he smiled to aim the blow he was intending. In subtlety he was certainly unequalled in the House of Commons; but it must be allowed he had the common fault of too much refinement—he sometimes so spiritualized his ideas, that he was not always intelligible. He possessed considerable powers of raillery, which he knew exactly when to apply, and he applied them in a manner that amused rather than offended. He was often sarcastic too, and sometimes bitterly so. I have seen him most triumphantly successful in sarcasm against an Honourable Baronet, and especially on a very recent occasion, upon that Honourable Baronet's antipathy to the horse-guards. Even in the very last speech he delivered, that upon Mr. Brand's motion for Parliamentary Reform (Friday, May 8th), he was very happy in replying to some members who had inveighed against ministerial majorities, as composed chiefly of placemen and pensioners. The suavity of his manner, however, never forsook him: and it was hardly possible to be offended with a man who never seemed to wish to offend any one. Whoever has watched his public life must have been often struck with the extraordinary skill and energy with which he constantly met the united attacks of the opposition: never dismayed, never disconcerted, never reduced to the necessity of surrender. On nights of important debate, he would sit a whole evening through, listen to the speeches on both sides, rise at two or three o'clock in the morning, and with almost incredible vivacity and dexterity reply to them all; and if he did not always produce conviction, he at least removed many doubts and many objections.

"With regard to the policy of his measures, it is not my intention to say any thing: I shall conclude by observing, that, take him altogether, I know not the man who is capable of filling exactly the same station. Perhaps, indeed, there may be some one thus capable, whom circumstances and an opportunity may draw forth, as they did Mr. Perceval: but, at the present moment, such a man does not politically exist."

POETICS, *or a Series of Poems, and Disquisitions on Poetry: By* GEORGE DYER, *formerly of Emanuel College, Cambridge.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1812.

MR. DYER is already known to the public as a man of genius and learning, and to his friends as a man of worth and virtue. The present volumes will not detract from his literary fame. They contain various subjects, treated with various degrees of excellence as well as of measure. The more pleasing poems, perhaps, are those where Mr Dyer writes from his feelings rather than from his erudition; the latter, however, is the general character which pervades his poems, and though sometimes we may find consequently less interest in the poetry than could be wished, we are sure to find sufficient instruction and amusement in the notes. Among those effusions which seem to have flowed spontaneously from his feelings, we think the following the most pleasing:—

"*On the Close of Autumn, after an Excursion through Hertfordshire and Essex.*

I.

Now farewel summer's fervid glow,
Which, as the sun through Cancer rides,
Meas'ring his way in chariot slow,
Scorches the beech-clad forest sides!

Farewel, too, earlier autumn's milder ray,
Which the warm labours of the sickle o'er
Could make the heart of swain industrious gay,
Viewing in barn secure his wheaten store;
What time the social hours mov'd blithe along,
Urg'd by the nut-brown ale and jolly harvest song.

II.

What different sounds around me rise,
Now midst a naked scene I rove,
Where the rude haulm in hillocks lies,
Where the rash sportsman frights the grove.
Ah, cruel sport! ah, pain-awakening sound!
How hoarse your death-note to his listening ear,
Who late, wild warbled music floating round,
Blest the wild warblers of the rising year!
Who, as each songster strain'd his liquid throat,
Grateful himself would try the soft responsive note!

III.

Yet still in autumn's fading form
The tender melting charms we trace,
Such as, love's season past, still warm
The sober matron's modest face;—
Mild-beaming suns, oft hid by fleeting clouds,
Blue-mantled skies, light-fring'd with golden hues;
Brooks, whose swoln waters mottled leaves o'erspreads
Fields, where the plough its steady course pursues;
And woods, whose many shining leaves might move
Fancy's poetic hand to paint some orange grove.

IV.

Be mine, for Fancy is a child—
Still with the circling hours to play,
And feast on hips and blackberries wild,
Like truant school-boy gay;
Or eager plunge in cool pellucid stream,
Heedless that summer's sultry day is fled;
Or muse, as breathes the flute, some rural theme,
Such theme as Fancy's song may yet bestead;
Or, stretch'd at ease, to sing in simple strains,
Thus tuneful Maro erst, of nymphs and rustic swains.

V.

Now bear me to the distant wood,*
And bear me to the silent stream,
Where oft I strayed in serious mood,
Lost in some youthful dream.
To me, Oh Hornsey, what retreat so fair?
And on thy banks poor streamlet,† did I care
For all the spring-haunts of the tuneful Nine?
Ah! pleasures how ye lengthen as ye fade!
As spreads the sun's faint orb at twilight's dubious shade!

VI.

For, oh! pale stream, how many a tear
I mingled in thy waters slow;
E'en midst the blossom of its year,
Youth had its share of woe.
And thus through life: for what is human life?
A changeful day, a motley-tinctured scene;
How quick succeed the hours of peace and strife;
How sombre tints o'erspread the cheerful green!
E'en while fair Hope lights up her brightest sky,
She wavers midst her doubts, and learns to heave a sigh.

VII.

But, lo! the sun now seeks the west,
Now o'er the landscape steals a gloom;
And now, with walking toil opprest,
I view yon distant dome!‡
Ah! soon, too soon, I give the faint adieu,
And sleeps my song, as fades the cheerful day;
Soon shall the dusky city bound my view,
And hag-ey'd Spleen November's call obey.
Ye meads and fields, whose every charm could please,
Ye gentle friends, adieu, and farewel rural ease!

VIII.

Yet fields and meads, and gentle friend,
When memory bids, shall re-appear;
Quick, where she lifts her wand, ascend
The long departed year:
The choirs, whose warblings charm'd the youthful spring,
And summer's golden flowers, and all that now

* Hornsey wood, in Middlesex, on the borders of Hertfordshire.
† The New River.
‡ St. Paul's church.

Of autumn fades, their mingled charms shall bring,
And the full year 'mid winter's frosts shall glow;
While Fancy, as the vision'd forms arise,
Shall pencil woods, and groves, and streams, and purple skies.

This is worthy of the pen of Mr. Dyer, and the reader will regret that the general strain of his compositions is too little like the preceding. The second volume contains sixteen essays upon various subjects, written with elegance, with ability, and with learning. They relate to various topics of literature and science, and the reader will find, in another part of the present number, one on painting and engraving.

POETICAL VAGARIES; *containing an Ode to* WE, *a Hackneyed Critick; Low Ambition, or the Life and Death of Mr. Daw; a Reckoning with Time; the Lady of the Wreck, or Castle Blarneygig; Two Parsons, or the Tale of a Shirt. By* GEORGE COLMAN, *the Younger.* 1 vol. 4to. 1812.

ALL who have read the former work of this writer, *My Nightgown and Slippers*, and remember the wit and humour which distinguished that production, will turn with no ordinary curiosity to a similar work from the same pen. We will venture to assure Mr. Colman, that the present volume will add largely to his reputation in the opinion of all those who relish wit and sprightliness. We will not, however, indulge in general encomiums, but do that which will be more acceptable to the reader, extract for his amusement some of the many happy passages which are scattered throughout the volume.

The Ode to WE, *a hackney'd critick*, has the least interest of any, but we find in *Low Ambition, or The Life and Death of Mr. Daw*, every thing to remind us of the facetious muse of George Colman. Mr. Daw, the reader must know, was a gentleman singularly remarkable for the ugliness of his person and face; but he had merit and he had ambition. His merit lay in the exquisite accuracy with which he personated, on the stage, bulls, boars, and tigers. Put him into the bellies of either of those animals, and he became immediately a first-rate performer. There was his merit. But Mr. Daw had ambition also, and that ambition was to be without a rival in his peculiar path of excellence. It happened, however, that an elephant was to be introduced on the stage, and one man being introduced between its pasteboard sides would evidently be unable to move it. Mr. Daw, therefore, was to have a partner on this occasion, and in that partner he saw a rival, for reasons which will be better told in our author's own words:—

A pasteboard elephant, of monstrous size,
Was form'd to bless a learned nation's eyes,
And charm the sage theatrical resorters;
And, as two men were necessary in it,
It was decreed, in an unlucky minute,
That Mr. Daw should fill the hinder quarters.

The HINDER *quarters!!!*—here was degradation!
Gods! mighty Daw!—what was thy indignation!

He swore a tragick oath—"by her who bore him!"
(Meaning the dresser of the tragick queens)
"No individual behind the scenes,
Should walk in any elephant *before* him.

"He'd rather live on husks,
Or dine upon his nails,
Than quit first parts, under the trunks, and tusks,
And stoop to second rates, beneath the tails!

"'Twas due to his celebrity, at least,
If he should so far condescend
To represent the *moiety* of a beast,
That he should have the right to chuse *which end.*"

The managers were on the stage,
To whom he thus remonstrated, in rage.

"I've been chief lion and first tiger, here,
For fifteen year;—
That you may tell me, matters not a souse;
But what is more,
All London says I am the greatest boar
You ever had, in all your house.

"Of all *Insides*, the town likes me the best;
Over my head no underling shall jump.

I'll play your front legs, shoulders, neck,
and breast,
But damn me if I act your loins and
rump!"

Though this address was coarser than
jack-towels,
Although the speaker's face made men
abhor him,
Yet, when a man acts nothing else but
[bowels,
The managers might have some bowels
for him;

And if obdurate managers *could* feel
A little more than flint or steel,—
If they had any heart,
On hearing such a forcible appeal,
They might have let the man reject the
part.

All the head manager said to it,
Was simply thus, "Daw, you must do it."

And, after all, the manager was right;
But how to make the fact appear
Incontrovertible and clear,
And place it in its proper light,—
Puzzles me quite!

Come, let me try.—Reader, 'twould make
you sweat,
(You'll pardon the expression)
To see two fellows get,
With due discretion,—
One upright, one aslant,—
Into the entrails of an elephant:

For, if you'll have the goodness to reflect
On the construction of these huge brute
creatures,
You'll see the man in front must walk
erect;
While he who goes behind must bend,
Stooping, and bringing down his features,
Over the front man's latter end:—
And the beast's shape requires, particularly,
The tallest man to march first, perpendicularly.

Now, the new inside man, you'll find,
Was taller by a head than Daw;
Therefore 'twas fit that Daw should walk
behind,
According both to equity and law.

Daw, for a time, with jealousy was rack'd,
And with his rival wouldn't act;
Nevertheless,
Like other politicians in the nation,
Who can't have all their wishes,
He chose, at last, to *coalesce*,
Rather than lose his situation,
And give up all the loaves and fishes.

The house was cramm'd,—the elephant
appear'd—
With three times three, the elephant was
[cheer'd;
Shouts and huzzas the ear confound!
The building rings—the building rocks—
The elephant the pit, the elephant each
box,
The elephant the galleries resound!

The elephant walk'd down,
Before the lamps, to fascinate the town.

Daw, with his ugly face inclined
Just over his tall rival's skirts,
Bore, horizontally in mind
His self love's bruises, and ambition's
hurts.

Hating the man by whom he was disgraced,
Who from his cap had pluck'd the choicest
feather,
He bit him in the part where honour's
placed,
Till his teeth met together.

On this attack from the ferocious Daw,
Upon his *Pais Bas*,
The man, unable to conceal his pain,
Roar'd and writhed,
Roar'd and writhed,
Roar'd and writhed, and roar'd again!

That beasts should roar is neither new
nor queer,
But, on a repetition of the spite,
How was the house electrified to hear
The elephant say,—"Curse you, Daw,
don't bite!"

Daw persever'd:—unable to get out,
The tall man faced about,
And with great force the mighty Daw
assail'd;—
Both, in the dark, were now at random
fighting,
Huffing, and cuffing, kicking, scratching, biting,—
Though neither of the combatants prevail'd.

It was the strongest precedent, by far,
In ancient, or in modern story,
Of such a desperate *intestine war*,—
Waged in so small a territory!

And, in this civil brawl, like any other,
Where every man in arms his country
shatters,
The two inhabitants thump'd one another,
Till they had torn the elephant to tatters;—
And, thus unceased, the rival actors
Stood bowing to their generous benefactors.

Uproar ensued!—from every side,
Scene-shifters ran to gather up the hide;
While the two bowels in dismay,
Hiss'd, hooted, damn'd, and pelted—
walk'd away

Reader, if you would further know,
The history of Mr. Daw, 'tis brief;—
He died, not many months ago,
Of mortified Ambition, and of grief:
For when *live* quadrupeds usurp'd the stage,
And which are now, (but may'nt be long) the *rage*,
He went to bed,
And never, afterwards, held up his head.
Awhile he languish'd, looking pale and wan;
Then, dying, said,—"Daw's occupation's gone!"

If any one can read this extract without giving to its author his full tribute of laughter, we can only say we do not envy him his powers of forbearance.

The next poem is *The Lady of the Wreck, or Castle Blarneygig*, an exquisite and happy satire upon the tuneful, but unmeaning couplets of Mr. Walter Scott. It is, in fact, a rich and humourous parody upon his 'Lady of the Lake.' It is impossible, by any description, to convey an adequate idea of the manner in which this parody is carried on. They who would know it, must read the work; we can only attempt partially to gratify curiosity by the following admirable extract:—

"The egg is daintiest when 'tis swallow'd new,*
And love is sweetest in the honey-moon;
The egg grows musty, kept a whole month through,
And marriage bliss will turn to strife as soon.

"O butter'd egg! best eaten with a spoon,
I bid your yelk glide down my throat's red lane,*
Emblem of love and strife in wedlock's boon!"
Thus spake at breakfast the O'Shaughnashane,
What time his bride, in bed, napping full late was lain.

Conceits more fond than this he pour'd,†
Conceits with which false taste is stored;
Such as, of late, alas! are broach'd
By those who have the spot approach'd
Where Poesy once cradled lay,
And stolen her baby-clothes away:—
Conceits, in song's primeval dress,
Of, oh! such pretty prettiness!
That the inveigling beldame muse
Seems a sham virgin from the stews;
Or, in her second childhood wild,
The doting nurse that apes the child.
With such conceits, such feathery lead,‡
Which either may be sung or said,
Mock fancy fill'd the bridegroom's head;
While the first egg-shell he scoop'd clean,
Since he a married man had been.
'Twas only on the night before
That Father Murtoch, of Kilmore,
Had join'd him to his all in all,
Judy Fitz Gallyhogmagawl.

Revered by all was Murtoch's worth
Though mystery involved his birth:§

* The *tournure* of thought, in this stanza, is, confessedly, indebted to that sweet commencement of the fourth canto in the *Lady of the Lake*; where a bridegroom "*stands a wakeful sentinel*,"—and then *plucks a rose*. What a happiness! what an elegant novelty in that idea!—to make the bridegroom perform the usual business of the bride!—to convert the expression of "*plucking a rose*," which has hitherto been figuratively applied to the mystic garden irrigations of a lady, into a much more proper matter-of-fact operation of a gentleman.

"*The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new*," &c. &c.

See *Lady of the Lake*,—4th Canto

* Young Norman says to the Rose,—(how pretty to talk to a rose!)

"*I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave.*"

If the weather were quite calm, he probably shook his head, with his bonnet on; otherwise it may be supposed he had much less chance of being obeyed by the rose, than Sir Tooleywhagg by the egg, who was popping it down his throat with a spoon.

† "Such fond conceit, *half said, half sung*"

Lady of the Lake, 4th canto.

‡ "*O heavy lightness! serious vanity! Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!*

FEATHER OF LEAD, *bright smoke!*" &c.

Thus says Shakspeare of Love: but far be it from the author of this idle poem to speak thus, *generally*, of the *Lady of the Lake!*

§ See *Brian*, the priest, (Lady of the Lake, canto 3d.)—In a note, relative to this personage, proving that the idea of his origin arose from a traditional story, a curious passage is quoted from *Macfarlane*, who gives an account of one *Gilli-Dow-Magrevollich*. This tooth-breaking name signifies the *Black Child, son to the Bones*. The black child's mamma went to a

For when his mother, on a mat,
Watching a corpse, at midnight, sat,
The body rose, and strain'd her charms,
Almost two minutes, in its arms.
From which embrace too soon she found
Her face grow long, her waist grow round
'Till, Prudes first tattling o'er her fate,
Bid scorn proclaim her in a state
Which women wish to be, 'tis said,
Who love their lords before they're dead.
Exact at midnight, nine months o'er,
A little skeleton she bore.
Soon as produced, amid the gloom,
Two glow-worms crept into the room,
Up to its skull began to rise,
The sockets fill'd, and gave it eyes.
O'er every joint did spiders rove,
Where busily their webs they wove;
The cabin smoke their texture thin
Soon thicken'd, 'till it form'd a skin,
"Now it may passs," the mother cried,
May pass for human'"—and she died.

This tale was told by age and youth;
But who can vouch for rumour's truth?
And yet, though falsehood quick is hatch'd,
'Tis certain, when the corpse she watch'd,
She watch'd alone; or watch'd, at least,
With no one save a reverend priest;
Whose duty 'twas to see the clay
Mingled with kindred earth, next day.
True, he was ruddy, tall, and stout,
And young—but then he was devout.
A rigid, stanch, and upright soul,
And excellent upon the whole.
Much could he have divulged, but fled
From questioning, and shook his head.
Yet, once it hapt, when closely task'd,
With much solemnity he ask'd,
"If unbegotten 'tis by me,
Whose but the corpse's *can* it be?"
This speech, that spread from roof to roof,
To Irishmen was certain proof:
Proof that,—when mooted whether shade
Or substance can have forced a maid,—
Not he who still life's course must run,
But that a dead man gets a son.

hill, one day, on a party of pleasure, with "both wenches and youthes," to gather the bones of dead men!—and they made a fire on the spot. "At last, they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench: she being quietlie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or *thereby*, to warm her; a wind did come, and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane manchild." How much more appropriately than *Æneas* might *Gilli-Dow-Magrevollich* have invoked the "*cineres et ossa parentis.*"

The reader will judge from this specimen what the sort of irony is employed against the northern minstrel, but we must repeat that only a very inadequate idea can be formed of the excellence of the whole from the perusal of any of its parts. The volume concludes with the *Two Parsons, or The Tale of a Shirt*; the incidents of which are unfortunately too trite to please much, though decorated with all the humourous fancies of George Colman.

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

STANZAS,

Written at Pensylvania Castle, in the Isle of Portland. Most respectfully inscribed to its Proprietor, JOHN PENN, *Esq.*

By CLIO RICKMAN.

I USED, when happy days I knew,
And all the hours enraptured flew,
I used to touch the string,
And well I might, for then each day,
Crown'd with delight still past away,
And merrily I'd sing.

I had a muse inspired me then,
A guardian angel bade my pen,
In glowing numbers flow;
She was my genius and my soul,
And under her divine controul,
I was a God below.

My stay, my pride, where'er I roved,
And I have roved afar,
Towards her, my heart magnetic moved,
She was my polar star;
She was my friend, my guide, my all, my life,
And dearer far than these, my mistress and my wife.

My inspirer gone! my JANE no more,
Again the bard can never soar,
Tho' PENN demands the lay;
Tho' countless beauties round me throng,
Beauties, that claim'd my earlier song,
When She made all things gay.

Here isolated from the world,
While roaring waves are round me hurl'd,
And rocks, rude hanging, rise;
I sit mid PENN's sublime retreat,
Where all the grand and lovely meet,
Of sea, and earth, and skies.

O ye! who love the prospect wide,
Of ocean's restless, boundless tide,

Who from a rocky steep,
Love nature's scenery to survey,
Where beetling cliffs resist the spray
Of the tremendous deep.

O hither come, and riot here,
Mid views terrific, awful, drear;
Or seek the embowering shade
Which tops the rock projecting brow,
Where shrubs and flowers luxuriant grow,
By PENN's kind culture made.

Ye, thro' whose warm, romantic souls
The tide of taste and fancy rolls,
Who love the "muse of fire;"
Whose burning bosoms pant to explore
Great nature! and her God adore,
To this retreat retire.

Tremendous beauties skirt the wave,
The beetling cliff, the hollow cave;
The rock which hurl'd afar
Hangs trembling o'er the dashing tide,
And fissures, mountain piles divide,
Which seem to stand a-jar.

Serener beauties meet the eye,
And softer views the downs supply,
From these see Dorset's plains arise,
And Devon's summits meet the skies,
Whose bold projecting shores the channel bound,
Whose chalky steeps his beating waves resound;
Commingled beauties rise in prospect now,
And lands and seas wide spreading lie below.

Here soothed by ocean's ceaseless tide,
Who love his varied roar,
Shall mark the vessels grandly glide,
Along the lofty shore.

On life's eventful voyage shall sit and sigh,
While memory's anguish tear shall fill the eye.
Or hope's delicious visions shall appear,
To gem it with delight's extatic tear;
Or haply here, possessing every joy,
The present moment's bliss shall all their souls employ.

But see the sun's retreating beam,
Across the blue waves fainter gleam,
While the gay barks below
Catch the light airs that speed their way,
And ting'd by mellower tints the day,
With mild effulgence glow.

Now shine the trees, the rocks, the main,
And o'er St. Andrew's ruin'd fane,
And Rufus' lofty tower,
A solemn awful grandeur spreads,
O'er the rough cliffs impending heads,
And o'er the lawn and bower.

For mid these scenes, so rude and drear,
Where nature's boldest charms appear
Magnificent and dread;
E'en on the precipice's brow,
The shrub, the flower, is taught to grow,
The velvet lawn to spread.

Here, trees extend their friendly shade,
Nor fear the waves, that would invade
The castle's blest retreat;
Dear, wild, secluded spot, where, far
From noise and envy, pomp and war,
The grand and lovely meet.

O hither come, ye who adore
Great nature's God, and nature's store
Of countless charms admire;
Who love sublime, romantic views,
Whose souls, terrific scenery chuse,
To this dear spot retire.

VARIETIES, LITERARY & PHILOSOPHICAL,

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

A COMPENDIOUS Analysis of the Calendar, illustrated with ecclesiastical, historical, and classical anecdotes, is printing by Mr. John Brady.

A History of England, since the Revolution, written by Sir James Mackintosh, during his residence in India, is intended for publication, which will make four volumes in quarto.

A Metrical History of England, in two handsome volumes in octavo, by the Rev. T. B. Dibdin, is in a considerable state of forwardness.

A new edition of Dugdale's Monasticon, by Stephens, with additions, which will extend the work to four folio volumes, is in the press, and will be published, by subscription, in quarterly parts.

Mr. George D'Oyly, of Corpus Christi College, is about to publish Letters to the Right Hon. Sir William Drummond, in defence of particular parts of the Old Testament against his late work, entitled "Œdipus Judaicus."

The Rev. Dr. Brown, of Barnwell, Northamptonshire, has in the press,

a new historical and political Explanation of the Book of Revelations, intended to shew that this book is an emblematical painting, or allegorical representation of the whole course of God's providence in the general history of the present world, from its commencement to its close.

James Fayting Gyles, Esq. will shortly publish an Outline of Arguments for the Authenticity of the New Testament, with a short account of the ancient versions, and some of the principal manuscripts.

In the press, Centenary Traces of the Baptists, by the late William Kingsford, Esq. of Barton Mills, near Canterbury.

Dr. Carpenter is printing a small tract, entitled, Proof from Scripture, that the Father is the only true God, and the only proper object of worship, with some brief remarks on the Rev. Dr. J. Pye Smith's Vindication of the Adoration of Jesus Christ, Dr. Veysie's Defence of his Preservative against Unitarianism, &c. &c.

Mr. Chamberlaine has at press, Tirocinium Medicum, or the Duties of Youth apprenticed to the Medical Profession.

Antient Lore; containing a Selection of Aphoristical and Preceptive Passages on interesting and important Subjects, from the works of eminent English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with a preface and remarks, will soon appear.

Arts, Sciences, &c.

We mentioned in our last number the price which the Decameron of Boccacio fetched at the Roxburgh sale. The sales have produced about 50,000*l.* though the books are not supposed to have cost the late Duke of Roxburgh more than 5000*l.* Among other obsolete rubbish, principally black letter articles, with the names of the purchasers, are the following:—

The Festival, printed by Caxton, in two columns, 105*l.* bought by Lord Spencer.—The Profytable Boke for Man's Soul, called the Chastysing of God's Chyldren, printed by Caxton, 140*l.*—Lyf of St. Katherin of Senis, Caxton, 95*l.*—Sessions' Papers and Trials at the Old Bailey, from 1690 to 1803, 2 vols. in folio, and 80 vols. in 4to. 378*l.* Mr. Reed.—A Translation of Cicero on Old Age, Caxton, 115*l.* Mr. Nornaville.—The Boke of Saint Albans, printed at St. Albans, 1486, *imperfect*, 147*l.* Mr. Triphook.—The Mirreur of the World. Caxton, 1480, 351*l.* 15s. Mr. Nornaville.—The Kalendayr of the Shyppers, folio, printed at Paris 1503, 180*l.* Mr. Nornaville.—Callimachi Hymni, Florence, 1479, 4to. 63*l.* Mr. Payne.—A Discourse of English Poetrie, by W. Webbe, 1586, 4to. 64*l.* Mr. Triphook.—Paradise of Daintie Devices, 4to, 1580, 155*l.* 18s. Mr. Rice.—A Collection of Old Ballads, in 3 vols. folio, 477*l.* 13s. Mr. Harding.—Guy Earl of Warwick, a metrical Romance, printed by Copeland, 4to. 43*l.* 1s. Mr. Heber.—Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint, by Chester, 4to. 1601, 24*l.* 3s. Mr. Dubois.—Gower's Confessio Amantes, printed by Caxton, 1493, folio, 356*l.* Mr. Payne.—Chaucer's Canterbury Taies, a manuscript, on vellum, folio, 357*l.*—Chaucer's Works, by Pynson, 1526, folio, 30*l.* 9s. Mr. Evans.—The Passetyme of Pleasure, by Stephen Hawys, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1517, 81*l.* Mr. Dibdin.—The Example of Vertu, by Stephen Hawys, 1530, 60*l.* Mr. Rice.—History of King Boccchus and Sydrake, 30*l.* Mr. Triphook.—The Complaynt of a Lover's Life, 4to. Wynkyn de Worde, 58*l.* Mr. Nornaville.—The Castell of Pleasure, 4to. W. de Worde. Mr. Nornaville.—Watson's Translation of Brant's Ship of Fools, 4to. 64*l.* Mr. Nornaville.—Churchyarde's Works, 2 vols. 4to, 96*l.* Mr. Triphook.—Le Mystere de la Vengeance de Notre Seigneur J. Christ, 2 vols. folio, MS. 493*l.* 10s. Mr. Payne.—A Collection of Prints of Theatrical Scenes and Portraits of Performers, 3 vols. folio, 102*l.* 18s.—The Nice Wanton, a comedy, 4to. 1573, 20*l.* 9s. 6d. Mr. Nicol.—Marlow and Nash's Tragedy of Dido, 1574, 17*l.* 7s. Mr. Heber.—Morlini Novellæ, 4to. Neapolis, 1520, 48*l.* Mr. Triphook.—Recueil des Romans des Chevaliers de la Table Ronde, 3 vols. folio, an ancient MS. 78*l.* 15s. Mr. Triphook.—Le Romant de Fier à Bras le Geant, folio, Genev. 1478, 38*l.* 17s. Mr. Triphook.—Recueil des Histoires de Troyes, par Raoul Le Fevre, folio, 116*l.* 11s. Lord Spencer.—The Boke of the Fayt of Armes and

of Chyvalrye, Caxton, 336*l.* Mr. Nornaville.—The Veray Trew History of Jason, 94*l.* 10s. Mr. Ridgway.—The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye, by Raoul Le Fevre, Caxton, 1471, 1060*l.* Mr. Ridgway.—History of Blanchardyn and Eglantyne, Caxton, 215*l.* 5s. Lord Spencer.—Delphin Classics, 67 vols. 504*l.* Duke of Norfolk.—The Lyfe of Vergelius, with wood-cuts, rare, 4to. Marquis of Blandford, 54*l.* 12s.—The Story of Frederyke of Jennen, with wood-cuts, 1518, 65*l.* 2s. Mr. Triphook.—The Story of Mary of Nemegen, with wood-cuts, 1518, 67*l.* Mr. Triphook.—The Most Pytifull History of the Noble Appolyn, King of Thyre, 4to. very rare, W. de Worde, M. G. L. 115*l.* 10s. Mr. Nornaville.—The Right, Pleasaunt, and Goodlie Historye of the Four Sons of Aimon, folio, red morocco, Caxton, 35*l.* Mr. Heber.—Shakspeare's Plays, folio, 1623, 100*l.* Mr. Nornaville.—The Decameron of Boccacio, folio first mentioned, was the original edition, printed at Venice by Valdarfyer in 1471.

The Duke of Devonshire has bought Count Maccarthy's library for 25,000 guineas.

National Monuments.—Preparations have been made at the British Gallery for the reception of the models prepared for the monuments voted by Parliament to the memories of Generals Mackenzie and Langworth, who were killed in the battle at Talavera de la Reyna, in July 1809; to General Houghton, who was killed in the battle at Albuera, in March 1811; and to Generals Crauford and Mackinnon, who fell in the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo in January last. These monuments are to be tabula, and to be erected in St. Paul's Church.

Mr. Chinnery's Grecian Vases, and his other extensive collection of Antiques, were sold lately. The celebrated vase, the principal painting on which represents the combat between the Greeks and Trojans, for the body of Patroclus, was knocked down for 172 guineas.

The new patent oblique piano-forte forcibly recommends itself at once to the eye and ear; as combined with classical elegance of form, it possesses unrivalled brilliancy and power of touch and tone. Several amateurs of distinguished judgment have, upon inspecting it, declared that its decided superiority of force is acquired by the oblique direction of its internal structure, which thus throws its full body of sound direct upon the ear of the widest circle of auditors.

The Society for the promotion of arts, agriculture, &c. have awarded the silver medal to Dr. G. Cumming, M.D. of Denbigh, for a Vapour, Fumigation, or Shower Bath, adapted at a cheap expense, for the use of public hospitals or private families.

Some workmen, while digging lately in an old castle in the Canton of Argovia (Switzerland), came to a vault in which was deposited a coffin, containing the skeleton of a knight in full armour—in one hand he held a dagger, and in the other a sword. At his feet was placed a cross and a Turkish sabre. From the inscription, it appears that he had commanded in the crusade led by Peter the Hermit.

Sir Joseph Banks, while observing, lately, the motion of a snake along the floor of his library, discovered that it was assisted in advancing by its ribs, which served the purpose of feet, the points of them touching the ground, and by those means facilitating its motions. Mr. Home, to whom the fact was made known, availed himself of the occasion, to observe more minutely the peculiar construction of the ribs of snakes, and the manner they are adapted for this hitherto unobserved purpose of moving their bodies.

There are published in the United States 364 newspapers, of which 158 are in the interest of the republican, and 157 in the federalist party; the others are neuter. Eight are printed in German, five in French, two in Spanish, and the others in English. Nine of these journals were established prior to the American revolution. Their aggregate annual sale is estimated at 25,200,000.

The Emperor Napoleon has presented, to the city of Florence, the statue of Venus, by Canova, which had been placed in the Imperial Gallery among the chief works of antiquity.

A Cheshire farmer has written to the Editor of the Macclesfield paper, stating, that from his own experience,

on a lime stone rocky soil, by laying out at the rate of ten pounds an acre in manuring with lime, he is able to obtain two white crops following.

It has long been disputed, and is still an undecided point in natural history, whether several species of birds, which disappear in winter, actually remove to warmer climates, or lie, during the cold months, torpid and concealed. One undoubted proof that the latter is the fact is, perhaps, worth remarking. On the 1st of June, on removing some mats of tow in a warehouse belonging to Messrs. Neilson and Co. at Methel, one of the tribe called *martin*, or *swift*, was discovered between two of the mats, lying on its belly, with the wings spread, to all appearance dead, and, until closely handled, exhibited no symptoms of animation. By degrees, however, it began to revive, and, opening its languid eyes, expressed with a scream that its repose had been prematurely broken. For a while it refused to fly, but, in about an hour, was fully recovered; and, on being offered the gift of liberty, darted through its native element, hailing with joy the dawn of its periodical resurrection. Those birds which feed solely on aerial insects, find no kind of subsistence from the time that the chilling air annihilates its numberless inhabitants, until the beams of summer again call them forth by myriads. The swallow, martin, &c. are therefore compelled to cross oceans, and seek support in warmer regions, most probably those of Africa, from whence they annually return—or, without the dangers of such a flight, they hide themselves in dark recesses, and all-provident nature wraps them in the slumber of torpitude, until she has again replenished the atmosphere with their food, and then she awakes them to taste her bounty. Probably some may emigrate; but the foregoing circumstance proves, beyond a doubt, that they can, for many months, undergo a total suspension of every faculty, and are again, in the proper season, charmed, as it were, into cheerful existence.

Eagles.—Mr. Bullock, proprietor of the London Museum, accompanied by his son, is at present on a tour through the unfrequented Isles of Orkney, for the purpose of collecting the natural productions of that country. In the awful and tremendous precipices of Hoy, some of which are 1400 feet perpendicular from the sea, they have discovered and taken the nests of four different species of eagles, which have their *aerie* in the pinnacles and projecting cliffs that surround the west side of the island. Near one of the nests was discovered the remains of several sheep, and the legs of forty eight fowls that had been recently killed.

The House of Commons have voted the sum of 5000l. to Mr. Crompton, of Bolton, in Lancashire, for the machine for spinning cotton, called the *mule*. The machine first invented for this purpose was worked by hand, and received the appellation of a *jenny*, as it is presumed, from its superseding the manual labour of young women, by whom cotton had been, till that time, spun on a single thread wheel. To the invention of the jenny, succeeded that of the perpetual spinning, performed on the machine, perfected by the late Sir Richard Arkwright, and known by the name of the *water frame*. But it was reserved to Mr. Crompton to increase the poverty and distress occasioned by both, by producing a machine uniting the facility of the jenny, with the perfection of the water-frame.

A much more useful experiment has lately been made with a machine at Leeds, under the direction of Mr. John Blenkinsop, the patentee, for the purpose of substituting the agency of steam for the use of horses, in the conveyance of coals on the iron railway, from the mines of J. C. Brandling, Esq. at Middleton, to Leeds.—This machine is, in fact, a steam-engine of four horses' power, which, with the assistance of cranks turning a cog-wheel, and iron cogs placed at one side of the railway, is capable of moving at the speed of ten miles an hour. This applied to barges, towed by horses, would be a considerable object.

A cast iron bridge, on a new and improved plan, was lately reared for public inspection by Mr. Hazledine, in front of his foundry, at Plas Kynaston, where it formed a new object of attraction and wonder to the visitors

of Llangollen vale and aqueduct.—This stupendous bridge is constructed for the purpose of being erected at Bonar Ferry, over the Durnoch Frith, and will connect the counties of Ross and Sutherland. It is a single arch, of 150 feet in span; the main ribs are 3 feet wide by 2½ feet thick, and the road way is supported by them in lozenges. The design is by Mr. Telford, and the abutments built by Mr. Simpson, of Shrewsbury; the entire structure is an admirable union of strength, with neatness and elegance. The bridge has since been conveyed along the Ellesmere canal to Bristol, from whence it was shipped for Scotland.

Culture of Bees in Sweden.—A late rural economist in Sweden, lamenting the neglect of his countrymen in that respect, observes, that in the papal times the difference from the present was remarkable; then the wax produced by the bees was indispensably necessary for the use of the churches, while with the honey the peasantry paid a part of their rent. At present, says he, we purchase more than 3000*l.* worth of wax per annum, and further miss the honey in the loss of the wholesome mead, formerly drink for a king, now replaced by foreign wine, which diminishes our revenues, and increases the balance of trade which is against us. Ancient history, he observes, contains many striking examples of the obedience of bees to the regulations of their keepers. In the east there were certain shepherds, who were wholly employed in their attendance upon bees. By their skill in playing upon the pipe, they knew how to invite them from their cells into the fields, when they sought out those places most abundant in flowers.—After a time they were conducted home again by the same means. Evident traces of this custom are to be found in Isaiah, chap. vii. 18. St. Cyril also mentions that this custom was general even in his time.

Gooseberry Wine.—The same economist mentions this beverage in the following terms: "Yesterday we had a flask sent us, which came from England, filled with a liquor made from gooseberries. Its strength and flavour I cannot sufficiently praise; we almost wonder how such a generous drink could be prepared from fruit so little esteemed." He then, for the encouragement of the district of Engso, where many gooseberries are grown, recommends the receipt, for making gooseberry-wine, out of Bradley's Country Housewife!

Butter.—It is said to be a fact, that butter made after the hay-harvest is best calculated for keeping, and loses none of its good qualities. Wood is by no means proper to form vessels for its preservation, being so easily penetrated by the air. Glass, or rather lead, is much the best for this purpose, provided the covers are properly fitted.

Eggs—M. Reaumur's method of preserving eggs. This consists in nothing else than rubbing them all over with oil, tallow, suet, or some unctuous substance as soon as they are laid, by which means all the pores are stopped. They may be dried at pleasure, and laid any where; they will never spoil, but retain their fresh taste much better than those, which, with much more trouble, are laid in meal, bran, or ashes. Eggs intended to be put under the hen for setting, must not be so treated; but if this happens, the chicken can never be produced, unless the egg-shell is nicely scored round with a sharp-pointed knife, by which means the enclosed pores will be re-opened, and the hatching follow of course.

A native of Constance has discovered a method of obtaining a new spirituous liquor. He disposes a vessel filled with water so as to intercept the particles which evaporate during the fermentation of new wine; the water, thus impregnated, gives afterwards, by distillation, a very pure spirit.

Irish Agriculture.—Mr. J. B. O'Sullivan, of Dripsey, in the county of Cork, having intimated to a few neighbouring gentlemen his intention of ploughing a field of 140 acres, and requested their assistance for the purpose, was much gratified on finding 213 ploughs and 54 harrows, all properly appointed, who immediately commenced the business of the day, and ploughed, cross-ploughed, and harrowed the field in six hours from the commencement. Mr. O'Sullivan

gave a handsome entertainment on the occasion.

Cure for the Croup.—Take four ounces of the best highly rectified spirits of wine, and four ounces of camphor; let them be thoroughly well mixed and incorporated; then add four ounces of the best volatile spirit of sal ammoniac. If both the spirits used be not good, the proper quantity of camphor will not be taken up by them. It is equally good as an embrocation for sprains, rheumatism, quinsey, and some kind of sore throat. The throat bathed with this essence, and a piece of flannel dipped into it, and tied round, has given immediate relief in very violent paroxysms of the croup.

The following receipt is a very cheap, wholesome, and withal a delicious dish, and wants no bread to furnish out an excellent dinner, or any other meal:—"Take two pounds of meat, prepared for a pie, mash a quantity of potatoes, and mix up with milk to the consistency of common butter, pour the batter on the meat, and send it to the oven. No crust is required over the meat; a very good one is formed by the batter, and what is very material, the above quantity will go as far as four times the weight of meat, and save bread entirely, as well as other vegetables.

Cod and Haddock, and all the simple white fish, may, by the assistance of the gridiron and the frying-pan,—and, still better, in the mode of bouilli and soup, or when cold, in those of souse or sallad,—be eaten with sufficient, and indeed keen relish, without expensive sauces or adjuncts of any kind; neither butter, nor oysters, soy, nor anchovies, are requisite.

The apothecaries in the metropolis have, in consequence of a late order from the Company, declined selling the medicine, called "Child's cordial." It is made by steeping poppy seeds in water, and sweetening it—is a strong narcotic, and has in several instances, when taken in large doses, consigned the infant to eternal rest.

Means of reviving Apple-trees.—A gentleman, near Hillingdon, Middlesex, writes, that "after having been baffled fifteen years in his expectations, success has at length come home, merely by lifting the trees in October or November, planting them again, above the land's level, upon little hills of common road sand, taken from the scraped heaps by the highway side. No other application is wanted for the cankered holes in the stem. Rub the road sand into the wounds, after cutting out all the black. A tree thus treated will revive to admiration; branches must be cut away quite to sound wood, even if you reduce the tree to a mere post: a new head will quickly rise."

Mr. Price, a gentleman attached to the Persian embassy, has made drawings, on the spot, of every town, village, castle, ruin, mountain of note, &c. during the whole route from the Persian Gulph to Tehran, the Persian capital. He has made panoramic views of Shiras, Persepolis, Ispahan, Kashan, Kom, and Tehran, giving the costumes of the people, &c.—When he returns to England we may possibly be gratified with the fruits of his labour through this extensive and interesting tract of country.

Singular Cause of Incorrectness in a Watch.—A gentleman put an exquisite watch into the hands of a watchmaker that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as ever was made. He took it to pieces, and put it together twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet. On applying a needle to it, he found his suspicion true. Here was all the mischief The steel work in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions, and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

Covent Garden Theatre.

A Touch at the Times.

THE title of this comedy, though it promises much, is confined to love, and love only. In one instance alone the author ventures to stray a little from his topic, and introduce a genuine touch at the times. A husband gravely throwing his wife in the way of ruin, and calculating upon this

new system of revenue, may be a character occasionally heard of among the monstrous productions of a rank and corrupting state of society; but it has not yet become common enough to be looked at temperately on the stage; and in this instance, the sudden and strong displeasure of the audience might have made the author lament that he had ever strayed beyond the pastorals. The following is the plot in detail.—

Canker, a censorious old man, openly a railer at the vices of the day, but, in private, a cunning debauchee, is guardian to Melissa, whose brother, Sir Charles, a sprightly young man of fashion, but possessing an excellent heart, has just come of age, and, of course, is released from obedience to his late guardian. Lovell, a sighing sentimental lover, is enamoured of Melissa, but Canker refuses his assent. In this situation, Mrs. Beaumont, the daughter of a tradesman, but who, intoxicated with a round of fashionable dissipation, despises the class of society from which she sprang, shews Melissa a letter which she had received from Old Canker, resquesting her to wear a rose in her bosom, at the masquerade, to be given by her husband that evening, by which means, a Franciscan friar, who adored her, would be enabled to divulge his passion. Melissa, with the approbation of Mrs. Beaumont, determines to attend the masquerade, and, by wearing the rose, hopes to deceive her guardian, and to procure such intelligence of his private pleasures, as would put him in her power, and enforce his consent to her union with Lovell. A few hours prior to the masquerade, the letter written by Canker, having been dropped by Mrs. Beaumont, falls into the hands of her husband, a wretch, whose extravagance has brought him to the brink of ruin. As it is signed "A Franciscan Friar," and he is unacquainted with the hand, he cannot imagine who the intriguer is; at the same time that he rejoices in the supposed infidelity of his wife, whose paramour he is determined to discover, and, by obtaining large damages against him, in a court of law, prop up his sinking fortunes. For this purpose, he puts on the habit of a friar at the masquerade, but his vigilance is useless. Melissa's plan is crowned with success. Her guardian mistakes her for Mrs. Beaumont, and, by pretending to be acquainted with his real character, she makes herself mistress of his amour with Miss Fitz-Thimble. Sir Charles Wilding encounters Mrs. Beaumont, to whom, in the morning, he had given assistance when her carriage was overset; while he is paying his *devoirs* to her, he is observed by Laura, a very sensitive young lady, the niece to Old Canker, who is secretly in love with him, and, shocked at his seeming affection for another, faints. While he is gone to procure assistance, Beaumont enters, and, being habited as a friar, is mistaken by the young lady for her uncle; a cheat which he is very well pleased to continue, as he has long indulged a criminal passion for her. From this danger she is rescued by Lovell, who, having informed Sir Charles of the circumstance, the latter is determined to call him to an account. For this purpose he waits on Beaumont, at the very moment, that, in conjunction with Flaw, an attorney, he is endeavouring to find out who the Franciscan friar is, a letter from whom he has just intercepted. Flaw immediately supposes the seducer to be Sir Charles Wilding, whom he had seen speaking with the lady in the morning; at which time, however, the parties were unknown to each other by name, the oversetting of the coach having brought them acquainted. The confusion of Sir Charles and Mrs. Beaumont, when the former enters the room, is considered as a decisive sign of guilt. Mr. Beaumont having quitted the apartment, being informed that an execution was in the house, Sir Charles offers Mrs. Beaumont the protection of a lady of rank, and they leave the house together. It is immediately rumoured that he has eloped with Mrs. Beaumont; but the truth is ultimately unveiled. Canker is traced as the author of the letters. He gives his consent to the union of Melissa and Lovell—and Sir Charles, who appears to have had a kind of latent affection for Laura, is rendered happy by receiving her hand. Mr. Brisk, who appears occasionally, is not necessarily connected with the piece,

and is merely remarkable for his punning propensity.

Such is the general outline of the plot. We have letters communicated —letters dropped—and letters intercepted. A masquerade, too, is introduced—a device which, we thought, was entirely exploded. The dialogue is, in general, weak and vapid; and if, occasionally, a ray of wit 'irradiates the gloom,' it is immediately succeeded by a train of insipidities and vulgarities. Of the latter, Melissa's description of love is a very just example. Describing Laura's malady, Melissa observes, "it is that which makes us *sigh like paviours*, and *weep like a field of cabbages after a shower*" This description, in which the *street* and the *kitchen-garden* are so admirably blended, is too coarse for a lady of Melissa's rank, although levity and thoughtlessness are her principal characteristics. We could point out many expressions equally objectionable. For what reason the author has given the comedy the title which it bears, we are utterly at a loss to develope. The performers did every thing in their power to supply the want of wit, humour, and sentiment, in the comedy. Mr. Jones, as Sir Charles Wilding, by his spirit and vivacity, drew the attention of the audience from the author to the actor. Mrs. H. Johnston personated Melissa with her accustomed liveliness; and Miss S. Booth, as Laura, imparted a considerable portion of interest to a very dull character; but when Mr. Jones came forward to announce it for repetition, he could not be heard.

The prologue and epilogue possess great merit.

The new farce of *Trick for Trick* succeeded the play, and dispelled the *ennui* which the comedy had created.

It is stated, that Mr. Kemble has withdrawn himself from this theatre, both as actor and manager; and that Mr. Fawcett is to succeed him next season in the latter capacity. Mr. K.'s resignation is said to be in consequence of his demand of an increase of salary, both as manager and as actor, having been refused. Mr. K.'s salary as an actor only, at this theatre, was 36*l.* per week; he demanded it to be increased to 60*l.* per week, with the addition of 20*l.* per night for every performance beyond three; so that, in case of a piece having a run, his salary for the time would, in fact, be 120*l.* a week! Besides this, he demanded a material increase of salary as manager, and a considerable addition to the sum which he annually received in lieu of a benefit. It was the non-compliance of Mr. Harris with these *reasonable* demands, that determined Mr. Kemble to take his leave of this theatre, and to dispose of the property he has in the concern.

Haymarket Theatre.

The Sleep Walker; or, Which is the Lady?

This new farce is written, we hear, by Mr. Oulton, the author of the Sixty Third Letter, &c. &c. The plot is as follows:—Sir Patrick Maguire, who has run away with an heiress from Bath, is in treaty with Mr. Wealthy about a country seat. Squire Rattlepate, who is desirous of the same mansion, is advised by his attorney to personate the Irish Baronet, and thus obtain possession of it. The Squire is informed by his aunt, Mrs. Decorum, that her god-daughter, whom she intended for his wife, and to whom she had lately sent a present of jewels to facilitate the match, had eloped in man's attire, under the assumed character of an Irishman. The Squire being told, by the landlord of an adjoining inn, that two Irish gentlemen had just arrived at his house, who had been robbed on their journey, makes the landlord introduce him to them, in hopes of being able to learn to imitate Irish manners. The Squire imparts to Sir Patrick, his misfortune in being supplanted by one of his countrymen in the mansion, and he tells his comrade (the heiress in disguise) that he had lost his intended wife. While they are smoaking together Sir Patrick inadvertently lights his pipe with a draft for £100, which increases his distress. He then gives the jew is, which he had received from his wife, to the Squire, as a security for the loan of some money, and, by this means, the Squire acquires to the aunt, Mrs. Decorum, for the [illegible]

Patrick is mistaken for the lady in disguise, and Sophia (who had never been seen by her godmother) for the husband. This produces a great deal of equivoque. Somno, the Baronet's servant, who originally belonged to a strolling company, and who spouts in his sleep, receives strict orders to be up early in the morning to dress his young master's hair. In the night, however, he rises, walks in his sleep, utters a speech composed of various parts of plays, powders Alibi the attorney's hair, and commits a number of other whimsical extravagancies. Eventually the parties are all reconciled, and the piece concludes.

This little piece is full of diverting incidents and lively repartee. It was received throughout with the greatest approbation. Jones, in the Irish Baronet, and Matthews, in the Sleep-Walker, went through their respective parts with considerable spirit. In the scene in particular in which the ludicrous effects of somnambulism are displayed, the audience were convulsed with laughter.

The Child of Chance.

The author of this new afterpiece appears to have entertained a notion that nothing but improbability and extravagance were requisite to constitute a farce; and upon this principle, we suppose, carefully abstained from infusing into his production any thing like point or real humour. The audience expressed their disapprobation early in the first act, but afterwards heard the farce rather patiently till near the conclusion, the storm then raged with great fury, and the remainder of the last act was entirely dumb shew. The author having altered the objectionable parts, it continues to be acted, and is received with good humour.

LYCEUM THEATRE, STRAND.

Highgate Tunnel; or, The Secret Arch.

THIS new afterpiece is said to be the production of Mr. Lascelles Smith, and is a burlesque operatic Drama, and, as such, it is written in blank verse. It represents the landlords of Highgate as conspiring to effect the destruction of the Tunnel, from a dread of its completion proving inimical to their interests. In pursuance of this plan, the Landlords are opposed to the Tunneleers (the people employed in making the Tunnel), and the tragedy ends with the destruction of the arch, after a tremendous conflict, in which horse and foot are engaged, and the stage completely filled with combatants, armed with bladders fastened to sticks, hods, shovels, &c.

This piece is formed on the model of that produced last year, in which the tailors were the principal characters. In imitation of that afterpiece, the present is introduced by a Prelude, but the effect of this Prelude is by no means equal to that which preceded the former entertainment. It however contains some good parodies of well-known passages, and scenes of celebrated dramatic authors, and of some popular airs, and presents a judicious satire upon spectacles and horse actors. The humour of the piece flagged towards the end of the second act, and there was a little hissing; but the grand tragi-comic finale, involving the falling in of the Tunnel, with the whole party, like the Titans of old, preceded by a furious battle between publicans, brick-layers, pot-boys, &c. mounted upon basket horses, restored the audience to good humour.

OBITUARY.

AT Truxillo, in Spain, on the 19th May, in the 33d year of his age, Lieutenant-Colonel SQUIRE, of the corps of Royal Engineers, eldest son of Dr. Squire, Ely-place, London.

His death was owing to a fever supposed to have been occasioned by excessive fatigue at the late siege of Badajos. On his return, after the successful result of that siege, to Almendralejo, the head quarters of Sir Rowland Hill, to whose division he was attached, his altered appearance was visible to all his friends. However, even after this, he superintended the

repairs of the bridge of Merida. In coming back from Merida, he fell from his horse. Still he would not complain, nor allow that he had any thing more than a cold, though he was, at that very time, suffering under the endemic fever of the country. Persevering to the last in the discharge of his military duties, he was proceeding to accompany General Hill on his march to Almarez; but having more energy of mind than strength of body, the fatigue which he had endured increased his malady to such an alarming degree, that it was found impossible for him to proceed beyond Truxillo, where he was left on the 16th, and Mr. Luscombe, surgeon to the 34th regiment, was permitted to remain with him. On the 19th, about three o'clock in the morning, Colonel Squire breathed his last in the arms of this gentleman.

In this manner was closed the short but honourable life of a very brave and excellent man.

Never was the loss of any officer more deeply and sincerely lamented by his relations, his friends, and his fellow-soldiers.

To the highest sense of honour, and the most undaunted courage, he added an ardent love of his profession, peculiar talents for war, and an extensive knowledge of military affairs, acquired by study and experience.

He had all the qualities of a good soldier; vigilance, activity, enterprise, industry, and the most cheerful and exemplary patience under every species of hardship; in short, he displayed on all occasions an ardour, alacrity, and perseverance, which shrunk from neither difficulty nor danger.

He was always esteemed and treated with the utmost confidence by the generals under whom he served, and had received from them repeated and conspicuous testimonies of distinction and good opinion; he was, indeed, much distinguished throughout the whole army, and but one universal sentiment prevails through all ranks of the profession.

To be employed in fighting the battles of his country was this officer's ruling passion, and in this, he had been amply indulged for the last thirteen years.

During that space of time, he served on the following expeditions; viz. to the Helder, to Egypt, to South America, to Sweden, (under Sir John Moore), to Portugal and Spain under the same general, to Zealand, and a second time to the Spanish Peninsula, where he has at length finished his honourable career. In the spring of 1809 he was sent by government on a secret mission to the Baltic.

Within the last five months, his eminent merits had been rewarded by the brevet rank first of Major, then of Lieutenant-Colonel. The first was conferred on him in December, 1811, and he was gratified by a complimentary message from Lord Mulgrave, Master-general of the Ordnance: he was made Lieutenant-Colonel as soon as it was known in England that Badajos was taken, in the siege of which place he had remarkably distinguished himself.

The active mind of Colonel Squire did not content itself with the acquirements proper to his profession only, but was impelled by a large and liberal curiosity to obtain every sort of useful or interesting knowledge.

In all the countries which he visited, he kept a full and accurate journal, not only of military affairs, but of every thing else which struck him as either curious or important.

In Egypt, he shared with Mr. Hamilton, at that time private secretary to Lord Elgin, and Captain Leake of the artillery, in the honour of discovering, on the celebrated column near Alexandria, commonly called Pompey's pillar, a Greek inscription, which had eluded the ingenuity of all former travellers. On his return to England in 1803, he shewed a paper on this subject to the late Rev. Dr. Raine of the Charter-house, (under whose tuition he had formerly been) who communicated it to the Antiquarian Society: It has since been published in their transactions.

In company with the above mentioned gentlemen, Colonel Squire (having obtained leave of absence, at the conclusion of the Egyptian campaign) made a tour through Syria and Greece. After their departure from Athens, their vessel, the brig Mentor, unfortunately struck upon the rocky shore of the small island of Cerigo. Those on board had but just time to

save their lives; but it is much to be regretted that their journals, plans, and other papers were lost.

If the military talents of Colonel Squire gained him universal respect and applause, the virtues of his heart, and his conduct in private life, secured him the warm attachment of all with whom he was connected, and even prepossessed the affections of those who were but slightly acquainted with him. His merits and conduct have left an example transcendently worthy of remembrance.

His mourning family have at least the melancholy gratification of never hearing his name mentioned, by any of his numerous friends, unaccompanied by expressions of honour, esteem, and love.

On Saturday, July 18, aged 80 years, at his house in Warren-street, Fitzroy square, DAVID MORTON, M. D

It is to be lamented that the world do not know more of characters of eminence while *living*; and it is an act of injustice that they should not be held up when *dead*, for the imitation and excitement of others, to be good and wise, as they were.

The prominent excellencies in Dr. Morton's life were right thinking and purity of conduct. He possest bold and independent principles, both in politics and religion; and was to the utmost extent, an abettor of the freedom of inquiry, of the uncontrolled liberty of the press, and of unfettered discussion.

His practice as a physician, both in the West Indies and England, was a part of his time very extensive; and when he declined much of this through age, and a wish to close a life of continual exertion in retirement and quietude, he still extended his advice, without a fee, to his friends, his acquaintance, and the needy.

He was a good scholar, and most profoundly read, indefatigable in his researches, almost boundless in knowledge, and if his various conversations could be collected, perhaps a richer fund of information, fine reasoning, and acute satire, could hardly be found since the writings of Voltaire.

Pure religion, integrity, the most circumspect morals, humanity, and universal philanthropy, marked the conduct of this very great, and very good man.

The writer of this sketch is impelled to make it, in gratitude to the memory of a friend, of infinite solace, improvement, and entertainment to himself and family; and hopes some one, better qualified, will more at length transmit to the public the life and sentiments of a character of such inestimable value.

Early on the morning of the 30th of May, at his lodgings in Huntingdon, the Rev. DAVID HOPKINS, in the 87th year of his age. For many years, such had been Mr. Hopkins' propensity to parsimony, that, although possessed of considerable funded property, he begrudged himself the common necessaries of life; and often, when walking the streets, exhibited more the appearance of a miserable mendicant than a respectable clergyman. An anecdote is told of him, which will bring to the reader's remembrance a similar act of sordid policy in the life of old Elwes. Walking one Sunday morning to do duty at a parish church in Cambridgeshire, he saw in a field a scare-crow: going up to the figure, he took off its hat, examined it, then looked at his own, and finding the advantage to be in favour of the former, he fairly exchanged the one for the other!

On the 4th ult. at Shefford, Bedfordshire, the Rev. C. TAYLOR, many years officiating clergyman of the St. George's Catholic chapel, at that place. He was a benevolent man, who loved his country, and was a kind friend to suffering humanity, taking great pleasure to instruct the humble and illiterate. His profound and universal erudition, with his wit and urbanity, secured him the esteem of persons of the most eminent distinction. His numerous friends and acquaintance, with those who have profited by his pious and exalted labours, bear testimony to the many amiable virtues which he always erected for the honour of God, and the welfare of his fellow-creatures.

Lately, Lord MASSEY, at Hermitage, his seat, in the county of Limerick. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his son, Hugh, a minor, now Lord Massey.

On the 26th ult. at Clifton Hot Wells, of a rapid decline, PHILIP

MALLET, Esq. barrister at law, and formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Mallet was greatly respected by all who knew him, as a man of distinguished abilities and of the most upright, independent principles. He was the editor of a philosophical work of Mr Hobbes, just published, to which he has prefixed a very valuable life of the author, which he just lived to finish Mr Mallet also edited Lord Bacon's Advancement of Learning, together with a life of that great man, and an abridgment of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding.

Lately, at Budock, near Falmouth, aged 113, Mrs. MARY HARRIS. She retained the perfect possession of her faculties till the last, and has left two daughters, one aged 70, and the other 80.

On the 9th inst. at Ashfield Lodge, near Bury St. Edmonds, after a long illness, JAMES MINGAY, Esq. senior King's counsel, a bencher of the Inner Temple, recorder of Aldborough, and many years chairman of the Quarter Sessions of Norfolk and Suffolk. He practised as a King's counsel twenty-two years, and during that space of time, was distinguished as the powerful rival of his friend, Lord Erskine.

On the 21st inst. suddenly, at his house, Chester-place Vauxhall-road, in the 82d year of his age, Dr. JOSEPH DENMAN, late an eminent physician at Bakewell, Derbyshire. He was author of an Essay on the Waters at Buxton, and several other small tracts relative to the poor. He was the elder and only surviving brother of Dr. Denman, of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE last month was distinguished by the release of Mr. Cobbett, after the payment of a fine of one thousand pounds to the king, and finding security for his good behaviour in very heavy sums, from an imprisonment of two years in Newgate. The horrors of such an imprisonment, to one who has not money to pay for other accommodations, not granted but at an immense sum, to which the expense of similar lodgings elsewhere bears no proportion, cannot be easily conceived by the generality of our readers. It is not merely the confinement with felons, but it may happen, that the individuals with which an author is compelled to associate are of such a cast as it is a disgrace to mention. Mr. Cobbett was saved from these horrors, by having a better purse than falls to the lot of authors in general. But in its best shape, a confinement of two years is a very severe punishment; to be alleviated indeed by the reflection, that the very writing which caused the imprisonment was eventually beneficial to the country.

The attention of the public has been roused to the state of military floggings, and to the cruelty of ordering a human being to suffer the punishment of a thousand lashes. They who have seen the back of a fellow creature and the dew of blood issuing from its wounds long before this number of blows has been inflicted, form but an imperfect idea of his sufferings. They must have been in the front of this exhibition; must have seen the distortions of a human face; witnessed the writhings of the frame; and must have been told what the deep groan means when the lashes fall upon comparatively speaking an inanimate carcase. If there is any truth in the divine law, such a punishment must be displeasing in the eyes of the supreme being: for if he commanded the children of Israel not to inflict more than forty lashes on any criminal, lest their brother should become vile in their sight, is it becoming Christians, men who take a pleasure in declaring that Christianity is part of the law of the land, who are expressly taught to love each other as brethren, is it becoming a body of Christians to sentence a brother to a thousand lashes, and to stand round an agonising body till a surgeon declares it dangerous to proceed farther, and the half lifeless carcase is carried to an hospital to endure another torture in a recovery from the lacerations of its frame?

The subject will be brought forward in the House of Commons next winter, and it is right that it should be set entirely at rest. Our feelings were tried by the tortures inflicted on the blacks in the West Indies, and surely an equal degree of sensibility is due to white men; though it is rather extraordinary that the gentleman who has received so much praise for his exertions in favour of the Africans, should hear with apathy the much better founded complaints, that came not only from writers, but experienced military officers. In the House of Commons, Mr. Bennet asked the following question, "Has an order been issued to the army enjoining officers not to flog a soldier a second time for the same offence, after being taken down once from the halberds?" To this the judge advocate replied, that no order of the kind had been issued; and he did not intend to advise any such order. He confessed, that he had on a former occasion uttered something concerning the duration of military punishment, and that *it was necessary to limit that duration to the period when human nature can suffer no longer.* The number of lashes he considered ought to be apportioned as near as possible to what a man might be able to suffer at one time, and he therefore might be supposed to say that a second infliction of punishment was unjustifiable.

We copy the words as they appeared in a morning paper; and if we were to indulge our feelings upon the subject, we should write a volume equal in size at least to Mr. Wilberforce's speeches on the abolition of the slave trade. Mr. Bennet made no farther remark than to express his intention of bringing forward the subject in the next session. Thus stands the question. Is the proper limit for the duration of military flogging the period when human nature can suffer no longer? If it is not, what is the proper limit? We deny that the power of human endurance is the proper limit: for such a limit is the limit of a devil, not of a man, nor of God. That it is not of God, we appeal to the law already quoted; that it is not of man, we appeal to every heart that is not depraved by vice, or rendered callous by sights of cruelty.

To the second question, what is the proper limit? we shall not reply at present, leaving to our readers to turn it in their own minds; and to guide them in their reflections on the subject, we desire them only to consider, that there is a God who judgeth the earth, and that human beings who scorn his commands in the torture of their fellow creatures must suffer, in themselves or their children, punishment for the evil they inflict. The human mind is debased by every wicked action; and is there a man of an honourable feeling who would not sooner suffer than inflict the floggings by which so many are reported to have been illegally tortured in Ireland? Punishments are necessary where vice prevails: but every punishment loses its effect, when it excites more compassion for the criminal than horror at his offence. Punishments also ought to be definite; and in any case it is better to err on the side of too great feeling for humanity, than to incur the censure of cruelty.

But this subject has carried us from the person whose release from prison gave rise to a particular meeting of the friends of freedom, at which Sir Francis Burdett was in the chair, and Mr. Cobbett was invited to be a guest. On the day previous to this meeting, very severe strictures were published on Mr. Cobbett's conduct in a morning paper, and papers were distributed to the same purpose at the door of the meeting. In these he was accused of having been some years back a very violent enemy to Sir Francis Burdett, and of wishing to secure a mitigation of, or release from, his punishment, by giving up his weekly paper, in which he had so strenuously performed the part of a reformer. These charges were most pertinaciously insisted upon, also, in a Sunday paper, which professes similar principles of reform. In the meeting, also, Mr. Cobbett was questioned, and he made a very open and manly defence. He confessed to the full extent the charge relative to Sir Francis Burdett, and maintained his right to give up or not his paper whenever he thought fit.—That he saw things in a very different light than he did when he was an enemy to Sir Francis Burdett, could not be considered as a fault; and it as-

suredly is more honourable to that exalted character, that, without fee or reward, he who was his enemy became his friend, and contended for those principles of reform which had been so vehemently opposed not only by himself, but by a very great majority enlisted under the banners of Mr. Pitt: and those persons who sit at their ease, and never expose themselves to danger at all, are very unfit judges of what they themselves would do, when they were suffering under the censures of the law. Why the men on the same side with himself should be so outrageous in their censures, it is difficult to explain. Let them pursue their own course, but they ought to recollect, that the enemies of freedom cannot desire any thing more than to sow divisions among its advocates. The conduct of these outrageous censures puts us in mind of the unhappy persons in the reign of Queen Mary, who, though condemned to the flames, were quarelling with their fellow prisoners under a similar condemnation.

But the meeting is to be considered in a very different point of view from the mere release of a fellow-subject from imprisonment, and the testimony which it bore to the sentiments of Sir F. Burdett or Mr. Cobbett on military punishments. The system of terror carried on by Mr. Pitt, for a long time, is too well known, and in its consequences has been too much felt in this country. Against that system Sir Francis Burdett strenuously opposed himself, and the country is daily coming over to his opinions: we do not mean his opinions on various topics, but on the grand point, the necessity of a reform in parliament. To this the attention of every one cannot be too much kept. Other points are of minor importance; and, after the memorable day on which, in the House of Commons, the conduct of Mr. Perceval and Lord Castlereagh was in part justified, and on the whole passed by without the censure which it deserved from the whole House, they must be blind who do not see that all the benefits of our constitution may be undermined, if due care is not taken that the representatives of the people should be freed not only from such influence, but also from the suspicion of it. To hear then the sentiments of so popular a writer as Mr. Cobbett, to whom, whatever may be his faults, sinister party motives cannot be imputed, was deserving of the attention paid to him; and we need not say how much the other party would have triumphed, if they could have gained over to their side one, who, from the unbiassed writings of his own judgment, quitted them to become the advocate of a party who had nothing to offer him but the praise arising from a conscientious performance of his duty.

Mr. Cobbett may be said to have boasted a little too much, but we are to recollect on what he boasted; that he got his bread by his own exertions, and not by saddling the country for his pay. He has indeed great reason to boast; for let it be recollected, that if he has accumulated property, it is by means of profiting his country, which is more than an equal sharer in his gains. By the produce of his pen the country gains a far greater annual sum than is contributed to it by the taxes of many wealthy lords, who, in return also, draw back as much or more in places and pensions than they have contributed in taxes. Let Mr. Cobbett be compared with Mr. Perceval, and he has just reason to boast. The former quitted his profession to thrust himself into one to which he had very small pretensions, and he was amply paid, and his family most amply provided for. Mr. Cobbett has raised a supply to his country; and those who batten on corruption, and affect to hold him in contempt, ought to be put in mind of the difference between them. The money acquired by the pen of Mr. Cobbett is surely as honourable as the fees of a lawyer, or the salary of an officer under government, or the advantages obtained by a divine for his sermons. We do not say this from any partiality to Mr. Cobbett or his writings; but we heard with disdain the contempt cast on him by Sir Vickery Gibbs, and, in a country like ours, see no reason that talents should be reprobated, and that pre-eminence should be assumed by one who has made his fortune by his tongue, over him who has acquired independence by his pen.

Mr. Cobbett was tried by an *ex officio* information, a mode of indict-

ment, practised by the late Attorney-General, Sir Vickery Gibbs, in a manner to excite, we might almost say, universal reprehension. Attempts have been made to restrain this practice within some limits, and the last was by Lord Holland, lately in the House of Lords, where he advanced those unanswerable arguments which common sense, true philosophy, and a sound knowledge of our constitution, will ever dictate. An attempt was made to reply to them by Lord Ellenborough, who, having been an attorney-general, and now a judge, may be considered as biassed rather too much by his profession to attend to general principles. We were not prepared to hear from his lips a slight cast upon the Commentaries of Blackstone, whose knowledge was treated with no small contempt, as merely that of a fellow of a college. Lord Ellenborough was himself a fellow of a college, and at that time formed a different estimate, which he might now say was owing to the want of that knowledge since acquired in the practice of life. This is a question on which we should trust very little to his Lordship's judgment The practice of life may harden or blunt the faculties, and being accustomed to a certain routine of business, a man feels indignant at being diverted from his usual practice, and seeks for argument to justify his old mumpsimus, rather than to bring his tongue to the modern sumpsimus.—It is from men in the closet and in general life, that improvements are to be expected: men in great practice are generally technical men, very little above the class of mechanics: and the knowledge of Lord Holland and Sir Francis Burdett, derived from general principles, applied to a particular practice, is not inferior to that of the whole profession of the law.

A new thing in the practice of attorney-generals has given rise to more discussion, and will excite fresh argument. This took place in Dublin, where a book has been published on the Catholic claims, esteemed by the attorney-general there, on account of a paragraph in it, to be libellous. In consequence he summoned the printer to his house to give his reasons why an information *ex officio* should not be issued against him. This appears strange to an Englishman, if any thing indeed could, in these days, be called strange: and Mr. Sheridan, with great propriety, brought the subject before the House, by a motion for a copy of the notice served by the attorney-general of Dublin on Mr. Fitzpatrick. Many strange things were urged by the opponents of the motion, but the most extraordinary was that of Mr. Barham, who thought the motion in favour of the subject: as if any thing said by a defendant, short of abject submission, could be of any avail, and be of farther use than to assist the prosecutor in his attack. A division took place, when there appeared for the motion 23, against it 67. The question is to be tried, however, in the Irish courts of law, as Mr. Fitzpatrick has brought his action against the attorney-general; and we trust that all these actions and counter actions will end in destroying entirely *ex officio* informations, or at least in putting some check to the attorney-general, by making him swear that the country will receive detriment by any delay; for we see no reason for setting aside the process by indictment, unless some urgent case demands a trial before a grand jury can be summoned.

The riots in the north seem to have in great measure subsided; but they have given rise to a bill in parliament, which we hope will not have the effect of reviving them. The information relative to them was brought in sealed bags before both Houses, and a secret committee was appointed to examine them. A bill, founded upon the report, was brought in by Lord Castlereagh, and gave rise to much discussion, and in it were noticed the tortures inflicted on the Irish during the late troubles, in a manner that must rend the heart of every Englishman. This bill extends the power of magistrates, in the disturbed counties, and gives them a right to search for and seize arms, which, at any rate, will be very beneficial to the moor game and partridges next season. We dread the effects of these new laws; being fully persuaded that the power vested in the sheriff of every county is sufficient to repress tumult and insurrection.

A more pleasing circumstance is connected with the proceedings of the

House. A bill has been introduced by administration for expunging from the statute book the conventicle and five mile acts, and giving the toleration act that force, which has been impaired by the conduct of several justices of the peace in different parts of England. It must gratify every liberal mind to know, that the bill passed the House without a single objection being started to it. High church prejudices have not the force they had a hundred years ago, and people are grown too wise to trouble themselves with interfering with their neighbour's concerns as to his place of worship. The church is now in the minority, and its numbers are daily decreasing; but the rich, the noble, and the learned will remain its supporters, as they have always been of every established church to a certain time, whatever may be its doctrines. In the House of Lords, Lord Stanhope's bill was rejected, but his lordship's admirable speech on the subject, and the unanswerable positions of the bill have had a great effect in shewing the absurdity of those statutes, by which churchmen endeavoured to force people to bend under their yoke, instead of alluring them to the church by argument and brotherly kindness. The speech was followed by a curious correspondence between Mr. Smith the member for Norwich, and his lordship; and the contest was, which was the most tolerant, and pursued the best method for promoting liberality? We shall be glad to see all parties vying with each other in such a contest; for whatever doubts may arise as to doctrine, there cannot be a doubt of the wickedness of that man, who ill treats his neighbour in word, deed, or thought, on account of his religion. In this censure we include ourselves, as we were once so ridiculous as to esteem ourselves better than our neighbours, because, as well as our forefathers, we went to church, not recollecting that at a certain period they went to the mass house, and that nine out of ten go to one or the other more from the chance of birth than real principle.

Murders with horrid circumstances have too much of late polluted our soil, and we have to lament a dreadful instance of a vindictive spirit in the destruction of two foreigners, a noble Frenchman and his wife, by their Italian domestic. The cause of this act is likely to remain unknown, for the wretched assassin terminated his guilty life, while the objects of his cruelty were expiring.—The false principle of honour has also produced an attempt at murder, but, we are happy to say, without any melancholy result; and, in fact, the parties concerned in it are rather subjects for ridicule, than of horror for their crime. A dispute arose, whether the Waltz was an indecent dance; and till this attempt at murder, we did not imagine that a single Englishman would stand up in its defence. To settle this dispute the parties took to their pistols, and we are glad to say returned unhurt; but had the vindicator of the Waltz murdered his antagonist, we should not have been the more reconciled to this indecent exhibition from Germany.

France has declared war against Russia, and the Congress of the United States voted for war with England. Previous to the former declaration France published its treaties of alliance with Prussia and Austria, and the papers that had passed between its own and the Russian court on the question in dispute. From the latter papers we learn only, that Russia would not be browbeaten into abject submission, and its emperor is now to fight for the throne of his autocracy, as Bonaparte has determined that he shall cease to be an European sovereign. For this purpose the great warrior has roused himself; he has quitted the domestic comforts in which he seemed to have taken great delight, and is again at the head of armies. The Vistula saw him amidst his veteran legions, who were marched to its banks from all parts of Europe, and the moment of his arrival indicated a speedy movement towards the accomplishment of his designs. In his journey to his army he had displayed all the magnificence of an emperor: he was treated by his subject kings and princes with the usual pageantries of a court, but these things were to him merely the baubles of

childhood, and he was intent on more destructive pursuits. At the head of his troops he became the general, active and energetic, full of resources, confiding in his soldiers, and sensible that they placed the utmost reliance on him. This they naturally would do, when they found themselves, as by magic, brought together in the presence of their beloved general, and of each other, who had been led to conquest by him in so many different regions.

From the Vistula they marched to the Niemen, and were soon transported to the right banks of the river by three bridges; having thus passed the Russian army, which was about thirty miles from the passage to the south east, the Emperor of Russia, being at Wilna on the river Wilia, moved off with his court within twenty-four hours after the passage over the river. The city was taken on the twenty-eighth of June, the Russians to the south of the Wilia having recrossed the river, and destroyed immense stores of ammunition and provision which had been collected in that place. Courland, Samagitia, and Lithuania have thus fallen an easy prey to the French, and the Poles will easily be raised to insurrection against their governors, and thus assist in the destruction of the Russian power in that country. It is supposed to be the plan of the Russians to retire into the interior of the country, avoiding a battle, till by coming on the rear of the French, they can fight it to advantage. Time must shew in what manner the great warrior will conduct himself upon this occasion; but in the resources of his extraordinary mind will probably be found some new schemes to astonish those who delight in military manœuvres. He can hardly have undertaken this warfare, without duly considering every species of defence; and however courageous the Russian soldier may be, we can scarcely imagine, that their generals, weakened by the influence of an impotent cabinet, can cope with a general, who directs the whole with a penetrating eye, and has only to speak to be obeyed.

In these awful moments for the Russian autocracy, aid is expected from Sweden and England, and alliances are said to be in formation with these courts. An ambassador from England has been some time in Sweden, and one is dispatched to Petersburgh to re-establish the bands of friendship with that unstable power. As Englishmen, though Russia has behaved so ill to this country, we cannot view with indifference the conquests of the French, yet, as citizens of the world, none can feel much regret at the introduction of a new government into those immense regions of barbarity. It is enough to observe, that slavery forms the great feature of the Russian constitution, and so much so, that the rich do not estimate their wealth by the number of their acres, but by that of the slaves on their land. Dr. Clarke, in his admirable travels through Russia, has displayed the features of this misgoverned country in its true colours, and should the events of war lead to the introduction of some thousand Frenchmen into it, they will successfully attack the prejudices with which it is now overwhelmed. Should Bonaparte, however, be successful, he will possess a power, that will make him for a time at least invincible in Europe, and Asia may tremble at his approach. The fate of Turkey is suspended by these new scenes, and Russia is incapable of pursuing its conquests. A peace has been agreed on between these two contending powers, though it is not likely to be of long duration; for if the French prevail, they will soon forget their late guarantee of the integrity of the Turkish empire, and should the autocrat succeed, his ancient animosity will be resumed. The independence of Poland is also revived, and a Diet has met at Warsaw, in which all those in Poland, who have sworn allegiance to Russia, are called on to renounce it, and the Poles are to unite their arms to those of France to establish the new kingdom. It certainly suits the present policy of the French, that the Poles should be thus on the alert, but we very much doubt, whether the partition of Poland by the royal jacobins, who afterwards pretended such solicitude for the liberties of Europe, will be superseded by any other act, than

some similar partition by the Emperor of France.

In Spain affairs are wearing a new aspect. Lord Wellington has really marched into the country, and heard a solemn mass in the cathedral at Salamanca. The nobles, the students, the divines, the country round, all came to the solemnity, and balls and illuminations crowned the evening. After this day's rejoicing, the general pursued the French by the road towards Valladolid, and very interesting news may soon be expected from that country. A battle must take place, or the Spanish Guerillas will create such interruptions to the French as may impede any great movements on their part, and we shall at any rate see if the Spanish nation is really interested in the cause. Such accounts have been given of the success of the Guerillas, and the French are so hampered on every side, and no farther assistance can be expected from the mother country, that we might with full confidence expect a termination of the contest in this campaign, but we have been too often amused with tales from Spain to place much reliance on the news from that quarter. They say that the Gallic king has left Madrid, but the French army has not left its post by Cadiz. On the whole, however, there are hopes; and if the Spaniards could concentrate their forces, much might be done by them. The Duke d'Infantado has taken possession of his post at Cadiz, and the Cortes are preparing the regulations for giving up their posts to their successors, the ordinary Cortes. But whatever may be the result of the war in Spain, the new Cortes will not be troubled to legislate beyond the Peninsula, for their transatlantic territories are taking care of themselves, and cannot be at a loss for as good heads as those that have been produced in the great conflict by the mother country.

Europe is thus convulsed, and it was scarcely necessary to add to this scene of confusion. We are fearful, however, that a new war is breaking out, of far more consequence to this country, as, besides the injurious consequences to humanity, nothing can be gained by it to compensate the expense that it would occasion. The conquest even of the United States would be a detriment to us; for living as a separate state, they would, if united in the bands of friendship, be far more beneficial to us than in a state of dependence. In the Congress war with England has been determined upon. They had not, at that time, heard of the death of Mr. Perceval, and of course not of the revocation of the orders in council; and, in the ignorance of returning prudence to our councils, circumstances may occur to widen the breach between the two powers. Already it is reported that an engagement has taken place between an English and three American frigates, in which the former extricated itself with the usual valour and skill of our country, but not without great damage. Skirmishes of this kind may take place, but America cannot produce a navy to cope with ours. She must wait some years before she can co-operate with other American powers in the devastation of Europe. For the present she must be a sufferer in this unhappy conflict; and Great Britain will have to lament that to her impotent efforts to deliver Europe, have been added attacks on the dependence of the only state that had endeavoured strenuously to keep herself out of the vortex of confusion.

We cannot close this report without observing to our readers that the former part was written, before we had seen the horrid curse in Mr. Cobbet's weekly paper, with which he wishes to bind his children. We do not so much lament that it was written, as that it was ever entertained in a human breast. Our country may wrong us, but far be it from us to inculcate a vindictive spirit. Bless and curse not, is the precept of our great master; and whatever may be the talents of a man, if his heart is not brought to the former and to reject the latter, he has much to learn. A man who sets up for a reformer must not leave neglected his own heart. May the writer of this curse be brought to a better sense of his condition, and chastise the risings of a vindictive spirit!

BOOKS PUBLISHED, JULY 1812.

☞ *As this Department will be of great Importance to* AUTHORS *and* BOOKSELLERS, *as well as to Literature in general, it is requested that* NOTICES *of Works may be forwarded as early as possible (free of Postage), which will be regularly inserted.*

AGRICULTURE.

DR. SINGER's General View of the Agriculture, State of Property, and Improvements in the County of Dumfries. 8vo. 18s.

Walker on Draining Fens. 1s. 6d.

ARTS, FINE.

Historical Frontispiece to W. Scott's Poem, the Vision of Don Roderic; engraved by C. Heath. 2s. 6d. Proofs 5s.

Westall's Illustrations of Glenfinlass, and other Ballads, with the Vision of Don Roderic; a Poem by W. Scott, Esq. 8vo. 15s. or with the Poem, 1l. 10s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Select Remains of the late E. White, of Chester; with Memoirs of his Life, by J. Fletcher, A.M.; and a Preface by the Rev. W. B. Collyer, D.D. cr. 8vo. 5s. 6d. demy 8vo. 8s.

Belsham's Memoirs of the late Rev. T. Lindsey, M. A. including a Brief Analysis of his Works. 8vo. 14s.

Galt's Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey. 4to. 2l. 2s. or royal 4to. 3l. 3s.

CLASSICAL.

Barker's Classical Recreations, interspersed with much Biblical Criticism. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

CHEMISTRY.

Davy's Elements of Chemical Philosophy. Part I. Vol. I. 8vo. 18s.

DRAMA.

Jameson's Touch at the Times; a Comedy, in five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. 2s. 6d.

Trick for Trick, or the Admiral's Daughter. A Farce, in two Acts. 2s.

The English Drama Purified; with Prefaces and Notes. By J. Plumptre, B.D. 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 27s.

Prabod'h Chandro' Daya, or the Moon of Intellect; and Atma Bod'h, or the Knowledge of Spirit. Translated from the Shanscrit. By J. Taylor, M.D. 3s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Aylmer's Introduction to Practical Arithmetic, wherein Solutions by Cancelling are more generally adopted than have hitherto been. 12mo. 3s. 6d. or with the Answers 4s.

Semple's Thoughts on Education, in two Parts. 12mo. 7s.

Hamilton's Elements of Drawing, in its various Branches, for the Use of Students; illustrated by Fifty-one Engravings, plain and coloured. 8vo. 1l. 7s. half bound.

Euripidis Tragœdiæ Viginti, cum Variis Lectionibus; J. Barnes. 6 vols. 32mo. 1l. 4s.

First Lessons in English Grammar, adapted to the Capacities of Children from six to ten years old. 9d.

Joyce's Dialogues on the Microscope. 2 vols. 18mo. 7s. half-bd.

HISTORY.

Wakefield's Account of Ireland, statistical and political. 2 vols. 4to. 6l. 6s.

Meredith's Account of the Gold Coast of Africa, with a Brief History of the African Company. 8vo. 9s.

Hargrove's Account of the Islands of Walcheren and South Beveland. 4to. 15s.

The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature for the Year 1804. 8vo. 18s.

The Asiatic Annual Register, or a View of the History of Hindostan, and the Politics, Commerce, and Literature of Asia. Vol. XII. for the Year 1810-11. 8vo. 20s.

Interesting Official Documents relating to the United Provinces of Venezuela. 8vo. 8s.

LAW.

Howard's Treatise on Summary Proceedings under the Law of Excise and Customs. 8vo. 10s.

A complete Collection of State Trials and Proceedings for High Treason, and other Crimes and Misdemeanors, from the earliest Period to the present Time. Compiled by T. Howell, Esq. F.R.S. Vol. XIV. royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Proceedings in an Action for Debt between the Right Hon. C. J. Fox,

Plaintiff, and John Horne Tooke, Esq. Defendant. 4s.

An Answer to a Legal Argument on the Toleration Act. 1s. 6d.

Hand's Proceedings on Election Petitions, with Precedents. 8vo. 12s.

An Abstract of the several Acts of Parliament relating to the Collection and Application of County Rates. 8vo. 9s.

Ensor's Defects of the English Laws and Tribunals. 8vo.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Peep into High Life, or Fashionable Characters dramatised. 3s.

Neotetæria, a Country Tale for London Readers, contained in the First Letter of Mr. H. Blinkinsop to his Nephew. 2s. 6d.

A Representation of the Case of Isabella, Countess of Glencairn; dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, &c. 3s. 6d.

The Happy Briton, or his Country's Friend: shewing the superior Advantage of being a Subject of this Country. 1s.

Evans's Ponderer; a Series of Essays, biographical, literary, moral, and critical. 12mo. 6s.

Macauley's Effusions, of Fancy. cr. 8vo. 7s.

The Spirit of English Wit, or Post Chaise Companion. Royal 18mo. 6s.

The Spirit of Irish Wit, or Post Chaise Companion. Royal 18mo. 6s.

The Frolics of the Sphynx, or an entirely original Collection of Charades, Riddles, and Conundrums. 18mo. 4s.

The Picture of Glasgow, or Stranger's Guide. 12mo. 5s.

Filosofia de la Eloquencia. Por D. Antonio de Capmany Y de Montpalau. 8vo 18s.

To the Editors of the Portuguese Investigator in England. 1s. 6d.

Perring's Brief Enquiry into the Causes of premature Decay in our Wooden Bulwarks; with an Examination of the Means best calculated to prolong their duration.

A few Plain Questions and Observations on the Catholic Emancipation. 1s.

Barker's Geographical, Commercial, and Political Essays. 8vo. 8s.6d.

Brydson's Observations respecting Precedence and Distinction of Rank. 4to. 7s. 6d.

The Case of R. Graves of the Royal Navy, who was passed over by Lord Spencer in the Promotion of Flag Officers in Jan. 1801. 2s. 6d.

R. Robinson's Posthumous Works. 8vo. 8s.

Ethelston's Address, delivered in the Exchange Room, Manchester, December 11, 1811, to a General Meeting on the Subject of founding Schools on the Plan of Dr. Bell. 1s. 6d.

Hoare's Young Traveller, or Adventures of Etienne in Search of his Father. 18mo. 2s.

Worthington's Invitation to the Inhabitants of Great Britain, to the Manufacture of Wines from the Fruits of their own Country. 1s. 6d.

A View of Plymouth Dock and its Vicinity. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

An Effort to save his Country, or Remarks on Captain Pasley's Policy of the British Empire. By a British Islander. 2s. 6d.

Amatory Pieces, Prose and Verse. 32mo. 4s.

Wanostrocht's Abregé de L'Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane de M. Le Sage. 6s.

Elegant Extracts, being a copious Selection of instructive, moral, and entertaining Passages from the most eminent Prose Writers. 6 vols. 32mo. 1l. 10s.

MILITARY.

Lieut.-Col. Munro's Plan for abolishing the Tent Contract of the Madras Army, with Colonel Capper's Remarks. 2s. 6d.

An Abstract of the Laws of the Local Militia of England. 4s.

A Narrative of the Campaigns of the Loyal Lusitanian Legion under Brigadier General Sir Robert Wilson. 8vo. 9s.

Dillon's Commentary on the Military Establishments and Policy of Nations. Vol. II. 8vo. 7s.

Treatise on the acknowledged Superiority of the French over the English Officer in the Field. 8vo. 1s.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL.

An Address to the Apothecaries of Great Britain; with an Appeal to the Committee to whom the Interests of Pharmacy are delegated by a General Meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, July 3, 1812. 2s.

Barclay's Description of the Arteries of the Human Body. 12mo. 7s.

Murray's Supplement to the Second Edition of a System of Chemistry. 4s.

White's Treatise on Veterinary Medicine. Vol. III. 12mo. 6s.

Stocker's correct Synopsis of Pharmacopœias of 1787 and 1809, on a board. 2s. 6d.

MATHEMATICS.

Watson's Useful Compendium of many important and curious Branches of scientific and general Knowledge. 8vo. 6s.

MECHANICS.

Reports of the late J. Smeeton, F.R.S. made on various Occasions in the Course of his Employment as Civil Engineer. 3 Vol. 4to. 7l. 7s. or Vol. II. and III. separate, 6l. 6s.

NOVELS.

"One Night!" which was begun "One Day," and is now brought to a Conclusion without being finished; yet containing some Things worth beginning, which, like Eternity, will have no End. Amongst others, the singular Opinions of the Author himself; and last, not least, a practical Illustration of the Art of Procrastination. 4s. 6d.

Miss Edgeworth's Tales of Fashionable Life. Vols. 4, 5, 6. 21s.

Malcolm Douglas, or the Sibylline Prophecy. A Romance. 3 vols. 15s.

William and Azubah, or the Alpine Recess. 2 vols. 8s.

Dangerous Connections, in a Series of Letters. 4 vols. 24s.

Says She to her Neighbour, What? 4 vols. 1l. 8s.

The Adventures of an Ostrich Feather of Quality. 5s.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Speeches in Parliament of the Right Hon. William Wyndham, with some Account of his Life. By J. Amyot, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

The Speech of H. Brougham, Esq. M. P. in the House of Commons, June 16, 1812.

Maurice Margarott's Thoughts on Revolutions. 2s.

Cartwright's Six Letters to the Marquis of Tavistock on a Reform of the Commons of Parliament. 2s. 6d.

Right Hon. G. Canning's Speech in the House of Commons, June 22, 1812, on the Laws affecting the Catholics. 2s. 6d.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Finch's Essays on the Principles of Political Philosophy; designed to illustrate and establish the Civil and Religious Rights of Man. 8vo. 12s.

PHILOSOPHY.

Sellon's Outlines of a New Philosophical Theory, being an Attempt to prove that Gravitation and Calvice are the sole Causes of every Phenomenon in Nature. 8vo. 8s.

POETRY.

Ingram's Poems in the English and Scottish Dialects. fc. 3s.

Hermilda in Palestine, the First Canto, and Part the Second, with other Poems. 4to. 15s.

A few Verses, English and Italian. fc. 4s. 6d.

Spirit of Boccacio's Decameron; comprising three days entertainment. Translated from the Italian. 3 vols. fc. 1l. 1s.

Woodley's Portugal Delivered; a Poem, in five Books. fc. 7s.

G. Colman's (the younger) Poetical Vagaries, 4to. 21s.

Gordon's Poems. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

The Regent's Vision; an Antidote. 1s. 6d.

Pennycross's Witenham Hill. A Poem. 1s.

Elegant Extracts; being a copious Selection of instructive, moral, and entertaining Passages from the most eminent British Poets. 6 vols. 32mo. 30s.

RELIGION.

Finch's Sermon. Social Virtue the Basis of National Prosperity, delivered at Lynn. 1s.

The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem respecting the Lord. From the original Latin, printed at Amsterdam in 1763. 8vo. 6s.; royal 8vo. 12s.

The Obligations of Christians to attempt the Conversion of the Jews. 1s. 6d.

Bennett's Devout Meditations from the Christian Oratory, with an Introduction on retired Devotion in general; with Memoirs of the Author, by S. Palmer. 12mo. 5s.

Barry's Friendly Call of Truth and Reason to a new Species of Dissenters, or Nominal Churchmen, but Practical Schismatics. 8vo. 5s.

Robinson's Prophecies of the Messiah, from the Beginning of Genesis to the End of the Psalms of David. 8vo. 12s.

Observations on a Future State, and on the Supreme Felicity. 1s. 6d.

Davis's Sermon, preached at Hyde, October 8, 1812. 1s.

Goode's Sermon, preached at the Parish Church of St. Andrew, by the Wardrobe and St. Anne, Blackfriars, May 19, 1812. 2s.

Remarks on the present State of Religion and Morality. 6d.

Goode's Book of Job, literally translated from the original Hebrew, and restored to its natural Arrangement. 8vo. 16s.

The Securities for the Established Religion considered, and the Test defended. 2s.

The Advantages of distributing the Holy Scripture among the Lower Orders of Society. 1s.

Scott's Sermon at St. Anthony's, Watling-street, May 8, 1812. 1s.

Grant's Sermons. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Miss Marshall's Pious Selections. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Short Lectures for Sunday Schools. By a Lady. 1s.

W. Marsh's Sermon, at Reading, before the Reading and Berkshire Auxiliary Bible Society. 2s. 6d.

Gray's Discourse at Bishopwearmouth Church, May 17, 1912.

A New Directory for Non-conformist Churches; containing free Remarks on their Mode of Public Worship, and a Plan for the Improvement of it. 8vo. 5s.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

Almanach du Commerce de Paris, des Départemens de l'Empire Français, et des principales Villes du Monde. Par J. De La Tynna. Annee, 1812. 8vo. 25s.

Money's Observations on the Expediency of Ship Building, at Bombay, for the Service of the East India Company and his Majesty's Service. 3s. 6d.

Williams's Laws of Trade and Commerce, designed as a Book of Reference in mercantile Transactions; dedicated to Alexander Baring, Esq. M.P. 8vo. 14s. boards.

Early in August will be published, Diurnal Readings, being Lessons for every day in the Year; designed for youth of both sexes. The above work, which is the result of long experience, has been compiled from the best authorities, ancient and modern, and certainly contains more moral, historical, scientific, and entertaining information, than any other book of the same size. It is peculiarly adapted for the use of Schools, since, from the interest it excites, it will ensure the attention of a whole class, how numerous soever it may be.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

GAZETTE INTELLIGENCE.

DISPATCHES FROM THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL.

Downing-street, July 9th, 1812.

A DISPATCH from General the Earl of Wellington, dated Salamanca, 18th June, 1812, states, that "the army crossed the Agueda on the 13th inst. and marched forward in three columns, the troops under Don Carlos d'Espana forming a fourth; and the whole arrived upon the Valmusa, a rivulet about six miles from hence, on the 16th. The enemy shewed some cavalry, and a small body of infantry, in front of the town on that day, and manifested a design to hold the heights on the south side of the Tormes, but their cavalry were immediately driven in by ours; and the enemy evacuated Salamanca on the night of the 16th, leaving a garrison of about eight hundred men in the fortifications, which they had erected on the ruins of the colleges and convents which they have demolished. By the fire from these they protect the passage of the Tormes, by the bridge; and our troops crossed that river yesterday morning by two fords, which are in this neighbourhood. The forts were immediately invested by the 6th division, under the command of Major-General Clinton, and having been accurately reconnoitred, it was found necessary to break ground before them; this was done last night, and I hope that we shall commence our fire to-morrow morning from eight pieces of cannon, at the distance of three hundred yards from the principal of the enemy's works, the possession of which will, I hope, give us the possession of the others. Major-General Clinton conducted these opera-

tions.—The enemy retired by the road to Toro, and their rear-guad was about fifteen miles from hence last night; they retired again this morning by the same road, and I understand that they intend to collect their army on the Douro, between Toro and Zamora."

Dispatches received by Sir Rowland Hill, from Major-General Slade, mention an affair between two regiments of the brigade under his command and the brigade of French cavalry under General L'Allemand, near Valencia de la Torres on the 11th, in which he was sorry to say we suffered severely, without gaining the advantage expected. One of the letters alluded to is as follows:—

Camp, near Llerena, June 12, 1812.

SIR,—In forwarding the inclosed return of the casualties which occurred yesterday, I feel it my duty to state, in addition to what I had the honour of communicating to you before, that our misfortunes arose from too great eagerness and zeal in the pursuit, after having broke the enemy's first line, each regiment vying with each other who should most distinguish itself, which gave him an opportunity of bringing up fresh troops, and of charging us at a time when we were in confusion.

I beg leave again to repeat, that the exertion of the officers to restore order was conspicuous; but the two regiments having got mixed in the charge, it took some time before this object could be accomplished, during which we lost most of the prisoners we had taken, and suffered, I am grieved to say, severely. It is a satisfaction to me to be able to add, that the enemy lost in killed and wounded full as much as ourselves, and considered himself completely routed. I have, &c.

(Signed) JOHN SLADE, Major-Gen.

To Sir Rowland Hill, K.B. &c.

Return of Casualties.—Total, 2 serjeants, 20 rank and file, killed; 26 rank and file, wounded; two officers, 10 serjeants, 106 rank and file, missing; 1 officer's horse wounded; 1 missing; 6 troop horses killed; 14 wounded; 127 missing.

Letters from General Hill's headquarters, dated at Zafra the 17th, state that General Drouet, having been reinforced by three battalions, has moved forward to Llerena with 7000 men; and that a column of 13,000 men, under the command of Marshal Soult, which is advancing from Seville towards Estremadura, was expected to arrive at St. Olalla on the evening of the same day.

General Hill accordingly marched back by the road of Santa Martha to Albuera, in which latter position he was joined by the 5th, 17th, and 22d regiments of the line, and the 11th Portuguese Cacadores from Badajoz, and by the Spanish troops under the Conde de Penne Villemur.

Lieut. Strobitz, aid-de-camp to Sir William Erskine, took 25 French dragoons and an officer, in a skirmish near Llerena on the 13th.

The London Gazette of Saturday, July 4, contains a letter from Major-General Ross to Major-General Cooke, dated Carthagena, May 22, giving an account of a successful expedition against Almeria, concerted between himself, Capt. Adam, of his Majesty's ship Invincible, and Gen. I. O'Donnel, commanding the Spanish army in Murcia. Three hundred Spanish troops were embarked on board a small squadron under Captain Adam's orders, and proceeded off Almeria; while the Spanish troops under General Freyre attacked and drove the enemy from Baza, on the 13th of May, in consequence of which the garrison of Almeria was hastily withdrawn upon the 14th, in order to unite with those of Motril, Granada, and other places, to make head against the Spanish army. As the enemy quitted Almeria, Capt. Adam's corps landed, and took possession of the place. They captured three vessels in the port, destroyed the batteries and works erected by the French, and blew up the strong castle of St. Elmo, which had afforded security to the anchorage, and protected the enemy's privateers. General Ross hoped the French would not re-occupy the port.

A dispatch from Lieut.-General Campbell, commanding at Gibraltar, to the Earl of Liverpool, contains a brief account of a severe action fought between a body of Spanish troops, under General Ballasteros, and the division of General Coucroux. The battle took place near Bornos, upon the 1st of June. The loss of the Spaniards

in killed, wounded, and missing, was not less than 1000, including about 80 officers. General Ballasteros retired to the ground he had occupied before the action, bringing off his wounded, who have since arrived at Algesiras; and the enemy suffered so severely that they offered no molestation to his retreat. A letter from Ballasteros himself follows, in which he says, that the action was perhaps the most serious that has been fought since the beginning of the revolution, and that he remained in his position determined to perish with his troops rather than abandon one wounded man.

A letter from Sir Home Popham, dated on board the Venerable, off Lequitio, June 21, announces the success of an attack made upon that place (one of a chain of posts occupied by the enemy in the province of Biscay) by the Spanish guerillas, assisted by the squadron under Sir Home's orders. A fortified convent protected the town; a battery was erected against it, and after a breach had been effected, the guerillas stormed it, though not till a second attempt. The marines from the ships having landed, and cannon being brought to bear on the town, the French commandant, Gillort, with 200 men, surrendered. The guerillas had 50 men killed or wounded; but the English had not a man hurt.

The London Gazette of Tuesday, July 14, contains a dispatch from Admiral Lord Keith, mentioning a letter from Captain Sir Home Popham of his Majesty's ship Venerable, dated near the bar of Bilboa the 25th of last month, giving an account of his proceedings subsequent to the surrender of the French garrison at Lequitio. An intended attack upon Bilboa, by a Spanish general, was found impracticable; but the castle of Galea, deserted by the enemy, was destroyed by Captain Bloye, besides some batteries, &c.

Dispatches from Sir James Saumarez, dated Dictator, in the Sleeve, July 7, 1812, mention that the Podargus, the Calypso, and the Flamer gun-brig, being off Mardoe, the mast-heads of the enemy was seen over the rocks, Captain Robilliard of the Podargus volunteered to lead the squadron in to attack them, when in the entrance his vessel unfortunately took ground. Captain Weir of the Calypso, however, made up for the loss which the admiral sustained in the Podargus and Flamer, though the Calypso also grounded for a short time. At half past seven, p.m. they were within one mile of the enemy, after sailing twelve miles through a passage scarcely wide enough in some places for the studding sails. Sir James Saumarez run the Dictator's bow upon the land, with her broadside towards the enemy, viz. the Naynden, Laaland, Samsoe, and Kiel, within hail, these vessels being anchored with springs on their cables close together and supported by a number of gun boats in the small creek of Lyngoe. The Calypso following up the Dictator, in half an hour the frigate was literally battered to atoms, and the flames bursting forth from her hatchways; the brigs had also struck, and most of the gun-boats were completely beaten, and some sunk. The action had scarcely ceased, and the ship afloat, than the British were again attacked by the gun-boats, which had retreated on seeing the fate of their squadron, and were again collecting from all quarters; but Captain Weir of the Calypso, having taken a most advantageous position, engaged them with the greatest gallantry and effect. The Podargus and Flamer in the meantime were engaged with numerous batteries and gun-boats, both brigs being aground; but they at last got afloat very much cut up. At three a.m. the Dictator, Calypso, and prize brigs, being in a fair way, attempted to get out through the passages, when they were assailed by a division of gun-boats from behind the rocks so situated that not a gun could be brought to bear upon them from either vessel; in this situation, both the prize brigs grounded, and they were abandoned complete wrecks, humanity forbidding them to be set on fire, owing to the number of wounded men they had on board.

A letter from Captain Weir states, that besides the frigates one sloop was totally destroyed, and the rest disabled.

Return of killed, wounded, and missing, on board his Majesty's ships Dictator, Podargus, Calypso, and Flamer:—

Dictator, 5 killed; 16 severely, 8 slightly wounded.—Podargus, 4 severely, 5 slightly wounded.—Calypso, 3 killed; 1 severely wounded; 2 missing.—Flamer, 1 killed; 1 severely wounded.—Total, 9 killed; 26 severely, 13 slightly wounded; 2 missing.

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

First Bulletin.

Gumbinnen, June 20, 1812.

Towards the end of 1810, Russia altered her political system—the English spirit regained its influence—the ukase respecting commerce was its first act. In February, 1811, five divisions of the Russian army quitted the Danube by forced marches, and proceeded to Poland. By this movement Russia sacrificed Wallachia and Moldavia. When the Russian armies were united and formed, a protest against France appeared, which was transmitted to every cabinet. Russia by that announced, that she felt no wish even to save appearances. All means of conciliation were employed on the part of France—all were ineffectual. Towards the close of 1811, six months after, it was manifest in France that all this could end only in war; preparations were made for it. The garrison of Dantzic was increased to 20,000 men. Stores of every description, cannons, muskets, powder, ammunition, pontoons, were conveyed to that place; considerable sums of money were placed at the disposal of the department of engineers for the augmentation of its fortifications.—The army was placed on the war establishment. The cavalry, the train of artillery, and the military baggage train, were completed. In March, 1812, a treaty of alliance was concluded with Austria; the preceding month a treaty had been concluded with Prussia.—In April, the first corps of the grand army marched for the Oder, the second corps to the Elbe, the third corps to the Lower Oder; the fourth corps set out from Verona, crossed the Tyrol, and proceeded to Silesia. The guards left Paris.—On the 22d of April the Emperor of Russia took the command of his army, quitted St. Petersburgh, and moved his head quarters to Wilna. In the commencement of May, the first corps arrived on the Vistula, at Elbing and Marienburg; the second corps at Marienweider; the third corps at Thorn; the fourth and sixth corps at Plock; the fifth corps assembled at Warsaw; the eighth corps on the right of Warsaw; and the seventh corps at Pulaway.—The Emperor set out from St. Cloud, on the 9th of May; crossed the Rhine on the 13th, the Elbe on the 29th, and the Vistula on the 6th of June.

Second Bulletin.

Wilkowiski, June 22.

All means of effecting an understanding between the two empires became impossible. The spirit which reigned in the Russian Cabinet hurried it on to war. General Narbonne, aid-de-camp to the Emperor, was dispatched to Wilna, and could remain there but a few days. By that was gained the proof, that the demand, equally arrogant and extraordinary, which had been made by Prince Kurakin, and in which he declared, that he would not enter into any explanation before France had evacuated the territory of her own allies, in order to leave them at the mercy of Russia, was the *sine qua non* of that cabinet, and it made that a matter of boast to foreign powers. The first corps advanced to the Pregel. The Prince of Eckmuhl had his head-quarters, on the 11th of June, at Konigsberg. The Marshal Duke of Reggio, commanding the 2d corps, had his head-quarters at Wehlau; the Marshal Duke of Elchingen, commanding the 3d corps, at Soldass; the Prince Viceroy, at Rastenburg; the King of Westphalia, at Warsaw; the Prince Poniatowski, at Pultusk; the Emperor moved his head-quarters, on the 12th, to Konigsberg, on the Pregel; on the 17th to Intersburg; on the 19th to Gumbinnen. A slight hope of accommodation still remained. The Emperor had given orders to Count Lauriston to wait on the Emperor Alexander, or on his Minister for Foreign Affairs, and to ascertain whether there might

not yet be some means of obtaining a re-consideration of the demand of Prince Kurakin, and of reconciling the honour of France, and the interest of her allies, with the opening a negociation. The same spirit which had previously swayed the Russian cabinet upon various pretexts, prevented Count Lauriston from accomplishing his mission; and it appeared, for the first time, that an ambassador, under circumstances of so much importance, was unable to obtain an interview, either with the sovereign or his minister. The Secretary of Legation, Prevost, brought this intelligence to Gumbinnen; and the Emperor issued orders to march, for the purpose of passing the Niemen. "The conquered," observed he, "assume the tone of conquerors: fate drags them on; let their destinies be fulfilled." His majesty caused the following proclamation to be inserted in the orders of the army:—

"Soldiers!—The second war of Poland has commenced. The first was brought to a close at Friedland and Tilsit. At Tilsit, Russia swore eternal alliance with France and war with England. She now violates her oaths. She refuses to give any explanation of her strange conduct, until the eagles of France shall have repassed the Rhine, leaving, by such a movement, our allies at her mercy. Russia is dragged along by a fatality! Her destinies must be accomplished. Should she then consider us degenerate? Are we no longer to be looked upon as the soldiers of Austerlitz? She offers us the alternative of dishonour or war. The choice cannot admit of hesitation.—Let us then march forward!—Let us pass the Niemen!—Let us carry the war into her territory. The second war of Poland will be as glorious to the French arms as the first; but the peace we shall conclude will be its own guarantee, and will put an end to that proud and haughty influence which Russia has for fifty years exercised in the affairs of Europe.

At our head-quarters, at Wilkowski, June 22, 1812."

Third Bulletin.

Kowno, June 26.

On the 23d of June, the King of Naples (Murat), who commands the cavalry, transferred his head-quarters to within two leagues of the Niemen, upon its left bank. This Prince has under his immediate orders, the corps of cavalry, commanded by Generals Counts Nansouty and Montbrun; the one composed of the divisions under the command of Generals Counts Bruyeres, St. Germain, and Valance; the others consisting of the divisions under the orders of General Baron Vattier, and Generals Counts Sebastiani and Defrance. Marshal Prince d'Eckmuhl, commanding the first corps, moved his head-quarters to the skirts of the great forest of Pilwisky. The second corps and the imperial guards followed the line of march of the first corps. The third corps took the direction by Marienpol; the Viceroy, with the fourth and sixth corps, which remained in the rear, marched upon Kalwarry. The King of Westphalia proceeded to Novogrod with the fifth, seventh, and eighth corps. The first Austrian corps, commanded by the Prince of Schwartzenberg, quitted Lemberg on the ——, made a movement on its left, and drew nearer to Lublin. The pontoon train, under the orders of General Eele, arrived on the 23d within two leagues of the Niemen. On the 23d, at two in the morning, the Emperor arrived at the advanced posts near Kowno, took a Polish cloak and cap from one of the light cavalry, and inspected the banks of the Niemen, accompanied by General Haxo of the engineers alone. At eight in the evening the army was again in motion. At ten, Count Morand, General of Division, passed over three companies of Voltigeurs, and at the same time three bridges were thrown across the Niemen. At eleven, three columns debouched over the three bridges. At a quarter past one day began to appear. At noon General Baron Pajol drove before him a cloud of cossacks, and took possession of Kowno, with a single battalion. On the 24th, the Emperor proceeded to Kowno. Marshal the Prince of Eckmuhl pushed forward his head-quarters to Roumchicki, and the King of Naples to Eketanoui. During the whole of the 24th and 25th, the army was defiling by the three bridges. In the evening of the 24th the Emperor caused a new

bridge to be thrown over the Vilia, opposite Kowno, and directed Marshal the Duke of Reggio to pass it with the second corps. The Polish light horse of the guards crossed the river by swimming. Two men were drowning, when they were picked up by two swimmers of the 26th light infantry. Colonel Gueheneuc having imprudently exposed himself to afford them assistance, had nearly fallen a sacrifice himself; a swimmer of his regiment saved him. On the 25th the Duke of Elchingen pushed on to Kormelon; the King of Naples advanced to Jigmoroui. The enemy's light troops were driven in and pursued on every side. On the 26th, Marshal the Duke of Elchingen arrived at Skoroule. The light divisions of cavalry covered the whole plain to within ten leagues of Wilna. Marshal the Duke of Tarentum, who commands the 10th corps, composed in part of the Prussians, passed the Niemen on the 24th, at Tilsit, and moved upon Rossiena, in order to clear the right bank of that river, and to protect the navigation. Marshal the Duke of Belluno, commanding the 9th corps, and having under his orders the divisions Heudelet, Lagrange, Durutte, and Partoneaux, occupies the country between the Elbe and the Oder. The General of Division Count Rapp, Governor of Dantzic, has under his orders the division Daendels. The General of Division Count Hogendorp is Governor of Konigsberg. The Emperor of Russia is at Wilna with his guards, and one part of his army occupying Ronikontoni and Newtrooki. The Russian General Bagawort, commanding the second corps, and a part of the Russian army, having been cut off from Wilna, had no other means of safety than by proceeding towards the Dwina. The Niemen is navigable for vessels of two or three hundred tons as far as Kowno. The communications by water are also secured as far as Dantzic, and with the Vistula, the Oder, and the Elbe. An immense supply of brandy, flour, and biscuit, is passing from Dantzic and Konigsberg, towards Kowno. The Vilia, which flows by Wilna, is navigable for very small boats from Kowno to Wilna. Wilna, the capital of Lithuania, is also the chief town of all Polish Russia. The Emperor of Russia has been for several months in this city with a part of his court. *The possession of this place will be the first fruit of victory.* Several Cossack officers, and officers charged with dispatches, have been captured by the light cavalry.

Murder of the Count and Countess D'Antraigues, at Barnes Terrace, Surrey.

The Count, a Frenchman by birth, and now said to be distantly related to the exiled family of the Bourbons, was probably a pensioner upon this nation some years; since, when at Venice, he was denounced in the Moniteur as a spy of the lowest order, in connection with the Russians. Besides the house at Barnes, the Count had another in town.

On Wednesday morning, July 22, the Count and Countess, it is stated, intending to visit London, ordered the carriage to be at the door by eight o'clock. Soon after they were in the act of leaving the house to get into it, the Countess being at the door and the Count coming down stairs, the report of a pistol was heard in the passage, which, it has since appeared, took no effect, nor was it then ascertained by whom it was fired.—— Lorenzo, or Lawrence, the Piedmontese servant, by whom it is said the Count and Countess were murdered, was then in the passage, and on the smoke subsiding, was seen to rush past the Count, and proceed up stairs. He almost instantly returned with a dirk in his hand, and plunged it into the Count's shoulder: he continued his course and made for the street door, where stood the Countess, whom he instantly dispatched by plunging the same dirk into her left breast. This last act had scarcely been completed, when the Count appeared also at the door, bleeding and following the assassin, who made for the house, and ran up stairs. The Count, though extremely weak and faint, continued to follow him, but so great was the terror occasioned, that no one else had the same resolution. The assassin and the Count had not been up stairs more than a minute, when the report of another pistol was heard, which satis-

fied those below that Lawrence had finally put an end to the existence of his master. The alarm was now given, and the cry of murder! murder! resounded from every mouth. The Countess was still lying at the front door by which the turnpike-road runs, and at length men of sufficient resolution were found to venture up stairs, and, horrible to relate, they found the Count lying across his own bed, groaning heavily, and nearly dead, and the blood-thirsty villain lying by his side, a corpse. He had put a period to his own existence by placing a pistol, that he found in the room, in his mouth, and discharging the contents through his head. The Count only survived about twenty-five minutes after the fatal blow, and died without being able to utter a word.

The Countess had by this time been brought into the house; the wound was directly on her left breast, extremely large, and she died about five minutes before her husband, also without uttering a single word. The servants of the house were all collected on the same night, but no cause for so horrid an act was at that time known, when all was but conjecture.

The Count, it appears, always kept a brace of pistols hanging loaded in his bed-room, and a small dirk.—About a month ago, the Countess and the servants heard the report of a pistol up stairs, and were in consequence greatly alarmed, when one of the latter, a female, went up stairs, and looked into their master's room; it was full of smoke, and she screamed out; on its clearing away she saw Lawrence standing, who told her nothing was the matter, he had only fired off one of his master's pistols. It afterwards appeared he had fired it into the wainscot; it was loaded with ball, and the bullet from the pistol is yet to be seen.

The Count and Countess were about sixty years of age. The latter was highly accomplished, a great proficient in music, and generally admired for her singing, in fashionable parties.—There is no reason whatever to believe that Lawrence was insane. Only about ten minutes previous to his committing this deed of blood, he went over to an adjoining public-house and took a glass of gin; he had lived only three months in the family, and report says, was to be discharged in a few days.

The Count and Countess had resided in their house at Barnes four or five years, and have left an only son, who, it is said, is at present in this country studying the law.

Return of the Pope from his Imprisonment at Savona.

Paris, July 15.—The Pope arrived at Fontainbleau on the 20th of June, accompanied by the Archbishop of Edessa, and several officers of his household. The Duke of Cadore, Intendant of the Crown, and his Excellency the Minister of Worship, the Archbishop of Tours, the Bishops of Nantz and Treves, received him on his entrance into the Palace. The Cardinals residing at Paris came there some days after. His Holiness occupies the same apartments he did seven years since: he bore the journey extremely well.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Trial and Conviction of Dawson.

THE prisoner was arraigned, on Wednesday, July 22, on an indictment, with numerous counts, for poisoning a horse belonging to Mr. Adams, of Royston, Herts, and a blood mare belonging to Mr. Northey, at Newmarket, in 1809; and also for poisoning a horse belonging to Sir F. Standish, and another belonging to Lord Foley, in 1811, at the same place. He was tried and convicted on the first case only.

The principal witness was Cecil Bishop, an accomplice with the prisoner. He had been for some time acquainted with Dawson, and on application to him, had furnished him with corrosive sublimate to sicken horses. He went on to prove that Dawson and he had become progressively acquainted, and that on the prisoner complaining the stuff was not strong enough, he prepared him a solution of arsenic. Witness described this as not offensive in smell; the prisoner having informed him that the horses had thrown up

their heads, and refused to partake of the water into which the corrosive sublimate had been infused. The prisoner complained the stuff was not strong enough, and on being informed if it was made stronger it would kill the horses, he replied that he did not mind that, the Newmarket frequenters were rogues, and if he, meaning witness, had a fortune to lose, they would plunder him of it. The prisoner afterwards informed witness he used the stuff, which was then strong enough, as it had killed a hackney and two brood mares.

Mrs. Tillbrook, a housekeeper at Newmarket, where the prisoner lodged, proved having found a bottle of liquid concealed under Dawson's bed, previous to the horses having been poisoned, and that Dawson was out late on the Saturday and Sunday evenings previous to that event, which took place on the Monday. After Dawson had left the house, she found the bottle, which she identified as having contained the said liquid, and which a chemist proved to have contained poison. Witness also proved that Dawson had cautioned her that he had poison in the house for some dogs, lest any one should have the curiosity to taste it. Other witnesses proved a chain of circumstances, which left no doubt of the prisoner's guilt.

Mr. King, for the prisoner, took a legal objection, that no criminal offence had been committed, and that the subject was a matter of trespass. —He contended that the indictment must fall, as it was necessary to prove that the prisoner had malice against the owner of the horse, to impoverish him, and not against the animal. He also contended that the object of the prisoner was to injure, and not to kill. The objections, however, were overruled without reply, and the prisoner was convicted.——The Judge pronounced sentence of death on the prisoner, and informed him, in strong language, he could not expect mercy to be extended to him.

HAMPSHIRE.

At the Winchester assizes, John James, a youth of nineteen years of age, was convicted of the wilful murder of his mistress, Elizabeth Hill, at Shalfleet, near Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. It appeared, from the most clear and satisfactory evidence, that his master, to whom he was apprentice as a shoemaker, was gone with his son to church on the morning of Sunday the 21st of June last, leaving his wife and this lad at home. On their return, in company with a neighbour, they discovered Mrs. Hill lying on the kitchen floor, with three deep wounds inflicted with a hatchet on her head and face, and her throat cut across. On interrogating the boy, who was deliberately walking before the house, he very calmly confessed the foul deed, without being able to assign any motive that could induce him to commit it. He appeared wholly unmoved during the trial, heard the awful sentence of the law with indifference, and retired without having uttered a word, beyond a refusal to say any thing. When strongly interrogated afterwards as to the probable motive of his conduct, he referred the inquirers, without comment, to the 3d chapter of Job. He appears an enthusiast in the methodist persuasion. The judge (Sir Alan Chambre) commented with much feeling and perspicuity on the dangerous effects of vulgar and literal conceptions of scriptural passages.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

On Monday, July 20, an action was tried, in which —Yarrow, a hairdresser at Ware, was plaintiff, and Col. Calvert, M.P. and Capt. Elvin, were defendants. The plaintiff was a serjeant of the third company of the Eastern division of Hertford Local Militia, of which the defendants were Colonel and Adjutant. The plaintiff, after the regiment had been disbanded, had been taken from his shop at Ware, and tried for a trifling military offence by a court-martial, who sentenced him to solitary confinement for one month, and the defendants ordered him to the county gaol, and to be kept on bread and water. Lord Ellenborough said, the sentence was not warranted by law, and that the defendants having even exceeded the sentence, must be answerable in damages. Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages £20!!

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended July 18, 1812.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	150	6	88	0	70	9	59	4
Surrey	153	4	86	0	74	0	63	
Hertford	138	10	69	0	57	0	49	
Bedford	137	10			66	6	50	
Hunum.	140	5			68	0	50	0
Northa.	133	8	96	0	72	10	51	10
Rutland	133				80	0	56	0
Leicest.	127				73	4	48	8
Notting.	143		102	3	83	0	58	2
Derby	137						58	4
Stafford	153				92	4	61	3
Salop	166	10	124	6	111	0	55	4
Herefor.	154	3	76	9	78	4	49	7
Wor'st.	153	9	76	4	68	4	52	4
Warwic.	153	8			73	10	56	0
Wilts	149	2	67	6	80	2	56	0
Berks	149	3			72	0	56	3
Oxford	145	10			72	0	54	6
Bucks	152	0			72	6	57	0
Brecon	153	6	102	4	94	10	48	0
Montgo.	164	10					60	9
Radnor.	160	6			87	10	48	5

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	148	10	84	0	67	0	47	10
Kent	34	6	65	0	68	6	46	6
Sussex	149	0					48	0
Suffolk	138	7	80	0	60	0	—	0
Cambridge	130	10	91	10	64	0	48	4
Norfolk	134	6	——		61	1		4
Lincoln	136	10	101	11	70	8		0
York	139		114	0	69	9		7
Durham	8							0
Northumberlan	132	10	104	0	88	0	54	1
Cumberland	129	3	88		79	11	61	8
Westmorland	140		92		67		64	6
Lancaster	153	10			70		54	0
Chester	146	11			81		52	10
Flint	144	4			89		——	
Denbigh	162	0			97		52	0
Anglesea					78		40	0
Carnarvon	131	0			76		43	0
Merioneth	150	0			79		56	0
Cardigan	140	0					42	0
Pembroke	125	0			89		38	8
Carmarthen	147				102		40	0
Glamorgan	154				76		56	0
Gloucester	151				75		51	10
Somerset	160				88		46	0
Monmouth	166				96			
Devon	148				80			
Cornwall	145				82		46	8
Dorset	158				82			
Hants	153	10			71		54	6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 146s. 0d.; Rye 90s. 0d.; Barley 77s. 10d.; Oats 52s. 9d.; Beans 77s. 4d.; Pease 76s. 11d.; Oatmeal 53s. 9d.

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

July 22, 1812.

CANALS.

Croydon, 20*l.* per share.
Grand Junction, 225*l.* ditto.
Grand Surrey, 131*l.* ditto
Kennet and Avon, 25*l.* ditto

DOCKS.

East India, 113*l.* per cent.
London, 111*l.* ditto
West-India, 149*l.* ditto

WATER-WORKS.

East London, 81*l.* per share
West Middlesex, 45*l.* ditto
Albion, 49*l.* ditto
Globe, 109½*l.* ditto
Imperial, 52½*l.* ditto

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, and Stock Brokers.*

BILL of MORTALITY, from JUNE 24, to JULY 29, 1812.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.			Between					
Males	1071	2216	Males	803	1531	2 and 5	151	60 and 70	123		
Females	1145		Females	728		5 and 10	66	70 and 80	78		
Whereof have died under two years old					486	10 and 20	65	80 and 90	51		
						20 and 30	86	90 and 100	7		
						30 and 40	141				
Peck Loaf, 6s.8d. 6s.8d. 6s.8d. 6s.8d. 6s.8d. 6s.8d.						40 and 50	156				
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.						50 and 60	121				

PRICE OF STOCKS, from JUNE 29 to JULY 27, 1812, both inclusive.

Day. 1812	Bank Stock.	India Stock	S. S. Sto.	3 p. Cent Reduc.	3 p. Cent Consols.	4 pCet. Annu.	5 p Cent Navy.	Irish 5p.C	5 p. C. 1797.	Imperial 3 p Cent.	Imperial Anns.	Long Anns.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	New S. Sea Anns.	Omnium.	Old S. Sea Anns.	Cons. for July.
Jun.																		
29	holida.																	
30				55 3/8 1/2	Shut	71 1/4	Shut					14 13-16ths	7s.dis.	2s.pm		0 1/2 pm.		56 7/8
July					Do.													
1				55 7/8 3/4	Do.	71 3/8	Do.			54 1/4		14 13-16ths	10s.dis.	6s.pm		0 3/8 pm.		57 1/8
2	214			55 3/4 7/8	Do.	71 1/4	Do.					14 3/4	14s.dis.	1s.pm		0 3/8 pm.		57
3	214 1/2			55 7/8 6	Do.	71 1/2	Do.					14 13-16ths	6s.dis.	3s.pm		1 1/8 pm.		57 1/4
4				55 7/8 6 1/4	Do.	71 5/8	Do.					14 13-16ths	3s.dis	4s.pm		1 1/2 pm.		57 1/2
6				56 1/8 1/4	55 3/4 5/8	71 1/2	86 1/4					14 13-16ths	3s.dis.	5s.pm		1 1/2 pm.		57 1/2
7	215 1/2			56 1/8 3/8	55 5/8 7/8	71 7/8	86 1/4					14 13-16ths	3s.dis.	5s.pm		1 5/8 pm.		57 5/8
8	218			56 1/8 1/4	55 3/4 7/8	72	86 1/4					14 13-16ths	3s.dis.	5s.pm		1 5/8 pm.		57 5/8
9	218 1/2			56 1/8 3/8	55 1/2 3/4	72	86 1/4					14 13-16ths	4s.dis.	5s.pm		1 3/4 pm.		57 1/2
10			59 1/2	55 5/8 3/4	55 5/8 3/4	71 3/4	86					14 3/4	7s.dis.	4s.pm		0 7/8 pm.		57
11	217			56 3/4 6	55 5/8 5/8	72	86 1/4				5 1-16th	14 13-16ths	9s.dis.	4s.pm		1 pm.		57 1/4
13	216			55 7/8 6	55 5/8 5/8	72 1/8	86 1/4			54 3/4		14 7/8	10s.dis.	4s.pm		1 1/4 pm.		57 1/4
14	217	164 3/4		55 7/8	55 5/8 5/8	72 1/8	86 1/8					14 13-16ths	10s.dis.	4s.pm		1 pm.		57 1/4
15	214 1/2		60 1/4	56 1/4 1/8	55 1/2 3/4	72 3/8	86 3/8	86 1/2		55 1/8		14 7/8	11s.dis.	3s.pm		1 1/2 pm.		57 1/2
16	215			56 1/8 3/8	55 1/2 3/4	72 3/8	86 5/8				5 1-16th	14 7/8	9s.dis.	4s.pm		1 3/4 pm.		57 3/4
17	215 1/2			56 3/8 5/8	56 1/8 1/4	73 1/8	87 1/4			55		15 1/8	9s.dis.	3s.pm		2 3/8 pm.		58 1/8
18	216 1/2			56 7/8 7	56 1/2 3/4	73 1/8	87 3/4					15 1/8	8s.dis.	4s.pm	56 1/8	2 1/2 pm.	56 7/8	58 1/4
20				56 3/8 5/8	56 1/8 1/4	73	87 5/8					15 1/8	8s.dis.	4s.pm		2 3/8 pm.	56 1/2	58
21	216 1/2		60 1/4	56 1/2 5/8	56 1/8 3/8	73 3/8	87 7/8			55 1/3	5 1/8	15 1/8	10s.dis.	4s.pm		2 pm.		57 7/8
22	215 3/4		60	56 1/4 1/2	56 1/8	73 1/2	87 3/4					15 1-16th	11s.dis.	1s.pm		1 1/2 pm.		57 1/2
23			60	56 1/4 1/2	55 7/8 6 1/8	73 1/4	87 3/4				5 1/8	15 1-16th	13s.dis.	Par	55 1/2	1 1/2 pm.		57 5/8
																		for Aug.
24				56 1/2 6	55 7/8 6 1/2	73 5/8	88			55 3/8		15 1/8	13s.dis.	1s.pm		2 pm.		56 3/4
25	holida.																	
27				56 1/2 3/4	56 1/4 1/2	73 5/8	88 1/8					15 3-16ths	10s.dis.	3s.pm		2 1/8 pm.		56 7/8

N. B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols, the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks, the *highest* only.

J. M. RICHARDSON, STOCK BROKER, No. 23, Cornhill.

THE
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No CV.—Vol. XVIII.] *For* AUGUST, 1812. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Observations *on* Ariosto, *with a* curious Dedication *to the* Trinity, *by the* Jesuit Urbano Campo.

Sir,

The most celebrated Italian poets do not hesitate to indulge in a singular mixture of sacred and profane writing. Dante, Tasso, Sannazarius, and almost all of them are full of this sort of indecent profaneness, and above all Ariosto, who has combined so much wit with so much folly. In his Orlando Furioso, there is a prodigious degree of invention; his style is agreeable, interesting, sublime, varied, and harmonious, and he rarely falls into repetitions, though in so long a poem; a talent which rarely belongs to men of a less exalted genius. But there is very little regularity in this work, and it is entirely deficient in unity. He interrupts the thread of a story which he has begun, to begin some other; and the reader, whom he brings at last to the place where he left him, feels as much astonished as a traveller would if he were suddenly transported into the middle of a road from which several other roads branched off in different directions

Orlando, who ought to play the principal character in the poem of that name, performs in fact fewer feats of prowess than Rinaldo, Rodomont, &c. I feel ashamed for Ariosto, when I see Orlando dragging his dead horse over mountains and plains like a lunatic, unconscious of what he does. And yet, what a waste of genius is displayed in producing brilliant errors. How many irrational, obscene, and ridiculous images, are brought before us. A proof of this may be found in that stanza where the author compares a troop of banditti, of whom Orlando makes a dreadful massacre, to serpents crushed by the weight of a heavy stone thrown upon them.

Una muora, una parte senza coda,
Un' altra non si puo mover davanti,
E'l deretanto indarno aggira e snoda;
Un' altra, ch' hebbe più propitii i Santi,
Striscia frà l'herbe e và serpendo a proda.*

What can be more extravagant than to see and hear these adders, or these pious serpents, putting up their prayers to all the saints, to implore of them a liberation from the weight under which they were groaning, and which prayers are so favourably listened to?

But who can help smiling, as much from pity as from pleasure, when he sees St. Michael giving the goddess of discord a kick in the belly, and breaking a cross over her back, because, instead of sowing dissention in the camp of the infidels, she had introduced it into that of the French, (See Stanzas 37 and 38).

With regard to the obscenities with which this poem abounds, we have only to cast our eyes upon the enchantments employed by a scoundrel of a hermit to throw Angelica into a deep sleep, in order, that while she was in that state, he might violate her. The Cardinal D'Est, to whom Ariosto dedicated this work, which

* That the mere English reader may fully comprehend this absurdity, I will translate the passage into prose;

"Some of them die, some of them escape without tails, some cannot move forwards, and others labouring to unfold their powerless extremity, roll about in vain; but others, whose vows the saints have heard, glide through the grass, and by them live happily."

hda cost him twenty years of labour, had good grounds for making him no other recompence than this Italian gasconade, *Messer Lodovico, dove Diavolo havete pigliato tante coionerie!* He would have done much better if he had not suffered the name of a cardinal to be prefixed to a poem where so much indecency prevails in the midst of many ingenious trifles, it must be confessed, but which are still only trifles. In rallying Ariosto, the cardinal also might have used an expression a little more decorous, and a little more conformable to the character of a prelate, than that which he did, and which was falling into the very same fault for which he reproached the poet.

But the irregularities of Italian poets, who delight in mingling sacred and profane objects, is nothing compared to the folly of Urbano de Campos, a Jesuit, who dedicated his Spanish translation of Horace to the Most Holy Trinity, observing, in his dedication, that his work consisted of three things, like the Trinity, namely, the translation, the epitome, and the notes. This book was printed at Lyons, with privilege, by Anis-on Poseul. This dedication is so curious that I will venture to give a translation of it here, for the amusement of your readers.

"To the Glorious and Indivisible Trinity,

"O great and merciful God, three persons in one, I consecrate to your majesty, with all possible gratitude as a first principle, and the source and origin of all being, these weak efforts of my genius. They are the first fruits of my small capacity, and the first lines of my pen, which have been thought worthy of submitting to the public eye. They represent, however, the vestiges and the shadow of your prime and sovereign excellence, because they consist of an illustration of Horace, which contains three parts, the translation, the epitome, and the notes. Accept this work, therefore, as a sign, which shews that I am sensible of the great obligations I owe you. The author is in himself, in his condition, and in his will, your devoted creature. Your slave, in a word, he does not belong to himself, but he belongs to you, and for that reason, his works, if they have any merit, belong to you as a matter of right, and as the victim of your glory. From the first step, which St. Ignatius, your great servant, and my father, made in the path of apostolic life, you revealed to him, with great candour, all the ineffable grandeur of your unity in trinity. I adore, and I attest, by this humble offering which I now make (and would to God that my offering consisted in shedding the last drop of blood that flowed in my veins). Your supreme divinity, one in its nature, and three in its persons. Cause, oh! great God, the happy light of thy knowledge to shine into the souls of all those whom you have created after your own image. Be such the object of this little work, and also which I may produce during the course of my life, a life which your most merciful clemency permits to continue for thy great glory.

"Your very little slave,

"URBANO CAMPOS."

I remember once to have seen a work dedicated to the devil; and I have a small French book in my possession, consisting of licentious epigrams, tales, &c. which the author has dedicated to his own seat of honour, probably from a conviction, that applying it there was the only use that ought to be made of it; but I was not aware that any thing could be hoped in the way of dedication from the sacred trinity

I remain, Sir, &c.

Lincoln, August 12, 1812. X. Y

The HISTORY *of* RUSSIA, POLAND, SWEDEN, *&c.; with an* ACCOUNT *of the* SEAT *of* WAR *in the* NORTH.

THE history of Russia and Poland having become uncommonly interesting since the commencement of the present campaign by the French, it is natural the public should wish to be acquainted with the nature of the country occupied by the armies. In this we have been in a great measure anticipated by the Parisian journalists. With apparent justice on their side, one of them designates some of our travellers as *prejudiced and stupid* for the melancholy picture they have drawn of the condition of the Lithua-

nian and Polish farmer. This may probably allude to Mr. Coxe's Travels in Poland, which defect, in some degree, coincides with the failings of that writer when in Switzerland, as appears from a Continuation of his Travels in that country; but if any further proof was wanting of instances disgraceful to English travellers, *real* or *pretended*, they might be found in some "Statistical Details of various Countries." The writer of one of these, if ever he left this island, evidently confounded stables and outhouses with the dwelling-houses in Poland. As he seems, however, not to have gone beyond the farmer, he tells us, "That in Poland pigs and horses are permitted to sleep in the only room, and upon the bodies of the sleeping children. Till six years of age the children run naked round the houses; the infant is dressed and washed before some holiday; the bread is so rough that straws may be drawn out of it when it is baked. A Polish baron or proprietor will pass by a hovel filled with the children of his boors, and will offer an Englishman any of the boys or girls in exchange for a pointer dog. The Poles hate the Russians, and curse their government with peculiar energy before an Englishman."—The property of one river in Poland this ignorant writer applies to all.—"Since the Russian conquest," he says "the old modes of commerce are continued and it is a curious scene to behold the floats of timber down a river which has no current but to the north. Men, women, and families in winter, sleep in wooden houses on its top; in spring their cargo falls down with the icy masses, and the raft is sold, as no boat can ascend the rapid stream." In this work the Poles are accused of ignorance and licentious concubinage, the Danes of hauteur, and the Russians of indolence and brutishness. "The (Russian) men and women," he says, (and here he seems to have drawn his ideas from London and the Strand) "sleep under an archway, or a coach-stand covered with snow, and careless of modesty."

The left-handed policy of this writer is seen in his endeavours to exalt England by depressing other countries; hence the arrant falsehoods so frequently copied from ministerial writers into ministerial newspapers. Compared with this disgusting picture of Poland, in particular, let us now look at the representations of the French writers, whom, one would suppose, if not more attached to truth, would find it their interest to represent the Poles equally as wretched as these English writers have painted them, in order to justify their sovereign in the invasion of their country.

Very different from the sentiments of the hireling writers here complained of, relative to Poland, are those contained in the History of Russia, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia, by William Mavor, LL.D. Instead of representing the houses in Poland as mere pigsties, here it is observed, "the materials with which they usually build their houses, are wood, but some of the finest dwellings are made of brick or stone, and formed after the Italian style of architecture;" and as to the dwellings of the peasants, they are not described as in the least degree inferior to those of the same rank of people in Ireland. When a Polish grandee, we are told, "was desirous of cultivating and improving a part of his land, he built a small wooden hut upon the premises, in which he settled the peasant and his family, and gave them a cow, two horses, and a few poultry, with corn sufficient for their maintenance the first year, &c." And as to the late dismemberment of their country, the writer adds, "a few years after the Polish patriots had the satisfaction of witnessing the humiliation of their oppressors at Austerlitz, Jena, and on the banks of the Niemen, Russia sinking under the victorious arms of the French Emperor, was forced to give up the greatest part of her share of the spoil, which was erected by Napoleon into the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and the hereditary government bestowed upon the Elector, or King of Saxony."—*Vide Mavor's History of Russia, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia, p.* 212.

We will now return to the new topography of Poland, translated from the Moniteurs, which will form an useful appendage to the work just quoted.

RUSSIAN POLAND.—The parts of ancient Poland, successively incorporated with the Russian empire, since 1775, would form in themselves a considerable state. According to a note, introduced into a map of the frontiers, published by Major Opperman, the successive additions to Russia were:

	Square Versts.	Inhabitants.
By the first partition in 1775	76,558	1,226,966
By the partition in 1793	202,383	3,745,663
By the partition in 1795	94,645	1,407,402
By the submission of Courland	16,273	387,922
	389,859	6,767,950
The District of Bialistock, ceded in 1807, at Tilsit, may contain in inhabitants about		320,000
Total Population		7,087,95.

This population is composed of several different nations. The towns and castles are chiefly occupied by Poles. The Ukrainians, or Malo-Russians, inhabit the Ukraine and Podolia. The Lithuanians, together with the Samogitians, form a distinct Sclavonic race. The nobility of Courland is German. There are Jews, Bohemians, and even Tartars, established in a corner of Lithuania.

The Russians have divided this country into the following governments:—1. Courland; 2. Wilna; 3. Grodno, formed by ancient Lithuania, properly so called, and Samogitia; 4. Witepsk; and 5. Mohilew, formed by White Russia; 6. Minsk, which comprises the remainder of White Russia, Black Russia, and Polesia; 7. Wolynsk, which answers to Wolhynia; 8. and 9. Podolia and Kiovia, in the Ukraine, or the Lesser Russia. The present boundaries of these Governments, which have been three or four times re-organised, give the frontier of Poland exactly such as it was before the year 1770, except that the city of Kiow, or Kiovia, with the surrounding district, belonged to the Russians since 1686.

As the climate, and the effects of the sun, vary but little in these vast plains, we will unite the nine governments, and divide the aggregate anew into four districts, corresponding to the ancient provinces.

1.—WHITE RUSSIA.—The Dnieper and the Dwina, the sources of of which are beyond the Polish frontier, traverse White Russia, the direction of the one being to the Black Sea, that of the other to the Baltic, a circumstance which, for the want of levelling and barometical observations, must be considered as indicating that these regions are the most elevated of Russian Poland. Nevertheless, the separation of the waters is not marked by any chain of hills. The rivers wind through vallies, the steep sides of which have, to those within them, the appearance of mountains; but the intermediary land is a dead flat, through which are scattered an infinite number of little hollows, containing lakes, ponds, and marshes. This species of land is chiefly observable to the north of Polock. Nevertheless, King Sigismund the First, when he marched to Smolensk, continued to penetrate into it, having caused 340 causeways to be constituted of felled trees, for a space of 34 leagues. Lower down, towards Minsk and Mohilew, the sandy grounds are freer from wood and water. The road most travelled from Wilna to Moscow, that by which the victorious Lithuanians and Poles have so frequently penetrated to the very center of Russia, passes through this open country.—The forests here are composed of pine, fir, birch, Linden ash, beech, oak, alders, crabtree, and willow; the people fell these without any regard to economy, which their immense extent renders unnecessary. The water of the rivers, which fall into the Dnieper is colder, with the exception of the Saschwa, than that of those which fall in the Dwina. The lakes are full of smelts, which are taken in immense quantities, dried, and sent about throughout Russia, under the name of *Snelki*. The principal harvest is that of oats, which is double that of winter rye: next to this latter is that of summer wheat, common barley, and buck wheat. The summer wheat is sown on the ashes of underwood, which is cut by the peasants every year, in summer, covered with straw; they set fire to this heap the following

year, and having passed the *Araire* (a light plough) over the land, on which they spread it, they scatter the seed, which makes a return of eight, twelve, and twenty fold. For their barley they choose places where the trees form close thickets; there they strip off their branches, which they heap up and burn; and this practice is the cause of those naked trunks which an English traveller could not ascertain.

The entire agriculture of Poland is connected with the destruction of the woods, which is also common throughout the whole of Russia.

Guagnini asserts, that they sow the summer rye after Easter, the barley and oats at Whitsuntide, the field peas about St. Peter's day, and the turnips about St. John's, whence we may infer that the seasons are in general more regular and later than in Lithuania Proper.

The author I have above cited, enters into some other curious details, with respect to the husbandry of this country.

In some places they sow, in spring, two parts of barley, and one of rye; they reap the barley only that year: but the rye, which at first grows under the shade of the barley, like a thick sward, exhibits the following year the appearance of a forest of blades, loaded with ears, of different heights, it is said, nearly to conceal a man on horseback.

The quantity of cattle not being in proportion to the immense extent of the meadows, there is a want of manure, and consequently there are three or four times as much ground in fallow as there is sown. Notwithstanding the imperfect state of their agriculture, the people export a considerable quantity of corn, as well as hemp and flax.—The fruit trees are not numerous, nor does the fruit ripen every year. Bees are in abundance, though they seldom have any habitation but hollow trees, and their produce in wax and honey is much more than sufficient for the consumption of the country.

The great salubrity of the climate of White Russia is apparent from the lists of births and deaths obtained by the Councillor of State De Bork, in the course of ten years, from 1778 to 1787. There were in the Catholic parishes of the Government of Polock, now of Witepsk, 64,299 births, and 40,035 deaths; and in the united Greek parishes there were 141,186 births, and 94,488 deaths. With such favourable proportions as these, the population must, of necessity, increase rapidly. That of the Jews alone has been reduced; there were among them 8218 births, and 8242 deaths; but these are the least settled inhabitants, inasmuch as gaining a livelihood chiefly from every species of traffic, they are accustomed to migrate frequently from one province to another.

A few years since, a German witnessed the arrival at Riga, of some peasants of White Russia; they were clad in sheep skins, and quite emaciated with hunger; notwithstanding that, they had come in boats laden with corn, which they were to sell for their lords. These faithful slaves generally lay upon the banks of the rivers, beneath the hulls of old boats, or in cabins made of old planks, joined with the bark of trees. They carried back with them large sums of money for their masters, singing as they went, and without a thought of appropriating the smallest part of it to their own use.

The internal navigation of this country may be one day of great importance, if the canal of Beresina should be kept in order. It has been finished these two years past, and unites the Beresina, the principal stream which falls into the Dnieper, with the Owla, the chief of those which fall into the Duna, consequently it connects the Baltic and the Black Sea. Of this canal, according to a late bulletin, the French are now in possession.

The principal cities are, first, the three chief places of government.

Mohilew, in Russian *Mohiglew*, on the Dnieper, has been much improved within these few years, and contains several large leather manufactories. According to the fourth official census, which was taken ten years ago, it had a population of 12,500 souls. The Jesuits have a college here.

Witepsk has the same kinds of manufactures and commerce.

Minsk is a place of little importance. The city of the greatest antiquity is Polock, pronounced *Polosck*;

it contains about 3 or 4000 inhabitants, and is remarkable for a fine college of Jesuits. It was in the tenth century the residence of a dynasty of Scandinavian origin, and whose power extended over a great part of White Russia.

A nation, which is called Kriwitges, in the annals of Nestor and Crivetani, by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, took a part and obtained some notoriety in the wars between the Russians, against the Princes of Polock, Kiow, and Constantinople. They appear to have differed from the Sclavonic nations, although we cannot suppose them to have had a common origin with the Lithuanians. The learned Adelung has expressed a wish that inquiry should be made as to any traces which may subsist of this people in the territory of Minsk, which they inhabited, but it is feared that time has left nothing to gratify research.

About two hundred years since, a large Comparative Dictionary of Languages and Dialects, was a work which might have been attempted with some prospect of success, but now these living monuments have nearly all vanished.

LITHUANIA, SAMOGITIA, COURLAND.—Among the natural curiosities, the prevalent are, petrifactions of the black or dusky agate, in form resembling the roots of the pine. The rivers commonly flow in deep, hollow channels, and the Duna not unfrequently undermines the acclivities which form its course. This river presents rocks and whirlpools, which renders its navigation difficult, and often dangerous, particularly when the water is low. The Niemen is free from those inconveniencies. This river, which empties itself into the Baltic, effects a communication with the Dnieper, by means of the Oginski canal, formed at the sole expense of the illustrious family whose name it bears. So early as 1787 barges, loaded with salt, passed along this canal, opening the navigation for the transport of goods all the way from Cherson to Konigsberg; but the present Count of Oginski has frankly confessed that the canal being cut through a light spongy soil, would require, as also the rivers which it unites, much additional labour and expense, in order to secure all the advantages that might be derived from its central position and the extent of the communication. Though it be full eight Polish miles in length, the entire line passes through the lands of the house of Oginski. Among the other rivers of that country, the reader will, perhaps, be surprised to learn, that there is one whose waters form a tolerably fine and rather considerable cascade, called the Rommel, and occurs in the Windau, which flows from Samogitia across Courland. The fishes, hurried down by the rapidity of that vertical fall, seem literally to fly in the air.

The productions of Lithuania are much the same with those of White Russia. Wheat is successfully cultivated in many parts; but the sort of grain principally grown is rye. Upon an acre of 500 square perches, they usually sow 48 measures of rye. The ordinary return is six for one, which makes 288, or two tons, Wilna measure, or 12 *pours* Riga measure. In rating the lowest price of a ton at 96 florins, the produce of an acre will be worth 192 florins. Wheat is commonly a third dearer than rye; peas quote the same price with rye; barley one-third lower; oats about half, varying with the state of the harvest.

The intelligent prelate, who very readily furnished me with these details, assured me, that the condition of the Lithuanian and Polish farmer is far from presenting so melancholy a picture of human misery and degradation, as some prejudiced and stupid travellers have painted it.

"Every peasant possesses on his own account a portion of land, generally comprising 30 acres, of 300 square perches—15 French feet to the perch. For those acres he is obliged to pay a quit rent in money, or perform a specified number of days service. The obligation in money is from eight to ten Dutch ducats, according to the quality of the land. The lords furnish their vassals with cattle, houses, implements of agriculture, and maintain them in seasons of scarcity. In the time of the Polish Government, the peasantry of the *starosties*, those on the royal domains, and such as lived on the church lands (more especially in Samogitia, and in some districts of Lithuania), were

perfectly free, and did not differ from the French farmers, having a property in the buildings, and a right to dispose of them, in order that they might quit and fix their habitation where their inclination or interest should point out. Cultivators of the latter description used to be more comfortable, and to enjoy a greater portion of liberty than the vassals of the nobility, who could not migrate from the soil to which they peculiarly belonged — The Polish lords had long felt the necessity and the advantage of emancipating the peasantry.

The shocking description which certain travellers have given of the habitations of the peasants, in the grand route from Grodno to Moscow, do not at least apply to those in the vicinity of Wilna and Samogitia.

The dwellings of the peasants of Samogitia, particularly of those who inhabit the crown and church lands, are the best in Poland. Independently of the apartments used by the family, almost every house contains a chamber, provided with beds, for the accommodation of travellers.' In the farm-yard there is commonly a sort of stable, called in the language of the country *nouma*, at the entrance of which is a sort of hall, neatly and commodiously set out. In the centre there is a large fire-place, which serves for culinary purposes, and around it the domestics work and amuse themselves, in the long nights and mornings of winter. At the sides and the further end, the cattle are ranged in stalls, separated from the kitchen by hurdles or partitions. Superficial observers have seemingly confounded these *nouma* with the principal habitations.

The limous ore which is extracted from the mines of Lithuania, supply the main wants of the country, and the inhabitants do not now use, as they were obliged in the time of Gugini, in the 15th century, ploughs with wooden shares. Yet the Jesuit Rzaczinski, who wrote in 1720, states that the harrows were made entirely of wood, without a single bit of iron in their structure.

The thick forests which formerly covered the face of the country, have in many parts made way for agriculture. Around Wilna are fields, or rather districts, of corn more extensive than the eye can reach, and the prospect is interrupted only by clumps of oaks and elms at intervals, to the extremity of the sensible horizon.— The number of wild beasts has diminished progressively with the advancement of civilization; yet the celebrated *urus*, in Polish *zubr*, the description of which in the *Tableau de la Pologne* has been found to be correct, still exists on the lands of Count Romantzow, in the forest called Bialovieza, district of Pruezana, in Lithuania; but as the Count's stewards and keepers have not taken any pains to prevent the destruction of those creatures, it is to be feared that the stock is greatly diminished, and that it will in time become extinct. The governor of the Museum of Natural History will no doubt feel anxious to make an honourable use of their reputation and authority, in order to procure a pair of that species of animal, which has been the subject of so much discussion and investigation. The race of domestic animals in the seignorial territories is very fine, particularly the horses, which are light, hardy, and fleet.

It is affirmed that the forests of Lithuania still contains another extraordinary creature,—the glutton, concerning which such a variety of accounts have been written. Michiovius, who was apparently deeply tinctured with the doctrine of "final causes," asserts, that "Providence, in placing that creature in Lithuania, had it in contemplation to reproach the Lithuanians, by a living image, with their propensity to inordinate gluttony."

The bees, which abound in all parts of Poland and South Russia, furnish the Lithuanians with a vast quantity of mead (hydromel). This beverage, which, in its ordinary state is called *meod*, takes the name of *lipits* when the honey has been extracted from the flowers of the linden-tree. The most famous distillers for this kind of hydromel are established at Kowno. The expressed juice of raspberries is called *malinets*.

Among the towns of Lithuania there are many which are so only in name. In proceeding from the north to the south, we first reach Bezeac, once a fortified town, with the adjunct

of Litowska (Lithuania). Here the Jews had a celebrated synagogue, a sort of university, whither the rabbis resorted for the purposes of education. Bialistock, where the Grand General of the Crown Branicki built a magnificent villa, surrounded by a most extensive park, was honoured by some travellers of distinction with the appellation of the *Versailles* of Poland. The town of Slonin, which reckons 5000 inhabitants, was for several years the seat of a Russian government. This honour was afterwards transferred to the city of Grodno, on the Niemen, which is less populous, but of a better appearance. It has, on several occasions, been the seat of the diet, and it comprehends some massy structures.

Towards the sources of the Niemen lies Nieswitz, where Christopher Radziwil, author of a Journey to the Holy Land, built a superb residence, which the Swedish and Russian troops destroyed. The other towns in the district of Grodno, as Wolkowits, Lida, &c. are of no importance. The same observations may apply to Osonana, to Swenziani, and Wilkomirz, in the government of Wilna; they will owe their only repute and consequence to the Bulletins of the Grand Army.—Braclaw, which is pronounced Bratslaoe, merits some attention, as having had formerly a citadel, partly surrounded by a lake. Kowno, situated at the confluence of the Vilia and Niemen, is the natural entrepot of the commerce of Lithuania, and although it cannot boast of a population exceeding 4000 resident inhabitants, is, nevertheless, a flourishing city. About a mile and a half from that place, on the summit of mount Friedensberg, appears, on a most romantic site, a magnificent monastery, erected in 1674, by Christopher Pagh, Arch-Chancellor of Lithuania, and occupied by twenty-four hermits of the order of the Camaldules. This structure cost 800,000 crowns; marble is used in the greatest profusion; the vaulted roofs and cupola of the church are ornamented with excellent paintings in fresco, and with a variety of original pictures. The founder is there interred with his consort. The family of Pag is, according to tradition, a branch of the Pazzi, of Florence, who, after having been competitors with the Medicis, retired to Poland, where it rose to the highest dignities. The town of Troki is situated on a lake, which, according to the historians of that country, never freezes.

The towns of Samogitia, such as Szawlie, which they pronounce Shawli, Rosienia, and others, are very inconsiderable; but Courland, peopled chiefly by Germans, contains several places of importance. Windau and Liebau carry on an extensive trade; the latter, containing about 6,000 souls, has seen 300 vessels loaded with merchandise enter its ports. The importations have, in six or seven years, increased to the amount of 900,000 rubles, while the value of the exportations exceeded, during the same period, two millions of rubles. Mittau, the capital of Courland, comprehends a vast extent of territory; but its population before the union did not exceed 13,000 souls. The houses, surrounded by most extensive gardens, are for the most part constructed of wood, and in the Gothic style of the towns of Low Germany. The chateau of the ancient Dukes of Courland, without the town, is reckoned one of the finest in the north of Europe.

Wilna, according to the computation of the inhabitants, contains between 30 and 40,000 souls; but the Gazetteers reckon them only at 20 or 25,000 at the present time. Its extent, its public buildings, the spires of its numerous churches, the rich and gay appearance of its environs, a beautiful river, whose lofty banks are covered with trees, all conspire to make it a most delightful city. Trade enriches the citizens, and the pleasures of society are an irresistible attraction to the Lithuanian nobility and gentry.

In Wilna there is perfect freedom of worship. The places of religious resort are a mosque, a synagogue, three Greek churches, one Lutheran, one Calvinistical, and 32 Catholic, so that the day set apart for the worship of God, and rest from ordinary occupations, are no less than three in the week; the sabbath of so many principal sects falling on different days, there is, by a sort of mutual consent, a suspension of labour on those days.

There are also several institutions for public instruction; and above all, an university founded by Bishop Protazewits, under the reign of Stephen Bathobi, endowed by Stanislaus Augustus, and completed by the public-spirited Oginski and Czacki; a library, which is rapidly increasing; an academy of sciences and belles lettres, in which subjects of national utility are selected for discussion; a number of learned professors, several of whom have travelled to foreign countries; a rector, zealous, active, and of distinguished talents. Such are the claims of this university to the esteem of Europe. I have taken an opportunity to collect the most authentic information, which I am enabled to do from the circumstance of my having been induced, two years ago, at the instance of Oginski and M. Sniadecki, to accept the office of Professor of History. The members of this university, with whom I have had the honour of forming an intimacy, eulogize the amiable qualities and hospitable manners of the inhabitants of Wilna, and also their taste for learning and sciences.

Continuation *of* Coxe's Travels *in* Switzerland. *Translated from the French, by* W. H. Reid.

[Continued from p. 17.]

A VERY well informed magistrate of this canton expressed to me that he felt no small regret at the increase of the manufactures there.—"The manufactures," said he, "produce a race of men without vigour, and without courage, physical or moral. Manufactures increase men without increasing happiness; and that specious kind of riches which they procure for the moment, in a country where the soil does not produce objects upon which their industry might be employed, vary according to circumstances, disappear with the change of the fashions, and are often transformed into real misery; because, when once they are dissolved, they leave the men they have created without resource." The canton of Glaris has experienced some of these sad vicissitudes; and true patriots have loudly complained of certain branches of commerce, too seducing, because they require but little labour and yet return considerable gains.—"Already," said this vigilant magistrate, "these little manufactories have deprived the people of some of their native energy: wrestling, and several other athletic sports, are fallen into disuse: the inhabitants of the plain already form a distinct race from those of the mountains with respect to riches, courage, and strength. In a country really free, there is no necessity for two races of men."

The little town of Glaris, situated in the narrowest part of the valley, has an isolated mountain at the back of it, called Glarnitchberg, and is separated from the town of Enneda, by the Linth; but there is a communication between these two towns by a wooden bridge of one arch, about 80 paces long, built in 1764, by the architect of Schaffhausen. Its construction is very simple; and in this bridge Gruberomann seems to have made one step more towards perfection.

Glaris is remarkable for its situation, its extent, the elevation of its houses, and the number of its inhabitants, partly catholics, partly protestants.—There is but one church for the two religions. The little manufactories established here are of the same nature as those in the neighbouring cantons; but among the articles of exportation which are peculiar to this country, we may remark the *Schabzieger*, improperly called herb-cheese. It is made with the *seret*, or sediment, of the whey, which is very copious and very compact. This *seret*, which is absolutely distinct from the cheesy part, is hardened in a peculiar manner by the dried leaves of a species of the trefle, very odiferous, which is called, on this account, *trifolium odoratum*; the whole forms a dry paste resembling and eaten like cheese. It is an inexhaustible object of commerce, and of course very dear. Glaris has no rival in this manufacture, the canton of Appenzel excepted, though the quality of the cheese in the latter is inferior.

At the time I was at Glaris, the meeting of the General Assembly, which had been put off on several accounts, was finally expected at the latter end of the month. One of the principal objects of this meeting was

to ratify a treaty of alliance with France and the different members of the Helvetic body, the preliminaries of which had been concluded some time before.

A respectable magistrate of the canton, with whom I became acquainted elsewhere, and who, after receiving me at Glaris with the warmth of a friend, doin me the honours of his country with that cordiality which is peculiar to his nation, assured me I might be present at the General Assembly, and that he would do me a sensible pleasure in letting me see republicans freely declare themselves the friends of the French. I accepted his offer; but having some excursions to make in the vicinity, I went away with the resolution to return at the time appointed.

I shall not describe the little journey I made, as much to avoid anticipating what Mr. Coxe has related, as to wave mentioning circumstances merely personal. Among the latter, I shall only say that I quitted at Zurich the brave and faithful companion of my travels, with whom, for three months, I had traversed the wildest parts of Switzerland. On the 25th of July, I returned to the house of my worthy friend at Glaris. On my way I overtook a peasant of the Alps, who was coming from the centre of the canton to assist at the sittings, and whose conversation did not a little tend to render the journey interesting. He was a man about forty, rather of a stern appearance; but his ideas appeared so solid, and his character so strongly marked, that I confess in speaking to him I was apprehensive I should appear much his inferior in information. Let no one judge of a free peasant by one who is degraded by slavery; the latter has neither the character nor the figure of the former: he is also as different from him in his pride of spirit as he is in that of his gait and his external behaviour. My first questions put to this peasant turned upon the object which at that time interested the whole canton; and, informing my new companion that I was a Frenchman, it was easy for me to obtain a satisfactory explanation. These he afforded me with a degree of interest which proved to me that the whole canton was interested in the alliance, and that the treaty uniting the two nations was a band which drew even individuals still closer. I shall not repeat what this peasant, this shepherd, said to me about the republican constitution of his country, its defects, and advantages; upon the rights of men, as such, and upon their rights as citizens; upon the connection and the origin of different governments. I should probably disfigure the simple truths, delivered with equal simplicity, by the addition of our technical terms; particularly if I should endeavour to make a man speak as a philosopher correspondent with the principles of truth; a man who had them not so much upon his tongue as in his heart, there written by the hand of nature in characters which education and the laws have never altered.

Here it is to be observed, I speak only of the free Swiss of the democratic cantons. The peasant, subject to the aristocratic cantons, who has no share in the government, sink into the lowest class of peasants: his mind is not exercised; his passions do not develope themselves; he is an ordinary man, not however without some strength of character, which the climate and the nature of the government impresses upon all the inhabitants of Switzerland. In the democratic cantons it is much more so; each person there has a strong idea of his individual importance, and a warm sentiment of liberty; he takes care to be informed of his rights, learns to discuss them; he penetrates into the motives of government, reasons, and sometimes studies. In the Alps they read the Grecian and Roman history: shepherds there are in possession of libraries.

Sunday, the 27th, was fixed for the General Assembly, at Schwanden: I proceeded thither with the magistrate who protected me. Schwanden is a large rich town, about three miles from Glaris. A large meadow between the town and the mountain is the ordinary place for holding the Assembly; but the rainy weather and the floods prevented so many of the voters from coming, that not more than a third of them were supposed to be present. It was necessary, however, to abide by the usual forms,

and the council, at which the Landamman presided, convoked the people in the church of the place, to know if they would proceed without taking any cognizance of the absentees, or whether they would adjourn till the next day. Here three Englishmen, who had traversed the canton, joined us; and the president, having demanded whether the Assembly would admit four strangers into the meeting, one of whom was a Frenchman, a loud and flattering acclamation announced the consent of these republicans.

I confess that, upon entering the church, a kind of terror was the first sensation I felt. About twelve hundred men collected in disorder within four walls which resounded with their voices, the president and the council being pressed in the centre, and threatened by a party of malcontents, which could not be silenced, tended to render the spectacle truly formidable to men who had never witnessed any thing more boisterous than the debates of the bar, and the noise of the pit in a play-house. The Englishmen, who stood near me, were much longer in a state of uncertainty than myself, because they did not understand the language of the country. I was soon, however, in a situation to observe and to hear more cooly, and I was much struck with the apparent disproportion between the discourse and the appearance of the persons who took part in it. The most trivial objection was pronounced in such a tone, and so loud, accompanied with a play of the physiognomy so outre, that any one, not acquainted with the language, would have taken it for a threat, and would have expected that the effects of this resentment would immediately follow.

Two full hours were occupied in deciding the question, which was agitated with so much the more warmth, because there was a strong party opposed to the president and one of the councillors of the regency, who, having been nominated commissaries of the canton to proceed the Soleure and sign the preliminaries of the treaty, had, according to some of the members, exceeded their instructions.—This party opposed an adjournment, because they were strong, while the opposite party wished for an adjournment, because the matter discussed was of that importance as to require the suffrages of the majority of the canton. After a warm discussion, they adjourned till the next day; and we passed the remainder of the day and night in feasting among the peasants. In the General Assembly which I had quitted, as well as that which followed, I could not sufficiently admire the prudence and firmness with which the president managed the most turbulent, and the dignity which he introduced into every part of his justification.

During these republican meetings, no situation can be more critical than that of a magistrate suspected of abusing his authority, or that even of a private citizen, whose ascendancy over others is apprehended. Such a one runs the hazard of being censured on the spot with all that precipitation which distinguishes an irritated people, and to fall, as it were, under the fury of his adversaries. There have been several terrible examples of this kind in Switzerland. But not to offend my readers with these tragical stories, I shall cite but one instance of these *summary proceedings*. The canton of Zug exhibited this example. A peasant had given umbrage to his fellow citizens by his disproportionate wealth, which, without increasing any of his real comforts, might have given him such an ascendancy over them, as might have been prejudicial to their liberty. The General Assembly ordered him to deliver in a declaration of the nature and amount of his property: this they divided into two parts; one of which they returned to him, and the other they distributed, *by the head*, among the rest of his fellow-citizens. Still he remained one of the richest men in the canton.

Relative to this distribution *by the head*, when the General Assembly inflicts any pecuniary fine, the benefit is intended to be mutually shared amongst all its members By the head, is to be understood the *voters*, or otherwise those persons present at the Assembly; and, lastly, all the people of the canton, without distinction, of all ages and of either sex. In the latter sense, an award to pay one florin per head would ruin any individual whatever.

"The president of this Assembly stands up supported by a sword of liberty." This is a long and unweildy weapon, and one of those with which the Austrians were formerly repulsed. It is without the least ornament, and has no other recommendation than that of having been used by one of the brave Swiss patriots of the fourteenth century.

During Sunday afternoon the voters arrived from all parts of Schwanden, and the number being nearly complete, they proceeded next day to the plain. There four rows of benches were prepared, and these were made to form a circle about 300 feet in diameter. The magistrates placed in the interior circle, the people, composed of about 4000 men, all armed, occupied the benches without distinction. It is only out of courtesy that they allow the clergy of the canton to have convenient seats near the magistrates. The president, standing and supported by the sword of liberty, was in the centre of the circle, with the registrar and two officers in their mantles in the livery of the canton.—Women are not allowed to approach the circle; but boys of sixteen have a right to be in the centre, provided they do not stand up. This is intended as a mark of respect to the assembly, as well as the means of not arresting the sound of the voices, or hindering the speakers from observing the looks of each other and that of the president.

Let us imagine, if we possibly can, any thing more imposing than this spectacle, or more respectable than an assembly of freemen, met to discuss their mutual interests, setting upon the soil that produced them, that nourishes them, and which they have defended against that yoke of domination which so long oppressed them; and having before them their children already inspired with the name of liberty, learning, from their example, to transmit it inviolate to their posterity. What edifice can equal the majesty of this valley, protected by the natural bulwarks of the country, strewed with cottages, and covered with flocks which present to these republicans the delights of their country, and excite the love of it in their hearts? I was penetrated with what I saw, and could not sufficiently admire the sublime mixture of grandeur and simplicity of which, till then, I had not any idea.—Here every thing seemed to me to be worthy of the first ages of the ancient Romans, and the Grecian republics. Such were the virtuous Gauls and the brave Germans, our respectable progenitors.

Now let us place France on the side of Switzerland: let us view these simple people assembled to treat upon an equal footing with the most magnificent empire in the world; our astonishment will then increase, and we shall have before our eyes an image of the most singular kind, arising from a contrast political and moral, one of the most extraordinary ever presented by modern history.

The president opened the business by a discourse, in which he laid before the Assembly the details of his commission, and the reasons which induced him to sign the treaty. His colleague followed him in a discourse full of nerve. I could not help thinking but that the corrupt Glaris German, in the mouth of this man, had a peculiar grace. It certainly produced a sensible effect in the various shades of sentiment which it excited upon the different physiognomies of those who heard him. The conduct of both these magistrates was, in fine, generally applauded.

The president next proposed the ratification which the French ambassador was waiting for at Soleure.—A plurality of votes was necessary to decide an object of this importance; but the assembly cried out with one voice that it was unnecessary to count them; and if there was one citizen who was not the friend of the French, there was no necessity for his being known. The acclamations were then redoubled in such a manner, that it was not without a little pride that I explained the cause of it to my English companions. A letter was written immediately, and sealed by the president and the recorder, in the name of the canton. The people ordered one of the officers to take the letter and proceed with it to Soleure. The officer, proud of his office, bowed to his fellow-citizens, and departed.—The magistrate, my respectable friend, embraced me, and desired me to inform the French ambassador of what

I had seen when I went to Soleure; and, eight days after, I had the pleasure of fulfilling this duty.

After this the Assembly proceeded to the nomination of different officers of the regency, which is performed in this manner: The president naming the vacant office, the registrar goes round the whole circle writing down the names proposed. Every citizen is free to propose, but the number of those who have a right to an office is very small; the same names are repeated by every mouth, and the number of persons proposed never exceeds a certain point; the list is afterwards handed to the president, who offers the candidates alternately to the Assembly. The candidates approved are those for whom the greatest number of hands are held up. This proceedure is extremely tedious. The sitting, which commenced at ten in the morning, was not terminated till seven in the evening; and was then on the point of breaking up, when a new affair of a very different kind presented itself.

Two peasants, more than sixty years of age, came to request of the assembly a dispensation to marry two poor orphans, to whom they promised to ensure a decent provision. Many spoke for them, when a clergyman urged the privileges of the church, and made a very learned discourse to prove that the legislature was exceeding its rights in intermeddling with religious affairs. He proposed referring the case to the Ecclesiastical Consistory: upon this an opposition was raised by a simple shepherd, who, among the degrees of persons prohibited from marriage, distinguished those who are incapacitated by the divine laws from others who are prohibited from marriage by human laws. As to the first, he said the clergy had no more right to remove the prohibition than the laity: the second or civil prohibitions, he said, might be removed by those who had the right to impose them, and to abrogate the laws which they had made according to circumstances; that is to say, by the civil government. Let it be recollected it is a shepherd who speaks. He concluded by calling upon the assembly to decide at once upon these marriage dispensations. A pleasant fellow (for the Alps produces some of this cast) observed, that since these two old men had the furor of matrimony about them, it would be better they should indulge themselves at their own expense than at the charge of others. (A laugh.) Another observation was then made by another peasant, that if the laws were just, these dispensations were acts of grace; but these ought not to be granted but under circumstances where great advantages might result from not carrying the law into execution. The marriage of an old man or two, he said, was not of that description: dispensations to deviate from the usual course of the law in such cases, he thought, ought not to be attended to, but should be reserved for such whose marriages might tend to some usefulness in the state. These observations were unanimously applauded, and the two old men were sent away without their request being granted: however, it was determined to establish a new law upon this important subject at the next meeting.

This kind of Swiss diet has not that regular order that some great assemblies have, neither as to its object nor as to the time of its sitting. The regular assemblies in Switzerland are of three kinds:—The first are parochial, and this is held at Glaris, where deputies meet from each parish. Each of the protestant parishes, to the number of fifteen, send four deputies. Glaris, being a mixture of catholics and protestants, sends but three. The catholics send eight deputies and three supplementary councillors: these were established by a convention in 1683, to make up for any mediocrity in number. Next to these assemblies are those called *General*, and another called the *Universal Assembly*. This, to which is attached the sovereignty and the legislative power in their full plenitude, are held on the last Sunday in April. The magistrates, however, may advance or protract it eight days, though this appears to have been an usurpation. The General Assemblies are those of the two religions separate; the protestant assembly is held at Schwanden, the catholic's at Næffels. The epochs of these solemnities are fixed by the two sects; but, as the protestants prefer the Julian calendar,

and the catholics have adopted the new style, both assemblies never meet on the same day.

The obstinacy of the protestants of Appenzell and Glaris in adhering to the old stile is singular; but it is said to have been occasioned by an ancient treaty, unfavourable to their sect, which obliged them to observe the catholic festivals: some time after that the catholics adopted the new calendar, which the protestants refused, for no other reason than that they should not be obliged to observe this burdensome treaty, in which they had neither right nor interest. This treaty, made in 1683, notwithstanding, was the epoch of the separation of the councils of the two religions; since which each sect has tried its own criminals: this is a right, however, which is very rarely exercised; it is very seldom, indeed, that capital crimes are committed among these happy people, and there is never an executioner in the canton. Twenty years since there was an execution, and an executioner was brought from another place. This is a fact, which alone is sufficient to justify all that can be said of the happiness of this nation; for a constitution which can thus stifle crime in its birth, ought to be hailed with enthusiasm by those whose laws are calculated for little else than punishment.

I shall now follow Mr. Coxe to Einsiedlin. After having traversed the superb country that surrounds this famous abbey, and passed the magnificent avenues that lead to the valley, and the spot which offers the astonishing spectacle of an edifice really imposing, placed in the midst of deserts and forests, it is difficult to preserve a mode of thinking and viewing things with such a critical eye as that of Mr. Coxe: the man that can preserve this temperature of mind, within sight of such a picture as this, without relaxing from the severity of his judgment, must have a soul inaccessible to any laudable enthusiasm.

I confess that the sight of this place excited no small emotion in me; its situation in the midst of a wild country, and in a valley, has something particularly striking. Its architecture is beautiful, and the plan of the building is executed upon a grand scale; nothing can be superior to the steps which lead to the platform of the edifice, by which a very easy ascent is prepared. The body of the church is large and well designed, and the chapel is consecrated to the miraculous virgin, the image of which is placed in the nave. This sanctuary is carefully defended by a double wall; its interior would be wrapped in profound obscurity did not the rays of two lamps with difficulty penetrate thro' the darkness. There is a third light, which is concealed, and which it would be scarcely imagined, throws a light upon the face of the Virgin. It is impossible to enter this chapel, the floor of which is covered with prostrate sinners meditating in respectful silence, and penetrated with the happiness of having at length reached the object of their desires in the completion of their journey, without feeling a sentiment of awe and respect. Viewing this pilgrimage only as philosophers, are there no satisfactory reflections in considering this place, visited by weak and suffering mortals, as an asylum, affording succours against the diseases of the soul, and where such find a haven against the storms that torment them, and which, though fictitious and imaginary, find a sure and so far a precious remedy? Let us sympathise with the weaknesses of humanity, and respect the least of its hopes. Let us never blast or destroy the innocent comforts of any timid or credulous being. They merit, more than any other, the care and sufferance of philosophy and the indulgence of stronger minds.

A reproach is cast upon indulgences, as if they had a direct tendency to destroy the salutary fear and the effect of future punishments, thus encouraging crimes under the hopes of pardon. It seems to me that this kind of reasoning shews but little knowledge of the human heart. I believe that the offender who repents and gets absolution, is not so distant from virtue as he who, having no hopes of pardon, delivers himself up to black despair.

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANEA SELECTA.

A MINUTE *and* INTERESTING ACCOUNT *of the* INTERIOR *of the* SERAGLIO *at* CONSTANTINOPLE.

[From Clarke's Travels in Greece, &c.]

[*The natural curiosity which we all feel to know the mysterious privacy of a place sacred from profane intrusion, will be more than a sufficient apology for the length of the following extract.*]

IT so happened, that the gardener of the Grand Signior, during our residence in Constantinople, was a German. This person used to mix with the society in Pera, and often joined in the evening parties given by the different foreign ministers. In this manner we became acquainted with him; and were invited to his apartments within the walls of the Seraglio, close to the gates of the Sultan's garden. We were accompanied, during our first visit, by his intimate friend, the secretary and chaplain of the Swedish mission; who, but a short time before, had succeeded in obtaining a sight of the four principal Sultanas and the Sultan Mother, in consequence of his frequent visits to the gardener. They were sitting together one morning, when the cries of the black eunuchs, opening the door of the Cl'arem, which communicated with the Seraglio gardens announced that these ladies were going to take the air. In order to do this, it was necessary to pass the gates adjoining the gardener's lodge; where an *arabat** was stationed to receive them, in which it was usual for them to drive round the walks of the Seraglio, within the walls of the palace. Upon those occasions, the black eunuchs examine every part of the garden, and run before the women, calling out to all persons to avoid approaching or beholding them, under pain of death. The gardener, and his friend the Swede, instantly closed all the shutters, and locked the doors. The black eunuchs, arriving soon after, and finding the lodge shut, supposed the gardener to be absent. Presently followed the Sultan Mother, with the four principal Sultanas, who were in high glee, romping and laughing with each other. A small scullery window of the gardener's lodge looked directly towards the gate through which these ladies were to pass, and was separated from it only by a few yards. Here, through two small gimlet holes, bored for the purpose, they beheld very distinctly the features of the women, whom they described as possessing extraordinary beauty. Three of the four were Georgians, having dark complexions and very long dark hair; but the fourth was remarkably fair; and her hair, also of singular length and thickness, was of a flaxen colour: neither were their teeth dyed black, as those of Turkish women generally are. The Swedish gentleman said, he was almost sure they suspected they were seen, from the address they manifested, in displaying their charms, and in loitering at the gate. This gave him and his friend no small degree of terror; as they would have paid for their curiosity with their lives, if any such suspicion had entered the minds of the black eunuchs. He described their dresses as rich beyond all that can be imagined. Long spangled robes, open in front, with pantaloons embroidered in gold and silver, and covered by a profusion of pearls and precious stones, displayed their persons to great advantage; but were so heavy, as actually to encumber their motion, and almost to impede their walking. Their hair hung in loose and very thick tresses, on each side their cheeks; falling quite down to the waist, and covering their shoulders behind. Those tresses were quite powdered with diamonds, not displayed according to any studied arrangement, but as if carelessly scattered, by handfuls, among their flowing locks. On the top of their heads, and rather leaning to one side, they wore, each of them, a small circular patch or diadem. Their faces, necks, and even their breasts, were

* A covered waggon upon four wheels, with latticed windows at the sides, formed to conceal those who are within. It is almost the only species of carriage in use among the Turks.

quite exposed; not one of them having any veil.

The German gardener, who had daily access to different parts of the Seraglio, offered to conduct us not only over the gardens, but promised, if we would come singly, during the season of the *Ramadan*,† when the guards, being up all night, would be stupefied during the day with sleep and intoxication, to undertake the greater risk of shewing us the interior of the *Charem*, or apartments of the women; that is to say, of that part of it which they inhabit during the summer; for they were still in their winter chambers. We readily accepted his offer; I only solicited the further indulgence of being accompanied by a French artist of the name of Preaux, whose extraordinary promptitude in design would enable him to bring away sketches of any thing we might find interesting, either in the Charem, or gardens of the Seraglio. The apprehensions of Monsieur Preaux were, however, so great, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could prevail upon him to venture into the Seraglio; and he afterwards either lost, or secreted, the only drawings which his fears would allow him to make while he was there.

We left Pera, in a gondola, about seven o'clock in the morning; embarking at Tophana, and steering towards that gate of the Seraglio which faces the Bosporus on the south-eastern side, where the entrance to the Seraglio gardens and the gardener's lodge are situated. A Bostanghy, as a sort of porter, is usually seated, with his attendants, within the portal. Upon entering the Seraglio, the spectator is struck by a wild and confused assemblage of great and interesting objects: among the first of these are, enormous cypresses, massive and lofty masonry, neglected and broken sarcophagi, high rising mounds, and a long gloomy avenue, leading from the gates of the garden between the double walls of the Seraglio. This gate is the same by which the Sultanas came out for the airing before alluded to; and the gardener's lodge is on the right hand of it. The avenue extending from it, towards the west, offers a broad and beautiful, although solitary, walk, to a very considerable extent, shut in by high walls on both sides. Directly opposite this entrance of the Seraglio is a very lofty mound, or bank, covered by large trees, and traversed by terraces, over which, on the top, are walls with turrets. On the right hand, after entering, are the large wooden folding doors of the Grand Signor's gardens; and near them lie many fragments of ancient marbles, appropriated to the vilest purposes; among others, a sarcophagus of one block of marble, covered with a simple, though unmeaning bas-relief. Entering the gardens by the folding doors, a pleasing *coup d'œil* of trellis-work and covered walks is displayed, more after the taste of Holland than that of any other country. Various and very despicable *jets d'eau*, straight gravel-walks, and borders disposed in parallelograms, with the exception of a long green-house filled with orange-trees, compose all that appears in the small spot which bears the name of the Seraglio Gardens. The view, on entering, is down the principal gravel-walk; and all the walks meet at a central point, beneath a dome of the same trellis-work by which they are covered. Small fountains spout a few quarts of water into large shells, or form parachutes over lighted bougies, by the sides of the walks. The trellis-work is of wood, painted white, and covered by jasmine; and this, as it does not conceal the artificial frame by which it is supported, produces a wretched effect. On the outside of the trellis-work appear small parterres, edged with box, containing very common flowers, and adorned with fountains. On the right hand, after entering the garden, appears the magnificent kiosk, which constitutes the Sultan's summer residence; and further on is the orangery before mentioned, occupying the whole extent of the wall on that side. Exactly opposite to the garden

* The *Ramadan* of the Turks answers to our Lent, as their *Bairam* does to Easter. During the month of the *Ramadan*, they impose upon themselves the strictest privations; avoiding even the use of tobacco, from sun-rise to sun-set. They feast all night during this season, and are therefore generally asleep during the day.

gates, is the door of the *Charem*, or palace of the women belonging to the Grand Signior; a building not unlike one of the small colleges in Cambridge, and inclosing the same sort of cloistered court. One side of this building extends across the upper extremity of the garden, so that the windows look into it. Below these windows are two small green-houses, filled with very common plants, and a number of Canary-birds. Before the Charem windows, on the right hand, is a ponderous, gloomy, wooden door: and this, creaking on its massive hinges, opens to the quadrangle, or interior court of the Charem itself. We will keep this door shut for a short time, in order to describe the Seraglio garden more minutely; and afterwards open it, to gratify the reader's curiosity.

Still facing the Charem on the left hand, is a paved ascent, leading, through a handsome gilded iron gate, from the lower to the upper garden. Here is a kiosk, which I shall presently describe. Returning from the Charem to the door by which we first entered, a lofty wall on the right hand supports a terrace with a few small parterres: these, at a considerable height above the lower garden, constitute what is now called the Upper Garden of the Seraglio; and, till within these few years, it was the only one.

Having thus completed the tour of this small and insignificant spot of ground, let us now enter the kiosk, which I first mentioned as the Sultan's summer residence. It is situated on the sea-shore, and commands one of the finest views the eye ever beheld, of Scutary and the Asiatic coast, the mouth of the canal, and a moving picture of ships, gondolas, dolphins, birds, with all the floating pageantry of this vast metropolis, such as no other capital in the world can pretend to exhibit. The kiosk itself, fashioned after the airy fantastic style of Eastern architecture, presents a spacious chamber, covered by a dome, from which, towards the sea, advances a raised platform surrounded by windows, and terminated by a divân*. On the right and left are the private apartments of the Sultan and his ladies. From the centre of the dome is suspended a large lustre, presented by the English ambassador. Above the raised platform hangs another lustre of smaller size, but more elegant. Immediately over the sofas constituting the divân, are mirrors engraved with Turkish inscriptions, poetry, and passages from the Korân. The sofas are of white satin, beautifully embroidered by the women of the Seraglio.

Leaving the platform, on the left hand is the Sultan's private chamber of repose, the floor of which is surrounded by couches of very costly workmanship. Opposite to this chamber, on the other side of the kiosk, a door opens to the apartment in which are placed the attendant Sultanas, the Sultan Mother, or any ladies in residence with the sovereign. This room corresponds exactly with the Sultan's chamber, except that the couches are more magnificently embroidered.

A small staircase leads from these apartments, to two chambers below, paved with marble, and as cold as any cellar. Here a more numerous assemblage of women are buried, as it were, during the heat of summer. The first is a sort of antechamber to the other; by the door of which, in a nook of the wall, are placed the Sultan's slippers, of common yellow morocco, and coarse workmanship. Having entered the marble chamber immediately below the kiosk, a marble bason presents itself, with a fountain in the centre, containing water to the depth of about three inches, and a few very small fishes. Answering to the platform mentioned in the description of the kiosk, is another, exactly of a similar nature, closely latticed, where the ladies sit during the season of their residence in this place. I was pleased with observing a few things they had carelessly left upon the sofas, and which characterised their mode of life. Among these was

* The *divân* is a sort of couch, or sofa, common all over the Levant, surrounding every side of a room, except that which contains the entrance. It is raised about 16 inches from the floor. When a *divân* is held, it means nothing more than that the persons composing it are thus seated.

an English writing-box, of black varnished wood, with a sliding cover, and drawers; the drawers contained coloured writing-paper, reed pens, perfumed wax, and little bags made of embroidered satin, in which their billets-doux are sent, by negro slaves, who are both mutes and eunuchs. That liqueurs are drunk in these secluded chambers is evident; for we found labels for bottles, neatly cut out with scissars, bearing Turkish inscriptions, with the words "*Rosoglio*," "*Golden Water*," and "*Water of Life*." Having now seen every part of this building, we returned to the garden, by the entrance which admitted us to the kiosk.

Our next and principal object was the examination of the Charem; and, as the undertaking was attended with danger, we first took care to see that the garden was cleared of Bostanghies, and other attendants; as our curiosity, if detected, would, beyond all doubt, have cost us our lives upon the spot. A catastrophe of this nature has been already related by Le Bruyn.

Having inspected every alley and corner of the garden, we advanced, half-breathless, and on tip-toe, to the great wooden door of the passage which leads to the inner court of this mysterious edifice. We succeeded in forcing this open; but the noise of its grating hinges, amidst the profound silence of the place, went to our very hearts. We then entered a small quadrangle, exactly resembling that of Queen's College, Cambridge, filled with weeds. It was divided into two parts, one raised above the other; the principal side of the court containing an open cloister, supported by small white marble columns. Every thing appeared in a neglected state. The women only reside here during summer. Their winter apartments may be compared to the late Bastile of France; and the decoration of these apartments is even inferior to that which I shall presently describe.—From this court, forcing open a small window near the ground, we climbed into the building, and alighted upon a long range of wooden beds, or couches, covered by mats, prepared for the reception of a hundred slaves: these reached the whole extent of a very long corridor. From hence, passing some narrow passages, the floors of which were also matted, we came to a staircase leading to the upper apartments. Of such irregular and confused architecture, it is difficult to give any adequate description. We passed from the lower dormitory of the slaves to another above: this was divided into two tiers; so that one half of the numerous attendants it was designed to accommodate, slept over the other, upon a sort of shelf or scaffold near the ceiling. From this second corridor we entered into a third, a long matted passage: on the left of this were small apartments for slaves of higher rank; and upon the right, a series of rooms looking towards the sea. By continuing along this corridor, we at last entered the great *Chamber of Audience*, in which the Sultan Mother receives visits of ceremony from the Sultanas and other distinguished ladies of the Charem. Nothing can be imagined better suited to theatrical representation than this chamber; and I regret the loss of the very accurate drawing which I caused Monsier Preaux to complete upon the spot. It is exactly such an apartment as the best painters of scenic decoration would have selected, to afford a striking idea of the pomp, the seclusion, and the magnificence, of the Ottoman court. The stage is best suited for its representation; and therefore the reader is requested to have the stage in his imagination while it is described. It was surrounded with enormous mirrors, the costly donations of Infidel Kings, as they are styled by the present possessors. These mirrors the women of the Seraglio sometimes break in their frolics*. At the upper end is the

* The mischief done in this way, by the Grand Signior's women, is so great, that some of the most costly articles of furniture are removed, when they come from their winter apartments to this palace. Among the number, was the large coloured lustre given by the Earl of Elgin: this was only suspended during their absence; and even then by a common rope. We saw it in this state. The offending ladies, when detected, are whipped by the black eunuchs, whom it is their chief amusement to elude and to ridicule.

throne, a sort of cage, in which the Sultana sits, surrounded by latticed blinds; for even here her person is held too sacred to be exposed to the common observation of slaves and females of the Charem. A lofty flight of broad steps, covered with crimson cloth, leads to this cage, as to a throne. Immediately in front of it are two burnished chairs of state, covered with crimson velvet and gold, one on each side the entrance. To the right and left of the throne, and upon a level with it, are the sleeping apartments of the Sultan Mother, and her principal females in waiting. The external windows of the throne are all latticed: on one side they look towards the sea, and on the other into the quadrangle of the Charem; the chamber itself occupying the whole breadth of the building, on the side of the quadrangle into which it looks. The area below the latticed throne, or the front of the stage (to follow the idea before proposed), is set apart for attendants, for the dancers, for actors, music, refreshments, and whatsoever is brought into the Charem for the amusement of the court. This place is covered with Persian mats; but these are removed when the Sultana is here, and the richest carpets substituted in their place.

Beyond the great Chamber of Audience is the *Assembly Room* of the Sultan, when he is in the Charem. Here we observed the magnificent lustre before mentioned. The Sultan sometimes visits this chamber during the winter, to hear music, and to amuse himself with his favourites. It is surrounded by mirrors. The other ornaments display that strange mixture of magnificence and wretchedness which characterise all the state chambers of Turkish grandees.—Leaving the Assembly Room by the same door through which we entered, and continuing along the passage, as before, which runs parallel to the sea-shore, we at length reached, what might be termed the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of this Paphian temple, the Baths of the Sultan Mother and the four principal Sultanas. These are small, but very elegant, constructed of white marble, and lighted by ground glass above. At the upper end is a raised sudatory and bath for the Sultan Mother, concealed by lattice-work from the rest of the apartment. Fountains play constantly into the floor of this bath, from all its sides; and every degree of refined luxury has been added to the work, which a people, of all others best versed in the ceremonies of the bath, have been capable of inventing or requiring.

Leaving the bath, and returning along the passage by which we came, we entered what is called the *Chamber of Repose*. Nothing need be said of it, except that it commands the finest view anywhere afforded from this point of the Seraglio. It forms a part of the building well known to strangers, from the circumstance of its being supported, towards the sea, by twelve columns of that beautiful and rare breccia, the *viride Lacedæmonium* of Pliny*, called by Italians *Il verde antico*. These columns are of the finest quality ever seen; and each of them consists of one entire stone. The two interior pillars are of green Egyptian breccia, more beautiful than any specimen of the kind existing.

We now proceeded to that part of the Charem which looks into the Seraglio garden, and entered a large apartment, called *Chalved Yiertzy*, or, as the French would express it, *Salle de promenade*. Here the other ladies of the Charem entertain themselves, by hearing and seeing comedies, farcical representations, dances, and music. We found it in the state of an old lumber-room. Large dusty pier-glasses, in heavy gilded frames, neglected and broken, stood, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, leaning against the wall, the whole length of one side of the room. Old furniture; shabby bureaus of the worst English work, made of oak, walnut, or mahogany; inlaid broken cabinets; scattered fragments of chandeliers; scraps of paper, silk rags, and empty confectionary boxes; were the only objects in this part of the place.

From this room we descended into the court of the Charem; and, having crossed it, ascended, by a flight of steps, to an upper parterre, for the

* "Pretiosissimi quidem generis, cuticisque hilarius." *Nat. Hist.* lib. xxxvi. c. 7.

purpose of examining a part of the building appropriated to the inferior ladies of the Seraglio. Finding it exactly upon the plan of the rest, only worse furnished, and in a more wretched state, we returned, to quit the Charem entirely, and effect our retreat to the garden. The reader may imagine our consternation, on finding that the great door was closed upon us, and that we were locked in. Listening, to ascertain if any one was stirring, we discovered that a slave had entered to feed some turkeys, who were gobbling and making a great noise at a small distance. We profited by their tumult, to force back the huge lock of the gate with a large stone, which fortunately yielded to our blows, and we made our escape.

We now quitted the lower garden of the Seraglio, and ascended, by a paved road, towards the *Chamber of the Garden of Hyacinths*. This promised to be interesting, as we were told the Sultan passed almost all his private hours in that apartment; and the view of it might make us acquainted with occupations and amusements, which characterize the man, divested of the outward parade of the Sultan. We presently turned from the paved ascent, towards the right, and entered a small garden, laid out into very neat oblong borders, edged with porcelain, or Dutch tiles. Here no plant is suffered to grow, except the hyacinth; whence the name of this garden, and the chamber it contains. —We examined this apartment, by looking through a window. Nothing can be more magnificent. Three sides of it were surrounded by a divân, the cushions and pillows of which were of black embroidered satin. Opposite the windows of the chamber was a fire-place, after the ordinary European fashion; and on each side of this, a door covered with hangings of crimson cloth. Between each of these doors and the fire-place appeared a glass-case, containing the Sultan's private library; every volume being in manuscript, and upon shelves, one above the other, and the title of each book written upon the edges of its leaves. From the ceiling of the room, which was of burnished gold, opposite each of the doors, and also opposite to the fire-place, hung three gilt cages, containing small figures of artificial birds: these sung by mechanism. In the centre of the room stood an enormous gilt brazier, supported, in an ewer, by four massive claws, like vessels seen under sideboards in England. Opposite to the entrance, on one side of the apartment, was a raised bench, crossing a door, on which were placed an embroidered napkin, a vase, and bason, for washing the beard and hands. Over this bench, upon the wall, was suspended the large embroidered *porte-feuille*, worked with silver thread on yellow leather, which is carried in procession when the Sultan goes to mosque, or elsewhere in public, to contain the petitions presented by his subjects. In a nook close to the door was also a pair of yellow boots; and on the bench, by the ewer, a pair of slippers of the same materials. These are placed at the entrance of every apartment frequented by the Sultan. The floor was covered with Gobelins tapestry; and the ceiling, as before stated, magnificently gilded and burnished. Groupes of arms, such as pistols, sabres, and poignards, were disposed, with very singular taste and effect, on the different compartments of the walls; the handles and scabbards of which were covered with diamonds of very large size: these, as they glittered around, gave a most gorgeous effect to the splendour of this sumptuous chamber.

We had scarce ended our survey of this costly scene, when, to our great dismay, a Bostanghy made his appearance within the apartment; but, fortunately for us, his head was turned from the window, and we immediately sunk below it, creeping upon our hands and knees, until we got clear of the Garden of Hyacinths.—Thence, ascending to the upper walks, we passed an aviary of nightingales.

The walks in the upper garden are very small, in wretched condition, and laid out in worse taste than the fore-court of a Dutchman's house in the suburbs of the Hague. Small as they are, they constituted, until lately, the whole of the Seraglio gardens near the sea; and from them may be seen the whole prospect of the entrance to the canal, and the opposite coast of Scutary. Here, an old kiosk,

is seen a very ordinary marble slab, supported on iron cramps: this, nevertheless, was a present from Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. It is precisely the sort of sideboard seen in the lowest inns of England; and, while it may be said no person would pay half the amount of its freight to send it back again, it shews the nature of the presents then made to the Porte by foreign princes. From these formal parterres we descended to the gardener's lodge, and left the gardens by the gate through which we entered.

I never should have offered so copious a detail of the scenery of this remarkable place, if I did not believe that an account of the interior of the Seraglio would be satisfactory, from the secluded nature of the objects to which it bears reference, and the little probability there is of so favourable an opportunity being again granted, to any traveller, for its investigation.

The British Spy *in* America.

[Continued from p. 32.]

Letter III.

Richmond, Sept. 15.

YOU inquire into the state of your favourite art in Virginia. Eloquence, my dear S———, has few successful votaries here: I mean eloquence of the highest order; such as that to which, not only the bosom of your friend, but the feelings of the whole British nation, bore evidence, in listening to the charge of the Begums in the prosecution of Warren Hastings.

In the national and state legislatures, as well as at the various bars in the United States, I have heard great volubility, much good sense, and some random touches of the pathetic; but in the same bodies, I have heard a far greater proportion of puerile rant, or tedious and disgusting inanity. Three remarks are true as to almost all their orators. First, they have not a sufficient fund of general knowledge; secondly, they have not the habit of close and solid thinking; thirdly, they do not aspire at original ornaments.—From these three defects it most generally results, that although they pour out, easily enough a torrent of words, yet these are destitute of the light of erudition, the practical utility of just and copious thought, or those novel and beautiful allusions and embellishments, with which the very scenery of the country is so highly calculated to inspire them.

The truth is, my dear S———, that this scarcity of genuine and sublime eloquence is not confined to the United States; instances of it in any civilised country have always been rare indeed. Mr. Blair is certainly correct in the opinion, that a state of nature is most favourable to the higher efforts of the imagination, and the more unrestrained and noble raptures of the heart. Civilisation, wherever it has gained ground, has interwoven with society a habit of artificial and elaborate decorum, which mixes in every operation of life, deters the fancy from every bold enterprise, and buries nature under a load of hypocritical ceremonies. A man, therefore, in order to be eloquent, has to forget the habits in which he has been educated; and never will he touch his audience so exquisitely as when he goes back to the primitive simplicity of the patriarchal age.

I have said that instances of genuine and sublime eloquence have always been rare in every civilised country. It is true that Tully and Pliny the younger have, in their epistles, represented Rome, in their respective days, as swarming with orators of the first class: yet, from the specimens which they themselves have left us, I am led to entertain a very humble opinion of ancient eloquence.

Demosthenes we know has pronounced, not the chief, but the sole merit of an orator to consist in *delivery*, or, as Lord Verulam translates it, in *action*; and, although I know that the world would proscribe it as a literary heresy, I cannot help believing Tully's merit to have been principally of that kind. For my own part, I confess very frankly, that I have never met with any thing of his which has, according to my taste, deserved the name of superior eloquence. His style, indeed, is pure, polished, sparkling, full and sonorous; and perhaps deserves all the encomiums which have been bestowed on it. But an oration, certainly, no more deserves the title of superior

eloquence, because its style is ornamented, than the figure of an Apollo would deserve the epithet of elegant, merely from the superior texture and flow of the drapery. In reading an oration, it is the mind to which I look. It is the expanse and richness of the conception itself which I regard, and not the glittering tinsel wherein it may be attired. Tully's orations, examined in this spirit, have, with me, sunk far below the grade at which we have been taught to fix them.

It is true, that at school, I learned, like the rest of the world, to lisp "Cicero the orator:" but when I grew up and began to judge for myself, I opened his volumes again, and looked in vain for that sublimity of conception which fills and astonishes the mind; that simple pathos which finds such a sweet welcome in every breast; or that resistless enthusiasm of unaffected passion which takes the heart by storm. On the contrary, let me confess to you, that, whatever may be the cause, to me he seemed cold and vapid, and uninteresting and tiresome: not only destitute of that compulsive energy of thought which we look for in a great man, but even void of the strong, rich, and varied colouring of a superior fancy. His masterpiece of composition, his work De Oratore, is, in my judgment, extremely light and unsubstantial; and in truth is little more than a tissue of rhapsodies, assailing the ear indeed with pleasant sounds, but leaving few clear and useful traces on the mind. Plutarch speaks of his person as all grace, his voice as perfect music, his look and gesture as all alive, striking, dignified, and peculiarly impressive; and I incline to the opinion, that to these theatrical advantages, connected with the just reliance which the Romans had in his patriotism and good judgment, their strong interest in the subjects discussed by him, and their more intimate acquaintance with the idiom of his language, his fame, while living arose; and that it has been, since, propagated by the schools on account of the classic purity and elegance of his style.

Many of these remarks are, in my opinion, equally applicable to Demosthenes. He deserves, indeed, the distinction of having more fire and less smoke than Tully. But, in the majestic march of the mind, in force of thought, and splendour of imagery, I think both the orators of Greece and Rome eclipsed by more than one person within his majesty's dominions.

Heavens! how should I be anathematised and excommunicated by every pedagogue in Great Britain, if these remarks were made public!—Spirits of Car and of Ascham! have mercy upon me! Woe betide the hand that plucks the wizard beard of hoary error! From lisping infancy to stooping age, the reproaches, the curses of the world shall be upon it!—But to you, my dearest S——, my friend, my preceptor, to you I disclose my opinions with the same freedom, and for the same purpose, that I would expose my wounds to a surgeon. To you it is peculiarly proper that I should make my appeal on this subject; for when eloquence is the theme, your name is not far off.

Tell me, then, you who are capable of doing it, what is this divine eloquence? What the charm by which the orator binds the senses of his audience; by which he attunes, and touches, and sweeps the human lyre, with the resistless sway and master-hand of a Timotheus? Is not the whole mystery comprehended in one word—sympathy? I mean not merely that tender passion which quavers the lip and fills the eye of the babe when he looks on the sorrows and tears of another; but that still more delicate and subtile quality, by which we passively catch the very colours, momentum, and strength of the mind, to whose operations we are attending; which converts every speaker to whom we listen into a Procrustes, and enables him, for the moment, to stretch or lop our faculties to fit the standard of his own mind.

This is a very curious subject. I am sometimes half inclined to adopt the notion stated by our great Bacon in his original and masterly treatise on the advancement of learning, "Fascination," says he, "is the power and act of imagination intensive upon other bodies than the body of the imaginant; wherein the school of Paracelsus and the disciples of pre-

tended natural magic have been so intemperate, as that they have exalted the power of the imagination to be much one with the power of miracle-working faith: others that draw nearer to probability, calling to their view the secret passages of things, and especially of the contagion that passeth from body to body, do conceive it should likewise be agreeable to nature, that there should be some transmissions and operations from spirit to spirit, without the mediation of the senses: whence the conceits have grown, now almost made civil, of the mastering spirit, and the force of confidence, and the like." This notion is further explained in his Sylva Sylvarum, wherein he tells a story of an Egyptian soothsayer, who made Mark Antony believe, that his genius, which was otherwise brave and confident, was, in the presence of Octavianus Cæsar, poor and cowardly: and therefore he advised him to absent himself as much as he could and remove far from him. It turned out, however, that this soothsayer was suborned by Cleopatra, who wished Antony's company in Egypt.

Yet, if there be not something of this secret intercourse from spirit to spirit, how does it happen that one speaker shall gradually invade and benumb all the faculties of my soul as if I were handling a torpedo; while another shall awaken and arouse me, like the clangor of the martial trumpet? How does it happen that the first shall infuse his poor spirit into my system, lethargise my native intellects, and bring down my powers exactly to the level of his own? or that the last shall descend upon me like an angel of light, breathe new energies into my frame, dilate my soul with his own intelligence, exalt me into a new and nobler region of thought, snatch me from the earth at pleasure, and wrap me to the seventh heaven? And, what is still more wonderful, how does it happen that these different effects endure so long after the agency of the speaker has ceased; insomuch, that if I sit down to any intellectual exercise, after listening to the first speaker, my performance shall be unworthy even of me, and the numb-fish visible and tangible in every sentence? whereas, if I enter on the same amusement, after having attended to the last-mentioned orator, I shall be astonished at the elevation and vigour of my own thoughts; and if I meet, accidentally, with the same production, a month or two afterwards, when my mind has lost the inspiration, shall scarcely recognise it for my own work!

Whence is all this? To me it would seem that it must proceed either from the subtile commerce between the spirits of men, which Lord Verulam notices, and which enables the speaker, thereby, to identify his hearer with himself; or else that the mind of man possesses, independently of any volition on the part of its proprietor, a species of pupillary faculty of dilating and contracting itself, in proportion to the pencil of the rays of light which the speaker throws upon it; which dilatation or contraction, as in the case of the eye, cannot be immediately and abruptly altered.

Whatever may be the solution, the fact, I think, is certainly as I have stated it: and it is remarkable that the same effect is produced, though perhaps in a less degree, by perusing books into which different degrees of spirit and genius have been infused. I am acquainted with a gentleman who never sits down to a composition, wherein he wishes to shine, without previously reading, with intense application, half a dozen pages of his favourite Bolingbroke. Having taken the character and impulse of that writer's mind, he declares that he feels his pen to flow with a spirit not his own; and that, if in the course of his work his powers begin to languish, he finds it easy to revive and charge them afresh from the same never-failing source.

If these things be not visionary, it becomes important to a man, for a new reason, what books he reads, and what company he keeps; since, according to Lord Verulam's notion, an influx of the spirits of others may change the native character of his heart and understanding before he is aware of it; or, according to the other suggestion, he may so habitually contract the pupil of his mind as to be disqualified for the comprehen-

sion of a great subject, and fit only for microscopic observations. Whereas, by keeping the company, and reading the works of men of magnanimity and genius only, he may receive their qualities by subtile transmission, and, eventually, get the eye, the ardour, and the enterprise of an eagle.

But whither am I wandering?—Permit me to return. Admitting the correctness of the principles formerly mentioned, it would seem to be a fair conclusion, that whenever an orator wishes to know what effect he has wrought on his audience, he should coolly, and conscientiously propound to himself this question: Have I myself, throughout my oration, felt those clear and cogent convictions of judgment, and that pure and exalted fire of the soul, with which I wished to inspire others? For, he may rely on it, that he can no more impart (or to use Bacon's word, transmit) convictions and sensations which he himself has not, at the time, sincerely felt, than he can convey a clear title to property in which he himself has no title.

This leads me to remark a defect which I have noticed more than once in this country. Following up too closely the cold conceit of the Roman division of an oration, the speakers set aside a particular part of their discourse, usually the peroration, in which they take it into their heads that they will be pathetic. Accordingly, when they reach this part, whether it be prompted by the feelings or not, a mighty bustle commences. The speaker pricks up his ears, erects his chest, tosses his arms with hysterical vehemence, and says every thing which he supposes ought to affect his hearers; but it is all in vain: for it is obvious that every thing he says is prompted by the head; and, however it may display his ingenuity and fertility, however it may appeal to the admiration of his hearers, it will never strike deeper. The *hearts* of the audience will refuse all commerce except with the *heart* of the speaker; nor, in this commerce is it possible by any disguise, however artful, to impose false ware on them. However the speaker may labour to seem to feel, however near he may approach to the appearance of the reality, the heart nevertheless possesses a keen unerring sense, which never fails to detect the imposture. It would seem as if the heart of man stamps a secret mark on all its effusions, which alone can give them currency, and which no ingenuity, however adroit, can successfully counterfeit.

I have been not a little diverted here in listening to some fine orators, who deal almost entirely in this pathos of the head. They practise the start, the pause—make an immense parade of attitudes and gestures, and seem to imagine themselves piercing the heart with a thousand wounds: the heart all the time developing every trick that is played to cajole her, and, sitting serene and composed, looks on and smiles at the ridiculous pageant as it passes!

Nothing can, in my opinion, be more ill-judged in an orator, than to indulge himself in this idle artificial parade. It is particularly unfortunate in an exordium. It is as much as to say *caveat auditor*; and for my own part, the moment I see an orator rise with this menacing majesty, assume a look of solemn wisdom, stretch forth his right arm like the *rubens dexter* of Jove, and hear him open his throat in deep and tragic tone, I feel myself involuntarily braced and in an attitude of defence, as if I were going to take a bout with Mendoza.

The Virginians boast of an orator of nature, whose manner was the reverse of all this, and he is the only orator of whom they do boast with much emphasis. I mean the celebrated Patrick Henry, whom I regret that I came to this country too late to see. I cannot, indeed, easily forgive him, even in the grave, his personal instrumentality in separating these fair colonies from Great Britain; yet I dare not withhold from the memory of his talents the tribute of respect to which they are so justly entitled.

I am told that his general appearance and manners were those of a plain farmer or planter of the back country; that in this character he always entered on the exordium of an oration: disqualifying himself with looks and expressions of humility so lowly and unassuming, as threw

every heart off its guard, and induced his audience to listen to him with the same easy openness with which they would converse with an honest neighbour: but, by and by, when it was little expected, he would take a flight so high, and blaze with a splendour so heavenly, as filled them with a kind of religious awe, and gave him the force and authority of a prophet.

You remember this was the manner of Ulysses; commencing with the look depressed, and hesitating voice. Yet I dare say Mr. Henry was directed to it, not by the example of Ulysses, of which it is very probable, that, at the commencement of his career, at least, he was entirely ignorant; but either that it was the genuine, trembling diffidence, without which, if Tully may be believed, a great orator never rises; or else that he was prompted to it by his own sound judgment, and his intimate knowledge of the human heart.

I have seen the skeletons of some of his orations. The periods and their members are short, quick, eager, palpitating, and are manifestly the extemporaneous effusions of a mind deeply convinced, and a heart inflamed with zeal for the propagation of those convictions. They afford, however, a very inadequate sample of his talents: the stenographer having never attempted to follow him, when he arose in the strength and awful majesty of his genius.

I am not a little surprised to find eloquence of this high order so negligently cultivated in the United States. Considering what a very powerful engine it is in a republic, and how peculiarly favourable to its culture the climate of republics has been always found, I expected to have seen in America more votaries to Mercury than even to Plutus. Indeed, it would be so sure a road both to wealth and honours, that if I coveted either, and were an American, I would bend all my powers to its acquirement, and try whether I could not succeed as well as Demosthenes in vanquishing natural imperfections. Ah! my dear S——, were you a citizen of this country! You, under the influence of whose voice a parliament of Great Britain has trembled and shuddered, while her refined and enlightened galleries have wept and fainted in the excess of feeling!—what might you not accomplish? But, for the honour of my country, I am much better pleased that you are a Briton.

On the subject of Virginian eloquence you shall hear further from me. In the mean time, adieu, my S——, my friend, my father!

To the Editor of the Virginia Argus.

SIR,

As the theory of the earth derives importance from its dignity, if not from its utility, and has of late years given birth to many ingenious speculations, I shall offer no apology for troubling you with the following remarks, which were suggested by an essay in last Wednesday's *Argus*, intitled "The British Spy."

Sea shells and other marine productions, differing in no respect from those which now exist in their native element, have been found in every explored part of the globe. They are found, too, in the highest as well as in the lowest situations; on the loftiest mountains of Europe, and the still loftier Andes of South America. To go no further from home, our own Allegany abounds with them. How were these substances separated from their parent ocean? Do they still remain in their primitive beds? and has the water deserted them, or have they deserted the water? These questions, differently answered, give rise to different theories.

Among these theories, that of the Count de Buffon stands conspicuous. Adorned with all the graces of style, and borrowing a lustre from his other splendid productions, it has long had its full share of admirers. After exhibiting new proofs of a former submersion, in which he discovers great ingenuity, and is certainly entitled to great praise, he proceeds to account for the earth in its present form, by a natural operation of the ocean which covered it. This hypothesis, which the British Spy has partially adopted, is liable to many objections, which, to me at least, are insuperable. I will briefly notice some of the most obvious.

Although alluvion may account for

small accessions of soil nearly on a level with the ocean, it cannot explain the formation of mountains. It is contrary to all the known laws of nature to suppose that a fluid could lift, so far above its own level, bodies many times heavier than itself.

Again, if the ocean, as Buffon maintains, have a tendency to wear away all points and eminences over which it passes, it would exert this tendency on the mountains itself had formed; or rather, it would prevent their formation. It is surely inconsistent to suppose the ocean would produce mountains, and at the same time wear away those that already existed. Indeed, the author himself seemed to be aware of the invincible objections to this part of his theory, and endeavours to evade their force by sinking a part of the earth, in the cavity occasioned by which the superfluous waters find a sufficient receptacle; thus abandoning the agency of alluvion, and adopting a new and totally different hypothesis.

But while marine substances are found far *above* their proper element, vegetable bodies are often found far *below* the seat of their production. In Europe they often meet with wood, at great depths of the earth, in a state of perfect preservation, and in sinking wells in this country, trunks of trees frequently obstruct the progress of the work. A Mr. Peters, of Harrison county, not long since met with pieces of pine twenty feet below the surface, on a hill of considerable elevation, and at a distance from any watercourse. In this town, leaves, believed to be those of the hazle, were found mingled with marine productions. These vegetable matters must have been once exposed to air, heat, and light, to have attained the state in which they were found; and the same exposure would have afterwards caused their decay, unless their interment had been sudden and complete.—Bones, shells, and other extraneous substances are often found bedded in marble and other hard bodies; and I myself have seen a specimen of those human bones, which in the fortifications of Gibraltar are often found incorporated with the solid rock. What less than some great throe of nature, or some mighty agent, now dormant and unknown, could have produced the general *bouleversement* which these appearances indicate?

But the hypothetical reasoning of Monsieur de Buffon is founded on a fact no less hypothetical. The arguments in favour of a general current to the west are, I confess, very cogent, and would be convincing but for the following difficulties:—

1. If the operation of the sun and moon, in producing alternate elevations and depressions of the ocean, produce also a current, the force of this current will be in proportion to the mass of water thus raised and depressed. Now, contrary to the assertion of Buffon, the tides are highest in high latitudes, and gradually diminish towards the equator, where I believe they hardly exceed a foot. By the observations of Captain Cook, the same difference exists in the Pacific ocean as was long known in the Atlantic. If then there be a general current to the west, it should be strongest in high latitudes, and weakest under the line. But the contrary is the fact. No general current to the west is found without the tropics, and that which prevails irregularly between them is usually and rationally ascribed to the trade winds.

2. If this supposed current existed, its effect would be readily perceived by our navigators in the difference of their passages to and from Europe; but, the one before referred to excepted, they meet with nothing of the kind. A current, at the rate of one mile an hour, would make a difference of near two thousand miles between an ordinary voyage to and from Europe.

3. By actual observations, detailed in the second volume of the Philosophical Transactions, the prevailing currents about some islands in the Atlantic ocean are to the east. At Owhyhee, which lies within the tropics, and nearly in the middle of the Pacific ocean, Captain Cook observed the current to set, without any regularity, sometimes to the west, and sometimes to the east.

4. But one argument may be deemed conclusive. The air is a fluid at least as sensible to the gravitating power of the planets as the ocean, and, like that, must also have its tides. If,

on the one hand, the tides of the air are more liable to be disturbed by its comprehensibility, by partial rarefaction or condensation, its obstacles, on the other hand, to a free motion round the earth are comparatively inconsiderable. Its course is somewhat impeded, but never arrested. If then such a general law existed, as is contended for, there would be either a steady east wind, or greater flow of air, from that quarter than from the west in every climate of the globe.—But this is the case only between the tropics; and the prevalence of the east wind in that region has been almost universally ascribed to rarefaction by heat, since no other solution can account for the sea and land breezes, monsoons, and other phenomena of those climates.

From these considerations, I am disposed to think that there is no uniform current to the west, or that it is too inconsiderable to have any effect on the figure of the earth. Admitting the existence of a general current, it may be merely superficial. Currents, whose force gradually diminishes from the surface downwards, are known to exist; and the practice of seamen, when they wish "to try the current," is evidently founded on the belief that they do not extend to great depths. The accession of water by the tides is too small to require a general movement of the ocean to its bottom.

In weighing the probability of a general current to the west, I have confined myself to the operation of the tides, as the mere motion of the earth, either in its orbit or on its axis, can have no possible effect this way. This motion is communicated to every part of the earth, whether solid or fluid; and while it continues equable they are both affected alike, and their relative situations remain the same. So well established a principle must have been contested by the British Spy through mere inadvertence.

If, after all that has been said, arguments in favour of a current from the surface to the bottom be deemed conclusive, it is worth while to inquire into its probable effects.

The British Spy supposes that this general current enlarges both the eastern and western coasts of continents, in which hypothesis he differs less from Buffon than that elegant but fanciful theorist differs from himself; for, in his theory on the formation of the planets, he advances that the ocean is continually wearing away the eastern coasts, and by a process, which he does not even hint at, enlarging the western, and that Asia is an older country than Europe. But in a subsequent work, his Epochs, he maintains the direct reverse, and mentions the abruptness of the western, and the greater number of islands of the eastern coasts, as evidences that the former have been abraded by the ocean.

But I find neither reasoning nor fact to warrant either of these conclusions. It has been observed that a shore forms a convex outline where it gains on the ocean, and a concave where it loses. On inspecting the map of the world, we perceive nothing which by this standard indicates a greater increase on one continent than on the other, or even any increase at all. We see no vast prominence of coast under the line; but on taking both shores of the ocean, *in both hemispheres*, into comparison, we find that the convexities on the western side are balanced by equal convexities on the eastern. Besides, it is clear, that in proportion as the contents of the ocean are cast on the land, in the same degree it becomes deeper, and its shores more steep and abrupt. This is as true of the ocean as it is of a ditch. By this increasing declivity of growing shores, the additional gravity to be overcome will, in time, check the alluvion of any current, however strong. An opposite equalizing tendency occurs, where the coast is worn away by the ocean. Successive fragments of rocks and precipices, by sloping the shore, gradually abate the impetus of the waters, until the coast attains that due inclination by which the gravity to be overcome exactly counterbalances the projectile force of the ocean. Without doubt small variations continually take place in the outline of all coasts; but the equilibrium for which I contend is founded on correct principles; and every coast, whether eastern or western, approaches to that form, if it

have not already attained it, when what it loses *by the ocean* will be precisely equal to what it gains.

It should be remarked, that Buffon, in his last addition to his *Theorie*, conscious of the insufficiency of alluvion in the formation of continents, supposes that the cavities with which the earth abounds are continually falling in, and from the consequent retreat of the ocean, that continents are continually approximating. This conjecture certainly renders his theory more consistent, but it substitutes a cause for the emersion of the earth totally different from his first hypothesis of alluvion, and it has been that alone which I have considered. This last supposition is merely gratuitous, as neither observation nor history afford us any proofs of the existence of these immense caverns, or of any general retreat of the ocean.

For the reasons which I have given, and for many more, the theory of this celebrated naturalist has long been deemed both improbable and inadequate, and is now confined to the merit (no small merit by the by) of having collected valuable materials, and detected the fallacies of Burnet, Woodward, and other dreamers on the subject. It has accordingly given place to new theories, more consistent at least, if not more satisfactory — Volcanoes, an intense heat in the centre of the earth, the recrements of animals and vegetables, have been employed, as separate or joint agents, by the speculators on this curious subject. Dr. Hutton, by far the most celebrated of these, supposes the exuviæ of shellfish to have constituted the basis of the earth, and that it has assumed its present form and appearance by the fusion produced by the earth's internal heat. He supports this opinion by a train of elaborate reasoning, and a chemical examination of the bodies which compose the outer crust of the earth. I regret that I am acquainted with the work only at second hand. But I believe that even this theory, ingenious and scientific as it is, gives little more general satisfaction than those which preceded it. It is, in common with the other late hypotheses, opposed by the fine reasoning of Buffon, in favour of the immediate action of water in producing the correspondent angles of mountains, their waving outline, parallel strata, &c. as well as by many of the facts I have glanced at; and it is moreover said to be contradicted by some chemical experiments, at once pertinent and clear.

On the whole, then, I fear we have not yet arrived at that certainty which will satisfy the inquirer, who is neither enamoured with the fancies of his own brain, nor seduced by the eloquence of others; and therefore, to use the words of an elegant writer of our own country, who discovers the same acuteness, the same philosophic caution on this as on other occasions, "we must be contented to acknowledge that this great phenomenon is, as yet, unsolved. Ignorance is preferable to error, and he is less remote from the truth who believes nothing than he who believes what is wrong."

Before we can obtain a sober conviction on the subject, or even properly compare the probability of the respective theories, many questions now contested must be settled, new facts must be discovered, new powers of nature developed.

How far does the power of aqueous solution and of crystallization extend? —Does the earth borrow all its heat from the sun; or has it a perennial source in its own bowels? Are there general currents in the ocean? If so, what are their courses, periods, and strength? It is clear that every rain that falls, every wind that blows, transports some portion of the earth we inhabit to the ocean. Is there any secret and magical process in nature, as some have supposed, by which this perpetual waste is perpetually repaired? and do mountains receive accessions by rain, by attraction, or any other mode equal to what they evidently lose? Again, water is converted into vegetables, vegetables into animals, and both of these again into earth. Is this same earth reconverted into water, and by one unvaried round of mutation, each preserved in its present proportion to all eternity?

Science, with an ardour of inquiry never before known, and a daily increase of materials, advances with hasty steps to answer these preliminary questions; but till they are solved, I

incline to think that every theory is premature, and shall therefore remain satisfied with the safe but humble character of, AN INQUIRER.

[*To be continued.*]

A MEMOIR ON TUNIS.*

[Concluded from p. 26.]

What number of TROOPS *are kept by the* BEY, *and of what Nation are they? How much do they cost? Are they are at all disciplined, and inured to war? Where are they stationed?*

THE Bey keeps about 20,000 men:* 5,000 Turks, Mamelukes, or Krougoulis, the latter of whom are natives of the country, but sons or descendants of Turks or Mamelukes, 2,000 Moorish Spahis, under the command of the four Agas of Tunis, Kairouant, Ref, and Bejea; 400 Moorish Ambas, commanded by the Bachictenba, their chief; 2,000 or 2,500 Moorish Zouavas, of all countries, under the command of their Hodgia. There are about 20,000 men enrolled in the corps of Zouavas, but the government pays no more than 2,000, or 2,500 at most: the others enjoy certain privileges, and are only called out on extraordinary occasions.

Eleven or twelve thousand Arabs, of the tribes of Berdes, Auled, Seid, Auled Hassan, &c. &c. comprehended collectively under the name of Mazerguis, accompany the camps and the regular troops to watch the motions of the tributary Arabs, and especially some chiefs of independent Arabs encamped on the confines of Tunis and Constantine.

The Turks, Mamelukes, and Krougoulis, who represent the old militia, cost the government of Tunis 700,000 piastres and more per annum.

The greater part of the Mamelukes, divided into four companies of 25 each,† are more particularly designed for a guard for the Bey. These are allowed, besides their pay, a gratuity of 20 piastres every half year, and some small fees in stuffs and other articles. They are likewise the bearers of all orders sent by the Bey to the governors and shieks. When these orders relate to disputes between individuals, the latter are obliged to maintain them during their mission.

Some Turks and Krougoulis are likewise employed as guards to the Bey, and enjoy nearly the same advantages as the Mamelukes. They are not sent by government upon any business but what is of a military nature. It is the same with respect to the Moorish Ambas and Spahis.

Nearly half the soldiers are at Tunis, either acting as a garrison to the city or in camp. The rest are distributed upon the frontiers, viz.

At Tabarca	600
Gafsa	75
Gerbis	75
Mehdia	50
Galipia	50
Hamamet	50
Bizerta	150
Porto Farina	100
La Goletta	300
Total	1,450

There are about 800 Zouavas employed in garrisons, viz.

At Gerbis	100
Zarsis	25
Beben	25
Gouvanes	25
Guebes	25
Hamma	25
Haxe	25
Sousse	25
Taburba	50
Sidi Daoud	25
The castles of Tunis	150
Aubarde	200
La Goletta	50
Total	750

The government employs the rest of the Zouavas, to which it allows pay,

* At the time of the expedition against Tripoli, the Bey made a considerable addition to his troops. He enrolled, as it were, all the young Krougoulis in his dominions, to the number of more than 1,200; on which account the regular troops now cost the government about 700,000 piastres per annum.

† There are at present but two companies of Mamelukes of about 25 each.

in the camp, which it forms every year on the frontiers of Tripoli.

IX. *Are there any caravans in the kingdom? Whither do they travel? Is the trade carried on by them considerable? What articles do they barter? Do they pay any tribute to the government?*

Two caravans travel regularly to Tunis, the one from Constantine and the other from Godemes. The former makes eight or ten journies in a year; purchases mercery, jewellery, drugs, grocery, linen and woollen cloth, hardware, and hats, manufactured at Tunis; paying for these articles in cattle and hard piastres.—That from Godemes rarely performs more than three journies; bringing negroes, and buying the same commodities as the other, and in general whatever is necessary for the supply of the trade which it carries on with the interior of Africa. No direct impost is levied by the government on these caravans.

X. *Has the government reserved any branch of commerce for itself?*

The branches of commerce which the government has reserved for itself, are:—leather; wax, which it relinquishes annually to a company of Jews, or Moors, for a certain quantity of woollen cloth, stuffs, or money; soda, or barilla, which is sold to the highest bidder; the tunny fishery, for the monopoly of which the sum of 20,000 francs is annually paid; and the coral fishery, for which the African company yearly pays nearly the same sum.

XI. *What was the amount, in the year* 1787, *of the exports from Tunis to the Levant, and of the imports from the Levant into Tunis?*

It is impossible to calculate with any degree of certainty the exports from Tunis to the Levant. The registers kept by the custom-houses established in the different ports of the kingdom are very imperfect: besides which a brisk smuggling trade is carried on, and connived at by the officers of the customs, because the first profit from it goes into their pockets.

XII. *During the same period, what was the amount of the exports from Tunis to Europe, and of the imports from Europe into Tunis?*

XIII. *In what ports were the exports shipped, and by the ships of what nation of Europe or of the Levant was this commerce carried on?*

The subjoined statement, as concise and as faithful as possible, will completely answer these two questions:—

Result of the State of Commerce in 1787.

	Livres.
The merchandize which we imported into Tunis amounts to	5,225,844
The amount of exports	4,634,581
Balance in favour of the former	591,313
Total amount of both	9,860,975
Total amount of the commerce, active and passive, of all the foreign nations	5,108,477
Leaving a balance in our favour of	4,751,898

	Tons.
There is the same proportion between the respective tonnages, ours amounting to	12,806
That of foreigners	6,870
Surplus in favour of ours	5,936

Foreigners themselves freighted part of our vessels. The goods were shipped at Tunis, Bizerta, Porto Farina, Sousse, and Gerbis. As to imports, they all enter the kingdom by the port of La Goletta. According to the note put at the foot of the Abbé Raynal's questions, the imports from Marseilles to Tunis in 1787 amounted to no more than 1,009,963 livres; whereas, by the above statement, they appear to have been 5,225,844 livres. The prodigious difference which exists between these two calculations proceeds from this circumstance, that the former includes nothing but goods; whereas, in the second, the amount of the money received from Marseilles, and the bills drawn directly on that place or by way of Leghorn, is added. These two articles amount to 4,215,881 livres; and this is as nearly as possible the surplus given by this calculation over the statement of the Abbé Raynal.

XIV. *Are there many proprietors of lands? Are their possessions considerable and secure? Is not the government the heir of all who die without children, as it is of all its agents?*

It is impossible to ascertain the amount of property in lands or the proportion which may exist between the domains, the private possessions, and the general mass. The government is proprietor of great part of the lands, but no register of those which are private property is kept. It collects one-tenth on the produce, so that, while the fields of an individual lie fallow, they yield absolutely nothing to the government. Here are not seen such great landed properties as in Europe; but all landed property is under the safeguard of the law, and very rarely subject to oppression from the treasury. The government has for some time, and particularly since the latter part of Ali Bey's reign, had so much respect for itself as not to touch the property of its subjects, and even that of its agents, who, after amassing large fortunes and enjoying them in peace, left their possessions to their heirs.

The Hanefis (a generic term applied to the Turks and Mamelukes) who die without children, are allowed by law to dispose of one-third of their property, and the treasury claims the rest. It is also heir to all the Melekis (who are Moors) that leave no male issue; but if they have daughters, the treasury divides the property with them according to law. The agent of the treasury, who superintends the recovery of this kind of property, is called Ben Elmengi; he causes the property, both movable and immovable, to be sold, and transfers the produce to the chest of the domains.

XV. *What number of cruizers is kept by the government? Of what class are these vessels? In what port do they lie?*

The government usually keeps fifteen to twenty cruizers; consisting of three large vessels of twenty guns, with crews of 130 men, some xebecs of less force, galliots, and feluccas.* —Porto Farina is the only port frequented by the prince's vessels. The cruizers of private individuals are not more numerous, and nearly in the same proportion in regard to force. The former are equipped and dismantled in all the ports of the kingdom, and claim one-tenth of all the prizes taken by private cruizers.

XVI. *What duty is paid by each ship? What are the duties paid by merchandize on exportation or importation? Are the duties payable by Europeans and by natives the same? Have they varied of late years?*

All vessels in ballast pay nothing; every vessel, on unloading, pays 17½ piastres, and the same for loading. The French pay only 3 per cent. on commodities imported from France, and under the French flag. On commodities from Italy or the Levant, the English pay 8 per cent.; and on all goods, from whatever place they come, the other European nations pay something less than the latter. All natives pay 11 per cent. on goods imported from any Christian country, and 4 per cent. on those from the Levant.

In respect to hats, the principal manufacture of the country, government, in order to encourage industry, requires no duty on exportation.

As to articles of provision, the exportation is permitted by government only according to circumstances, and it levies a higher or lower duty, according to the demand. This duty is, on wheat, from 12 to 15 piastres the *caffis*; on barley, from 5 to 9; on all pulse and other grain, 4½; and 1¼ on the *metal* of oil.

1802.

Wheat, 8 to 10 maboubs or more; barley, 20 to 25 piastres and more; oil, 2½ to 3 piastres; and more for the other ports in proportion to the measure, which is larger.

N.B. The piastre of Tunis may be reckoned at one livre twelve sous; the *caffis* at 3½ loads of Marseilles; it takes about three *metals* to make a *millerotte*, the *rotte* being about 1¼ lb. Eighty rottes make a quintal.

* This force has lately been increased by two kerlanglisches, a large Swedish vessel, which has been pierced for 24 guns, and a xebec, a present from the French republic.

On Music.

[From Dyer's "Poetics."]

POETRY claims relationship with music, no less than with painting. She is her younger sister, according to some, though superior in character

and accomplishments. But I leave them to determine points of precedency.

There is at least a distant likeness: for this likeness exists not in the proportion of a greater magnitude to a less; of a material to an immaterial form; nor of a louder more lengthened sound, to one less loud and long; for example, as the statue of the Venus de Medici to the same figure on a medal; as the substance of a tree to its shadow on a wall, or on the ground; or as a voice in the valley, or amongst rocks and mountains, to its echo at a distance:—it is rather a likeness by analogy, than of exact resemblance; as reasoning is like seeing, or feeling, hearing.

Musical sounds, regulated by certain proportions, and further assisted by the association of pleasing scenes, of agreeable recollections, of soothing or elevated feelings, of female beauty, or of kind friends, can influence our passions, and produce pleasure: the same also in poetry.

Philosophy has formed different theories to account for those phenomena, by which sounds affect us, and produce corresponding passions. But philosophy knows but little of causes: and when a system seems established, the loss of a single link, how terribly can it dislocate the whole chain!

This idea may receive illustration from Dr. Hartley's Theory of Vibrations and Vibratiuncles, those infinitesimal calculations, in his attempting to account, in his Observations on Man, for the cause of our sensations;* a theory I have been always disposed to follow, as far at least as I could go, like others. But that great physiologist, Dr. Haller,† has shewn, that the nerves are not irritable, nor elastic, nor yet the medullary substance of the brain. Of course, Hartley's theory, though full of genius, as far as his account of the cause of our sensations goes, fails; and, I suspect, the immaterial system can afford no better light.

A writer, therefore, who discusses "the correspondence between poetry and music,"‡ sets out with a very doubtful principle. "We are then to take it for granted," says he, "that the mind, under particular affections, excites certain vibrations on the nerves, and impresses certain movements on the animal spirits."

This circumstance, without any other consideration, is reason enough for not entering into inquiries in this place about causes, but for confining ourselves to influences and effects.

Those who with Aristotle consider music no less than poetry as an imitative art, will find more points of resemblance, in proportion to the extent of that doctrine: those who follow not his doctrine, will still find many analogies between the two arts.

Thus its primary aim, like that of poetry, is to please; it is in unison, therefore, with agreeable passions, and strictly speaking with none, but what admit of virtuous emotions. It seems to be, therefore, something like conscience, the guide and the guard to virtue: thus *prodesse delectando*—"to be profitable by pleasing," seems to be the proper motto for both.

Accordingly, the word, music, had among the ancients a liberal wide interpretation: applied to the heart, it meant its true harmony, virtue; to the understanding, science, as well for the order in its principles, as its harmonizing power on the intellect: music in general meant the education of the soul, in opposition to gymnastic discipline, or the exercise of the body: so again the harmony of the world, the harmony of nature, and the music of the spheres.

Hence the importance of what was called music in the education of the ancient Greeks, which Plutarch has discussed at large in his Treatise on Music: "They reckoned it necessary," says he, "through the medium of music, to fashion and order the minds of youth to what was decorous, sober, and virtuous."

We need not insist on any analogy

* Observations on Man, sect. i. chap. 1, 2, 3.

† Baron Haller's doctrine is maintained in his famous work, entitled Physiologiæ Elementa, vol. iv. sect. viii. Art. *Conjecturæ*, sect. iv. See the valuable articles, *Hartley* and *Haller*, in Dr. Aikin's and Mr. Morgan's General Biography.

‡ Mr. Daniel Webb.

between the terms, because, anciently, poetry and music were in some degree identified. For, according to Plutarch, the ancient writers on music, who instituted the lyric laws, settled not only the measure and feet of the verse, but the musical measure also, and then sang them at the public exercises of skill.

I do not know whether I can illustrate the correspondence of music and poetry better than by the observations of an author already alluded to.

"It is from a propensity in our nature to fall in with those reciprocal or responsive vibrations *(for I shall admit these terms, for want of a better)*, that in expressing our own sentiments, or in exciting those of others, the voice mechanically borrows its tone from the affections: thus it rises into vigour with the bold, and subsides into softness with the gentler feelings. We may try the experiment in the following lines:

Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes:
Not so on man; him, thro' their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd. *Paradise Lost.*

"This fall of notes, or weakness, is in the true spirit of musical expression. The poet was so sensible of the happiness, that in the moment after he repeats the very same movements, and contrasts it by measures the most lofty and sonorous:

No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd,—
Hail, Son of God! Saviour of men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin." * *Paradise Lost.*

Those who know what is meant by metrical expression, will immediately see the propriety of the above remarks.

One reason, besides the sweetness and variety of their language, why the ancient Greeks excelled all other nations in the melody of their verse, was, their great attention to music. They studied well its theory, and their practice was more scientifical than some moderns are aware of. They obliged their music to speak the language of poetry; their poetry to speak the language of music: their best prose writings moved in a rhythmus;† and to adapt the measures, the sentiments, the passions of poetry, to correspondent movements, so as to combine them with musical expression, was the regular employment of their poets: and thus, their art was science; their science was assisted by art; and nature, the great powerful choragus that led up the band. Among our own poets, Milton and Gray, perhaps, excel all others in the melody, dignity, and power of their numbers, and they were well acquainted with the theory and practice of music.

But here too we must speak in the way of allusion, not of discussion. Inquiries into these nicer matters, indeed, belong rather to another division of the work, than to this place. They relate more to the tuning of the instrument, (to borrow an expression from music) than to these preludes, or preliminary essays, and should be reserved for what relates to the mechanism of versification.

I content myself then with an observation or two, from Plutarch, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus;—from the latter of whom almost every thing advanced by the moderns on the structure of language is derived—and from

* Observations on the Correspondence between Poetry and Music, by Daniel Webb, Esq.

† How the best prose-writers, Xenophon, Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, and Demosthenes, Homerized and Pindarized, as it were, not only by adopting some of the sublimest sentiments and figures of Homer and Pindar, but by intermingling in prose those great poets' numbers, see an Essay on the Composition and Manner of Writing of the Ancients, particularly Plato, by the late James Geddes, Esq. advocate, who has discussed this curious subject much at large.

the present Lord Stanhope, to whom the public are so much indebted for the stereotype press, and the art of tuning musical instruments.

Dionysius remarks, "that our ears are delighted, first, with modulation, *or melody*, then with numbers, *or metres*, next with mutations, *or changes*; but above all, with what is becoming, *adapted to each movement or passion*. And that I speak truth, I will produce Experience herself as witness, whose authority it is not possible to destroy, consenting as she does to our common *natural* feelings." He then proceeds to illustrate his remark by music, which he calls the science of civil discourse, meaning to distinguish it from mere singing and playing on an instrument, and to comprehend those its other excellencies, which render it serviceable in civil life, as in history, oratory, moral treatises, and in compositions as well in verse as prose.

Accordingly, the *ancient* music of the Greeks (the reader must consider Plutarch as speaking, for I shall borrow his words,* music having greatly degenerated in his time), the *ancient* music was rendered subservient to the purposes of "moral education," and "religious duty," to the aims of literature, and the "services of the commonwealth." And Plutarch names it "heaven-born music," "musical learning," "musical education," in opposition to what he calls "the musical tatling, mere sound without substance," that was brought into the theatres in his time.

With respect to what Dionysius calls changes, those include the *varying of the movements, and discords*, not, however, what he calls a jarring out of place, which grate upon the ear, but those seasonable changes, which, by introducing variety, keep the ear from growing tired, and, by aptly interrupting the melody, render the harmony more complete.

All these have their correspondencies in poetry, but I shall only notice discords.

Lord Stanhope observes, "there are various classes of discords: some of them are offensive, others are not; some are characteristic, some of them are not so. How to limit the extent of these discordances, and how to distribute the non-offensive discords in such a manner, that the various keys, instead of being injured, shall on the contrary be improved, &c. He then proceeds to observe, "that by the scheme of tuning instruments, by an *equal temperament*, not only every third is sharp, but is equally sharp; every fourth is sharp, and is also equally sharp; and every quint is flat, and is equally flat. Therefore not only every major key is rendered imperfect, but is rendered similarly and equally imperfect. This, of course, destroys the *difference of character* which ought to exist in a well-tuned instrument between the different major keys; and the minor keys are liable to the same defect, for a similar reason. Thus it is, that dull monotony is substituted for pleasing and orderly variety. And modulation from key to key, loses in great measure the very object of modulation, which is to relieve the ear, and to cause us to return to the original key with an increased pleasure; which arises from the systematic variety of the different keys, through which we have successively passed."

Of his own method of tuning, which he calls the UNEQUAL TEMPERAMENT, he continues to observe, "every key in my TEMPERAMENT is made pleasing, and fit for transposition and modulation, and has also a peculiar character which belongs to it. Some keys are fitted for cheerful music, some for grave, some for martial, some for pastoral, some for soft or melodious pieces, and some for those that are solemn, plaintive, or majestic. How is it possible that the same key, or twelve keys of exactly the same character, should be capable of giving to compositions of directly opposite characters, that effect which is best suited to each composition respectively?"*

Observations very similar would apply to the equal and unequal temperament in poetry; and true poetry studies to fit her keys to her different

* In his Treatise on Music, in his Morals.

* See Principles of the Science of Tuning Instruments with Fixed Tones, by Charles Earl Stanhope.

intentions, characters, and passions. The same key will not do for all subjects. Sorrow should sigh, pity should melt, terror should start, and love should languish, in modulations characteristic and distinct.

Discords (I am speaking of those that are seasonable) have their analogies in poetry. Melody is sweet, and rhythm is agreeable: but too much sweetness cloys, and too uniform a regularity may be prolonged to a monotonous length.

The same cæsuras wherever placed, the same pauses always returning, the same divisions, and the same endings, create satiety. We might be overpowered by vowels, as by the parading round of a drum; softened by liquids, till like snow we melted away; stiffened almost to stone, by rough unwieldy consonants: and by too perpetual a melody, and too regular a rhythm invariably the same, we might be lulled to sleep, as well as by the babbling of a brook, the thumping of a mill, or the boiling of a tea-kettle. Nature then calls for discords.

And poetry can produce her discords. Prosody has her regular pauses, her well-balanced metres, which poetry often dares to transgress. Poetry employs what are called figures of speech, ellipses, redundances, hyperboles, prosopopœias, discords, but *concordantia discordantia*. With these all true poetry abounds. Examples of them it is not necessary to produce in this place. He who writes from the true impulse, finds them out, and feels them; and he who reads with a true instinct, feels where they are not, and falls asleep.

A few words on the mutual services which those pleasing arts can render each other, shall close this subject.

Poetry then can give to music sentiment and passion; music to poetry, sound and melody. This was more obviously the case, where poetry and music united their operations, and the musician and poet were the same man. But where this union is in some measure dissolved, there the services are not so distinctly seen; and, in England, the poetry, which cannot support itself without the assistance of music, we may assure ourselves will not stand long.

Yet few, I think, can help feeling, that there exist certain tendencies, kindred qualities, in the sublime sentiments and enchanting airs of Shakspeare and Milton, with which the musical accompaniments of Handel accord. The combination, too, of poetical and musical power, where there is any due proportion of execution, seldom fails, upon an ear that is correct, and duly attentive, to produce correspondent feelings; and by some of Handel's principal oratorios, where the musical operations are awakened, as it were, by the poetical ideas and language, and proportioned to them, Whose ears have not been ravished, Whose souls not overpowered?

But, though often, this is not always the case. Handel was not always Handel. How far his science, in the sense already laid down, went; to what extent he aimed to apply it; or how far he believed it—I am not qualified to say: but critics have observed, that his more ordinary oratorios possess few of those combining, associating properties, so generally admired in his Messiah, Samson, Acis and Galatea, Judas Maccabæus, and Alexander's Feast.

Here lay the difference. In the latter case, Handel had excellent words, and to these he adapted his own excellent music: in the former, he might have excellent music, but he had not excellent, appropriate words. The truth is, Handel being the father of the oratorio in this country, acted towards it with a degree of paternal authority; and having triumphed over the public ear, he, like the conqueror of a country, imposed a tax on its credulity. Contrary to the true discipline, the tactics of harmony, he was for making his sounds take the precedency of sense. He procured verses (for he got them cheap) instead of poetry; and when one of his versifiers presumed to remonstrate, that the music did not accord with the ideas, he exclaimed, "What! you teach me music! The music is good music; d—— your words. Here (continued he, thrumming his harpsichord) are my ideas, go and make words to them." A critic on the poetry of *the occasional* oratorio of

Handel observes, "It is a composition more unfit to be set to music, than a birth-day ode, more unfit to be sung than Hopkins and Sternhold."

Accordingly, as Addison pointed out the defects of our opera, Dr. Brown, an ingenious writer, more than once alluded to in this work, has hinted at some in the constitution of the oratorio. But I meddle not with these niceties.* The oratorio has been introduced here, merely as being the most powerful example of the union of music and poetry, which has been exhibited in this country.

A modern writer, whose theory, in his Analysis of the Principles of Taste,† is founded on Hartley's doctrine of vibrations and associations, and who possesses great skill of illustration, altogether denies, that the harmony of versification depends on musical composition, or, that the principles of poetical and musical melody are the same. And, indeed, I must remind the reader, that this chapter sets out rather with the language of scepticism, than dogmatism, (without having that book in my mind, though I had perused it); and I repeat, that the resemblance between poetry and music is rather in analogy than in actual, sensible resemblance. For, as Mr. Knight maintains, and I think justly, the modulations of music, so far as they are mere sounds, affect the sense only; those of poetry are intellectual. It must be further observed, that a person may have an ear for music, yet not for poetry, and *vice versa*,‡ which could happen in no instance if the principles of melody were the same in both.

But, giving all due weight to that theory, it does not materially affect what has been advanced in this chapter; for, though the modulations, and proportions of mere sounds, address the sense only, yet a complete composition is to be judged of, and to be conceived, and brought forth, by intellect, no less than poetry.—And, should the relation of the two arts, by the above theory, be a little weakened, there will still remain enough of sisterhood, to justify that use, which has been made of it in all ages of the world, and which will therefore answer every purpose of analogical reasoning and regular practice.

On the PITHING *of* ANIMALS, *or* KILLING THEM, *by dividing the* SPINAL MARROW. *Proved to be more painful than the ordinary Method.*

[From "Wakefield's Ireland."]

It cannot but be peculiarly acceptable to every humane mind to peruse the enquiries of scientific and skilful men, into a subject so important as that which is connected with the destruction of life. We feel therefore great pleasure in making our readers acquainted with the following particulars.

THE motive which has induced the insertion of the following remarks, will, I flatter myself, plead for their length, and for the situation in which they are placed. Lord Somerville, I am sure, from the most benevolent motives, has recommended the killing of cattle by a particular method. It, however, turns out, that that manner is by far the most painful to the animal. This fact I heard detailed by Mr. Everard Home, in one

* See a pamphlet, entitled "An Examination of the Oratorios which have been performed this season, 1788." This examination is grounded on the observations of Dr. Brown.

† An Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste, Part I. chap. iv. 15, and Part II. chap. i. 15, 16, to the end. By Richard Payne Knight.

‡ I suspect in some instances, however, where those who have a poetical ear, have insisted that they have none for music, there is a little affectation. Often it arises from a listless and determined inattention; for a judicious friend observed, with whom I was conversing on this subject, a person, who hears a piece of music, in which different instruments are employed, may listen so attentively to one, as not to hear the other. And, in like manner, a person may be so entirely absorbed by the higher intellectual method of poetry, the music of the soul, as to have no feelings for music, and to be entirely above mere musical melody, the music of sense.

of his lectures on comparative anatomy; and on applying to that gentleman for an accurate account of the statement, he referred me to the *Shropshire Report, by the Rev Joseph Plymley*, p. 243

"I had long wished to see the method of killing cattle, by dividing the spinal marrow, come into common use, as it seemed probable the suffering of the animal was generally prevented thereby. The method was introduced at Mr. Mellish's slaughtering-houses, by the laudable perseverance of Lord Somerville, and other members of the Board of Agriculture, and Mr. Mellish found the flesh of the beasts so killed, equally good, if not better, than the flesh of those slaughtered in the usual way. And as the operation is performed quietly, and without alarm to the animal, all bruises are avoided, and such are not very uncommon in forcing them into a proper position to receive the stroke when they are to be knocked down. A butcher at Wisbeach, practised this mode several years ago, from the representations made to him by Capt. Clarkson, of the Navy, who had seen them so slaughtered for the use of our fleet when at Jamaica. After this person's death, Mr. Smith, a butcher of the same place, adopted the same method, and in the year 1796, I procured, by favour of Mr. Clarkson (whose name accords so well with any question of humanity) the following account, which he had from Mr. Smith—' Mr. Smith informed me, that he kills all his bullocks by striking them in the spinal marrow. If a line were drawn from ear-root to ear-root (at about an inch an half distance from the horns), and the centre of this line were found, this centre would be the place where the knife should enter. The knife is not in the form of a dagger, nor is it thrust in with any force. It is rather larger than a common penknife, but the blade is permanently fixed to the handle. The handle is taken into the hand, and the forefinger goes down it towards the point, merely to direct it. The person using the knife takes hold of one ear of the beast with his left hand, and with the right he strikes it with the knife. In the same instant the bullock drops, and is out of sensation of any pain. He informs me, that it is not once in a thousand times that any person misses the right place; perhaps, an apprentice may at the beginning, but the rule is so certain, that it may be said hardly ever to fail, and if it should fail, the knife is at any rate so near the proper place, that by the least alteration of the position (without even taking it out) it finds its way. In this case there would hardly be the pain of two seconds. I was obliged to leave Wisbeach before the killing day, or I would have seen this method practised. I talked to Smith's apprentice, who assured me, that he had no difficulty in finding the proper spot, and that the beast drops instantly. Though Smith kills in this manner, no other butcher in Wisbeach follows the example. He says, however, that the practice obtains pretty universally on the Lincolnshire bank of the Humber, as at Barton, and several other places. Calves, sheep, pigs, &c. are killed by Smith in the same manner. I saw three sheep that had been skinned, and were hanging up in his shop, which had been killed by his apprentice in this way. He shewed me the small hole on the back of the head, or neck, which the knife had made.'

"Plausible, however, as these experiments are. I believe now, that they proceeded upon a mistaken principle, or rather, that the operation did not accord with the principle, so far as tenderness towards the animal is concerned; for though a beast is managed completely by this mode, it is not so certain that his sense of feeling is destroyed. The contrary, indeed, seems proved, by the meritorious pains taken by Mr. Du Gard, of the Shrewsbury Infirmary, who has shewn, in the following communication, that though the spinal marrow was divided, the nerves that supplied the organs of respiration and most of the senses, were uninjured. Mr. Du Gard's experiments were communicated to Mr. Everard Home, of London, and by him through Sir Joseph Banks, to the Board. Mr. Home afterwards sent Lord Carrington the valuable paper that follows Mr. Du Gard's, in which he has suggested a mode of performing the operation,

which would answer completely, could we be sure of having operators sufficiently skilful. We may the less regret the difficulty in getting new modes established, when we thus see the superiority of an old custom under very improbable circumstances; and if well-meant reformers wanted any additional motives to care and circumspection, a very forcible one is furnished in the instance of the time and trouble taken to introduce this operation, and which, as it has been hitherto practised, is the very reverse of what was intended.

"*Observations and Experiments on Pithing Cattle, by Thomas Du Gard.* The subject of slaughtering cattle by puncturing the medulla spinalis, with a view of superseding the method generally practised in England, has lately engaged the attention of the Agricultural Board, and been strongly recommended by them.

"It is, I believe, universal in Portugal and other parts of the Continent, as well as in some of our West India islands, but is only of late introduction into this country.

"Pain and action are so generally joined, that we measure the degree of pain by the loudness of the cries, and violence of the consequent exertion; and therefore conclude, on seeing two animals killed, that the one which makes scarcely a struggle, though it may continue to breathe, suffers less than that which is more violently convulsed, and struggles till life is exhausted.

"It appears, however, that there may be acute pain without exertion, perhaps, as certainly as there is action without pain: even distortions, that at the first glance would seem to proceed from pain, are not always really accompanied with sensation.

"To constitute pain, there must be a communication between the injured organ and the brain.

"The heart of a viper pulsates after being taken out of the body; and that pulsation is increased if it is goaded with a pin. Limbs suddenly separated from the human body, sometimes start and twitch for a few moments. The viper cannot be said to feel pain on its heart being pricked with a pin; nor would any man, who saw his own finger contract from electricity, or heat, after it was cut off, fancy it suffered pain. The pain, in both instances, is in the part only from whence the separation took place.

"Perception, and the power of exertion, are derived from the brain in the skull and back-bone. That part which lies in the skull seems principally to supply our senses and appetites with nervous energy; and that part which lies in the spine, and is called marrow, is more particularly appropriated to the action of the large loco-motive muscles.

"An injury to the skull, not sufficient immediately to take away life, often leaves the patient with the power of moving his limbs, though without any feeling or perception, lying in a profound apoplectic sleep.

"On the contrary, an injury to the spine leaves the power of perception perfect, though the limbs are immovable; but as life depends more on the functions of the brain, and of the lungs, than on the spinal marrow and its dependent loco-motive muscles, the animal feels and lives longer on its sustaining a given injury in the spinal marrow, than on a fracture or concussion of the head.*

* That perception may remain in the head, and respiration be continued after the division of the medulla spinalis, will be evident to any one who consults the anatomy of those parts.

In the human subject, the par vagum, or eighth pair of nerves, arises from the corpora olivaria of the medulla oblongata, and passes out of the cranium through the foramena lacera into the neck, thorax, and abdomen, sending off branches to the tongue, larynx, pharynx, lungs, and abdominal viscera.

Cuvier, in his *Leçons d' Anatomie comparé*, after stating the course of this nerve in the human subject, observes also,

"Dans les mammiféres.

"Cette distribution du nerf vague étoit a peu prés la même dans quatre ou cinq especes demammiféres sur lesquèls nous avons fait des recherches à cet égard. Les *veau* seul nous a offert une particularité que nous avons indiquée à l' article du nerf facial; mais les anatomoses avec

"J. B. fell in the summer of 1801, from a load of hay; he was bled, and brought to the infirmary at Shrewsbury, which, being my residence, gave me hourly opportunities of examining him; *he complained of great pain in the upper and back part of his neck,* but of none lower down: he had not the power of using the least motion with any of his limbs. His arms, body, and legs, were all quite insensible to any pain, or feeling from pricking, or pinching, and therefore all sensation below the injured part of the spine, was destroyed. In this state he languished a week, being apparently in full possession of the feelings and faculties of his mind, and of his senses of hearing, sight, smell, and taste. He took food for two or three days, though the power of retaining, or protruding his evacuations, was lost. On examining the neck after death, the second cervical vertebra was found fractured.

"On reflecting on this case, it occurred to me, that a *dumb* animal, if reduced to the state of this poor man, would not have the power of expressing the pain it endured, for J. B. had great pain *above* the injured part, though all power of moving, as well as feeling, was destroyed below; and in the brute creation we judge of pain by the muscular efforts of the animal. I, therefore, by means of a dagger, punctured the spinal marrow of a cow according to the new method of slaughtering, and having divided it as much as possible after she fell, reduced her to the same state as the poor man whose case I have related. The animal breathed with freedom, and perception in the head continued, as was evinced by the eyelids closing on the approach of my hand, till the butcher struck a blow near the horns, when her breathing ceased, and the eye became fixed with immediate death.

"In all the experiments I have hitherto tried, the animal has suddenly dropped, and has been slightly convulsed, but has not died immediately. In sheep, after puncturing the medulla spinalis in the new way, I have seen their eyes close and open, on the approach and withdrawing of my hand, for twenty times successively, and the pupil as much contracted as in health, till I was anxious to terminate their misery by having the blood vessels of the throat divided. From the loss of blood their eyes have then soon become dilated and insensible.

"In the old method of slaughtering, a concussion of the brain takes place, and therefore the *power of feeling* is destroyed. The animal drops, and although convulsions take place generally longer and more violent, than when the spinal marrow is divided, yet there is, I think, reason to believe that the animal suffers less pain.

"The *immediate* consequence of the blow is the dilatation of the pupil eye, without any expression of consciousness or fear on the approach of the hand.

"In this state of insensibility, which in man would be called apoplexy, or extreme stupor, the blood is always drawn off by the butcher cutting the throat, and the animal dies without the least sign of feeling or uneasy faintness.

"In severe epilepsy the brain suffers a temporary suspension of power, in many respects very similar to the concussion of the brain from a blow, only that the convulsions and expressions of pain seem greater; yet the patients uniformly agree, that they do not recollect any pain; the reason is obvious, the disease is a suspension of the power of feeling.

"From all these circumstances, I conclude that the new method of slaughtering cattle is more painful than the old. The puncture of the medulla spinalis does not destroy feeling, though it renders the body quiescent, and in this state the animal both endures pain at the punctured part, and suffers, as it were, a second death, from the pain and faintness from loss of blood in cutting the

le grand sympathique les nerfs récurrens, les plexus cardiaque et pulmonaire ne nous ont présênte de difference que dans le nombre des filets, ce que peut dépendre de l'addresse du professeur. * des espéces que nous avons desséquées sont le *chien*, le *raton*, le *cochon*, le porc-epic."

I have examined the head and neck of a sheep killed by the puncture, and found the par vagum uninjured.

throat, which is practised in both methods."

Copy of a Letter from Everard Home, Esq. to Lord Carrington.

"My Lord,

"I had the honour of presenting to your lordship, through Sir Joseph Banks, some experiments and observations made by a surgeon at Shrewsbury, to shew that the mode adopted in this country of killing animals by wounding the spinal marrow, is less humane than the more common one of knocking them down.

"I have, at your lordship's request, repeated these experiments, and find the results agree with those of the author of the paper, in every respect; but the want of success appears to arise entirely from the operation having been performed in a very imperfect manner.

"On Thursday the 15th of July, 1802, the following experiment was made at Mr. Giblet's, in Bond-street. A very fine ox was pithed, as it is termed, by Benjamin Bartholomew, who has performed this operation more than twenty different times, and is considered to be very expert in the mode of doing it. I begged that he would take some pains, so as to do it in the most effectual manner.

"The instrument he used, was in the shape of a bricklayer's trowel, made sharp at the point, and having a guard at the shoulder, to prevent the blade from being buried in the neck.

"He plunged it, with great dexterity, into the canal containing the spinal marrow, and the animal instantly dropped, but the breathing continued, the motions of the eye and eye-lids were perfect, and the whole face lost no part of its animation.

"This being ascertained by observation for ten minutes, and the animal not being sufficiently quiet to admit of the throat being cut, it was knocked on the head, and every appearance of animation in the countenance immediately ceased, and the breathing stopped.

"The spinal marrow was afterwards examined; it was found completely divided, but too low in the neck, the wound having been made one inch and a half below the origin of the nerves that supply the diaphragm.

"That a division of this part of the spinal marrow does not deprive an animal of life, has been known to anatomists for many years; and the causes of its failure cannot be better explained, than by extracting an account of some experiments made by Mr. Cruikshank, in the year 1776, at which I was present, and gave my assistance. They are published in the 65th volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

Experiment VI. *April* 19, 1776.—I divided the spinal marrow of a dog, between the last vertebra of the neck and first of the back. The muscles of the trunk of the body, but particularly those of the hind legs, appeared instantly relaxed: the legs continued supple, like those of an animal killed by electricity. The heart, on performing the operation, ceased for a stroke or two, then went on slow and full, and in about a quarter of an hour after, the pulse was 160 in a minute. Respiration was performed by means of the diaphragm only, which acted very strongly for some hours. The operation was performed about a quarter of an hour before twelve at noon; about four in the afternoon, the pulse was 90 only in a minute, and the heat of the body exceedingly abated, the diaphragm acting strongly, but irregularly. About seven in the evening the pulse was not above 20 in a minute, the diaphragm acting strongly, but in repeated jerks. Between twelve at night and one in the morning the dog was still alive: respiration was very slow, but the diaphragm still acted with considerable force. Early in the morning he was found dead.—This operation I performed from the suggestion of Mr. Hunter. He had observed in the human subject, that when the neck was broke at the lower part (in which cases the spinal marrow is torn through), the patient lived some days, breathing by the diaphragm. This experiment shewed that dividing the spinal marrow at this place, on the neck, if below the origin of the phrenic nerves, would not, for many hours after, destroy the animal; it was preparatory to the following experiment.

"*Experiment* VII. *April* 26.—I divided the par vagum, and intercostal nerves, on both sides, in a dog. Soon after, I performed on the same animal the operation of the last experiment, and the same symptoms took place. His respirations were five in a minute, and more regular than in Experiment III; the pulse beat 80 in a minute. Five minutes after, I found the pulse 120 in a minute, respiration unaltered; at the end of ten minutes, the pulse had again sunk to 80 in a minute, respiration as before; at the end of fifteen minutes, the pulse was again 120, respiration not altered. The operation was performed about two in the afternoon, at Mr. Hunter's, in Jermyn-street. At three quarters of an hour after five, the respirations were increased to fifteen in a minute; the pulse beating 80 in the same time, and very regularly; the breathing seemed so free, that he had the appearance of a dog asleep. At a quarter before eight, the pulse beat 80, respirations being ten in a minute. At three quarters of an hour after ten, respiration was eight in a minute, the pulse beating 60. The animal heat was exceedingly abated: I applied heat to the chest, he breathed stronger and raised his head a little, as if awaking from sleep. At half after twelve Mr. Hunter saw him; the breathing was strong, and twelve in a minute, the heart beating 48 in the same time, slow, but not feeble. He shut his eye-lids when they were touched; shut his mouth on its being opened; he raised his head a little, but as he had not the use of the muscles which fix the chest, he did it with a jerk. Mr. Hunter saw him again between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning; his respirations were then five in a minute, the heart beating exceedingly slow and weak. We suppose he died about six in the morning, having survived the operation sixteen hours. This experiment I made from the suggestion of Mr. Hunter, with a view to obviate the objections raised against the reasoning drawn from the three first experiments. It was urged, that though by these experiments I had deprived the thoracic and abdominal viscera of their ordinary connection with the brain, yet as the intercostals communicated with all the spinal nerves, some influence might be derived from the brain in this way. This experiment removed also the spinal nerves, and consequently this objection.

"As I found by the two last experiments, that dividing the spinal marrow in the lower part of the necks, did not immediately kill, although instant death was universally known to be the consequence of dividing it in the upper part of the neck, I expressed my surprise to Mr. Hunter, that the spinal marrow should, according to modern theory, be so irritable in the one place, and so much less so in the other.

"He told me, that from the time he first observed that men who had the spinal marrow destroyed in the lower part of the neck, lived some days after it, he had established an opinion, that animals who had the spinal marrow wounded in the upper part of the neck, did not die from the mere wound, but that in dividing it so high, we destroyed all the nerves of the muscles of respiration, and reduced the animal to the state of one hanged; whereas, in dividing it lower, we still left the phrenic nerves, and allowed the animal to breathe by his diaphragm. If this opinion be well founded, though dividing the spinal marrow in the lower part of the neck does not kill instantly, whilst the phrenic nerves are untouched; yet, if I divide the phrenic nerves first, and then divide the spinal marrow in the lower part of the neck, the consequence, I said, will be the same as if I had divided it in the upper part.

"*Experiment* VIII.—By detaching the scapulæ of a dog from the spine and partly from the ribs, I got at the axillary plexus of nerves on both sides from behind. I separated the arteries and veins from the nerves, and passed a ligature under the nerves, close to the spine. I thought I could discern the phrenic nerves, and instantly divided two considerable nerves going off from each plexus. The action of the diaphragm seemed to cease, and the abdominal muscles became fixed, as if they had been arrested in expiration, the belly appearing contracted. His respirations were now about twenty-five in a minute, the pulse beating a hundred

and twenty. As I was not willing to trust the experiment to the possibility of having divided only one of the phrenics (which I afterwards found was really the case), and some different nerve instead of the other, after carefully attending to the present symptoms, I divided all the nerves of the axillary, of each side. The ribs were now more elevated in respiration than before; respirations were increased to forty in a minute, the pulse still beating a hundred and twenty in the same time. Finding that respiration went on very easily without the diaphragm, in about a quarter of an hour after dividing the axillary plexus of each side, I divided the spinal marrow, as in Experiment VI. The whole animal took the alarm; all the flexor muscles of the body seemed to contract, and instantly to relax again: he died as suddenly as if the spinal marrow had been divided in the upper part of the neck.

"Having explained the causes of failure in the present mode of pithing animals, it becomes necessary to state, that when the operation is properly performed, its success is complete. Of this I will mention the following instances:—

"A small horse was killed in this manner, that a cast might be made of its muscles in their natural state of action. The animal was allowed to stand upon a pedestal, and the operation was performed by Mr. Hunter, with a large awl; the breathing ceased instantaneously, and the animal was so completely dead, as to be supported by the assistants, without making the slightest struggle, and was fixed in the position in which he stood, without ever coming to the ground.*

"A dog was killed so instantaneously in the same way, by Mr. Hunter, that Mr. Cliff, the conservator of the Hunterian museum, who held the legs, and did not see the awl introduced, was waiting till the animal should struggle, and had no knowledge of any thing having been done, till he was told to let go, and was surprised to find that the animal was completely dead.

"In these operations the instrument was small, and directed by the skill of an anatomist upwards into the cavity of the skull, so as to divide the medullary substance above the origin of the nerves which supply the diaphragm.

"By adopting this method of performing the operation of pithing cattle, it will be attended with the same success."

* The cast of this horse has a place in the Hunterian museum.

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.—(No. XI.)

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
"The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
"Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY.

MANDAR (T.), *Vice-President of the Temple Section.*

PRUDHOMME, speaking of this Mandar mentions some circumstances worthy of being recorded in history. On the 3d of Sept. 1792, the second day of the massacre in the prisons, Mandar went about six in the evening to the house of Danton, then minister of justice. All the ministers, except Roland, were there, with the president, Lacroix, and the secretaries of the legislature, Petion, mayor of Paris, Robespierre, Desmoulins, Fabre d'Eglantine, Manuel, several members of the commune, called that of August the 10th, and the presidents and commissioners of the 48 sections, drawn together in consequence of the progress made by the Prussian army and the massacres then committed in Paris. At half-past seven they met in a large hall, and in order to shorten matters, the presidentship was conferred on Danton without having recourse to ballot. A debate ensued on the mode of driving back the king of Prussia and saving Paris; Verdun was just taken; Servan, the war-minister, came, but apparently overwhelmed with anxiety; and Danton alone displayed presence

of mind and firmness. 'If,' says Prudhomme, 'great and extreme measures were then resorted to, they were prompted by the revolutionary genius of Danton.' In the mean time the work of slaughter was going on at the Abbaye, at La Force, at Carmes, at St. Firmin; and at Bicêtre. Mandar ventured to interrupt the debate, and said to Danton, 'Are all measures taken for safety without?' 'Yes. 'Let us then immediately think of the interior;' and raising his voice, he proposed to call together immediately all the armed force, suggested that all the citizens present should form into as many bodies as there were prisons, in which massacres were going on, and should contrive by the ascendant of eloquence and reason, or by means of authority added to force, to put an immediate stop to the torrent of blood, 'which would,' he answered, 'for ever pollute the French name.' This proposal was attentively heard; but the yet doubtful issue of the important steps which had just been resolved on, prevented all the citizens from taking an equal part in it; and Danton, looking coolly at him, said, 'Sit down; it could not be helped!' Mandar, full of his notion, withdrew into another apartment, took Petion and Robespierre aside, and made this second proposal to them: 'Robespierre, do you remember that on the 17th of August you came to the bar of the legislature, and in the name of the commune, and under pain of insurrection you required the organisation of a tribunal to judge those who were accused in the affair of the 10th?'— 'Yes' 'You have not forgotten that Thuriot set the proposal aside because it was accompanied by a threat?' 'I remember it,' said Robespierre; 'you came to the bar. Thuriot was interrupted, you delivered a vehement harangue, and obtained the establishment of the tribunal which I had proposed.' 'Well, then,' replied Mandar, 'you can judge of my oratorical powers.'— 'Yes; but to the point.'—'Well; if Petion and you are of my opinion, we will be beforehand with Lacroix and the secretaries of the assembly: if you consent to accompany me, tomorrow, to the bar of the assembly, I will undertake to propose imitating the Romans at those critical periods when the country was in danger, and to put a stop at once to these dreadful massacres. I will propose the creation of a dictator: I will explain my motives, my voice shall echo like thunder; yes, to put an end to these murders, I will have the hardihood to propose a dictator: his power shall be but for twenty-four hours, and shall be capable of being exerted only against guilt: the dictatorship will stop the tide of blood, the massacres will cease, they will instantly cease.' 'Beware of proposing it,' said Robespierre, 'Brissot would be the dictator!' 'Oh, Maximilian!' answered Mandar, 'you do not fear the dictatorship; you do not love your country; but you hate Brissot.' Petion uttered not one word during the whole of this conversation.

Mandar is the author of the following works:—Travels in Switzerland, by William Coxe, 1790; on the Sovereignty of the People and the Excellence of a Free State, by Marchmont Needham, 1791; Voyage to the Hottentot Country, by William Patterson, 1791; Journey to and return from India over Land, by Thomas Howel, all translated from the English: on Insurrections, 1793; the Genius of Ages, a poem in prose, 1795; Address to the King of Great Britain on the urgent Necessity of a speedy Peace between the French Republic and his Britannic Majesty, 1797: this work has gone through three editions. History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, abridged from Gibbon's great work; Gallery of allegoric and historic Pictures of the Woes and Calamities of France, from the month of May, 1789, to the 18th Brumaire, 1799, with this motto, *Strepete gentes!* The City of Sages, or a Journey to Sophopolis; Moral and Literary Companion, extracts from the most eloquent moral philosophers, for the use of young persons and preceptors.— Mandar assisted also in translating the Historical and Geographical Description of Hindostan, and of the Course of the Ganges and Burampooter, by Major James Rennell, to which he has added notes.

FOUQUIER TINVILLE (A. Q.)

SON of a farmer at Héronelle in Artois. He was at first an attorney at the Châtelet, but he dissipated his property, lost his place, and became a bankrupt. He was afterwards employed as a clerk in the police office. In 1793 he was appointed head juryman of the revolutionary tribunal; his sanguinary expressions, and his invectives against the indulgence of his colleagues, drew on him the attention of Robespierre, who judged him worthy to act the part of public accuser to the tribunal, and he fully answered the expectations of such a patron. He caused Marie Antoinette to be condemned, but when accused some time after the fall of the Montagne, he endeavoured to vindicate himself by criminating Robespierre; but the tribunal of Paris condemned him to death on the 6th of May, 1795, for having caused the destruction of an innumerable multitude of French persons of every age and sex, under pretence of conspiracies; for having caused between 60 and 80 individuals to be tried in four hours; for having caused carts, which were ready before hand, to be loaded with victims, whose very names were not mentioned, and against whom no depositions were made; and for having made up a jury of his own adherents. It would be impossible to detail his atrocities, yet some instances will convey an idea of his character. M. de Gamache was brought into court, but the officer declared that he was not the person accused. 'Never mind,' said Fouquier, 'bring him, nevertheless.' A moment after the real Gamache appeared, and both were at once condemned and guillotined. An agent of government one day expressing some apprehensions to Fouquier, he replied, 'Patriot or not, if Robespierre chose it, you would come yourself, and I should make you go up my little steps; when Robespierre has pointed out any one to me, there is no help for it." Sixty or eighty unhappy wretches, who had never seen or known each other, were often confounded in the same accusation, and when Fouquier wished to dispatch them in the mass, he merely said to the jurymen, 'I think, citizens, that you are convinced of the guilt of the accused.' When this remark was made, the jurymen declared their consciences sufficiently enlightened, and condemned all the accused in the gross, without hearing one of them. He was accustomed to frequent a coffee-house in the palace of Justice, where the judges and jurymen of his tribunal met. There they reckoned the number of heads which had fallen in the course of the decade. 'What do you think I have gained to day for the republic?' Some of the guests to pay court to him, would answer, 'So many millions,' and he immediately added, 'In the next decade I shall undress three or four hundred.' meaning guillotine. A considerable number of victims were one day met in their way to the tribunal by Fouquier, who had not been present at their trial, he asked the jurymen on what crime they had been pronouncing sentence? 'They did not know,' they said, 'but he might run after the condemned persons and inquire;' upon which they all began to laugh, saying, 'It is so much got at least.' Even the fate of Robespierre could not slacken his sanguinary zeal. On the 27th of July, 1794, he condemned forty-two persons, whom he caused to be executed, and some one having represented to him that the seizure of Robespierre ought to cause some change, he answered, 'Never mind, justice must take its course.' After the victory of the 9th he had the assurance to go and congratulate the convention on the fall of the tyrants, and he succeeded in obtaining his own continuance in his office, but the public voice exclaimed against him, and he was arrested on the 4th of August, and tried on the 8th of December following. From that time till his execution four months more elapsed, during which various dilatory steps were taken in his favour, till at last the convention decreed, on the 18th of April, 1795, that the revolutionary tribunal should continue sitting till a definitive sentence had been passed on him: he then defended himself with presence of mind, and attributed all the executions which he had ordered to the committees and laws which enjoined this mode of conduct.—When led to execution he answered

the populace, who greeted him with hisses, by the most sinister predictions, and was executed last.

Thus speaks Mercier of him:—"Fouquier Tinville, formerly an attorney at the Chatelet, excessively artful, quick in attributing guilt, and skilled in controverting facts, shewed immoveable presence of mind on his trial. While standing before the tribunal, from which he had condemned so many victims, he kept constantly writing; but, like Argus, all eyes and ears, he lost not, while he wrote, one single word uttered by the president, by an accused person, by a judge, by a witness, or by a public accuser. He affected to sleep during the public accuser's recapitulation, as if to feign tranquillity, while he had hell in his heart. No eye but must involuntarily fall before his steadfast gaze, when he prepared to speak he frowned, and his brow was furrowed; his voice was loud, rough, and menacing: he carried audacity to the utmost in his denial, and shewed equal address in altering facts and rendering them independent of each other, and especially in judiciously placing his alibis. With a firm voice he denied his signature, and trembled not before the accusing witness. When led to execution, his forehead, hard as marble, defied all the eyes of the multitude; he was even seen to smile and utter threatening words. At the foot of the scaffold he seemed for the first time to feel remorse, and trembled as he ascended it He had a round head, black straight hair, a narrow and wan forehead, small round eyes, a full face marked with the small-pox, a look sometimes fixed, sometimes oblique, a middling stature, and thick legs. In 1803 the Abbé Aubert published some bad verses in praise of Louis XVI, which Fouquier, who wanted a place, had sent him for insertion in the Petites Affiches, in 1783."

THE GLEANER.

Vyshney Voloshok

IS a place of considerable importance, remarkable for the extensive canals on which the great inland navigation of Russia is carried on. A junction has been formed between the Tvertza and the Msta, uniting, by a navigable channel of at least five thousand versts, the Caspian with the Baltic sea. I believe that there is not in the world an example of inland navigation so extensive, obtained by artificial means, and with so little labour; for the Volga is navigable almost to its source; and three versts, at the utmost, is all that has been cut through in forming the canal. The merchandize of Astracan, and other parts of the north of Russia, is brought to this place. Above four thousand vessels pass the canal annually. The town, or village, as it is called, is full of buildings and shops. It is spacious, and wears a stately thriving appearance, forming a striking contrast with the miserable places on this road.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

The celebrated Charles Yorke told Dr. Warburton, that if Blackstone's Commentaries had been published when he began to study the law, it would have saved him the reading of twelve hours in the day. This emphatic declaration may be contrasted with the recent expressions of contempt against this work indulged in by Lord Ellenborough in the House of Lords, when Lord Holland brought forward his motion about *ex officio informations*.

Practical Effect of Religion.

Mr. Clarke, in describing the magnificent ceremony of the resurrection at Moscow, relates the following instance of the operative influence of religion upon morals. "The loud chorus, which burst forth at the entrance to the church, continued as the procession moved towards the throne, and after the archbishop had taken his seat; when my attention was for a moment called off, by seeing one of the Russians earnestly crossing himself with his right hand, while his left was employed in picking my companion's pocket of his handkerchief."

TURKISH BAZARS.

"The Bazars are of great length, commonly about twenty feet in width, lighted from the roof, with recesses on each side, in which the merchandize is displayed. Each recess is a shop, and the handsomest are surmounted with little domes. The shop-keepers sit cross-legged, on platforms, in front of their goods. The platforms serve also for counters. In many of the bazars the shops have small ware-rooms behind. The Greek and Armenian merchants retire to their private houses before sunset; the Turks generally earlier; and the gates are closed before dark.

"The bazars, for the most part, are the property of companies, who let out the shops to merchants. Several belong to the government, and are farmed by individuals and companies.

"The roofs of two or three of the bazars are supported by pillars, the relics of the ancient forum and porticos. In looking along these colonades, I was reminded of the appearance of the long vistas of pillars which Hood and Dawkins have given in their views of Palmyra, and which are, probably, the ruins of her bazars, and not the remains of temples and palaces. The capital of Zenobia owed its magnificence to commerce. Situated at a convenient distance, between the gulph of Persia and the Mediterranean, it was the grand resort of the caravans which conveyed the oriental luxuries to the Roman nations.

"In the midst of the deserts, and under a scorching sun, the inhabitants of Palmyra must have had recourse to artificial shades. Through all these southern and eastern countries, the practice of arranging the shops under sheds, and in bazars, is so universal, that it cannot be doubted to have prevailed in Palmyra.

"Strangers, from the appearance in the bazars, are apt to be as much deceived with respect to the riches of this capital, as with the population. A vast quantity of opened merchandise is at once presented to the eye; for a bazar is a great ware-room, in which the stocks of many appear as the property of one. People, accustomed to the detached shops of London, large and opulent as they are, cannot pass, for the first time, through the bazars of Constantinople without an emotion of surprise; but, when, in subsequent visits, the shops are considered individually, and the probable value of their contents is estimated, with the number of persons apparently interested in them, the stock will be found, comparatively, very small.

"The bazar of the jewellers is one of the places where the erroneous impression of Ottoman wealth, is most likely to be deepest made. On applying for a trinket, the stranger is immediately beset by a crowd, exhibiting their glittering temptations in so many various forms, that the visions of Aladdin seem realising before him. Golden coffee cups, encrusted with diamonds and rubies, a whole spring of flowers made of the same gorgeous gems, and stars sufficient to furnish out another hemishere, are displayed in rapid succession. If none of the patterns please, the Brazils and Golconda seem to shower their unset jewels for selection. But, though all this is much superior to the exhibition of any one shop in London, yet, when it is considered that a single coffee-cup, a star, and a flower, with two or three loose diamonds, constitute the whole stock of the most respectable lapidary, the delusion vanishes, and the stranger is more apt to wonder how so many people can live by the trade, than to admire the multitude of the riches. Constantinople has nothing comparable to the shops of the silversmiths in London.

"The bazar appropriated for the sale of military accoutrements is said to be the richest in the city; and I was told, that the merchants belonging to it have certain special corporate privileges. When any of them die, the fortune of the deceased is given out at interest among the members of the society, until his children are capable of judging for themselves; and the society, as a body, is responsible for the capital, and payment of the interest."

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

SPEECHES *in* PARLIAMENT *of the Right Hon.* WILLIAM WINDHAM; *to which is prefixed, some Account of his Life. By* THOMAS AMYOT, *Esq.* 3 vols. 8vo. 1812.

WE rejoice extremely at the increasing practice of collecting and publishing the principal speeches of our parliamentary and forensic orators. Posterity will thus be enabled to judge in some degree of the nature and extent of those talents which have justly obtained for their possessors the applause of contemporary admiration. The names of a Curran, an Erskine, and a Windham, will be encircled with those irresistible tokens of their greatness by which it may be established in the estimation of all ages. They will no longer be judged by the effect which their eloquence produced on those who heard them, and which, like the excellence of the actor, can be transmitted only in the language of general and distinct applause; but they will be judged in reference to those qualities of mind, of which a substantial evidence is afforded.

Among the great and eminent men whom the present age has produced, none can take a higher stand than he whose loss we have not yet ceased to deplore. In all the requisites of a finished character, as a gentleman, a scholar, a statesman, and a friend, Mr. Windham had no superior and very few equals. His public life was distinguished by a rigid and inflexible independence of conduct. He was of no party, for no party could reckon him among its retainers. Upon every question that came before him he sought only to direct the strong and unerring rays of truth, and by their light, according to his best estimation, his course was invariably directed. He did not present that despicable anomaly of modern times, the man who acts from no abstract conviction of propriety, but from the degrading influence of party feelings. Mr. Windham was nobly superior to this, and though the free current of his mind sometimes wandered into channels where the best affections of his friends could not follow him with delight; yet those friends had always one consolation, that even his errors flowed from a conscientious acknowledgment of what he believed to be the truth.

If there ever existed a man who was incapable of acting from any feeling but that which a sincere desire of truth generated, it was Mr. Windham. He was the man of whom more than any other it might be said,

Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

The present collection of his principal speeches, many of which we regret have been so inadequately preserved, is preceded by an interesting and well written sketch of his life from the pen of Mr. Amyot, who informs us, however, that we may expect a more copious biographical detail from Mr. George Ellis. As it would be impossible to give an abstract of this life with any advantage to our readers in this department of our work, we shall desist from it altogether, reserving to ourselves the opportunity of doing it at some length in some future number, concluding our present account of this valuable and interesting work, by expressing our entire approbation of the manner in which it is executed.

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ELEGY.—*Sacred to the Memory of* DAVID MORTON, M.D. *who died July 18th, 1812, aged 80 Years: most respectfully inscribed to his Daughter,* MRS. MINOT. *By* CLIO RICKMAN.

And when old Time did lead him to his end,
Goodness and He fill'd up one monument.
Shakspeare.

I HAVE no heart for song, that day is o'er,
Broken my lyre, and impotent my strain;
She who inspired me, can inspire no more—
The Muses fled me when I lost my JANE.

Yet can I not resist the elegiac lay,
To him who merits all applause can give;
Whose life of wisdom, and whose well-spent day,
A bright example set how all should live.

I would not pen, for worlds, one venal line,
Nor bind a chaplet round ignoble brows;
Nor barter truth, for all the world calls fine,
Nor pay to aught but sterling worth my vows.

But sterling worth does now demand the song,
Oh could it soar sublime on lofty wing!
To adorn his shrine each grace should come along,
And all the muses MORTON'S praises sing.

His soul, where independence held her seat
Was firm, unwarying, fixt as truth itself;
Above all sophistry, and all deceit,
Above all prejudice, or guile, or pelf.

A steadfast friend to freedom's holy cause,
He recogniz'd alone inherent right;
And influenc'd but by reason's godlike laws,
Abhorr'd all party rage, or tyrant might.

"Slave to no sect, he took no private road,"
Fearless discussion mark'd his bright career;
"Looking thro' nature up to nature's God,"
Above false zeal, or superstitious fear.

The world his country was from pole to pole,
And his religion ceaseless good to do;
Mid factions, wars, and feuds, his candid soul
No national, no local bias knew.

School'd in each classic page of ancient time,
And rich in all the stores of knowledge since;
His daring spirit soar'd with wings sublime,
To elicit truth, and human good evince.

To think aright, the business of his head;
To act aright, the business of his heart;
He follow'd still where'er fair science led,
The better to perform life's useful part.

And useful was that life, as thousands know,
Where physic's healing skill could be employ'd;
Science divine! whence countless blessings flow,
Whence health, the choicest boon of heaven's enjoy'd.

The soul's physician too he was indeed,
While from his lips instruction ever fell;
For few so well could preach, so well could plead,
Counsel so wisely, or advise so well.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"
His conversation still improving ran;
On subjects most abstruse—distinct and clear,
And rich in all the history of man.

Learn'd, wise, engaging, graceful, and polite,
These were his own, but these his smallest praise;
A life of virtue, conduct most upright,
Superior usefulness mark'd all his days.

Accept this humble tribute, hallow'd shade!
From him who fain his fond regard would tell;
In happier days it had been better paid—
The muse is fireless when the heart's unwell.

Oh ye! who mourn with me the loss severe,
While friendship o'er departed greatness sighs,
Mix one firm resolution with each tear;
As far as kindly heaven the power supplies,
To be like MORTON—virtuous, useful, wise.

A Reckoning *with* Time.

[From Colman's "Poetical Vagaries."]

I.

COME on, old Time!—nay, that is stuff;
Gaffer! thou comest on fast enough;—
Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid!—
But, tell me, Sand-Man! ere thy grains
Have multiplied upon my brains,
So thick to make me stupid;—

II.

Tell me, Death's Journeyman!—but, no;
Hear thou my speech;—I will not grow
Irreverent while I try it;
For, though I mock thy flight, 'tis said,
The forelock fills me with such dread,
I—*never take thee by it.*

III.

List, then, old Is-Was-and-To-Be!
I'll state accounts 'twixt thee and me;—
Thou gavest me, first, the measles;
With *teething* wouldst have ta'en me off,
Then, madest me, with the hooping cough,
Thinner than fifty weasles.

IV.

Thou gavest small-pox, (the dragon, now,
That Jenner combats, on a cow;)
And, then, some seeds of knowledge;—
Grains of the grammar, which the flails
Of pedants thresh upon our tails,
To fit us for a college.

V.

And, when at Christ-Church, 'twas thy sport
To rack my brains with sloe-juice port,
And lectures out of number!—
There Fresh-man Folly quaffs, and sings,
While Graduate Dulness clogs thy wings,
With mathematick lumber.

VI.

Thy pinions next,—which, while they wave
Fan all our birth-days to the grave,—
I think ere it was prudent,
Balloon'd me from the schools to town,
Where I was *parachuted* down,
A dapper, Temple student.

VII.

Then much in dramas did I look;
Much slighted thee, and great Lord Coke;
Congreve bent Blackstone hollow;
Shakspeare made all the statutes stale,
And, in *my* crown, no pleas had Hale,
To supersede Apollo.

VIII.

Ah, Time! those raging heats, I find,
Were the mere dog-star of my mind;
How cool is retrospection!
Youth's gaudy summer solstice o'er,
Experience yields a mellow store,
An autumn of reflection!

IX.

Why did I let the god of song
Lure me from law, to join his throng,—
Gull'd by some slight applauses?
What's verse to A when *versus* B?
Or what John Bull, a comedy,
To pleading John's Bull's causes?

X.

Yet, though my childhood felt disease,
Though my lank purse, unswoln by fees,
Some ragged muse has netted,—
Still, honest Chronos! 'tis most true,
To thee (and faith to *others*, too!)
I'm very much indebted.

XI.

For thou hast made me gaily tough;
Inured me to each day that's rough,
In hopes of calm to-morrow;—
And when, old Mower of us all!
Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
Some *few* dear friends will sorrow.

XII.

Then,—though my idle prose, or rhime,
Should, half an hour, out-live me, Time!
Pray bid the stone-engravers,
Where'er my bones find church-yard room,
Simply to chisel on my tomb,—
"Thank Time for all his favours!"

VARIETIES, LITERARY & PHILOSOPHICAL,

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

THE Travels of Professor Lichtenstein, in Southern Africa, during the years 1803, 4, 5, and 6, are nearly ready for publication. They are translating from the German, by Anne Plumptre, and will form one volume in 4to. accompanied by engravings, from drawings taken on the spot.

Mr. Jaques has in the press, A Guide to the Reading and Study of the Holy Scriptures, with an illustrative Supplement; translated from the Latin of Augustus Herman Franck, late Professor of Divinity and the Oriental Languages in the University of Halle; with a Memoir of the Author, critical Notes, and a Notation of Books proper for the Biblical Student. 1 vol. 8vo.

Mr. Thom, the author of Sketches on Political Economy, and History of

Aberdeen, is about to publish The Annals of Pedestrianism, which will contain a complete Account of Capt. Barclay's extraordinary Performances, with many Anecdotes of Sporting Men.

Sir Humphry Davy will publish, early in November, Elements of Agricultural Chemistry, in a Course of Lectures, delivered before the Board of Agriculture; illustrated with Plates, engraved by Lauric.

A work, designed for youth, to be entitled Rose and Emily, or Sketches of Youth, will shortly be published, by the author of the Mental Telescope.

A fifth edition of Davis's Treatise on Land Surveying will speedily appear; to which will be added, a Supplement, containing the Methods by the Plane Table and Theodolite, and Directions for conducting Subterraneous Surveys; the whole re-written and improved with a number of additional diagrams and plates.

Mr. J. Nightingale has announced his intention of publishing A Portraiture of the Church of England, in one large volume, 8vo.

M. Cateau Calleville has published A Description of the Baltic, in which he assures his readers that certain communications to be effected by his sovereign between that sea and the Mediterranean, will render the maritime tyranny of England rather a blessing than an evil.

The literary world will immediately be gratified with the publication of the valuable *Adversaria* of the late Professor Porson. They consist of the notes and emendations on the different Greek poets, which were the fruits of the learning and sagacity of the first scholar of his age. At all periods of his life, Porson was in the habit of noting down his restorations of corrupt passages, and the grounds of his opinion, in the margins of books, and in copy books or loose papers. After his death the whole of these precious remains were purchased of his executors by Trinity College, Cambridge. This society, anxious to satisfy the public curiosity, as well as to consult the fame of their late illustrious member, by the publication of this collection, committed to Professor Monk and Mr. Blomfield the charge of extracting and editing whatever was fit to meet the public eye. These gentlemen have been above two years occupied in this task, and have now completed a volume, containing all that was left by Porson concerning the Greek poets. His observations are digested and arranged by the editors in the mode most convenient to the reader: and an additional value is given to the publication by two copious indexes; one, of the authors emended or illustrated; the other, of the subjects treated. The volume is not a large one, but the matter contained it, if expanded in the ordinary mode adopted by Casaubon, Bentley, Dawes, Valckenaer, Ruhnken, &c. in their miscellaneous works and *Epistolæ Criticæ*, would fill many volumes. In the corrections of the fragments in *Athenæus*, Porson has given specimens of his critical acuteness, aided by his astonishing memory and learning, that exceed all belief; and a greater number of these interesting remains of the Greek stage, are in this publication restored to their original purity, than has been effected by the whole host of critical scholars that the last two centuries have produced.—This book is beautifully printed at the Cambridge University press, in Greek types, ordered expressly for this purpose, and cast after the models given by the late Professor himself.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The insignificancy of our establishments for learning, compared with those in France, it has been observed, must be admitted from the following statement.—"It appears unquestionably that the French Emperor is under no apprehension as to the effect of knowledge on the people; for in nothing has his power been more signalized than by the numerous national institutions for diffusing useful and scientific learning among his whole population. There is at present scarcely a city in France which has not its established university, while in every large town there is a Lyceum, or public seminary for teaching the physical and mathematical sciences. All these are supported by the direct patronage of the government, which appoints commissioners and inspectors-

general, and supplies funds to such of the establishments as may be in need of pecuniary aid. In most of the large towns, the chateaux of the monks and *ci-devant* nobility, which escaped the revolutionary furor, have been appropriated to the numerous Lyceums. That of Bourdeaux, for instance, is established in the ancient and extensive buildings of the Visitation and the Feuillans; that of Calais in the old college and the monastery of the Cordeliers; that of Caen in the beautiful old abbey of St. Etienne; that of Marseilles in the former monastery of the Bernadins; while minor establishments occupy various palaces and castles. From the *Almanack de l'Université Imperiale*, we discover that the number of grand academies, or of universities in France, is thirty-five; of Lyceums, forty-seven; and of colleges, four hundred and eighty-six. Besides these there are one hundred and twenty-four establishments, under the title of Secondary Schools, by which it seems the other institutions do not interfere with theological instruction. Thus even after making due allowance for the difference of population between this country and France, to those who would be cynical, we exclaim, 'Go, and do thou likewise.'

The Prince De Ligne, that Nestor of courtiers, has published two new volumes of Letters. They are written in the same light and sprightly style as those already before the public.

Modern Greek Literature.—A Greek of the name of Anthime Gazy, Archimandrite of the Greek Church at Vienna, conducts a periodical work, in the modern Greek language, at that place, entitled *Hermes ho Logios*, and is publishing a Dictionary of the language at Venice. He is the author of several works in modern Greek, the principal of which are, a History of Greek Literature till the taking of Constantinople—A Greek Vocabulary—Translations of Voltaire's History of Charles XII.—The Abridgement of Lalande's Astronomy—Fourcroy's Chymica Philosophy—and a Map of Greece, in 12 sheets.

The Horticultural Society have announced the following objects for which they intend to present premiums and medals:—New potatoes, as being better calculated for forcing and supplying the markets early in the summer than those at present cultivated;—a rich and sweet variety of the common red currant, which might probably be obtained from seeds by appropriate selection through a few successive generations;—new varieties of the gooseberry, also for the purpose of supplying the markets sooner;—the same of pears similar to those which have been introduced from France, but sufficiently hardy to grow and ripen on standard trees, and calculated to supply the market at a moderate price during winter and spring;—a good and early grape, better adapted to the climate of Great Britain, in the open air, than any now known;—better and more productive varieties of the apple, capable of keeping longer than most hitherto known;—a good early nectarine, and a variety of the strawberry, and of the cherry, which would ripen before the early May;—earlier and hardier varieties of the peach, which on standard trees would succeed better than any now known. As several native varieties of the plum afford blossoms so hardy, that they are rarely injured by frost, it is supposed that some rich varieties might be obtained by introducing the farina of the fine, but tender kinds, into the prepared blossoms of these. In the *Pomona Herefordiensis*, it is stated that very rich and hardy varieties of the apple have been thus obtained immediately from the seeds of the Siberian crab.

Mr. Pierre Hçil, a Bavarian artist, has invented a new instrument of music, which renders the notes visible by means of colours, and which he has named '*Harmonicon à tons visibles*,' (the visible sounds Harmonicon). A trial was made of the instrument at the court of Munich, in presence of the principal musicians of the chapel, who have expressed their approbation of the invention.

Cookery.—A society for bettering the condition of the poor, have published thirty choice receipts for cheap and palatable cookery, for the use of those who are friends to themselves and their country; the knowledge of them cannot fail of being serviceable to indigent families:—*Receipt 1. Beef Pottage.* Three pounds of gravy beef,

eleven quarts of water, boiled gently two hours, then add 4lb. of Scotch barley, and boil it gently four hours more with six pounds of potatoes, half a pound of onions or leeks, with some parsley, thyme, pepper, and salt; half a pound of bacon, cut in slices, makes it more savory, and any other vegetables may be added: this produces three gallons of pottage, and requires no bread. It gave a plentiful meal to twenty persons.—II. *Beef Stew.* Two pounds of beef, one pound of turnips, half a pound of onions, half a pound of rice, parsley, thyme, pepper and salt, and eight quarts of water. Cut the beef in slices, and when it has boiled some time, mince it small; the vegetables may be minced before they are put in.—III. *Shin of Beef Stew.* Shin of beef, bones broken, barley, onions, and potatoes, 1lb. each; 6 lbs. of cabbage, carrots, and turnips, and salt and pepper; water, eleven quarts; produced three gallons.—IV. *Baked Shin of Beef.* A shin of beef, six quarts of water, a pint of split peas, one leek, four or five sliced turnips, baked in an earthen pot.

A fine marble statue of the late Right Hon. William Pitt has lately been placed on the right hand at the entrance of the senate house, Cambridge. The likeness is very good, and reckoned a fine piece of statuary; the artist, Nollekens; the price, 3000 guineas. More than double that sum was subscribed for the purpose soon after Mr. Pitt's death in the year 1806, by 616 members of the university only. An engraved plate of the statue is to be taken for the subscribers, who prefer it to having part of their subscription refunded, and the remaining surplus applied to founding a university scholarship. The only inscription on the pedestal is the word Pitt.

Recent Difference in the Summer and Winter Seasons.—"I recollect," says a correspondent, "some forty years ago, when I was a boy, and since then, we had excessive hot summers, and, generally, intensely cold winters—we had the seasons following in regular succession, and we might almost calculate, within a week, the period when the snow-drop, the early harbinger of spring, would put forth its blossom. We had then what might be called, if I may be allowed the expression, an unaltered system. In the lapse of so many years I think a most wonderful change has taken place in the climate of England, perhaps of the world at large. Winter now seldom resigns his hoar sway till the latter end of March, and then, as it were, sullenly submits to the cheerful government of his successor; or, as the poet beautifully expresses it,

Winter, still lingering on the verge of Spring,
Retires reluctant, and from time to time
Looks back; while, at his keen and chilling breath,
Fair Flora sickens.

"Our summers are long, and comparatively cold; it can scarcely be said we have an autumn—in fact, winter and summer have usurped the influence of spring and autumn. Now, Sir, I am aware a reader may say,—'Why we know all this very well; the writer's made an astonishing discovery!' and so far such an observation would not be altogether improper. But I mean to ask, to what causes such a change in the climate of England is to be attributed? Is it to the decay of the planetary system altogether? Is the predicted consummation of all things at hand? Some of your correspondents, perhaps, may give their opinions on this query. I have seen somewhere a sort of what may be called theoretical supposition, that the late inclosures have been the means of this extraordinary phenomenon; but this I think to be what some of the newspaper gentry call *fudge*; if a general inclosure act should be carried into execution, calculating on this head, we shall be frozen at Midsummer! I would beg, that any of your literary contributors, learned in these matters, would favour me, and the public generally, with a few remarks on this interesting subject."

Valuable Hints regarding the Cure of Gravel.—Instead of soda water, or the aqua mephitica alkalina, the author recommends "a drachm, or two scruples of mild vegetable alkali, otherwise called salt of wormwood, or salt of tartar, dissolved in two ounces of water, sweetened with two drachms of honey, to be taken with half an ounce of lemon juice three times a

day." Honey, in calculous complaints, is preferable to sugar; where there is much pain, *without* suspicion of inflammation, opium is highly advisable, viz. 5 to 10 drops of laudanum to each dose of alkali. With inflammation, bleeding may be necessary, and nitre added to the saline draught.

An improved Method of managing the Onion.—Seeds of the Spanish or Portugal onion are sown at the usual period in the spring, very thickly, and in poor soil, generally under the shade of a fruit tree, and in such situations the bulbs in the autumn are rarely found much to exceed the size of a large pea. These are then taken from the ground and preserved till the ensuing spring, when they are planted at equal distances from each other, and they afford plants, which differ from those raised immediately from seed only in possessing much greater strength and vigour, owing to the quantity of previously generated sap being much greater in the bulb than in the seed. The bulbs thus raised often exceed considerably five inches in diameter; and being more mature, they are with much more certainty preserved in a state of perfect soundness through the winter than those raised from seed in a single season. The same effects are in some measure produced by sowing the seeds in August, as is often done; but the crops often perish during the winter, and the ground becomes compressed and soddened by the winter rains; and it is further observed, by T. A. Knight, Esq. F.R.A. that any given weight of this plant may be obtained with less expense to the grower, by the mode of culture which he recommends, than by any other which he has seen practised.

Remarks on the Hypothesis, that the Efficacy of Lime, as a Manure, originates in its Power of decomposing Animal and Vegetable Matter.—Quick lime spread upon growing plants never has been known to dissolve them. On the contrary, it has frequently been applied to grass fields with effect, for the purpose of renewing and quickening the vegetation. And it will not be denied that lime promotes the growth of thistles, nettles, and other weeds that we might specify. How then can it be supposed destructive of live roots? And with regard to seeds, it may be noticed, that in dusting pickled wheat with quick lime, more of it is surely brought into contact with the grain than can fall to the share of the seeds of weeds, even upon a strong lining. And why should what is thought beneficial in the one case be deemed noxious and destructive in the other? And as to the caustic quality of the lime, it must be so much abated by the reabsorption of its air, during the time it takes to cool, before it can possibly be carted to the land, as to render its effects of no avail. Besides, if lime operated at all as a caustic substance, it must be at the very first when it is applied; whereas, it has been seldom known to take effect until the second crop at least. From whence we may infer that it acts on the soil merely as a mild calcareous earth: and that calcination is of no farther use in preparing it for manure than as an efficacious method of reducing the limestone to a fine powder. It will be said here, that a heap of lime will soon corrode the grass and decompose the surface. This is true; but a heap of earth, a bundle of straw, a sod or turf, will equally soon have the same effect; and this simple circumstance conveys to the practical farmer a most important lesson.

Galvanism.—In a late debate in the House of Commons it was asserted, that porter tasted better out of a pewter vessel than any other, which occasioned a smile among some of the members. Professor Davy has explained this on galvanic principles. This peculiarity arises from pewter being formed of dissimilar metals, which are known to communicate the influence of the galvanic fluid.—Water has also a different taste in a pewter vessel from what it has in glass or earthenware. Volta found, that if a cup made of tin, or what is still better, zinc, be filled with water, and placed upon a silver stand, and the point of the tongue applied to the water, it is found quite insipid, till we lay hold of the silver support with the hand well moistened, when a distinct and strong acid taste will be perceived. From the same cause, Professor Robinson found that snuff taken from a

box of tin plate, which has long been in use, so that the tin coating has been removed in many places, is extremely different from that of snuff taken from a new box, or one lined with tin foil.

Dr. Herbolt, an eminent man-midwife and surgeon of division at Copenhagen, has discovered that the cause of apparent death in still-born children, is their having the wind-pipe filled with water. By the simple process of placing the infant in such a position as to procure a gradual and total discharge of the water, Dr. Herbolt has had the happiness to rescue in the proportion of 12 out of 13 of the innocents fortunately submitted to his care.

The model of a buoy, upon a new and improved construction, was exhibited the 22d ult. in the Narrows, North Shields, in presence of a numerous body of the shipping interest of the port, who gave it the most unqualified approbation. It was placed in the Herd Sand during a boisterous sea, amidst the broken water, and always preserved its perpendicularity. This buoy, so well adapted for the safety of ships in the entrance to our harbours, and in general navigation, where the greatest danger exists amongst sand-banks, &c. (and where the buoys now used are of no service) during a tempestuous sea, is the invention of Captain John Redhead, of Low Howorth.

The sewer now excavating in Hyde Park is one of the greatest works of the kind ever attempted in this country. It is intended for a drain to the numerous streets now built in the neighbourhood of Paddington, and will empty itself into the great sewer which enters the Thames at Millbank. In consequence of the height of the ground in Hyde Park, it became necessary, in order to insure a sufficient fall to this new sewer, to dig to a very great depth; and its formation is carried on by the laborious and expensive process of tunnelling. Pits are sunk at the distance of every seventy yards, and the excavations are conducted in a way similar to those of a coal-mine. The stratum of clay through which the sewer passes is favourable to the process of excavation, and is similar to that which was thrown up in the formation of the Highgate archway, which so suddenly failed on nearly arriving at completion. The gravel pits in Hyde Park are filling up with the clay dug from the tunnel.

OBITUARY.

In London, two venerable prelates of the Gallican church, M. de Malide, Bishop of Montpelier, and M. de Gain Montagnac, Bishop of Tarbes. They were among the small number who, persisting in their infidelity to God and their country in refusing to sanction any reform in the government or the church, preferred the dependence of pensioners, and the gratification of their malignity, under the imposing appearance of suffering as martyrs.

Mr. Wm. Antony de Luc, brother of the author of "Researches on the Modification of the Atmosphere." His passion for music was so predominant in his latter days, that a piano was placed by his bed-side, on which his daughter played a great part of the day. The evening of his death, seeing her father ready to sink into a slumber, she asked him, 'Shall I play any more?' 'Keep playing,' said he, 'keep playing.' He slept, but to wake no more. Mr. W. A. de Luc had explored many volcanic countries, and his cabinet was one of the richest in Europe from the choiceness of his productions.

At Amsterdam, a wealthy Jew, named Pinedo, who made some singular and unprecedented bequests. He left to each of the Christian churches in Amsterdam and at the Hague 10,000 florins; to each of the orphan houses of those cities the same sum; and to each of his Christian neighbours, who assisted at his funeral, 100 Dutch ducats, and to each Jew 200 ditto.

At Paris, on the 2d of June, Admiral De Winter, an excellent officer and a brave man. He commanded the Dutch fleet, and fought the battle of Camperdown with Admiral Duncan, to whom he struck his flag, and he was brought prisoner of war to London.

In France, SONNINI, the famous traveller.

At Vienna, the Austrian actor, BROCKMAN; on which occasion the theatre was closed for ten nights.

In Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, aged 83, the Rev. L. DUTENS, a celebrated literary and political character, who flourished in the middle of the last century.

Lately, in the parish of Knockando, county of Elgin, a very eccentric character, was best known in the narrow circle of her acquaintance by the nickname of *Red Jean*, but whose real name was JEAN ROY. The only prominent feature of this character was, that having in early life conceived an implacable aversion to her sex, considering it not only as the last, but even as the least of the Creator's works, she resolved to abandon it and become a man! And, as a previous step towards her masculine enterprise, commenced the operation of shaving; but where nature has done nothing, the application of art must succeed very ill. However, equipping herself with a tartan philibeg, short coat, and blue bonnet, she exhibited the appearance of a flashy young man, and, following the occupation of a day labourer, could perform her work with man-like celerity; and the most effectual means her employer could adopt, for securing a continuation of her service, was to pretend jealousy of her and his wife: jokes of this kind she always considered as the highest compliment. She even had the presumption to assert to some of her acquaintance, that she had once been guilty of *crim. con.* with the wife of one of her neighbours, declaring that she was the real father of one of his children, and that she had therefore been dismissed his service; adding, withal, that she wished the matter to be kept as quiet as possible, in case the kirk-session should take cognizance of her conduct—This extraordinary character was the subject of much derision and merriment to the young people of both sexes, by whom she was often very rudely treated: their treatment, however, she keenly resented, taking care never to let slip an opportunity of retaliating on her aggressors, by inflicting corporal punishment, she being no mean proficient in the heroic art of pugilism. What contributes to render this piece of biography still more interesting is, that (if her strange desire of being thought a man be excepted) she seemed to possess the free use of all her mental faculties, could reason accurately, joke sarcastically, and possessed no inconsiderable volubility of language. A little before her death (about the age of 70), being seriously asked what her motives were for observing a conduct of so strange singularity, she replied, in a serious tone, "that it was the effect of a bad education!"

At Somerston, Mr. WILLIAM NAPIER, in the 72d year of his age. He was distinguished for his musical skill, and for the beautiful selections of Scots' ballads which he edited. For many years he belonged to his Majesty's band, and to the professional concert; but was obliged to retire on account of the gout in his hands, to which he became a victim. He was the father of eighteen children, and of whom but seven remain to lament his loss.

Lately, at Berlin, a master of languages, named DANDON, literally from denying himself the necessaries of life. It appears that he gave instructions to his pupils during the day, and solicited alms at night.—Under the floor of his apartment were found concealed 20,000 crowns in specie. He had no other heir than his brother, whom he had refused to see for thirty-seven years, because he had sent a letter to him without paying the postage.

Lately, in Ireland, Sir J. PARNELL, Bart. In consequence of an accident that befel Lady Parnell a short time preceding his birth, he was always quite dumb and a complete cripple. The title and family estates descend to his brother, the member for the Queen's county.

On the 25th ult. at Venice, of which city he was governor, the French Admiral, VILLARET JOYEUSE. He commanded for some time the Toulon fleet, and was the officer, we believe, who, in some boasting dispatches, accused Nelson of running away from him, which caused the British hero to observe, that he supposed his reputation for courage was too well esta-

blished to be injured by the lying Frenchman, but, if ever he caught Mons. Joyeuse, 'he would make him eat his words.'

On the 4th inst. Miss ELIZABETH PINDAR, the daughter of Capt. Robert Pindar, of Gainsborough. The remarkable mortality that has attended Capt. Pindar's family, in the short space of eighteen months, is worthy of record:—The mother, Mrs. Mary Pindar; his only son, Robert; his two daughters, Harriet and Elizabeth; his brother, George; his nephew, Robert Pindar; his niece, Mrs. Jane Clark; and his nephew, Richard Moxon, jun. have all drank deeply of the cup of affliction in the above short period, and are now no more! Seven of them died in the course of nine months.

On the 6th inst. aged 92, Mr. H. BERRY, of Duke-street, Liverpool; formerly engineer of the docks at Liverpool, and projector of the Sankey canal, (the first canal navigation undertaken in this kingdom) which was commenced in 1755, and completed, to the great satisfaction of the proprietors, in 1758.

On the 8th inst. Gen. VALLANCY, at the age of 91, an Englishman by birth, but from long residence and patriotic attachment to Ireland, might be called an Irishman in his heart. He was a gentleman of talents, with a most liberal education and philanthropic mind, with great suavity of manners, that endeared him to all his acquaintance; and we are particularly indebted to him, besides other literary productions, for a Dictionary and Grammar of the Irish Language, of which he had made himself complete master. The Dublin Society (to which he devoted many years of zealous attention) owes to him its present utility and extensive establishment, and we have no doubt, but when that Society meets in November next, they will vote a monument to be erected to the memory of a gentleman so dear to the Institution, and the regard of a nation he loved so much. The General, at his own desire, was privately interred.

Lately, the celebrated DICK ENGLAND, well known amongst the gentlemen of the sporting world. He had not been indisposed more than a week. On the day of his death, his servant asked, about four o'clock, at what time he would wish to dine, and was answered, by England, at six o'clock. The cloth was accordingly laid, but on dinner being brought up, he was discovered dead on the sofa, with his head leaning backwards. He was nearly 80 years of age, a native of Ireland, originally a journeyman cabinet-maker, but afterwards well known in most of the gambling-houses of the metropolis, and on the turf. Some years ago he was tried at the Old Bailey, for shooting a young gentleman, of the name of Rolle, in a duel, for calling him a *black leg*, and was acquitted.

In Tralee, in his 37th year, WILLIAM O'LEARY, Esq. nephew to W. Wilson, Esq. This little gentleman, a perfect miniature of man, had been long a source of inquiry to the curious traveller visiting that town; he was only 4 feet high, extremely well proportioned, and always particularly neat in his person; to the appearance of the child were added the manners of the adult: he was extremely fond of society, partook of all public amusements, at balls and assemblies generally chose as his partner of the dance the tallest female in the room, was very partial to hunting, always well mounted, and rode sportingly, and after the fatigues of the chace united with his companions over the bottle, recounting the toils and pleasures of the day, his spirits always high, his manners conciliating, and his disposition such as created esteem.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE history of the world is full of the fluctations of human affairs, the rise of one and downfall of another country. At certain periods great conquerors appear, who, like whirlwinds, produce devastation, but clear the air from mephitic vapours. It seems to be the fate of mankind,

that error should not be abolished by the gradual improvement of the mind, and the evidence of sound reasoning, but that force alone can subdue it. We call Bonaparte a tyrant, and he returns the compliment by accusing this nation of ambition, perfidy, and maritime tyranny. The name of tyrant implies something odious, and we hardly give the being who wears this title credit for any good qualities. Yet benefits may arise to mankind from tyrants, which good kings might find it difficult to perform; and we owe our deliverance from popish tyranny to as odious a tyrant as ever existed.

In estimating the tyranny of Bonaparte, we must take into consideration the state of the people under his yoke, and enquire whether it is heavier than that of his predecessors. They who formerly possessed privileges, of which they are now deprived, will doubtless complain; but whatever we may think or say of our enemy, if the mass of a population feels itself more at ease, the vices of the tyrant will be softened down, and he will be looked upon in the light of a benefactor. Indeed we cannot conceive a man rising to very great power without holding out some pretence, at least, for imagining that his reign is beneficial compared with that of the dynasty which has been deposed; and certainly Bonaparte is not deficient in giving the best colour to all his actions. We see him now in a new light. He is attacking a despot, whose territories are distinguished for ignorance, want of cultivation, and slavery. Here is room for the exercise of French talents: let us see how they have been employed.

The great act of Jacobinism, by which the powers of Austria, Prussia, and Russia made a partition among themselves of the unfortunate kingdom of Poland, justly holds up the contrivers of that scheme to eternal infamy. It was planned in the silence of the closet, and carried into execution with the utmost barbarity. There were no palliatives, such as might extenuate in some degree the horrors of the French revolution: but all was done in the true and genuine spirit of Jacobinism, on the violation of every principle of justice and honour, for a selfish purpose. Of this plunder Russia had by far the greatest share, and it is now fallen, after a very short struggle, into the hands of Bonaparte. By his masterly movements he has driven the Russians out of Poland, and settled himself between the Dwina and the Borysthenes, a country remarkable for its fertility, and as being the great granary of corn for Europe.

Scarcely has he gained the military possession of the country when on a sudden there appears upon the stage a confederation, a name well known in the annals of Poland, which, under the auspices of the great warrior, is to revive the fallen country. He has, however, taken the precaution to grant a boon to its inhabitants, so that instead of a conqueror he appears to them in the light of a deliverer. A state of disgraceful vassalage existed in Poland, which we may easily imagine would not be lightened by the dominion of Russia. By one word of Bonaparte, vassalage is declared no longer to exist, and thus the lower classes are attached to his person, whilst the higher, under the appearance of self legislation and the resumption of their independence, contemplate this new invasion with satisfaction, and, taught by adversity, are less inclined to resist the claims of their inferiors to that independence to which every human being is entitled.

Thus Bonaparte has gained in a short time a population of six millions of people, and a fertile country, to his interests. By means of the confederation, the civil government of the country will be carried on in a manner highly grateful to its inhabitants. Their old laws will be restored. They will conceive and talk of themselves as Poles, and they will fancy at least that they are again an independent country. Bonaparte will be the protector of the new confederacy, and in this capacity will draw the contingents, as he does from the dependent sovereigns of the Rhine. The new troops will be animated with zeal against their former conquerors, and whether the French make an attack upon Moscow, or content themselves with severing so large a country from Russia, the autocrat, in this loss and the burning of his magazines and de-

pots, has suffered very considerably by this campaign.

But the views of the French Emperor were not confined to the acquisition of a province. He looked farther, and contemplated a change in the Russian empire. Part of his scheme transpired on his passage over the Dwina, and appearance on the frontiers of Russia. Here was conveniently found a manifesto from the Russian Emperor to the French army, exhorting it to leave the cause of a tyrant, who had torn them from their homes by the violence of conscription, and whose whole authority was founded on violence and oppression. We cannot doubt that the proclamation was the produce of French artifice: for it was answered immediately under the signature of a French Grenadier; and a picture is drawn between the situation of a French and a Russian soldier, by no means to the advantage of the latter. There is too much truth in the comparison. The French soldier is drafted by a law, bearing equally on all, and on entering the army has the full career of glory open to him; whilst the Russian is taken by caprice, and has no chance of rising from the ranks. From the situation of the soldier, the French Grenadier turns to that of the Russian peasant, whose chains he declares himself come to break, and whom he will restore to the rank of man in society. No longer shall the Russian be put upon a level with the beasts, and counted, like them, as part of the goods and chattels of his masters.—With these arms Bonaparte will fight the Russian Emperor; and time will shew whether the Russian peasantry, allured by such offers, will retain their ancient allegiance. Should Bonaparte succeed, and really march to Moscow, the change made in that country will be greater than any thing experienced in France and Germany; and it remains to be seen whether the peasant is capable of taking advantage of it. The whole system of Russia is a mere military despotism; and so long has the mind been degraded by it, that it may be doubted whether the boon of liberty will rouse it to energy. Still the policy of Bonaparte is visible in taking advantage of every circumstance that may assist him in his schemes.

The policy of the Russians seems to have been to draw the French into their own country, where it is conceived that they must fall a prey to famine and military fatigue. But this plan seems to have been miserably executed: for if it was the original intention to give up Poland, they had surely time to transport their depôts into their interior, without suffering such an immense loss as has arisen from the destruction of them. The facility, also, with which the French have overrun Lithuania, augurs very little in favour of Russian generalship; and we are amused with the congratulations of newspapers on the delay of Bonaparte in Poland, as if nothing had been done unless he were at the walls of Petersburgh or Moscow. Anxiety, however, prevails at this time to know to which capital he is directing his victorious steps; though rumour says that he is returning to Paris, leaving farther operations to his inferior generals. In this case he will seem to have been disappointed in his views, as it cannot be thought that so large an armament would be set in motion merely for the deliverance of Poland from Russia; especially as Bonaparte, in his fine speeches to the Poles, restrains his benefits to part of them only, and declares that Austria is guaranteed by him in the possession of its share of the plundered country.

The French successes in the North have received no small check by a reverse of fortune in Spain; where the English have had an opportunity of shewing their ancient bravery, and both armies of witnessing that this country is not so deficient in military science, as it has been the custom of the French to imagine. They gave us credit for men, but denied us any for generals or officers. The tables are turned upon them, and whatever may have been the state of our officers, they are now in a school in which we doubt not of their future proficiency. Lord Wellington made an inroad into Spain, as far as Salamanca, and the French under Marmont retreated in good order. They were superior in numbers, for Marmont is supposed to

have had nearly fifty thousand men, whilst the force of the allied army amounted to a few thousands only beyond thirty thousand. Our men were not suffered to remain long in Salamanca, for the General was soon content with the compliments paid to him, and the *Te Deums* sung on his entrance, and was on the alert to watch the movements of the enemy.

After sufficient marches and countermarches on both sides, and several skirmishes, a battle was fought near Salamanca, to the east of the town, and a parallel to it has not occurred since the days of Marlborough. On the day of battle, Marmont, having passed the Tormes, manœuvred the greater part of the day, and the English army performed its part with equal skill. Occasional cannonadings on each side prevented the scene from being viewed as that of a grand review; but, about five in the afternoon, Lord Wellington found the opportunity, for which he had long been waiting, of making the attack he had planned. Dreadful was the onset.—Led on by their valiant commander, nothing could stand before them. In a short time it was a complete rout; the French fled in every direction, and the remains of the army found safety only in the darkness of the night. Marmont, wounded, fled to Valladolid, and the next morning the allied army pursued the fugitives.

The loss of the French in the battle was estimated, at the least, at fourteen thousand men, or nearly one third of the army; and, on our side, the killed, wounded, and missing amounted to somewhat more than five thousand men. The killed were six hundred and ninety-four; and of the two latter classes a great portion will, we doubt not, be soon returned to the service; so that the allied army will not be reduced one tenth, and this vacancy was filled up by the arrival of supplies soon after the battle. Marmont, indeed, falls back upon his artillery and the troops in the north of Spain, who were all called in to make up his army; but if he cannot march at the head of a much larger army, it is in vain that he will attempt to face again our victorious troops.

A singular circumstance occurred in the transactions of this memorable day. Of the Spaniards who formed part of the allied army, two only were killed, and four were wounded. The Portuguese had nearly as many killed as we had, and somewhat more than half as many wounded. The fruits of the victory are the possession of the country around Salamanca; and the Gallo-Spanish King, who approached so near to the seat of action with his troops, that a few of them were taken by one of our outposts, retreated in great haste to New Castile, and must be under some alarm for the safety of his capital. A fine opportunity is now given for the discovery of the real situation of the Spaniards. The north and interior of Spain are now laid open to us, and if its inhabitants are in earnest, the French must be entirely cut off; and their strength in the south can be of no avail to retrieve their affairs.

But the victory is of the greatest importance in another point of view. The French have always given us credit for good soldiers, but have treated our officers with very great contempt; denying to them any kind of knowledge in military tactics. The battle of Salamanca has taught them a different lesson. It has shewn them that we are superior to them in their own science, as well as in spirit and bodily strength. —The battle is another proof of the principle laid down by Mr. Clerke, to which we are so much indebted for our naval victories. Lord Wellington has done upon land what Nelson so often achieved upon the seas; and we doubt not that he has formed a race of generals who will know how to exemplify it in future practice. It has been suggested at home, in our papers, that our successful general should be made a field marshal, that he may command the services of generals, who, being his seniors, cannot now act under him: but we should, on that very account, wish him to decline, at least till the end of the war, that honour. Young men are not attached to an old system; and we may look upon the present as an æra of improvement. Let him form his juniors for commands, and we doubt not that we shall have an army to cope with Bonaparte, if he should ever venture to attack us upon our own ground. The honour of the Marquisate has

been conferred upon our General, and we hope that Soult will raise him to a Dukedom.

Glorious as has been the victory to the English name abroad, great is the disgrace which it has occasioned to our character at home. It was natural to expect, and every one was disposed to rejoicings upon the occasion, and to testify them in the usual manner, by illuminations. An illumination is indeed a beautiful sight, and when occasioned by a memorable exploit, it surely ought to be the general wish that every one should enjoy the satisfaction which such a scene is calculated to afford. Not so in the metropolis. So disgraceful a state of riot and confusion has seldom been known, and several riotous and disorderly wretches did the utmost in their power to destroy the pleasure of the inhabitants. The amusement of these wretches was to alarm the timid female by firing pistols in her face, and setting fire to her clothes by squibs; to spread terror and alarm wherever they went, and to destroy the windows of those who had not lighted up at the moment these profligates gave the order for illuminating. Thus the amusement of some hundred thousands was destroyed by a few of the most contemptible of our species; and for want of a few easy regulations, such scenes occurred as would mark us for a people devoid of civilization. It is in vain to say that in a moment of joy the reins should not be kept too tight: but there is a difference between conniving at some innocent excesses, and the giving up of the reins to profligacy and licentiousness. We will venture to say that, under the existing laws, and with a proper understanding of those who wish to enjoy the illumination, not a squib or a pistol could have been fired in our public streets, and every one might have enjoyed the promenade with ease and satisfaction. Here was a proper field for the exertions of the Society for the Suppression of Vice; but their triumphs are reserved for the defenceless fruit-woman on a Sunday, or the unguarded publican who might have relieved the thirst of a wearied traveller.

Sicily is acting as an independent kingdom; and its connection with Britain will, we hope, be beneficial to it. The parliament is assembled, and the prince, in the name of the sovereign, has addressed it, calling upon it to "provide for the necessities of the state, the reformation and amelioration of the laws, the removal of those abuses which, in the lapse of centuries, have crept into the state, and the gradual establishment of a better order of things." These are noble objects, and to them we hope that the assembly will pay its first attention; making, however, the necessities of the state the last object considered. For however urgent the prince may be on that subject, yet every nation should reflect that its defence from a foreign enemy is of little consequence, if it is to be left to the plunder and insolence of an abominable oligarchy at home. Let wise and good laws be first made; the rights of the citizen acknowledged and established; and having then what is valuable to protect, he will readily come forward in their defence. But those governments whose great object is to drain the people of their property to enrich the idle and the luxurious, must expect a consequent depravation of manners in all classes, and to be feebly supported in the hour of distress. We shall be curious to see, in this age of constitutions, what improvements will be made in legislation by one of the most ignorant and superstitious nations on the earth.

But we return to our foreign politics; and, leaving Europe to its madness, turn, with melancholy forebodings, to the new world. There the philanthropist is shocked at the scenes which necessarily take place in the disorganization of so many provinces formerly under the Spanish yoke. Mexico has nearly emancipated itself; but we have no good accounts of the real state of that province, nor can we tell whether it will be formed into a kingdom or a republic. Miranda is not completely at his ease in the Caraccas, though there are no symptoms of the old system being revived. Peru has caught the infection. Buenos Ayres may now be said to be an established government, and the Monte Videans will soon follow the example. On the whole, however, we want the necessary documents to form a complete idea of

the real changes that have taken or are likely to take place in those remote countries, though their separation from the misgovernment of Spain becomes, every day, less and less problematical.

Our eyes are turned with more anxiety to the United States. Our ambassador is returned from that country, having left in it, however, a chargé des affaires. War seems to be determined upon; though some of the states in the Union view it in a manner different from the kingdoms of the old world, and speak of it with just abhorrence, as a disgrace to the human species. The manner in which the war is to be carried on remain to be seen. Rumours are current of their privateers being abroad; that they have been seen in the Bay of Fundy, the Gulph and the River of St. Lawrence; and for such a species of warfare their coasts seem to be admirably adapted. The Canadas and Halifax are threatened, and in those points we seem to be vulnerable. The summer, however, will not pass over without some important event, and there is reason to believe that the Americans will rather rise than fall in their demands.

The Parliament broke up with the usual speech from the Prince Regent, delivered by commissioners. The state of Europe was run over, and the differences with America were a subject of lamentation. Sir Francis Burdett also made a farewell speech, and motion for an address to the Prince, in which he was not seconded by any person in the House. This is not to be wondered at, when we consider the thinness of the House, and the small number of persons that enter into his sentiments. Sensible as many may be of the truth and propriety of what he utters, the system has gotten so great a hold of their minds, that they are frightened at the picture which he draws of the country. Unhappily it is too true; and, whether they will hearken or not, it cannot be disguised that the worthy Baronet has done his duty to his country and his constituents. The topic of parliamentary reform was particularly dwelt upon, and with the greatest propriety. The truths respecting it are notorious as the sun at noon day, and cannot too often be uttered; and we shall hope that this real representative of the people will continue the practice he has so laudably begun, of setting before the prince and the people, at the beginning and close of each session, the grievances of the country, particularly that of the present representation. Let him not despair: though he stands alone, as Elijah of old, there are upwards of seven thousand men who have not bowed their knee unto Baal, the all-devouring image of corruption.

On the subject of reform, a meeting has been held for the city of Westminster, at which the chief speakers were Major Cartwright, Sir F. Burdett, and Mr. Martin of Galway. The usual topics were gone over, and the Major described the two societies for reform now established, which may be distinguished by the names of the houses of lords and commons, though there are several persons members of both houses. One society consists of such only as have three hundred a year landed property: to the other, admission is open to all. It is in vain that such societies meet: unless they can procure the co-operation of the great towns, nothing will be done; and the influence of the three hundred a year gentlemen will go but little way in this business. The sense of the people must be taken and expressed firmly. Westminster sets a good example, but it is followed by very few towns. Like its representative, it speaks plain and open truths, but can find few to second them. The address was voted unanimously; and some observations were made on the hint of a tax on property, which was given in the House of Commons, and begins to work on the apprehensions of people. We shall only observe, that when a tax is fairly laid upon property, and duly collected over the whole earth, there will be an end of war; for when all pay in proportion to their means for the preservation of the state, all will be equally interested in its welfare, will inquire into the expenditure of their money, and will not suffer that, which was designed for general good, to be wasted by the caprices and the passions of the few.

The breach of parole on the part of French officers has occasioned trials,

in which several persons have been convicted of aiding in their escape. The subject has been warmly discussed in the Moniteur of France, which accuses the English of setting the example; and it involved, though it afterwards retracted the accusation, Lord Yarmouth in the guilt of this dishonourable practice. Lord Yarmouth vindicated himself in the public papers from the aspersion; but he allows that there have been instances on the part of the English to justify, in some measure, the complaints of the French. The question should be set in its true light, and the names of the parties on both sides given to the public, by which an opportunity will be given to those who are accused of vindicating themselves. It is to be lamented that a cartel cannot be established, and that at least persons in a civil capacity might be exchanged for each other: for surely neither government can wish to destroy the peace of private families, or to oblige young men to consume the best years of their life in idleness. The proposition of the French to make an exchange at the rate of three Frenchmen for three of the allies, one only being an Englishman, does not seem to carry on the face of it any impropriety.

A lady of very high rank has been made the subject of conversation, from an order declared in the papers to have been sent to her to diminish the duration and shorten the number of visits to her daughter. Too much has already been said on the separation of the parents, on which, as in matrimonial contests in lower life, who is to decide? It is to be regretted, however, that any thing should occur to increase the bitterness of separation, and more so that it should come before the public.

BOOKS PUBLISHED, AUGUST 1812.

☞ *As this Department will be of great Importance to* AUTHORS *and* BOOKSELLERS, *as well as to Literature in general, it is requested that* NOTICES *of Works may be forwarded as early as possible (free of Postage), which will be regularly inserted.*

AGRICULTURE.

HENDERSON's General View of the Agriculture of the County of Caithness. 8vo. 15s.

BOTANY.

Haworth's Synopsis Plantarum Succulentarum. cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Princess Royal of Russia, Margravine of Bareith. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

Ditto, in French, 2 tom. 8vo. 21s.

CLASSICAL.

Porsoni Adversaria Notn et Emendationes, J. H. Monk, A.M. & C. J. Blomfield, A.M. 8vo. 25s.—royal 8vo. 3l. 3s.

DRAMA.

Lewis's Rich and Poor; a Comic Opera, in Three Acts, as performed at the Lyceum Theatre. 2s. 6d.

Oulton's Sleep Walker or Which is the Lady? A Farce, as performed at the Haymarket Theatre. 2s.

Highgate Tunnel, or the Secret Arch; a burlesque Trajedy, in Two Acts, as performed at the Lyceum Theatre. 2s.

Aphorisms from Shakspeare; arranged according to the Plays, &c. 16mo. 7s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Playfair's System of Geography, ancient and modern. Vol. IV. 4to. 2l. 2s.

HISTORY.

The History of Wales, written originally in Welsh by Caradoc of Dancarvan; translated into English by Dr. Powell, and augmented by W. Wynne. 8vo. 18s.

Cobbett's Parliamentary History of England. Vol. XII. royal 8vo. 31s.6d.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1810. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

HERALDRY.

Collins's Peerage of England, genealogical, biographical, and historical; greatly augmented and continued to the present time, by Sir E. Brydges, K.J. 9 vols. 8vo. 9l. 9s.

LAW.

The Trial at Large of Wm. Booth and his Associates for Forgery, Coining, &c. at the Stafford Summer Assizes, 1812. 1s. 6d.

Green's Essay, tending to shew the Impolicy of the Laws of Usury. 1s.

A Statement of the Circumstances which led to the Prosecution of the King v. Blacow. 6s.

Edwards's Report of a Judgment delivered in the High Court of Admiralty, by the Right Hon. Sir W. Scott, in the Case of the Snipe. 3s.6d.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL.

Adams's Practical Observations on Ectropium, or Eversion of the Eyelids; with a Description of a new Operation for the Cure of that Disease. 8vo. 12s.

Transactions of a Society for the Improvement of medical and chirurgical Knowledge. Vol. III. 8vo. 14s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The new Art of Memory; founded upon the Principles taught by M. Gregor Von Feinagle, with some Account of the principal Systems of artificial Memory. 12mo. 12s.

A Letter to a Friend abroad, on recent Occurrences in England. 1s.6d.

The Picture of Plymouth. 18mo. 5s.

The new Picture of Edinburgh; being an accurate Guide to the City and Environs. 18mo. 5s.

Crabbe's Tales. 8vo. 12s.

Taylor's Complete Weather Guide; a Collection of practical Observations for prognosticating the Weather.—12mo. 6s.

Bawdwin's Translation of the Record called Domesday. 4to. 21s.

Questions answered relative to the late Conduct of some Members of the Opposition, or J. Bull, Esq consulting the Oracle of Delphi. 2s. 6d.

Hunter on the Uncertainty of the Signs of Murder in the Case of Bastard Children. 1s. 6d.

Poole's Village School improved. 3s.

Martin's Appeal to public Benevolence for the Relief of Beggars, with a View to a Plan for the Suppression of Beggary. 6d.

Paris dans le Dix Neuvième Siècle. 2 vols. 12mo.

Count Rumford's 17th and 18th Essays; the first on the Source of the Light which is manifested in the Combustion of inflammable bodies, 1s.—The other on the excellent Qualities of Coffee, and the Art of making it in the highest Perfection. 4s.

Proceedings at the general Call of Proprietors, held at the Bank of England, March 19, 1812; with Observations on the Conduct of Lord King. 1s.

Watson's Compendium of Science and general Knowledge. 8vo. 6s.

NOVELS.

Arrivals from India, or Time's a great Master. 4 vols. 22s.

Sylvanella, or the Gypsey. 4 vols. 21s.

Substance and Shadow, or the Fisherman's Daughters of Brighton. 4 vols. 22s.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

War without Disguise, or brief Considerations on the political and commercial Relations of Great Britain and Ireland with the United States of America, at the Close of 1811. 1s.

An Address of Members of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States to their Constituents, on the Subject of the War with Great Britain. 2s.

Leckie's Essay on the Practice of British Government. 8vo. 5s.

Yates's candid Address to the Independent Electors of the United Kingdom. 1s.

Canning's Speech delivered in the House of Commons, June 22, 1812. 2s.

POETRY.

The State Doctors, or a Tale of the Times; a Poem.

Turning Out, or St. Stephen's in an Uproar. By P. Pindar, jun. 1s.6d.

The Widower; a Poem, in Seven Parts. 8vo. 9s.

An Elegiac Tribute to the Memory of the late Right Hon. S. Perceval. 1s.

Ex Tentaminibus Metricis puerorum in Schola regia Edinensi Provectiorum electa, anno 1812. fc. 5s.6d.

Houghton's Dreams of an Idiot, and other Poems. 2s. 6d.

RELIGION.

Hunt's Treatise on the Fourth Chapter of Daniel, with some Remarks on the Person of Jesus Christ. 4s.

Letters to the Rev. G. D'Oyley, B.D. in Answer to his Attack on the Œdipus Judaicus. 5s. 6d.

Brocas's Calvinism unmasked; being an Answer to Mr. Tucker's "Pre-

destination calmly considered." 12mo. 3s. 6d.

A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for social and private Worship. cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Jones's History of the Waldenses; connected with a Sketch of the Christian Church from the Birth of Christ to the 18th Century. 8vo. 12s.

Nightingale's Portraiture of the Roman Catholic Religion. 8vo. 16s.

The Works of the Rev. I. Watts, D.D. Vol. I. 8vo. 9s.; royal, 12s. To be completed in 9 vols.

Lyon's Essay, wherein the Conduct of the Apostles of Christ before his Ascension is considered in itself. 2s. 6d.

J. Jones's Ecclesiastical Researches. 8vo. 12s.

Blacow's Four Sermons, preached in the New Church, Duke-street, Liverpool. 6s.

Garrow's Sermon, preached at the Anniversary of the Royal Humane Society, 1812.

Middleton's Charge, delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Huntingdon, on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of May. 2s. 6d.

Tomline's Charge, delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Lincoln in May, June, and July, 1812. 2s. 6d.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

GAZETTE INTELLIGENCE.

DISPATCHES FROM THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL.

THE Gazette of July 21, contains two dispatches from Lord Wellington, the first dated Salamanca the 25th, and the second dated Fuenta la Pena, the 30th of June.—By the first it appears, that between the 16th and 19th of June, Marshal Marmont collected his army on the Douro, except Bonnet's division and some small garrisons, and moved forward from Fuente Sabuco on the 20th. Lord Wellington formed the allied army, with the exception of the troops engaged against the forts in Salamanca, on the heights extending from Villaries to Morisco. The advanced post of the cavalry and infantry retired on the army in good order, and without material loss. The enemy remained in our front during the night of the 21st, and established a post on our right flank. Sir Thomas Graham was directed to attack them in that post on the 22d, with the troops on the right, which he did with those of the 7th division, which were the reserve of the right, under Major-Gen. Hope and Major Gen. de Bernewitz. The enemy were immediately driven from the ground with considerable loss. The troops behaved remarkably well in this affair, which was in view of every man of both armies. The enemy retired in the night, and on the following evening posted themselves with their right on the heights near Cabesa Vellosa, and their left on the Tormes at Huerta; their centre at Aldea Rubia —thus endeavouring to communicate with the garrison in the forts at Salamanca by the left of the Tormes. Lord Wellington changed the front of the army, and placed the right at St. Martha, and the advanced posts at Aldea Lingua. Major-Gen. Bock's brigade he sent across the Tormes to observe the passages of the river. The forts at Salamanca were stronger than was expected. An unsuccessful attempt was made to carry the convent of St. Vincente on the 23d, and Major-Gen. Bowes, after having particularly distinguished himself, was unfortunately killed. The loss in officers and men was likewise considerable.

By the second dispatch of the 30th, it appears that the forts of St. Cayetano and La Merced were taken by storm on the 27th. These operations were effected in the most gallant manner, and with trifling loss, by the detachments of the 6th division, commanded by Colonel Davies, and under the direction of Major Gen. Clinton. St. Vincente then capitulated on the terms offered by Lord Wellington; the garrison to march out with the honours of war; officers to retain their baggage, and soldiers their knapsacks. Gen. Clinton mentions the conduct of the officers and men in terms of strong commendation. The enemy had been employed for nearly three

years in constructing these works, but with increased activity for the last eight or nine months. A large expense had been incurred; and these works, sufficiently garrisoned by about 800 men, and armed with 30 pieces of artillery, were of a nature to render it quite impossible to take them, excepting by a regular attack; and it was obvious that the enemy relied upon their strength, as they had left large depots of clothing and military stores. The operations against the forts were carried on in sight of Marmont's army, which remained in its position, with the right at Cabesa Vellosa, and the left at Huerta, till the night of the 27th, when they broke up, and retired, in three columns, towards the Douro; one towards Toro, the other at Tordesillas. The allied army were, on the 30th, encamped on the Guarena.—The loss of officers and men on these occasions was considerable.

The Gazette of July 28, contains a dispatch from Lord Wellington, dated Rueda, July 7th, which states, that "the army broke up from the encampment on the Guarena on the morning of the 1st, and the enemy having retired from Alaejos, encamped on the Trabancos, with the advanced guard at La Nava del Rey. Having heard that the enemy had destroyed the bridge of Tordesillas, our advanced guard crossed the Zapardiel, and moved upon Rueda, on the morning of the 2d, supported by the left of the army, while the right and centre moved towards Medina del Campo. The enemy, however, had not destroyed the bridge over the Douro, as reported; and the main body of the army had retired upon Tordesillas, leaving the rear-guard at Rueda.—Lieut. Gen. Sir Stapleton Cotton immediately attacked the rear-guard with Major Gen. Anson's and Major Gen. Victor Alten's brigades of cavalry, and drove them in upon the main body at Tordesillas. As the right and centre of the army were at a considerable distance, I could not bring up a sufficient body of troops in time to attack the enemy during their passage of the Douro, and they effected that operation without material loss; and took their position on that river, with their right on the heights opposite Pollos, their centre at Tordesillas, and their left at Simancas, on the Pisuerga. I moved our left to Pollos on the 3d, and obtained possession of the ford over the Douro at that place. But as the ford was scarcely practicable for infantry, and the enemy's corps was strongly posted, with a considerable quantity of cannon, on the heights which command the plain on which the troops must have formed after crossing the ford, and as I could not establish the army on the right of the Douro till I should have the adequate means of passing the river, I did not think it proper to push our troops further. Gen. Bonnet was at Aquilar del Campo in the end of last month."

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Downing Street, Sunday, Aug. 16, 1812.

Lord Clinton, aid-de-camp to the Earl of Wellington, arrived this morning at the War Department with dispatches, addressed by his Lordship to Earl Bathurst, dated the 21st, 24th, and 28th ult. of which the following are extracts.

The first dispatch from Lord Wellington is dated Cabrerizos, near Salamanca, July 21st, and contains an account of the movements of the armies from the 14th, the date of his Lordship's last dispatches. On the 18th a smart affair took place on the Guarena, in which the enemy lost 240 prisoners. The remainder of the dispatch relates to the movements that were made preparatory to the battle of the 22d.

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

Flores de Avila, July 24, 1812.

My aid-de-camp, Capt. Lord Clinton, will present to your Lordship this account of a victory which the allied troops under my command gained in a general action, fought near Salamanca on the evening of the 22d inst. which I have been under the necessity of delaying to send till now, having been engaged ever since the action in the pursuit of the enemy's flying troops. In my letter of the 21st, I informed your Lordship that both armies were near the Tormes; and the enemy crossed that river with the greatest part of his troops in the afternoon by the fords between Alba de Tormes and Huerta, and moved by their left towards the roads leading to Ciudad Rodrigo.

The allied army, with the exception of the 3d division and Gen. D'Urban's cavalry, likewise crossed the Tormes in the evening by the bridge of Salamanca, and the fords in the neighbourhood; and I placed the troops in a position of which the right was upon one of the two heights called Dos Arapiles, and the left on the Tormes below the ford of Santa Martha. The 3d division and Brig.-Gen. D'Urban's cavalry were left at Cabrerizos, on the right of the Tormes, as the enemy had still a large corps on the heights above Babilafuente, on the same side of the river; and I considered it not improbable, that at finding our army prepared for them in the morning on the left of the Tormes, they would alter their plan, and manœuvre by the other bank.

In the course of the night of the 21st I received intelligence, of the truth of which I could not doubt, that General Chauvel had arrived at Polles on the 20th, with the cavalry and horse artillery of the army of the north, to join Marshal Marmont; and I was quite certain that these troops would join him on the 22d or 23d at the latest. During the night of the 21st, the enemy had taken possession of the village of Calvarasa de Ariba, and of the height near it called Nuestra Senora de la Pena, our cavalry being in possession of Calvarosa de Abaxo; and shortly after day-light detachments from both armies attempted to obtain possession of the more distant, from our right, of the two hills called Dos Arapiles. The enemy, however, succeeded, their detachment being the strongest, and having been concealed in the woods nearer the hill than we were, by which success they strengthened materially their own position, and had in their power increased means of annoying ours. In the morning the light troops of the 7th division, and the 4th Cacadores belonging to Gen. Pack's brigade, were engaged with the enemy on the height called Nuestra Senora de la Pena; on which height they maintained themselves with the enemy throughout the day. The possession by the enemy, however, of the more distant of the Arapiles, rendered it necessary for me to extend the right of the army in Potence to the heights behind the village of Arapiles, and to occupy that village with light infanty; and here I placed the 4th division, under the command of the Hon. Lieut.-General Cole; and although, from the variety of the enemy's movements, it was difficult to form a satisfactory judgment of his intentions, I considered that, upon the whole, his objects were upon the left of the Tormes, I therefore ordered the Hon. Major-General Pakenham, who commanded the 3d division in the absence of Lieut.-Gen. Picton, on account of ill health, to move across the Tormes with the troops under his command, including Brig.-Gen. D'Urban's cavalry, and to place himself behind Aldea Tejada, Brig.-Gen. Bradford's brigade of Portugese infantry and Don Carlos D'Espana's infantry having been moved up likewise to the neighbourhood of Las Torres, between the 3d and 4th division.

After a variety of evolutions and movements, the enemy appears to have determined upon his plan about two in the afternoon; and under cover of a very heavy cannonade, which however did us but very little damage, he extended his left and moved forward his troops, apparently with an intention to embrace, by the position of his troops, and by his fire, our post on that of the two Arapiles which we possessed, and from thence to attack and break our line; or at all events to render difficult any movements of ours to our right.

The extension of his line to his left, however, and its advance upon our right, notwithstanding that his troops still occupied very good ground, and his position was well defended by cannon, gave me an opportunity of attacking him, for which I had long been anxious. I reinforced our right with the 5th division, under Lieut.-Gen. Leith, which I placed behind the village of Arapiles, on the right of the 4th division; and with the 6th and 7th divisions in reserve; and as soon as these troops had taken their stations, I ordered the Hon. Major-General Pakenham to move forward with the 3d division, and Gen. D'Urban's cavalry, and two squadrons of the 14th light dragoons, under Lieut.-Col. Hervey, in four columns, to turn the enemy's left on the heights, while

Brig.-Gen. Bradford's brigade, the 5th division, under Lieut. Gen. Leith, the 4th division, under the Hon. Lieut. Gen. Cole, and the cavalry, under Lieut.-Gen. Sir Stapleton Cotton, should attack them in front, supported in reserve by the 6th division, under Major Gen. Clinton, the 7th division, under Major Gen. Hope, and Don Carlos D'Espana's Spanish division, and Brig. Gen. Pack should support the left of the 4th division, by attacking that of the Dos Arapiles, which the enemy held. The 1st and light divisions occupied the ground on the left, and were in reserve.

The attack upon the enemy's left was made in the manner above described, and completely succeeded. Major Gen. the Hon. Edward Pakenham formed the 3d division across the enemy's flank, and overthrew every thing opposed to him. These troops were supported in the most gallant style by the Portuguese cavalry under Brig. Gen. D'Urban, and Lieut. Col. Hervey's squadrons of the 14th, who successfully defeated every attempt made by the enemy on the flank of the 3d division.

Brig. Gen. Bradford's brigade, the 5th and 4th divisions, and the cavalry under Lieut. Gen. Sir Stapleton Cotton, attacked the enemy in front, and drove his troops before them, from one height to another, bringing forward their right, so as to acquire strength upon the enemy's flank, in proportion to the advance. Brig. Gen. Pack made a very gallant attack upon the Arapiles, in which, however, he did not succeed, excepting in diverting the attention of the enemy's corps placed upon it, from the troops under the command of Lieut. Gen. Cole, in his advance.

The cavalry under Lieut. Gen. Sir Stapleton Cotton made a most gallant and successful charge against a body of the enemy's infantry, which they overthrew and cut to pieces. In this charge Major Gen. Le Marchant was killed at the head of his brigade; and I have to regret the loss of a most able officer.

After the crest of the height was carried, one division of the enemy's infantry made a stand against the 4th division, which, after a severe contest, was obliged to give way, in consequence of the enemy having thrown some troops on the left of the 4th division, after the failure of Brig. Gen. Pack's attack upon the Arapiles, and the Hon. Lieut. General Cole having been wounded. Marshal Sir William Beresford, who happened to be on the spot, directed Brig. Gen. Spry's brigade of the 5th division, which was in the second line, to change its front, and to bring its fire on the flank of the enemy's division; and, I am sorry to add, that while engaged in this service he received a wound, which, I am apprehensive, will deprive me of the benefit of his counsel and assistance for some time. Nearly about the same time Lieut. Gen. Leith received a wound, which unfortunately obliged him to quit the field. I ordered up the 6th division under Major Gen. Clinton, to relieve the 4th, and the battle was soon restored to its former success.

The enemy's right, however, reinforced by the troops which had fled from his left and by those which had now retired from the Arapiles, still continued to resist; and I ordered the 1st and light divisions, and Colonel Stubb's Portuguese brigade of the 4th division, which was re-formed, and Major Gen. William Anson's brigade, likewise of the 4th division, to turn the right, while the 6th division, supported by the 3d and 5th, attacked the front. It was dark before this point was carried by the 6th division, and the enemy fled through the woods towards the Tormes. I pursued them with the 1st and light divisions, and Major Gen. William Anson's brigade of the 4th division, and some squadrons of cavalry under Lieut. Gen. Sir Stapleton Cotton, as long as we could find any of them together, directing our march upon Huerta and the fords of the Tormes, by which the enemy had passed on their advance; but the darkness of the night was highly advantageous to the enemy, many of whom escaped under its cover, who must otherwise have been in our hands. I am sorry to report, that owing to this same cause, Lieut. Gen. Sir Stapleton Cotton was unfortunately wounded by one of our own sentries after he had halted.

We renewed the pursuit at break of day in the morning with the same

troops, and Major Gen. Bock's and Major Gen. Anson's brigades of cavalry, which joined during the night, and having crossed the Tormes, we came up with the enemy's rear-guard of cavalry and infantry near La Serna; they were immediately attacked by the two brigades of dragoons; and the cavalry fled, leaving the infantry to their fate. I have never witnessed a more gallant charge than was made on the enemy's infantry by the heavy brigade of the King's German Legion, under Major Gen. Bock, which was completely successful, and the whole body of infantry, consisting of three battalions of the enemy's first division, were made prisoners.

The pursuit was afterwards continued as far as Penaranda last night; and our troops are still following the flying enemy. Their head-quarters were in this town, not less than ten leagues from the field of battle, for a few hours last night; and they are now considerably advanced on the road towards Valladolid by Arevalo. They were joined yesterday on their retreat by the cavalry and artillery of the army of the north, which have arrived at too late a period, it is to be hoped, to be of much use to them. It is impossible to form a conjecture of the amount of the enemy's loss in this action, but from all reports it is very considerable. We have taken from them eleven pieces of cannon,* several ammunition waggons, two eagles, and six colours, and one General, three colonels, three lieutenant colonels, 130 officers of inferior rank, and between 6 and 7000 soldiers are prisoners;† and our detachments are sending in more every movement.—The number of dead on the field is very large.

I am informed that Marshal Marmont is badly wounded, and has lost one of his arms; and that four general officers have been killed, and several wounded. Such an advantage could not have been acquired without material loss on our side; but it certainly has not been of a magnitude to distress the army, or to cripple its operations. I have great pleasure in reporting to your Lordship, that throughout this trying day, of which I have related the events, I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the general officers and troops. The relation which I have written of its events will give a general idea of the share which each individual had in them; and I cannot say too much in praise of the conduct of every individual in his station.

Capt. Lord Clinton will have the honour of laying at the feet of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, the eagles and colours taken from the enemy in this action.

[The remainder of the dispatch consists of acknowledgments of the brilliant services of the General and other officers, and Lieut.-Col. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and the officers of his personal staff. Among the latter (says Lord W.) I request your Lordship to draw the attention of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent to his Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Orange, whose conduct in the field, as well as upon every other [illegible]tion, entitles him to my highest commendation, and has acquired for him the respect and regard of the whole army.]

In a case in which the conduct of all has been conspicuously good, I regret that the necessary limits of a dispatch prevent me from drawing your Lordship's notice to the conduct of a larger number of individuals; but I can assure your Lordship, that there was no officer of corps engaged in this action, who did not perform his duty by his sovereign and his country.—The Royal German artillery, under Lieut.-Col. Framingham, distinguished themselves by the accuracy of their fire, wherever it was possible to use them; and they advanced to the attack of the enemy's position with the same gallantry as the other troops.

I enclose a return of the killed and wounded.

[Here follow the names of about 220 officers, killed and wounded in the battle of the 22d, near Salamanca.

* The official returns only account for 11 pieces of cannon, but it is believed that 20 have fallen into our hands.

† The prisoners are supposed to amount to 7000; but it has not been possible to ascertain their numbers exactly, from the advance of the army immediately after the action.

—Grand total of killed, wounded, and missing on the 18th, 22d, and 23d of July, 6879.]

Olmedo, July 28, 1812.

The army have continued their march in pursuit of the enemy since I addressed you on the 24th inst. and we have continued to take many prisoners. A part of the enemy's army crossed the Douro yesterday near Puente de Douro, and the remainder, their left wing, were in march towards the bridge of Tudela this morning at nine o'clock, when I last heard from our advanced posts. The main body of the allied army is this day on the Adaja and Zapardiel rivers in this neighbourhood; the light cavalry being in front, in pursuit of the enemy.

It appears that Joseph Bonaparte left Madrid on the 21st, with the army of the centre, supposed to consist of from 10 to 12,000 infantry, and from 2 to 3000 cavalry, and he directed his march by the Escoriel, upon Alba de Tormes. He arrived at Blasco Sancho, between Avila and Arevalo on the 25th, where he heard of the defeat of Marshal Marmont, and he retired in the evening, and between that time and the evening of the 26th, he marched through Villa Castin to Espina. A non-commissioned officer's patrole of the 14th light dragoons and 1st Hussars from Arevalo, took in Blasco Sancho on the evening of the 25th, shortly after Joseph Bonaparte had left the place, 2 officers and 27 men of his own cavalry, who had been left there to follow his rear-guard.

I have reason to believe that Joseph Bonaparte had no regular account of the action of the 22d till he passed the Puerte de Guadarrama yesterday, but he then returned, and was directing his march upon Segovia. I have not yet heard how far he had advanced. All accounts concur with regard to the great loss sustained by the army of Portugal.

By accounts from Lieut.-Gen. Sir Rowland Hill to the 24th inst. it appears that the enemy had in some degree reinforced the troops in Estramadura. The Lieut. General had removed to Zafra.

It is reported, that Gen. Ballasteros had marched on another expedition towards Malaga, and that he was opposed by a division of the army of the South, under Gen. Labal.

I have not received detailed accounts of Commodore Sir Home Popham's operations on the coast since the capture of Sequeitio, but I understand that he has taken Castro Urdiales.

French Report of the Battle of Salamanca.

"*Paris, Aug.* 18.—The army of Portugal, commanded by his Excellency the Duke de Ragusa, was, on the 24th of July, encamped on the Douro, in front of the English army. The Duke passed that river on the 16th, at Tordesillas, in spite of the enemy, and after several actions, in which the French had always a marked advantage, the enemy was driven back to Salamanca, when the two armies were in front of each other on the 22d; after a cannonade of some duration on both sides, and while the Marshal Duke de Ragusa, resolved to give battle, was occupied in making his final arrangements, he was struck by a shell, which broke his right arm, and wounded him in two places in the right side. This accident obliged him to quit the field of battle; his life is not, however, in danger.

"The General of Division, Clauzel, took the command just as the action commenced; it continued for several hours with the greatest fury: prodigies of valour, and several actions, worthy of the French name, were performed. Nevertheless, the accident which happened to the Duke of Ragusa had, from the first, determined Gen. Clauzel to retire upon the right of the Tormes. After alternate and equal successes he re-crossed that river at Alba, leaving one of his divisions to cover the bridge of that place till the middle of the day following. The retreat was effected without molestation from the enemy, whose loss was very considerable.

"The French army continued their route, on the 23d of July, by Penaranda, whither they were followed by the English cavalry. Our rear-guard made a successful attack on them, forced them to make a rapid retreat, and killed numbers of them. The army then continued their route

without any further molestation, and have resumed their former position at Tordesillas, and with the Douro in their front.

"This intelligence has been brought to the Minister of the War Department, by M. Tabvier, aid-de-camp to the Duke of Ragusa, who has been sent by his Excellency the War Minister to the Emperor's head-quarters."—*Moniteur, Aug.* 19.

The manner of the French retreat without interruption, here related, is confirmed by official dispatches received on the 24th, from Lord Wellington, dated Cueller, August 4, in which the astonishing circumstance of the beaten army's rear-guard remaining on the Douro on the 28th and 29th, a week after the battle, is confirmed! It was not till the 30th that our advanced guard crossed the Douro, the enemy having on the latter part of the 29th, pursued the course of their main body towards Villanez. In the French report from the Moniteur, it is observable, that not a syllable is mentioned of the loss of prisoners, cannon, &c.!

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

[*Continued from p.* 84.]

Fourth Bulletin.

Wilna, June 30.

On the 27th the Emperor arrived at the advanced posts at two in the afternoon, and put the army in motion, for the purpose of approaching Wilna, and attacking the Russian army at day break of the 28th, should it wish to defend Wilna, or retard its capture, in order to save the immense magazines which it had there. One Russian division occupied Troki, and another division was on the heights of Traka. At day-break of the 28th, the King of Naples put himself in motion with the advanced guard, and the light cavalry of General Count Bruyeres. The Marshal Prince of Eckmuhl supported him with his corps. The Russians every where retired. After exchanging some cannon-shot, they crossed the Vilia in all haste, burned the wooden bridge of Wilna, and set fire to immense magazines, valued at many millions of rubles; more than 150,000 quintals of flour, an immense supply of forage and of of oats, and a great mass of articles of clothing, were burned. A great quantity of arms, in which Russia is in general deficient, and of warlike stores, was destroyed and thrown into the Vilia. At mid-day the Emperor entered Wilna. At three o'clock the bridge over the Vilia was re-established. All the carpenters of the city repaired to it with zeal, and constructed a bridge, while the pontoneers, at the same time, constructed another.—The division of Bruyeres followed the enemy by the bank. In a slight affair with their rear, about 80 carriages were taken from the Russians. There were some men killed and wounded; among the latter is the captain of the hussars, Segur. The Polish light horse of the guard made a charge on the right bank of the Vilia, put to rout, pursued, and made prisoners, a good number of Cossacks.—On the 25th, the Duke of Reggio had crossed the Vilia, by a bridge thrown over near Kowno. On the 26th he marched upon Cavou, and on the 27th on Chatoui. This movement obliged the Prince of Vittgenstein, commandant of the first corps of the Russian army, to evacuate all Samagitia, and the country lying between Kowno and the sea, and retire upon Wilkomir, after obtaining a reinforcement of two regiments of the guards. On the 28th a recounter took place. The Marshal Duke of Reggio found the enemy drawn up opposite Develtovo. A cannonading commenced: the enemy was driven from one position to another; and passed the bridge with so much precipitation, that he could not set fire to it. He lost 300 prisoners, among whom are several officers, and about 100 killed or wounded. Our loss amounts to about 50 men. The Duke of Reggio praises the brigade of light cavalry, commanded by General Baron Castex, and the 11th regiment of light infantry, composed entirely of Frenchmen from the departments beyond the Alps. The young Roman conscripts have shewn a great deal of intrepidity. The enemy set fire to his grand magazine at Wilkomir. Up to the last moment the inhabitants were pillaging some barrels of flour; we succeeded in recovering a part of it. On

the 29th the Duke of Elchingen threw a bridge over the Vilia, opposite Souderva. Some columns received a direction of march by the roads of Grodno and Volhynia, for the purpose of coming up with various Russian corps that were cut off and scattered. Wilna is a city containing from 25 to 30,000 souls, with a great number of convents, fine public buildings, and inhabitants full of patriotism. Four or five hundred young men of the university, above eighteen, and belonging the best families, have requested to form a regiment. The enemy is retiring upon the Dwina. A great number of officers of the staff and of estafettes are daily falling into our hands. We are obtaining proofs of the exaggerations of all that Russia has published with regard to the immensity of her means. Only two battalions to each regiment are with the army; the third battalions, the statements of the situation of many of which have been found in the intercepted correspondence of the officers of the depots, with the regiments, do not amount, for the most part, to 120 or 200 men. The Court set off from Wilna 24 hours after being apprised of our passage at Kowno. Somogitia, Lithuania, are almost entirely liberated. The *centralization* of Bagration towards the North, has very much weakened the troops that were to defend Volhynia. The King of Westphalia, with the corps of Prince Poniatowsky, and the 7th and 8th corps, must have entered Grodno on the 29th. Different columns have set out to fall upon the flanks of the corps of Bragation, which, on the 20th, received orders to proceed by forced marches from Proujanoni towards Wilna, and the head of which had already arrived within four days' march of the latter city; but events have forced it to retreat, and it is now pursued. Hitherto the campaign has not been sanguinary; there have been only manœuvres; we have made in all 1000 prisoners. But the enemy has already lost the capital and the greater part of the Polish provinces, which are in a state of insurgency. All the magazines of the first, second, and third lines, the result of two years' care, and valued at more than twenty millions of rubles, are consumed by the flames, or fallen into our power. In fine, the head-quarters of the French army are in the place where the Court was for six weeks. Amidst the great number of intercepted letters, the following are remarkable: the one from the intendant of the Russian army, who communicates that Russia having already lost all her magazines of the 1st, the 2d, and 3d lines, is reduced to the situation of forming new ones in all haste; the other from Duke Alexander of Wirtemberg, which shews, that after a campaign of a few days, the provinces of the centre are already declared in a state of war. In the present situation of things, had the Russian army believed that they had any chance of victory, the defence of Wilna would have been equivalent to a battle; and in all countries, but particularly in that where we now are, the preservation of a triple line of magazine should have determined a general to risk the chances of it. Manœuvres then alone have placed in the power of the French army, a considerable portion of the Polish provinces, the capital, and three lines of magazines. The magazines of Wilna were set on fire with so much precipitation, that we have been able to save a great many things.

The *Fifth* Bulletin, dated Wilna, July 6, contains an account of the position and number of the six divisions of the Russian army, making a total of 146,000 men, besides the 9th and 15th divisions of infantry, and two divisions of cavalry, under Gen. Markow, at the extremity of Volhynia. The passage of the Vilia on the 25th of June, and the movement of the Duke of Reggio upon Janew, and towards Chatoni obliged the corps of Wittgenstein to proceed towards Wilkomir, and on its left; and the corps of Baggawont to make for Dunabourg, by Mouchnicki and Gedroitse. These two corps were thus cut off from Wilna. The third and fourth corps, and Russian Imperial Guards, retired from Wilna upon Nementschin, Swentzianoni, and Vidzoni. The King of Naples pressed them vigorously along both banks of the Vilia. The tenth regiment of Polish hussars, which were at the head of the column of the division of Count Sebastiani, came up near Lebowo, with a regiment of

Cossacks of the party which covered the rear-guard, and charged at full gallop, killed nine, and made about a dozen prisoners. The Polish troops, which up to this moment had not been engaged in a charge, have shewn rare resolution. They are animated by enthusiasm and passion. On the 3d of July the King of Naples marched upon Swentziani, and there overtook Baron Tolly's rear-guard. He gave orders to General Montbrun to charge, but the Russians did not wait the attack, and retired with such precipitation, that a squadron of Hublans, which was returning from a reconnoissance on the side of Mihailetki, fell in with our posts. It was charged by the 12th chasseurs, and the whole either taken or slain. Sixty men were taken with their horses. The Poles, who are amongst these prisoners, have applied to serve, and have been taken, full mounted, in the Polish troops. On the 4th, at day-break, the King of Naples entered Swentziani, the Marshal Duke of Elchingen entered Maliatoni, and Marshal Duke of Reggio, Avanta. On the 30th of June, Marshal Duke of Tarentum arrived at Rossiena; he proceeded beyond that to Ponevieji, Chawli, and Teseh. The immense magazines which the Russians had in Samogitia have been burned by themselves, which has occasioned an enormous loss, not only to their finances, but still more to the subsistence of the people. The corps of Doctorow, however, viz, the 6th corps, was still on the 27th of June without any orders, and had made no movement. On the 28th it assembled, and put itself in motion, in order to proceed to the Dwina, by marching on its flank. On the 30th its advanced guard entered Soleinicki. It was charged by the light cavalry of General Baron Borde Soult, and driven out of the village. Doctorow, perceiving that he was anticipated, turned to the right, and made for Ochmiana. General Baron Pajol arrived at that place with his light cavalry at the moment when Doctorow's vanguard entered it. Gen. Pajol charged. The enemy was sabred and overthrown in the town; he lost 60 men killed, and 18 prisoners. General Pajol had five men killed, and some wounded. This charge was made by the 9th regiment of Polish lancers. General Doctorow, seeing his route intercepted, fell back upon Olchanoni. Marshal the Prince of Eckmuhl, with a division of infantry, the Cuirassiers of the division of Count de Valence, and the second regiment of light cavalry of the guard, moved upon Ochmiana, in order to support General Pajol. The corps of Doctorow, thus cut off and driven towards the South, continued to prosecute the movement on the right by forced marches, with the sacrifice of its baggage. Upon Smoroghoni, Danowchoff, and Robouilucki, whence he made for the Dwina. This movement had been foreseen. General Nansouty, with a division of Cuirassiers, the division of light cavalry of Count Bruyere, and Count Morand's division of infantry, advanced to Mikalitchki, with a view to cut off this corps. He arrived on the 3d at Swin, at the time when it passed that place, and pushed it briskly. He took a large number of waggons, and obliged the enemy to abandon some hundreds of baggage-carts. The uncertainty, the anxiety, the marches, and counter-marches which these troops, had endured, the fatigues which they had undergone, must have made them suffer severely. Torrents of rain fell during thirty-six hours, without intermission. The weather has suddenly changed from extreme heat to very severe cold. Several thousands of horses have perished by the effects of this sudden transition. Convoys of artillery have been stopped by the mud. This terrible storm, which has fatigued both men and beasts, has unavoidably retarded our march; and the corps of Doctorow, which successively fell in with the columns of General Borde, Soult, of General Pajol, and General Nansouty, has narrowly escaped destruction. Prince Bagration, with the 5th corps, stationed more in the rear, marches towards the Dwina. He set out on the 30th of June, from Wolkowitsk to Minsk. The King of Westphalia entered Grodno the same day. The division of Dombrowski passed it first. The Hetman Platow was still at Grodno, with his Cossacks. When charged by the light cavalry of Prince Poniatowskie, the Cossacks were dis-

persed in every direction. Twenty were killed, and sixty made prisoners. At Grodno were found materials for 100,000 rations of bread, and some remains of the magazine. It had been foreseen that Bagration would have fallen back upon the Dwina, by drawing as near as possible to Dunaburg; and the General of Division, Count Gronchy, had been sent to Bogdanow. He was on the 3d at Trabmi. Marshal the Prince of Echmuhl, reinforced by two divisions, was on the 4th at Wichnew. If the Prince Poniatowski had vigorously pressed the rear guard of the corps of Bagration, that corps would have been endangered. All the enemy's corps are in a state of the greatest uncertainty. The Hetman Platow was still ignorant on the 30th of June, that Wilna had been two days in the possession of the French. He took the direction towards that city, as far as Lida, at which place he changed his route, and moved towards the South. The sun, during the whole of the 4th re-established the roads. Every thing is now organizing at Wilna. The suberbs have suffered by the vast crowds of people that rushed into them during the continuance of the tempest. There was a Russian apparatus there for 60,000 rations. Another has been established for an equal number of rations. Magazines are forming. The head of the convoys arrives at Kowno by the Nieman. Twenty thousand quintals of flour, and a million rations of biscuit, have just arrived here from Dantzic.

The *Sixth* bulletin is dated Wilna, July 11. After stating the arrival of the French army upon the banks of the Dwina, the occupation of a number of places, the overthrow of detached bodies of the Russians, capture of carriages, magazines, &c. with the passage of the Bog, by their Austrian allies, under Prince Schwartzenberg, it proceeds, "Thus, ten days after opening the campaign, our advanced posts are upon the Dwina. Almost the whole of Lithuania, containing four millions of inhabitants, has been conquered. The operations of the war commenced at the passage of the Vistula. The projects of the emperor were from that time plainly unfolded, and he had no time to lose in carrying them into execution. Thus, the army has been making forced marches from the period of passing that river, in order to advance by means of manœuvres upon the Dwina, for the distance between the Vistula and the Dwina is greater than that between the Dwina and Mosiere, or Petersburgh. The Russians appear to be concentrating themselves upon Dunaburg: they give out that it is their intention to wait for us and give us battle before we enter their ancient provinces, after having abandoned Poland without a contest, as if they were constrained by justice, and had wished to restore a country badly acquired. The people of Poland are in motion on all sides. The white eagle is hoisted every where. Priests, nobles, peasants, women, all call for the independence of their nation. The peasants are extremely jealous of the happiness of the peasants of the Grand Duchy, who are free; for, whatever may be said to the contrary, liberty is considered by the Lithuanians as the greatest blessing. The peasants express themselves with a vivacity of elocution, which would not seem to belong to the climates of the North, and all embrace, with transport, the hope that the result of the struggle will be the re-establishment of their liberty. The peasants of the Grand Duchy have gained by their liberty, not that they are richer, but that the proprietors are obliged to be moderate, just, and humane; because otherwise the peasants would quit their lands in order to seek better proprietors. Thus the noble loses nothing, he is only obliged to be just, and the peasant gains much. It must be an agreeable gratification for the heart of the Emperor, to witness, in crossing the Grand Duchy, the transports of joy and gratitude which the blessing of liberty, granted to four millions of men, has excited.

The *Seventh* bulletin is dated Wilna, July 16. "His Majesty has erected upon the right bank of the Vilia, an entrenched camp, surrounded by redoubts, and constructed a citidel upon the mountain on which was the ancient palace of the Jagellons. Thus, two bridges, upon piles, are being constructed; three bridges, upon rafts, are already established. General Ricard arrived early in the morning of the

6th at Poncewiez. He had the good fortune of saving the magazines which were in it, and which contained 30,000 quintals of meal. He took 100 prisoners, among which were four officers. This expedition does the greatest honour to the Prussian Death hussars, who were charged with the execution of it. His Majesty bestowed the Legion of Honour to the commandant of it, to Lieutenant de Raven, to sub-officers Werner and Pommeroet, and Brigadier Grahonski, who in this affair distinguished themselves. The inhabitants of the Province of Samogitia are distinguished for their patriotism; they were free, their country was rich, but their destinies changed with the fall of Poland. The better and finest parts of the country were given by Catherine to Soubow. The peasants, free as they were, were compelled to become slaves. The flank movement made by the army upon Wilna, having turned this fine province, it will be of the utmost utility to the army. Prince Eckmuhl has seized upon the strong place of Borisow, upon the Beresina; 60,000lbs. of powder, 16 pieces of besieging artillery, and some hospitals have fallen into his power. Considerable magazines were set on fire; a part was, however, saved. On the 10th, General Latour Maubourg sent the division of light cavalry, commanded by Gen. Rosnicke, towards Mir; it met the enemy's rear-guard at a short distance from that town; a very brisk engagement took place. Notwithstanding the inferiority of the Polish division in number, it remained master of the field. The General of Cossacks, Gregorieu, was killed, and 1500 Russians were killed and wounded. Our loss, at the utmost, was not more than 500. The Polish light cavalry fought with the greatest intrepidity, and its courage supplied the want of number. The same day we entered Mir. A deputation from the Confederation presented to his Majesty at Wilna, and submitted to his approbation and protection, the Act of Confederation."

To the Act of the Confederation his Majesty replied as follows:

"*Gentlemen Deputies of the Confederation of Poland,*

"I have heard with interest what you have related to me. Poles! I would have thought and acted like you; like you I would have voted in the Assembly of Warsaw. Love of the country is the first duty of civilised man. In my situation I have many interests to conciliate, and many duties to perform. Had I reigned during the first, second, or third partition of Poland, I would have armed all my people to support you. Immediately after victory enabled me to restore your ancient laws to your capital, and a part of your provinces, I did it, without prolonging a war which would have continued to spill the blood of my subjects. I love your nation, for sixteen years I have seen your soldiers by my side, in the fields of Italy, as well as those of Spain. I applaud all you have done; I authorise the efforts you wish to make; I will do every thing that depends on me to second your resolutions. If your efforts are unanimous you may conceive the hope of reducing your enemies to acknowledge your rights: but in these countries, so distant and extensive, it is entirely upon the unanimity of the efforts of the population which covers them, that you must found your hopes of success. I have held to you the same language since my first appearance in Poland; I must add here, that I have guaranteed to the Emperor of Austria, the integrity of his dominions, and that I cannot sanction any manœuvre, or any movement which may tend to trouble the peaceable possessions of what remains to him of the Polish provinces. Let Lithuania, Simogitia, Witepsk, Polotsk, Mohilow, Wolhynia, the Ukraine, Poldolia, be animated with the same spirit which I have seen in Great Poland, and Providence will crown with success your holy cause. He will recompense that devotion to your country, which has rendered you so interesting, and acquired you so many claims to my esteem and protection, upon which you may depend under every circumstance."

The *Eighth* bulletin is dated Gleubokoe, July 22. "The corps of Prince Bagration is composed of four divisions of infantry, from 22 to 24,000 men strong, of Platow's Cossacks, forming 6000 horse, and from 4 to 5000 cavalry. Two divisions of his

corps (the 9th and 15th) wished to rejoin him by Pinsk; they were intercepted, and obliged to return by Wolhynia. Smolensk is in alarm. Every thing is removing to Moscow. An officer, sent by the Emperor to cause the evacuation of the magazines of Orcha, was quite astonished to find the place in the possession of the French. This officer was taken with his dispatches. While Bagration was briskly pursued in his retreat, anticipated in his projects, separated and removed from the main army, that army, commanded by the Emperor Alexander, retreated on the Dwina. On the 14th, General Sebastiani following the rear guard, cut down 500 Cossacks, and arrived at Dronia. On the 13th, the Duke of Reggio advanced upon Dunaburg, burnt the fine barracks which the enemy had constructed there, took a play of the works, burnt some magazines, and took 150 prisoners. After this diversion on the right, he marched on Dronia. On the 15th, the enemy, who was concentrated in his entrenched camp of Drissa, to the number of from 100 to 120,000 men, being informed that our light cavalry did not keep a strict watch, threw over a bridge, sent across 5000 infantry and 5000 cavalry, attacked General Sebastiani, unexpectedly, drove him back one league, and caused him a loss of 100 killed, wounded, and prisoners, among whom were a captain and a sub-lieutenant of the 11th Chasseurs. The General of Brigade, St. Genier, who was mortally wounded, remained in the power of the enemy. On the 18th, the Russian army evacuated their entrenched camp at Drissa, defended by twelve pallisadoed redoubts, united by a covered way, and extending 3000 toises on the river. These works cost a year of labour. We have levelled them. The immense magazines they contained were either burnt or thrown into the water. On the 20th, the King of Naples passed the Dwina, and covered the right bank of the river with his cavalry. All the preparations the enemy had made to defend the passage of the Dwina have been useless. The magazines he has been forming, at a great expense, for these three years past, have been entirely destroyed. The same has happened to his works, which, according to the reports of the people of the country, have cost the Russians in one year not less than 6000 men. One can hardly guess on what ground they flattered themselves that they would be attacked in the encampments they had entrenched. General Count Grouchy has reconnoitred Babinovitch and Sienno. On all sides we are marching upon the Oula. This river is joined by a canal to the Beresina, which runs into the Borysthenes. Thus we are masters of the communication from the Baltic to the Black Sea. In his movements the enemy has been obliged to destroy his baggage, and to throw his artillery and arms into the rivers. All the Poles of his army avail themselves of his precipitate retreat to desert, and wait in the woods till the arrival of the French. The country between the Oula and the Dwina is very beautiful, and in the highest state of cultivation. We often meet with beautiful country seats and extensive convents. In the town of Gleubokoe alone, there are two convents, which may contain each 1200 sick."

The *Ninth* bulletin is dated Bechenkoviski, July 25. "The Emperor removed his head-quarters on the 23d to Kamen, passing by the way of Ouchatsch. On the 20th, the Prince of Eckmuhl marched upon Mohilow. Two thousand men, who formed the garrison of that city, had the hardihood to wish to defend it. They were cut to pieces by the light cavalry. On the 21st, 3000 Cossacks attacked the advanced posts of the Prince of Eckmuhl. They were the advanced guard of Prince Bagration, and had come from Bobrunsk. A battalion of the 85th stopped this cloud of light cavalry, and drove them to a great distance. Bagration appeared to have profited of the little activity with which he was pursued, to proceed upon Bobrunsk, and thence he returned upon Mohilow. We occupy Mohilow, Orcha, Disna, and Potolsk. We are marching on Witepsk, where it it appears the Russian army is collected."

The *Tenth* bulletin, dated Witepsk, July 31, contains the battle of Ostrovno. "On July 25th, General Nansouty,

with the divisions Bruyere and St. Germain, and the 8th regiment of light infantry, encountered the enemy two leagues in advance of Ostrovno. The action commenced. Several charges of cavalry took place; all of them were in favour of the French. The light cavalry covered itself with glory. The King of Naples mentions the brigade Piré, composed of the 8th hussars, and 16th Chasseurs, as having distinguished itself. The Russian cavalry, of which a part belonged to the Guards, was overthrown. The batteries which the enemy opened upon our cavalry, were carried. The Russian infantry, who advanced to support their artillery, were broken and sabred by our light cavalry. On the 26th, the Viceroy, marching with the division Delzon, as the head of the columns, an obstinate action of the advanced guard, of from 15 to 20,000 men, took place a league beyond Ostrovno. The Russians were driven from their positions one after another. The woods were carried by the bayonet. The King of Naples, and the Viceroy, mention with praise, Generals Baron Delzon, Huard, and Roussel. The 8th light infantry, the 84th and 92d regiments of the line, and the 1st regiment of Croats, distinguished themselves. Gen. Roussel, a brave soldier, after being the whole day at the head of the battalions, was visiting the advanced posts, at ten at night, when a centinel took him for an enemy, fired upon him, and the ball shattered his skull. He ought to have died three hours sooner on the field of battle, by the hands of the enemy. On the 27th, at day-break, the enemy's rear-guard, consisting of 10,000 cavalry, was perceived drawn up *en echellon* on the plain; their right resting on the Dwina, and their left on a wood lined with infantry and artillery. General Count Broussier took post on an eminence with the 53d regiment, waiting till the whole of his division had passed the defile. Two companies of Voltiguers had marched in advance, alone: they skirted the bank of the river, advancing towards that enormous mass of cavalry, which made a forward movement, and surrounded these 200 men, who were thought to be lost, and who ought to have been so. It happened otherwise. They concentrated themselves with the greatest coolness, and remained during a whole hour hemmed in on all sides; having brought down more than 300 horsemen of the enemy, these two companies gave the French cavalry time to *debouche*. The division Delzon defiled on the right. The King of Naples directed the wood and the enemy's batteries to be attacked. In less than an hour all the positions of the enemy were carried, and he was driven across the plain beyond a small river which enters the Dwina below Witepsk. The army took a position on the banks of this river, at the distance of a league from the town. The enemy displayed in the plain 15,000 cavalry and 60,000 infantry. A battle was expected next day. The Russians boasted that they wished to give battle. The Emperor spent the remainder of the night in reconnoitring the field, and in making his dispositions for next day; but at day-break the Russian army was retreating in all directions towards Smolensk. The Emperor was on an height very near the 200 Voltigeurs, who, alone on the plain, had attacked the right of the enemy's cavalry. Struck by their fine conduct, he sent to enquire what corps they belonged to? They answered, "*To the 9th; and three fourths of us are lads of Paris.*"—"Tell them," said the Emperor, "that they are brave fellows; they all deserve the cross!" The fruits of the three actions of Ostrovno are 10 pieces of cannon, of Russian manufacture, taken, the cannoneers sabred; 20 caissoons of ammunition; 1500 prisoners; 5 or 6000 Russians killed or wounded. Our loss amounts to 200 killed, 900 wounded, and about 50 prisoners. The King of Naples bestows particular praise on Generals Bruyere, Piré, and Ornana, and on Colonel Radzivill, commandant of the 9th Polish lancers, an officer of singular intrepidity. The red hussars of the Russian guard have been cut up. They lost 400 men, many of whom are prisoners. The Russians had three generals killed or wounded. A considerable number of colonels and superior officers of their army remained on the field of battle. On the 28th, at day-break, we entered Witepsk, a town of 30,000 inhabitants. It has twenty convents,

We have found in it some magazines, particularly one of salt, valued at 15,000,000. While the army was marching on Witepsk, the Prince of Eckmuhl was attacked at Mohilow. Bagration passed the Berezina at Bobrunski, and marched upon Novoibickow. At day-break on the 23d, 3000 Cossacks attacked the 3d regiment of Chasseurs, and took 100 of them, among whom were the colonel and four officers, all wounded. The *generale* was beat; an action commenced. The Russian General Sieverse, with two select divisions, began the attack. From eight in the morning till five in the afternoon, the firing was kept up on a strip of wood, and at a bridge which the Russians wished to force. At five, the Prince of Eckmuhl caused three chosen battalions to advance, put himself at their head, overthrew the Russians, carried their positions, and pursued them for a league. The loss of the Russians is estimated at 3000 killed and wounded, and 1100 prisoners. We lost 700 killed and wounded. Bagration, repulsed, retired upon Bickow, where he passed the Borysthenes, to advance towards Smolensk. The battles of Mohilow, and Ostrovno have been brilliant and honourable to our army. On our side we have never had engaged more than half of the force which the enemy have presented, the ground not being suitable for greater developements."

The *Eleventh* bulletin, dated Witepsk, August 4, mentions intercepted letters from the camp of Bagration, which speak of the losses sustained by his corps in the battle of Mohilow, and of the number of desertions from which it has suffered on the route. Every Pole has remained in his country, so that this corps, which, including the Cossacks of Platow, amounted to 50,000 men, is now reduced to less than 30,000. It will join the Grand Army on the 7th or 8th of August, at Smolensk. The Russian General Skamenskoi surprised and cut off the Saxon Brigadier-General Klengel, who had under his command an advanced guard of two battalions, and two squadrons of Prince Clement's regiment; this was part of the seventh corps of the army. Prince Schwartzenberg marched on the 30th of July, to join General Reignier, and push the war with spirit against the enemy's divisions. On the 19th, the Prussian General Grawert attacked the Russians at Ekau, in Courland, overthrew him, took 200 prisoners, and killed a considerable number. General Grawert much commends Major Steirn, who, at the head of the 1st regiment of Prussian dragoons, took a prominent part in the affair. When Gen. Grawert had effected a junction with General Kleist, he drove the enemy before him on the road to Riga, and invested the *tete-du-pont*. On the 30th, the Viceroy sent to Welij a brigade of Italian light cavalry, two hundred men charged four battalions of the depôt, who were on their route to Twor, broke them, took 400 prisoners, and 100 waggons loaded with military stores. On the 30th, the aid-de-camp Traire, who had been sent forward with the Queen's regiment of dragoons of the Royal Italian Guard, arrived at Ousvrath, took a captain and forty men prisoners, and possessed themselves of 200 carriages loaded with flour. On the 30th, Marshal the Duke of Reggio marched from Polotsk upon Sebei. He met General Wittgenstein, whose corps had been reinforced by that of Prince Repnin. An engagement took place near the Castle of Jacoubovo. The 26th regiment of light infantry obtained much glory. The division Legrand gloriously bore up against the fire of the entire of the enemy's corps. On the 1st, the enemy marched upon the Drissa, in order to attack the Duke of Reggio, upon his flank, as he marched. The Marshal took up a position with the Drissa in his front. On the 1st of Aug. the enemy were foolish enough to cross the Drissa, and to present themselves in battle array in front of the 2d corps. The Duke of Reggio allowed half their corps to cross, and as soon as he perceived about 15,000 men and 14 pieces of cannon over, he unmasked a battery of 40 pieces of cannon, which played upon them with grape shot for nearly an hour. At the same time the divisions Legrand and Verdier made a running charge with the bayonet, and drove the 15,000 Russians into the river. All their artillery and military chests taken, 3000 prisoners, among whom

were several officers, and one of Gen. Wittgenstein, together with 3500 men killed or wounded, are the result of this affair.

The Emperor of Russsia has ordered levies of men in the two governments of Witepsk and Mohilow, but before his Ukases could reach those provinces, we were masters of them.—These measures consequently have produced nothing.

We have found at Witepsk proclamations issued by Prince Alexander of Wirtemburg, and we have learned that the people of Russia are amusing themselves, singing *Te Deum* on account of the victories obtained by the Russians.—*Moniteur, Aug.* 18.

This bulletin refutes all the fabricated accounts from Russia, relative to the victories in the neighbourhood of Riga, which were sanctioned by being copied into the London Gazette for Saturday, August the 22d.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

EXECUTION OF DAWSON FOR POISONING HORSES.—This culprit, whose trial appeared in our last Number, suffered the awful sentence of the law on Saturday the 8th instant, at twelve o'clock, at the top of Cambridge Castle, amidst a surrounding assemblage of at least twelve thousand persons, it being on the market day. Previous to his condemnation, and for a day or two after, Dawson's conduct was unruly and boisterous in the extreme, but by the unremitted and continual exhortations of the Rev. Mr. Pearce, Chaplain, he became reconciled to his unhappy fate, and devoted his whole time in fervent prayer. The prisoner has made an unsolicited declaration of the whole poisoning business, from the time of the physicking of Rubens at Brighton, to the poisoning at Newmarket in 1811. To the *honour* of the turf be it said, not a single *gentleman* is included in the confession; and Dawson appears to have been rather an agent than a principal. The parting farewell with his wife was a heart-rending scene. She is a most respectable woman, and the prisoner seemed more affected at his indifference to her at former times, than at approaching death itself. He ascended the platform with manly fortitude; and, after spending twenty minutes in fervent prayer, he was launched into eternity. In his last moments the culprit declared, in his fervency of prayer, that he never meant to *kill*, but merely to *physic*, and stop the horses from winning.

His confession with respect to persons said to have been concerned with him, or having a knowledge, direct or indirect, that something was going on which would prevent certain horses winning, was expected to have been published; but the assertions involve in themselves so many delicate points, and were uttered under such circumstances, that, upon mature deliberation, it was thought such would not only be unjustifiable, but subject the writer to separate actions or indictments. The question of publishing names has been canvassed, and decided to be illegal; and, from the circumstances of Dawson having been somewhat deluded into a seductive hope that any promulgation of names would save him, the learned gentlemen who discussed the business, were of opinion that credit did not attach itself to the *ipse dixit* of the prisoner, who was considered dead in the eye of the law; and that self-preservation was a very probable cause for his declaration.

Dawson had been many years a *toutler*, that is, a person who hides up between the furzes on the heath to see the trials of horses, and reports to the betters, who have confidence in his judgment and honour. Though perfectly illiterate, he had a comprehensive mind, and was esteemed an excellent judge, so as readily to distinguish accurately the superior powers of one horse over another. Lord F. Osborne had been twice with Dawson after his condemnation, at the convict's own request: but having heard what he had to communicate, gave him no hope of mercy. Dawson had made some secret communications to Lord Foley, previous to his condemnation, and his Lordship was much disposed to save his life.—He persisted to the last that he never intended

to destroy the horses by poison, but only to incapacitate them from winning; and said that about twenty horses were thus physicked at Newmarket within his knowledge, but that neither Wizard nor Clinker were so physicked.

He had certainly a design of self-destruction, and avowed it; but was reasoned out of so desperate an act by his afflicted wife and the chaplain.—He slept from eight o'clock in the evening till two in the morning before his execution, without waking, and then ate a hearty breakfast. Previous to receiving the Sacrament, he tied a yard of black ribbon round his neck, which, at his dying request, was afterwards conveyed to his wife. He declared that he was impressed with an idea, 'that he should ascend to Heaven from the drop;' which, being let fall, he died with little more than one momentary struggle.

It is said the Jockey-Club expended no less a sum than £1500 in the prosecution of this convict of turf-notoriety.

ESSEX.

On Friday, the 7th inst. there was a numerous and respectable meeting of gentlemen and yeomanry, members of the Essex Freeholders' Independent Club, at Chelmsford, at which Montague Burgoyne, Esq. presided. There were stewards from almost every hundred in the county; among whom were W. P. Honeywood, P. Du Cane, Thomas Holt White, James Heygate, William Newman, Esqrs. &c. &c.—The company sat down to partake of a fat buck and an excellent dinner. The chairman, as the first toast, gave 'The King,' and lamented his unhappy state of health. The next toast was, 'The Prince Regent, and may he ever remember, and we never forget, the constitutional declaration of the Prince of Wales, that the crown is given in trust for the benefit of the people.'—Mr. Burgoyne then proposed a toast, which he was sure would be acceptable, not only to the Independen Club, but to the club which met every Friday, at the Black Boy, nominally for the purpose of eating beef-steaks, but in reality with a view of promoting the Tory interest in this county. This toast was followed by a speech from the chairman, in nearly the following words:—

"Gentlemen,—It becomes us who advocate the constitution to understand what we uphold; to bring to our aid not only the most eminent lawyers and statesmen of former times, but to exhibit the laws themselves. We do not assemble here to violate the constitution, but to preserve it, and to add to its value a spirit of freedom and honest independence. That we have departed from its principles is too apparent, from the difficulties we labour under. A constitutional and efficient reform in Parliament is our only direction post. Had we listened to the warning voice of our ablest statesmen and lawyers, we should have escaped many of our disasters. Justice Blackstone tells us, that the excellence of the English government is, that all the parts of it form a check on each other; that the people are a check on the nobility, and the nobility a check on the people, whilst the king is a check on both; that the three Estates, like three distinct powers in mechanics, jointly impel the machine of government in a direction different from what either acting by itself would have done; a direction which constitutes the true line of the liberty and happiness of the community. Justice Blackstone also says, that it is essential to the very being of Parliament that all elections should be absolutely free, and then quoted the authority of Locke, 'that a violation of the freedom of election is a virtual dissolution of government.' What would these great men have said, if they had lived to see the present system of corruption? What would they have thought of Lord Castlereagh, who, when he was accused of bartering a seat in Parliament for an office, occasioned that warm and honest declaration of the Speaker of the House, that our ancestors would have blushed with indignation, if they had heard that seats in that House were publicly saleable? But what would they have said, if they had seen the noble Lord pardoned for the offence, because it was acknowledged to be as common as the sun at noon day?—What would they have said, if they had seen him, after his improvident expedition to Walcheren, again ap-

pointed to hold the seals of office? Gentlemen, what do you say to it? Do you not think it one reason, among many others, for the toast which I have the honour to propose, 'A constitutional and efficient reform in Parliament?' "

When 'The Independence of the County of Essex' was given, the Chairman recalled to the recollection of the company the remarks he had submitted to them the preceding year, on the independence of individuals, and the independence of the county, which could never be maintained, if a compromise between the Whigs and Tories should again be adopted. He alluded to the remark made by the member for Herts, that 182 individuals returned 326 members, and that 40 members were returned by compromise! The Chairman then moved a resolution, which was adopted, 'That whenever two candidates in a county or borough, of different political sentiments, coalesce, or enter for their mutual support into any compromise, it was a breach of the freedom of election, an insult and injury to the electors, and a forfeiture of all claim to their support.' Mr. Burgoyne here gave it as his opinion, that the over zealous reformers were, in fact, more injurious to the cause than its avowed opposers; that he thought *reform* would be the only means to prevent *revolution*, and quoted the well known speech of Mr. Burke on the occasion. He painted in lively colours the conduct of administration, who had in many points adopted the measures of opposition, and consented to what they had before denounced, by which they paid a bad compliment to their ministerial leader, now no more. Mr. Burgoyne, in strong terms, expressed his abhorrence of the atrocious assassination of Mr. Perceval, which he considered as a disgrace to the country. He lamented the miserable state of the nation, which, after being without an administration for three weeks, was again entrusted to those ministers who had been declared incompetent by the House of Commons, but afterwards supported by a considerable majority of that House—ministers who confessed that the means of taxation was exhausted, and that they must have recourse to the capital of individuals, which he could only call a confiscation of property, after the example of Bonaparte in Holland. The chairman dwelt with much feeling on the gallant services of Lord Wellington and his army in Spain, whose health was drunk with the greatest applause.

During the entertainment, Mr. W. P. Honeywood, in a neat and appropriate speech, called on the meeting to pay a tribute to Mr. Montagu Burgoyne, their Chairman, not only for his conduct in the chair, but for his unremitted exertions in favour of the independence of the county and a reform of parliament, which, he would venture to say, exceeded the exertions of any other man in the county, and he sincerely wished him ultimate success. Mr. Burgoyne, in returning thanks, said, that he had not left, nor would he leave, any honourable means untried; that he depended much on many country gentlemen of large property, associated in the Hampden Club, of which he was a member. He then gave his excellent and enlightened friend, 'Mr. Fawkes, late member for Yorkshire.' 'Mr. Western, and the Independent Club at Maldon,' was then drank. The Chairman said he had the pleasure of dining there yesterday, and was in hopes of seeing Mr. Western and some of the members of that respectable Club; that he was sure that the Essex Independent Freeholders' Club would do every thing in their power to support the independence of the borough of Maldon; and he had no doubt that the Maldon Club would support the independence of the county.—Among the toasts was given, 'The Downfall of Bigotry and Intolerance, and the Education of the Poor.' It was recommended to add to it the respectable name of the Rev. Mr. Jee, of Thaxted, whose liberal and truly Christian principles were well known. Mr. Jee, who was present, said that he was a minister of the established church, but that he could never forget that charity teaches us to do good unto *all* men; that a system of exclusion would be a system of strife; that religion requires us to unite in a good cause, and to endeavour, as much as possible, to banish the evils of ignorance and vice, by promoting the

knowledge and practice of our common Christianity.—A resolution was then moved and unanimously approved of, 'That we, the members of the Independent Freeholders' Club, do approve of that system of education for the poor, which embraces the greatest benefits by the most easy, efficacious, and charitable means. We therefore approve and recommend the system of Joseph Lancaster.'

The company separated about eight o'clock, well pleased with their entertainment, and rejoicing in the strength which they had that day exhibited in support of the independence of their county. James Heygate, Esq. was requested to take the chair at the next anniversary.

KENT.

At the late assizes at Maidstone, William Brown, a private in the Royal Artillery, was indicted for the wilful murder of Isabella M'Guire, a child of the age of seven years. The circumstances of this case were of an extraordinary nature. The prisoner was servant to Lieutenant Webber, and bore a most exemplary good character in the regiment; some things, however, had been stolen from his master's closet, and he was suspected of the theft. He absented himself all the night of the 4th of April, and on the morning of the 5th, as early as between five and six, he came back to the barracks, and wakened a person of the name of Jeffecot, with whom he had lived. After some preliminary conversation, he told him he had committed a crime for which he must be hanged, and desired to be taken to the guard-house. Adam Little, Serjeant-Major there, received him into custody, and desiring to speak to the serjeant in private, he then told him, that the last night he had murdered a little girl. The serjeant desired him to state further particulars. He said, that getting over a stile, which led into a lane, he saw the child at play, who cried when she saw him; that he then took the child in his arms, and with his finger and thumb strangled it. As soon as it was dead, he carried it under his arm for some distance, and laid it on some stone steps in a place he described.

A witness was called, who found the child in the place where the prisoner described he had left it; and the surgeon stated, that by the marks under the throat, the child had evidently been strangled in the manner described by the prisoner.

The prisoner could ascribe no motive for this act; but told the serjeant he had no malice against the child, and could not tell how he came to do it.

Mr. Curwood, as counsel for the prisoner, examined as to whether the prisoner might not be labouring under a temporary derangement of the brain, from the improper use of mercurial medicine.

The serjeant said, he knew the prisoner had administered mercury and laudanum to himself without medical advice, but he did not know in what quantities.

The Lord Chief Baron, in summing up the evidence, stated, that the mere atrocity of the act itself must not be considered evidence of insanity, otherwise the most guilty criminals would escape; and here was evidence much too slight to infer any derangement of mind.

The jury found the prisoner guilty, and he received sentence to be executed on the Monday.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

A letter from Lincoln, of the 1st of June, says,—"A storm came on here in the afternoon of Friday last, which was uncommonly severe, and has been attended with very fatal consequences in this neighbourhood. At Southray, a village three miles from Baidney, three boys were killed by the lightning, namely, J. East and R. Pask, aged 12 years, and L. Day, 11 years. These poor boys were tending geese, in company with another, named C. Blakey, about the same age, who escaped. They were in a field near home, and, when the storm approached, retired to a hovel. Here they sat down on the ground, Blakey having two companions on one side, and one on the other. How long they had been in the hovel, is unknown to him, but, in a moment, he became alarmed. He jumped up in a fright, saying, "Come, boys, let us go home; we shall all be killed in this place."—His companions did not speak, and he ran home, where he informed his mother he thought his companions were all

killed by the lightning, as they did not speak or stir. Several of the neighbours went to the place immediately, and there found them all lying dead. The lightning fell on their heads, and ran down their bodies, burning their necks, shoulders and breasts, in a dreadful manner, causing many large brown sores. Blakey was hurt on the right arm and thigh, having a place on each scorched nearly as large as a half crown. A dog was in the hovel, and received no injury. Two of their shirts were burned, but the outward garments were not damaged. They were the children of labouring people, and all belonged to Southray."

MIDDLESEX.

The Harvest.—In every part of England the harvest promises to be very abundant; throughout the county of Sussex a larger crop is expected than has been known for many years. From Somersetshire they write, that the heavy luxuriance of the crops, in all the western counties, has seldom been equalled in the recollection of the oldest person. Neither blight, smut, mildew, nor any other injurious visitation has been witnessed. In Yorkshire there is the most promising appearance of a plentiful harvest. At Winchester, at Truro, and throughout the principality of Wales, the crops are as abundant, as ever known. In Essex, indeed, especially near Great Dunmow, considerable damage has been done by the heavy rains; the loss sustained upon one farm alone has been estimated at 1000l.—The counties of Huntingdon and Cambridge are very forward; a good deal of wheat has already been carried in. In Buckinghamshire, Surrey, and some other of the counties in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis, the fields are nearly cleared. Every where the produce is found good and abundant.

SHROPSHIRE.

Bog Mine.—We hear that the Level intended to drain this rich and extensive Lead Mine, is nearly completed, through the perseverance and under the direction of Mr. Lawrence, of the Park, in this county.—In the course of little more than two years, nearly eighteen hundred yards of solid rock have been cut through, without a single accident having occurred to the workmen, and without any mistake in the line of direction, although the miners were employed in three distinct parties. The inundation which did so much damage in the neighbourhood, last year, fortunately occurred a quarter of a mile below this work, otherwise it might have proved fatal to the lives of the workmen, and probably to the whole undertaking.—We congratulate the proprietors on their success hitherto, and hope they will soon reap the benefit of this renewed enterprize.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Exemplary Benevolence.—Mr. W. Palfrey, of Aldsworth, in order to provide against a scarcity, at the proper season, gave to the poor of that parish 60 bushels of potatoes for seed; and, in the course of last winter, he distributed among them no less than 20 sheep and 10 tons of coal The charity of this truly respectable individual does not rest here: notwithstanding the high price of corn, he sells his wheat to his labourers for ten shillings per bushel. Such examples rarely occur; and in times like the present, are highly worthy of imitation.

SURREY.

Married.] On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Hemming, James Puckle, Esq. of Camberwell, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Mrs. Spence, of Camberwell Grove.

SUSSEX.

Lewes, Aug. 5.—At the assizes J. Robinson, J. Hughes, Wm. Hatter, and Wm. Turner, were indicted for a conspiracy to aid the escape of Arnaud Phillipon and Philip Auguste Garnier, French prisoners of war, from Oswestry, in Shropshire. The prisoner Robinson had lately taken a mill within three miles of Oswestry. On the 30th of June he sent a servant to Shrewsbury to get a weighing machine, and directed him to wait his coming. In the evening Robinson came in a gig with a pony tied to the shafts. The man rode the pony until they overtook a gentleman on the road, a small man in a blue coat and a brown great coat. At Heygate Mr. Robinson bespoke a chaise, and with two gentlemen got into it for Birmingham.—Then the postboys traced Robinson and the gentlemen to the Shakspeare

Tavern, Birmingham, from whence a travelling chariot took them next morning. Arriving at Rye in this county, they were put down at a public-house kept by Hughes. While they were at Birmingham, Robinson received a letter in the hand-writing of Hughes, but signed Jones, stating that all was well and ready. Robinson and the two persons continued at Rye some days. The escape of General Phillipon being made public, a sharp look-out was kept along the coast, and on the 12th of July an open boat was seen rowing into Rye, which had Robinson, Hatter, and Turner on board. Robinson was traced to the house of Hughes. He said that he had been out all night at sea mackarel fishing. He was taken into custody with Hughes and the other two men.—They were all found guilty.

WILTSHIRE.

An association has lately been entered into in the vicinity of Great Marlow, for the laudable purpose of protecting the growing crops of bread corn from being injured in the spring season by game, and particularly rabbits. It is well known to all persons acquainted with agriculture, that the crops of wheat are always sickly during the spring season, and many of the plants generally die. At this time hares and rabbits almost entirely subsist on the young wheat, which being in a languid state, is sure to perish if the eye of the plant be destroyed; and thus a serious diminution of the necessary produce of bread-corn is occasioned by such depredations. This destruction of wheat may be supposed to be equivalent to one-twentieth part of the general produce, and consequently this country is annually deprived of a mass of food equal to the sustaining of half a million of our fellow-creatures; he who prefers seeing that food devoured by wild beasts, which is capable of satisfying the wants of half a million of his starving fellow-creatures, ought to be esteemed an enemy to his own species, and altogether unworthy of bearing, in the rank of creation, the estimation and respect which properly belong to man. Although the law may be disposed to favour the amusements of a few privileged persons, yet it cannot change the principle of right and wrong, nor, do human laws deserve any deference whatever, when they are found to be in opposition to the law of God. Under the protection of the game laws these animals securely wanton in our corn-fields, ravage and destroy the hopes of future harvest, and are even permitted to frustrate the benevolent intentions of an all-gracious Providence. These laws, having been extended to rabbits, that animal has multiplied so exceedingly, that it may now be considered as the competitor of the poor man for the very means of subsistence; and there can be no doubt that the multiplication of these *vermin* (for such they were called before they were made *game*) will be attended with a proportionate diminution of the human species. It is the constitutional right of Englishmen to petition for the repeal of all such laws as they consider to be unjust or injurious; this privilege ought, in our opinion, to be exercised on this occasion, praying parliament to repeal such of the game laws as afford protection to animals destructive to the crops of bread corn.

YORKSHIRE.

At the late York assizes, Elizabeth Wolger and Susannah Lyal, midwife and nurse, were charged with the wilful murder of a new born infant, at Blackburn, near Rotherham. The following is a brief sketch of this extraordinary case:—On the 12th of March the wife of George Needham, of Blackburn, near Rotherham, was delivered of a male and female child; the latter was in every respect well formed, and respecting which no question arises; but in the boy the head was imperfectly formed, there being no skull or bony matter formed round the brain, which was protected only from external injury by a membrane. The appearance of the child, and its apparent misery, induced the prisoners (one of whom had acted as midwife), to take away its life, which they effected by drowning it in an earthen vessel. This was done without an attempt at secresy, and the prisoners conceived themselves to have been acting lawfully as well as humanely. The child was put into a coffin, and buried in Rotherham church-yard, but was taken up on the 17th of March, for the inspection of

the coroner's jury.—The facts of the child having been born alive, and of its death having been occasioned by the prisoners, were clearly made out in evidence; but it was equally clear that these mistaken women acted without any criminal design, under an erroneous impression that they were acting lawfully, and that they were influenced by feelings of compassion and humanity.

Several ladies in the neighbourhood gave the prisoners a most excellent character for humanity and kindness to children, when his lordship said—"Gentlemen of the jury, I think this prosecution may be of great use to the public in removing an erroneous opinion which is too prevalent, by making it known that the law allows to none the right of deliberately taking away the life of any human being under any circumstances or on any account. If the law was less broad and general in its prohibition, there might, for different causes, be a number of useful lives taken away, partly through mistake, and sometimes, it is to be feared, through design. It is therefore highly necessary that the law should prohibit it generally, and allow of no exception; and that this should be known to be the law."—His lordship then went through the evidence, and concluded by stating, that there were two questions for their consideration; the first was, whether the child was born alive; the second, whether the prisoners were instrumental in occasioning its death; and he did not know that he could suggest any doubt on either of these questions. If the child was born alive, and its death was occasioned by the prisoners, they would in law be guilty of murder.

The jury found the prisoners guilty, but recommended them to mercy, on account of the mistaken notion under which they had acted.—His lordship said he should not pass sentence upon the prisoners, but should write by that night's post to the Secretary of State, to make a representation of the case to the Prince Regent, which he had no doubt would be followed by a pardon.

In the course of a week after, the pardon arrived, and they were both liberated.

Horrid Murder.—On the night of Thursday, the 30th ult. Samuel Crabtree, a cotton-spinner, living at Newton-heath, near Stockport, was shot by some unknown villains, and afterwards burnt and disfigured so dreadfully, as to render it impossible for his friends, to identify him by any other means than the watch which he had in his pocket!—The deceased was only in his 18th year, and is supposed to have been connected with the deluded association of Luddites, and to have fallen a sacrifice to their fears and suspicions. When discovered, he was lying on his face; and it is somewhat remarkable, that at the distance of 10 yards (although his relatives could not recognize him) he was known by a person in custody for another offence,—who immediately said, "Why that's Sam. Crabtree!" Every exertion is making by the police for the discovery of the inhuman ruffians; and from their laudable activity on past occurrences, we have every confidence in their success.

WALES.

The Holywell Level Mine Company, with their wonted liberality, have subscribed 50l. to the fund for the relief of the indigent poor in that neighbourhood, who are weekly supplied with barley and potatoes, far below the market price.

During the complaints against monopolists and scarcity, Mr. Morris, a respectable farmer at Abertannat, near Llanymynech, has ceased from offering his grain at market: but disposes of it in small quantities to the poor at a reduced price.

Alterations in the manner of living in Wales.—A great alteration in the manner of living has taken place in the principality within the last sixty years. About 1750 there were not many families who used tea, and now, perhaps, there are but few who do not use it. Butchers meat was then not more used than tea: scarcely any cattle or sheep were killed except at Christmas, when some families used to salt a whole, or others only a part of an ox or cow, to serve for winter provision; but now there is a regular meat market in most villages, and almost every family, who can afford it, eats meat constantly. A much greater quantity of wheaten bread is now consumed in Wales in one month than was in twelve months forty years ago.

The alteration in dress since 1750 is also remarkable.

The people in general are not disposed to industry; for which they cannot, however, be altogether blamed, as no way has yet been pointed out to them by which they might turn their industry to account. Their circumstances cannot be naturally bettered, nor their situation rendered more comfortable, until one radical evil is removed, viz. the short and precarious nature of the leases. For no man can have a spirit for improvement, or pay any great attention to rear a stock on any possession from which he knows not but he may be turned off next year. Another thing essentially necessary would be to erect fishing and manufacturing villages, and the introduction of proper manufactures among them, so that the industrious part of them might have constant employment, *which is now far from being the case.*

Until the agriculture of the principality be brought to more perfection than it is at present, until manufactures shall be established, and villages erected, it would be proper to discourage, as much as possible, early marriages, when the parties have nothing to begin the world with, and, perhaps, both parties considerably in debt before marriage.

Another way by which the situation of the people in the principality would be considerably bettered, would be to use less of English cloths and fineries of different kinds, which have of late been bought in amazing quantities, and to be satisfied, as their forefathers were, with cloth and stuffs made from the fleeces of their own flocks, and manufactured by their own hands. But, at present, few or none will appear from home in any manufacture of the country, even on ordinary occasions. All are clad in English cloths or stuffs, a very few of the most frugal excepted.

The inhabitants of Wales have no predilection either for the army or the navy, but more of them go to the former. They enjoy, in a tolerable degree, the comforts and advantages of society. A peculiar sourness of aspect is observed in the people, and a seeming unwillingness to converse with, or shew expressions of good-will to strangers.

SCOTLAND.

A short time since, at Ayr, a litter of puppies, ten in number, were immersed in water until apparently dead, and were buried deep in a dunghill, the mother being tied up in the kennel with a strong cord. During the night she gnawed the cord asunder, went to the dunghill, raised her buried offspring, and having taken them to her kennel, where she cherished them, before morning four were perfectly restored.

A remarkable instance of the fecundity of bees lately occurred at Meiklebog, a high lying farm in the Abbey parish of Paisley. Mr. Matthew Sprowl, farmer there, has a hive two years old, which, in the course of last year, swarmed only once; but to the astonishment of every person in the neighbourhood, no less than four fine swarms have been lately produced from the same hive, within the short period of eighteen days, viz. on the 10th, 20th, 23d, and 28th of July.—This is allowed to be the most uncommon instance of prolification ever known in this part of the country.

IRELAND.

Mullingar, March 12.—Tuesday night, about seven o'clock, an express arrived in town from the General of District at Tullamore, in consequence of which a strong detachment of the 2d Royal Surrey Militia, quartered here, immediately proceeded to Moyvally, and other places along the line of the Royal Canal, where several large breaches have been made, and in some places, where the ground was low, the canal undermined, by a lawless banditti, who have threatened the lives of the workmen or labourers who should have the temerity to repair such breaches. The objects of the military being sent are not only to prevent farther depredations, but to protect the workmen when they are employed.

Robbery of General Mahon.—On the 14th of August, the Hon. General Mahon was returning in his chaise from Dublin to Kinsale; he had reached within a mile of Ballyporeen, when he was suddenly assailed by three footpads, who compelled him to yield up property to the value of 500l. The General hastened to Ballyporeen, and alarmed the place. Mr. Bourke, and several other gentlemen, armed them-

selves, and, at the head of some troops, hurried in the track of the robbers. So unexpected and sudden was the pursuit, that the robbers were overtaken in a wild path, striking towards Lismore, and, without any resistance, secured, with all the property, and lodged in Lismore gaol.

At a meeting of the Catholic Board, held at Dublin, on the 14th inst. an address was voted to the Bishop of Norwich, who was in Ireland, on a visit to his brother-in-law, Lord Castle-Coote.—Lord Fingall was the bearer of this address on the Monday following, accompanied by the Right Rev. Archbishop Troy, the Right Rev. Dr. Murray, Lord Gormanstown, Lord Killeen, &c.—His lordship returned the following answer to the address:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—If I were called upon to name the proudest day of my life, I should most assuredly fix upon this very day; because an opportunity is now offered me, for the first time, of declaring before an assembly of loyal and respectable Irish Catholics, (among whom I have the honour to see two learned and amiable prelates, and noblemen of whose virtues and abilities there is but one opinion) those sentiments of esteem and veneration which I have for their personal characters, and that devoted attachment to their just cause, which no man in the United Kingdom can feel more sincerely or more strongly than I do. Nor, gentlemen, do I claim any merit with you, for making this declaration, because I consider your cause as the cause of CIVIL and RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, neither of which can be said to exist in perfection in any country where thousands of individuals are excluded, on account of their religious opinions, from those offices of honour or emolument, an equal eligibility to which I have been always taught to consider, and shall never cease to consider, as ranking among the common rights of loyal and dutiful subjects, under whatever denomination of Christians they may come; provided, I mean, that they give to the civil government under which they live, an adequate security for their conduct as civil subjects. And who, gentlemen, will presume to say that you have not done this, who has read the declaration made by so many honourable men, and the oath taken by so many conscientious Christians?

"It is not, however, my wish on the present occasion to dwell upon the painful subject of your wrongs; indeed, my disposition does not at any time lead me, nor do my professional pursuits qualify me, to discuss minutely topics of a political nature, nor is it now necessary. Fortunately for the honour, for the peace, for the prosperity of the United Kingdom, and for the real security both of church and state, a marked revolution of public opinion has lately taken place; the consequence of which will, I trust, be, that in the course of a few months every clause, every line, every syllable of those penal laws will be repealed, of which with so much reason you complain—laws which appear to me as unwise, as impolitic, and as uncharitable as they are unjust and oppressive. But lest I should be thought to deliver my sentiments on this interesting subject with more warmth than becomes a man of my age and of my profession, I will say no more.

"Allow me only, gentlemen, to add my heartfelt thanks for the honour you do me by your kind congratulation on my arrival in this country; and permit me to assure you, which I do with great truth, that if I could want any inducement to persevere in that line of conduct which I have hitherto pursued, the approbation of the Catholics of Ireland would be one of the most powerful inducements I could possibly have."

A grand dinner was given in celebration of this venerable prelate's arrival in Ireland, Lord Fingall in the chair.

BILL of MORTALITY, from JULY 30, to AUGUST 25, 1812.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between			
Males 1012	1924	Males 772	1501	2 and 5 - 167	60 and 70	96	
Females 912		Females 729		5 and 10 - 62	70 and 80	77	
Whereof have died under two years old 479				10 and 20 - 60	80 and 90 -	27	
				20 and 30 - 106	90 and 100 -	2	
				30 and 40 - 152			
Peck Loaf, 6s.8d. 6s.8d. 6s.8d. 6s.8d. 6s.8d.				40 and 50 - 146			
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.				50 and 60 - 92			

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Aug. 22, 1812.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	144	1	50	8	66		61	6
Surrey	156	0	88	0	72	0	66	10
Hertford	134	8	73	0	57	0	53	8
Bedford	142	1			67		52	9
Huntin.	138	0			69	0	53	4
Northa.	140	8	106	0	77	0	54	0
Rutland	150	9			78	6	56	0
Leicest.	136	4			71	5	52	6
Notting.	152	8	106	0	85	0	58	4
Derby	150						61	4
Stafford	167						63	0
Salop	189	0	148		107	8	60	
Herefor.	185	1	89		78	6	49	
Wor'st.	162	11	76		75	9	56	
Warwic.	155	10			76	8	58	
Wilts	139				77	4	54	
Berks	145				72	9	55	6
Oxford	145	1			72		53	
Bucks	150	0			73	0	60	
Brecon	184				104	0	64	
Montgo.	183				——		66	
Radnor.	186				101	9	56	

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 154s. 6d.; Rye 95s. 8d.; Barley 79s. 8d.; Oats 57s. 10d.; Beans 77s. 7d.; Pease 76s. 5d.; Oatmeal 59s. 2d.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	145	4	84	0	71	0	60	4
Kent	136	0	65	0	67	10	60	4
Sussex	147	0					58	6
Suffolk	136	0			61	0	60	4
Cambridge	143	0			63	0	56	2
Norfolk	130	1	90	0	59	0	46	0
Lincoln	148	7	105	0	73	0	56	9
York	154	0	102	8	71	11	58	6
Durham	161	9			91	9	57	6
Northumberlan.	142	3			82	10	60	3
Cumberland	144	5	112	0	88	7	68	2
Westmorland	162	0	124	0	73		73	6
Lancaster	161	3			75	1	65	7
Chester	166	4						
Flint	167	0			100	6		
Denbigh	182	11			105	0	57	7
Anglesea					80	0	——	
Carnarvon	140	0			76	4	50	0
Merioneth	159	0			103	6	61	0
Cardigan	143	0			82	0		
Pembroke	149				95	3		
Carmarthen	140				94	0		
Glamorgan	167				80	0		
Gloucester	164							
Somerset	159				80	0	52	0
Monmouth	185						——	
Devon	143				83		——	
Cornwall	146	4			83	10	46	8
Dorset	161				85	6	——	
Hants	154				76	0	57	10

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

August 22, 1812.

DOCKS.

East India, 113*l.* per cent.
West-India, 150*l.* ditto
London, 108*l.* ditto
Commercial, 140*l.* ditto
Commercial Road, 110*l.* ditto

WATER-WORKS.

East London, 80*l.* per share
Kent, 60*l.* per share
West Middlesex, 45*l.* ditto

CANALS.

Grand Junction, 210*l.* ditto.
Grand Surrey, 129*l.* ditto
Grand Union, 20*l.* per share disc.
Huddersfield, 20*l.* per share
Kennet and Avon, 24*l.* 10s. ditto
Lancaster, 22*l.* ditto.
Wilts and Berks, 19*l.* ditto

INSURANCE-OFFICES.

Albion, 48*l.* per share
Atlas, 4*l.* ditto
Eagle, 3*l.* 15s. ditto
Globe, 109*l.* ditto
Hope, 2*l.* 15s. ditto

BRIDGES.

Strand Bridge, 39*l.* per share disc.
Vauxhall, 40*l.* ditto.

London Shipping, 18*l.* 10s. per share
Beeralstone Lead and Silver Mine, 70*l.* per share premium.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, and Stock Brokers.*

PRICE OF STOCKS, from JULY 28, to AUGUST 27, 1812, both inclusive.

Day. 1812	Bank Stock.	India Stock	S. S. Sto.	3 p. Cent Reduc.	3 p. Cent Consols.	4 p Cet. Annu.	5 p Cent Navy.	Irish 5p.C	5 p. C. 1797.	Imperial 3 p Cent.	Imperial Anns.	Long Anns.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	New S. Sea Anns.	Om-nium.	Old S. Sea Anns.	Cons. for Aug.
July																		
28	215½			56⅝ ⅞	56¼ ¾	73⅞	88⅝			55⅝		15¼	9s.dis.	4s.pm		2⅜ pm.		57⅛
29				56¾ ⅞	56¾ ½	73⅝	88⅜			55¾		15 5-16ths	10s.dis.	4s.pm		2½ pm.		57⅛
30	213		60¼	56½ ¾	56⅝ ⅝	73	88⅜					15 5-16ths	10s.dis.	4s.pm		2 pm.		56⅞
31	212½			56½ ⅝	56⅞ ¼	73	88⅛					15 5-16ths	10s.dis.	4s.pm		1⅞ pm.		56⅞
Aug.																		
1	212½			56½ ¾	56¼ ⅜	73	88⅛					15⅜	10s.dis.	5s.pm		2 pm.		56¾
3	212½			56¾	56⅜ ½	73⅛	88¼					15¼	9s.dis.	5s.pm		2⅛ pm.		56⅞
4	212½	162¾	60½	56⅞ ⅝	56⅝ ¼	73⅜	88½			55⅜		15¼	8s.dis.	5s.pm		2¼ pm.		56⅞
5	213½			56⅞ ¾	56⅜ ⅝	73½	88⅝				51 -16th	15¼	8s.dis.	5s.pm		2⅜ pm.		57
6				56⅞ 7	56½ ⅝	73⅝	88⅝			55½	5 1-16th	15 5-16ths	8s.dis.	5s.pm		2⅜ pm.		56⅞
7	215½	163½	61	56⅞ 7	56½ ⅝	73½	88⅝					15¼	8s.dis.	5s.pm		2⅜ pm.		56⅞
8	216½	162½		57⅛	56⅝ ⅞	73⅞	88¾			55½		15 5-16ths	6s.dis.	5s.pm		2⅝ pm.		56⅞
10		163½		57⅛	56⅝ ⅞	74⅛	89					15 5-16ths	6s.dis.	5s.pm		2⅝ pm.		57
11	217½	164		57¼ ⅛	56¾ 7	74½	89⅜					15⅜	5s.dis.	5s.pm		2¾ pm.		57⅛
12	holida.											15⅜	6s.dis.	6s.pm		2¾ pm.		57¼
13	219	165	61¼	57⅛ ¼	57 6⅞	75	89⅝					15 7-16ths	5s.dis.	6s.pm		3 pm.		57⅛
14	218½	165½		57½ ⅜	57¼ ⅛	75⅛	89¾			56⅜	5 1-16th	15 7-16ths	9s.dis.	5s.pm		3⅛ pm.		57½
15	219¾			57⅝ ⅞	57⅜ ⅝	75¼	89⅞					15⅛	9s.dis.	5s.pm		4⅛ pm.		58⅛
17		168		58⅛ ⅜	57¾ 8¼	75¼	90⅜					15⅝	9s.dis.	5s.pm		5 pm.		58⅜
18	220			57⅝ 8	57⅛ ¾	75¼	90¼	88¼			5 1-16th	15 9-16ths	9s.dis.	5s.pm		4⅛ pm.		58⅜
19	219¼		61⅞	58¼	57¾ 8⅛	75¼	90¼				5 1-16th	15 9-16ths	9s.dis.	4s.pm		4¾ pm.		58⅝
20				57⅜ 7⅜	58⅛ 7¾	75⅛	90⅜						9s.dis.	3s.pm		5 pm.		58⅝
21	220		62¼	58⅛ ⅝	57⅞ 8⅜	75⅜	90⅜			57⅜			8s.dis.	5s.pm		5 pm.		58½
22				58½ ¾	58¼ ½	75½	90½					15⅞	6s.dis.	5s.pm		5⅛ pm.		58½
24	holida.																	
25	221			58⅞ ¾	58⅝ ⅜	75⅝	90¾					15⅞	6s.dis.	5s.pm		5⅛ pm.		58⅝
26				58¾ ⅞	58¼ ½	75¼	90⅝			57½		15 15-16ths	6s.dis.	5s.pm		5⅜ pm.		58⅝
27	221¾	169	62⅝	58⅞ 9	58⅜ ⅝	75¾	90¾						5s.dis.	5s.pm		5½ pm.		58⅜

N. B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols, the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks, the *highest* only.

J. M. RICHARDSON, STOCK BROKER, No. 23, Cornhill.

THE

UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No. CVI.—Vol. XVIII.] *For* SEPTEMBER, 1812. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Isocrates' second Oration, *addressed to* Nicocles, *on* Regal Government. *Translated by* Dr. Toulmin.

THEY, Nicocles, whose custom it is to present to kings, like yourself, vestments, or wrought brass, or gold, or any articles, which they themselves want, but with which royal personages abound, appear plainly to me not to offer presents, but to carry on a merchandize: and artfully sell their goods at a much higher price than the professed tradesmen can do. But I shall esteem it the most valuable and useful present, which it becomes me to offer and you to accept, is to lay down the course of the measures to be pursued, or point out the actions to be shunned, that the administration of the city and kingdom may be best conducted.

From many sources persons in private stations receive instruction: and necessity particularly restrains them from living luxuriously, and compels them to labour for their daily support. There are laws, to which all citizens must conform their actions. It is permitted to friends freely and plainly to reprove one another, and enemies mutually remonstrate on each other's crimes. The poets of former ages have left us precepts for the conduct of life. By all these means there is a probability of their improving in virtue. Nothing of this happens to princes; but they who most of all need instruction, when once they are placed in the seat of government, pass their days without admonition. Few are admitted into their presence; and those who are near their persons only court their favour.

As they who are possessors of great wealth and of extensive territories do not make a good use of these advantages, it is a doubt with many whether a private station under the conduct of rectitude, is not to be preferred to the rank of kings. When men view the riches, the honours, and the power of princes, they look upon them almost as gods: but when they reflect on their fears and dangers, and recollect that some have been slain by those whom it least became, that others have been compelled to act hostilely against their nearest connections, and that on others both these evils have befallen, they have concluded that it is better to live in any circumstances, than, subject to such calamities, to rule over all Asia.

The cause of this inequality and confusion is, that the administration of a kingdom, which is the greatest province man can fill, and requires the best foresight, is looked upon, like the priesthood, to be within the capacity of any man. As it is the duty of those who are always near you to advise you on every emergency, for the good government of the state—to preserve its prosperity and to avoid calamity; so I will endeavour to give you a general view of the principles with which you should be principally conversant, and which you should consider as rules of life.

Whether this present will be finished in a manner worthy the subject, at is difficult at first to foresee. For many metrical poems and prose compositions, in the first conceptions of their authors, create great expectations: but when they are finished, and given to the public, the reputation they gain falls very short of the hope entertained from them. The attempt, however, to make researches, which others have neglected, and to prescribe laws for kingdoms, is meritorious. Those who instruct private

persons, render an individual benefit; but if any one can effectually exhort the rulers of the people to virtue, he essentially serves both those who hold the reins of power and their subjects; he will make their government more secure to the former and more mild to the latter.

The first subject of consideration is the office of kings. For, if we form just sentiments on this general head of discourse, extending our views from this point, we shall speak more justly of the subordinate parts. All, I suppose, will concede that it is their business to put an end to the calamities of the state; to guard its prosperity, and to raise it from low circumstances to greatness. For the particular occurrences of every day are to be directed to these ends.

This is evident, that they who would be able to accomplish these ends, and would form their measures with respect to them, must not be idle, but study to surpass others in wisdom. For it is demonstrable that the state of their kingdoms will correspond to the cultivation of their minds. So that no wrestler should bestow so much pains on the exercises of the body, as kings should on the improvement of their understanding. For the honours of the games bear no proportion to those rewards for which you daily strive: in the pursuit of which you must apply your whole mind, if you would surpass others in honour, to excell them in virtue. Do not suppose that assiduity will be useful in other matters, but when directed to make us wiser and better will have no efficacy: nor ascribe to men so great an infelicity, that they can make no proficiency in virtue themselves, when they have invented arts by which they can tame the brutes and improve their capacity. But assure yourself that the human mind will derive great benefit from instruction and cultivation. Let this sentiment govern you: associate, also, with the wisest around you, and invite as many such as you can from a distance. Neglect not the acquaintance of the approved poets and philosophers; but be the hearer of the former and the disciple of the latter. Shew thyself a discerning critic of inferior sciolists, and a rival of the excellencies of the best professors. By such exercises you will soon become the king which we imagine to ourselves you ought to be—a king who will reign as it becomes him, and direct the government with integrity. You will particularly become your own monitor, if you reflect how absurd it is that the wicked should govern the virtuous, and fools reign over wise men. In proportion as you despise the folly of others, you will be stimulated to cultivate your own understanding.

It behoves him who would fulfill his duty, to begin at this point. He must be also a lover of mankind and a lover of the state. For a man cannot manage well either dogs, or horses, or the human species, or any other object, if he does not take a pleasure in what is entrusted to his care. Let the mass of the people be thy care, and in every respect make thy government agreeable to them; considering this, that those oligarchies and other forms of government have had the longest duration, in which the rulers have best consulted the welfare of the people. But your administration will be just and prosperous, if you neither suffer the multitude to commit any injury, nor wink at any wrongs they may receive: but see that the worthiest attain the honours of the state, and that the rest are not in any degree oppressed.—These are the first and most important principles of good policy.

Amend or repeal defective and faulty laws and institutions; but, especially, propose and enact the best, or adopt the excellent edicts of other states. Let your laws be in every instance just, useful, and consistent with one another. Besides this, let your laws be so framed as to create the fewest litigations possible among the citizens, or to admit the speediest adjustment of differences; for these are the properties of good laws.—Make diligence in settling differences profitable to the citizens*, but lawsuits detrimental; that they may avoid

* Τας μεν πραγματας αυτοις παυσον και δαλεσον. The passage is in illustration, and the translation may be justified by reference to Luke xii. 58.

the latter, and readily have recourse to the former.

Decide controversies between man and man, not according to partial favour, nor by contradictory decrees; but, in the same circumstances, always pass a similar sentence. It is proper and beneficial, that the judgment of kings, on questions of right, should be immutable, as that the laws should be correctly framed. Conduct the administration of the state as you would a family of which you were the father; with royal splendor, but with economy in your expenditures; that your munificence may be praised, and, at the same time, your finances not be exhausted.

Display not thy magnificence in those articles of expence that are temporary and transient, but in the things just mentioned, and in elegant and beautiful furniture, and in beneficence to friends; for such expenditures will remain with you, and leave to your posterity something more valuable than articles of mere profusion.

Practise the religious rites into which your ancestors have initiated you: but esteem the best sacrifice and most valuable worship to be thyself a man of distinguished integrity and virtue; for there is more hope that such a character will obtain his request from the gods, than they who lay numerous victims prostrate before their altars. Bestow the first honorary distinctions on your nearest relatives; but regard the benevolent with thy sincerest respect. Consider the safety of thy person as most secure in the virtue of thy friends, the affection of your citizens, and thy own prudence. These are the best means by which any one may most acquire and preserve a kingdom.

Have a regard to the interests of private families; and look on the extravagant as spending your treasure, and on the industrious as improving your revenue; for the property of subjects is the property of good princes. At all times show such a respect for truth, that your affirmation may obtain more credit than the oaths of other men.

Let all strangers find security in thy state and a just adherence to its contracts. Amongst those who emigrate to it, esteem most not those who bring presents to you, but those who are worthy of grants from you. If you honour such, you will improve your interest in the opinion of others. Remove fear from your people, and wish not to appear formidable to them who do no wrong: for as you dispose others to behave towards yourself, so you will be apt to conduct yourself towards them. Do nothing from passion; but, when the occasion requires it, affect the appearance of it. Show that you are to be feared, by making it evident that no transaction can be concealed from you. Shew your mildness, by inflicting punishments below the criminality of the offence.

Aim not to govern by sternness or severe punishments, but by superiority to all in wisdom, and by consulting better for the interests of the state than it could for itself. Display a military genius in the science and preparations of war, but a pacific one in exacting nothing beyond what is equitable. Conduct yourself to inferior states as you think it fit that great ones should carry it towards yourself. Contend not about every point, but only for such in which it will be advantageous to you to gain the victory. Think not that those are to be despised who submit with propriety, but those who conquer to their own loss. Regard them as magnanimous not who form great designs and are not able to execute them, but those whose pursuits are moderate, and who can effect what they undertake. Emulate not those who possess the most extensive empire, but them who best govern that which they possess. Esteem yourself perfectly happy, though you do not govern men by terror and at great hazard: if you sustain a character that becomes you, and, acting as present circumstances require, you entertain only moderate desires, and are not disappointed in any of them.

Enlist not all who seek it into your friendship, but those only who are worthy of your attachment; not those with whom you may converse on the most agreeable terms, but those who can give the best assistance in the government of the state. Make a strict trial of those with whom you are intimate; sensible that others, who are not admitted near to your person,

will judge you to be like to those who have your confidence. Commit the affairs, you cannot transact yourself, to the management of others, as the person who must bear the blame of their measures. Estimate the fidelity of men not by the praise which they may bestow on your words and actions, but by their reproofs of your faults. Allow to the wise full liberty to deliver their sentiments, that you may secure such as will investigate with you subjects on which you have doubts. Discriminate between artful flatterers and those who serve you from good will; that the base may not stand higher in your regards than the good. Hear the characters which men give of one another, and endeavour to ascertain what are their own characters, and with what views they speak.—Inflict the same punishments on calumniators as are due to criminals.

Maintain as strict an authority over yourself as over others; and esteem it the most princely conduct to be a slave to no pleasure, but to hold as tight a rein over your desires as over your subjects. Form no intimacy rashly and without reason; but delight in the conversations which will improve you and give you respect with others. Be not ambitious to excell in attainments in which it is possible for the wicked to equal you; but aspire after high degrees of virtue, in which they have no share. Account not those the truest honours which are paid to you with fear in public; but the admiration in which men, acting by themselves, hold your mind more than your fortune.

If trifles should happen to please, conceal it; but make a show of the interest you take in matters of great importance. Do not suppose that private persons ought to preserve decorum, but that princes may disregard order. Exhibit, in thy correctness of conduct, an example to others, considering that the manners of the whole state will resemble those of their rulers. Let it be a proof that you govern well, if you see your subjects becoming more rich and sober by your care. Esteem it more valuable to leave a fair reputation to your children than wealth; the latter is mortal, the former immortal. Riches may be possessed with a good name; but a good name cannot be purchased by riches: the former may fall to the lot of every bad man, but the latter can be secured only by those who excell in virtue.

Be nice and elegant in your dress and the ornaments of the body; but in other indulgences forbear with a strength of mind becoming a king, that beholders, at the sight of you, may think you worthy of the sovereignty, and that they who are more acquainted with you may concur in the same opinion, from the greatness of your mind. Always weigh your words and actions, that you may fall into as few faults as possible.

It is best to hit the very point of time; but, as it is difficult to ascertain it, choose rather to fall short of it than to exceed: for moderation is better preserved in defects than in excesses. Let your address be courteous and grave; the latter becomes the monarch, the former is suitable to friendly intercourses: but it is very difficult to unite these different manners; for you will observe, that in proportion as men study to be grave, they become distant and cold, and they who would be affable sink into vulgarity. It is proper to preserve both those modes of address, but to avoid the fault to which each is incident. On whatever subjects with which it becomes princes to be acquainted, you would gain an accurate knowledge, investigate it on the principles of philosophy, and follow it into practice. Philosophy will show the way, but practice will enable you to apply your knowledge. Observe the actions and the fates both of private men and of kings; for the remembrance of past events will enable you to advise better for the future.

When there are persons in private life who are willing to die, that may procure posthumous praise, look on it as disgraceful to kings if they will not hazard undertakings by which they, in their life time, obtain renown. Prefer leaving such statues as will be memorials of your virtue, than resemblances of your person. Use your best exertions for the protection of the state, and for your own security; but, if you are obliged to risk your safety, prefer death to an ignominious life.

In all your undertakings, remember the interests of the kingdom, and be careful to do nothing unworthy of this honourable trust. See to it that your whole constitution come to dissolution at once; but as possessed of an immortal soul as well as a mortal body, strive to leave behind you an immortal memory of your soul. Be careful to deliver virtuous sentiments in your conversation, that you may be accustomed to think in a manner correspondent to your discourse. Whatever measures recommend themselves as best on reflection, carry these into execution; imitating the actions of those whose glory you emulate. The conduct which you recommend to your children, deign to pursue yourself. Avail yourself of these admonitions, or seek better.

Do not esteem those wise who minutely contend about trifles, but those who deliver just sentiments on important subjects; nor those who promise others prosperity and are themselves in great want, but those who, speaking modestly concerning themselves, are qualified to converse and act with men—who are not disturbed with the fluctuations of life, and know how to bear adverse or prosperous events with moderation and propriety. Be not surprized if I advance many things with which you are already acquainted: I am not insensible of this; but I am well apprised that in the great multitude of persons of princely rank or in private stations, some have delivered these precepts, others have heard them in public lectures, some have seen men acting upon them, and some have learnt them from their own reflections: but, in discourses on the duties of life, it is not necessary to study novelty; these subjects do not require a search after what is paradoxical, incredible, or uncommon; but he is the most agreeable writer who is able to make the most ample collections from the scattered sentiments of others, and express them in the best manner.

This is very evident to me, that all men judge those works of our poets and other writers which are monitory to be the most useful; yet they receive them with the least pleasure; so are they affected to those who advise them. They praise them, but do not wish for any intercourse with them; preferring the society of such as act wrong, than that of those who would reform them. We may instance, in the poetry of Hesiod, Theognis, and Phocylis; they confess that these authors were the best advisers on the conduct of life. When they have granted this, they prefer being conversant with trifling compositions than with their maxims.—Nay, if any man were to select the sentiments of the most excellent poets, on which they bestowed their greatest pains, they would treat these selections in the same manner. For they would be better pleased with the vilest comedy than with the best turned poems.

And what necessity is there to dwell minutely on these topics? For if we would reflect on human nature in general, we shall find most men take pleasure not in the most wholesome viands, nor in the finest studies, nor in the best actions, nor in the most useful sciences; but in the enjoyment of hurtful gratifications, seemingly patient and laborious in a neglect of every duty. How then can any who advances or teaches, or inculcates what is chiefly beneficial, please such persons? Who, besides this, regard the judicious with jealousy, and esteem the weak in understanding, as men of simplicity; who so shun the truth of things, that they are ignorant of their own concerns, and are averse from considering them, but are glad to discourse on the affairs of others; who had rather endure bodily suffering than be at the trouble of attending to things of consequence. You will find them in their conversations mutually reproaching one another, and in their retirements indulging to wishes instead of forming measures. I do not say this of all men, but of those who labour under the faults which we have specified. This is evident, that whoever would compose or write what will please in general, must not seek for plain, useful sentiments, but study the most fabulous inventions; to such men will listen with pleasure; but they are disgusted at the appearance of disputes and contests.

It is surprising, therefore, that Homer, in his poem, and the first

entors of tragedy, observing the positions of man, have misapplied their poetry, both these forms of nposition. The former has related ulous tales of the contests and ttles of the gods, and the latter con-rted them into dramatic action; so at they are not only heard but seen us. It is proved by these ex-mples, that he who would lead the inds of men, must refrain from pre-pts and councils, and write and re-arse only what amuses the people. I have offered these remarks, inking that you, who art not one of e multitude, but their king, ought ot to conform your sentiments to ose of others, nor to determine on e importance of things, or the dis-etion of men by the standard of easure, but to discriminate between em by the utility of actions, especi-ly when they who are devoted to phi-sophical studies do not agree in opi-ion on mental exercises; some sup-osing that their disciples will be best nproved by logical disputes, others y political lectures, and some by her methods. It is granted by all, hat a well instructed man will be nabled by each of these to give ad-ice. He ought, therefore, passing ver all disputable matters, to receive nd admit the proof of universally ac-nowledged principles; and, on par-icular occasions, consult those who can advise him, but to reject those who can speak on general points only and are ignorant of what is proper in particular circumstances. It is evident that such can be neither serviceable to themselves, nor teach another pru-dence. Hold in high esteem intelli-gent men, who can see farther than others, and pay a deference to them, convinced that a good counsellor is the most useful and princely posses-sion. Be it a principle with you, that they will advance most the greatness of your kingdom who can best assist the culture of your mind.

I have advised you to the extent of my knowledge, and I hold you in the highest respect I am able. Wish not, as I said at the beginning, that others should offer you unusual presents, for which you pay the givers at a higher rate than you would the pro-fessed sellers; but such presents as will not fail or be impaired by daily use, but be improved by use, and become more valuable.

Prejudice often fixes a strong Bias on Liberality of Sentiment.

LIBERALITY of sentiment is an amiable quality of the mind, which, in taking time to reflect on men and things as they arise in social life, frequently checks those sallies of angry passions, which, if not prevent-ed, would soon render harmony and peace very precarious.

Though it cannot always prevent a difference in opinions, arising from different causes according to men's interests or prejudices, yet it so far softens their animosities, as to insure peace and harmony between them.

There are but few who do not wish others to believe that their minds are free from all illiberal-religious, poli-tical, and partial sentiments, and that they are open to the reception of truth from every quarter. But, alas! in looking through the public scenes of life, we see but little of this gene-rous candour.

It has been th[illegible] years for the legislature, the farmers, the mechanics, and even the peasants, to treat with an illiberal spirit the whole body of the clergy, and a gen-tleman and a scholar has very lately singled them out as objects of his censure in a conspicuous manner.—He says, "There is now a striking inconsistency between the precepts of the gospel and the lives of the clergy; but they cannot, or they will not, see it themselves, though it is evident to all those who are not blinded by in-terest or prejudice." He tells us that "the precepts of Christ inculcate the most rigid self denial, the utmost con-tempt for the good things of the world which belong to the body, the strong-est abhorrence of wealth, power, and dignity; yet his modern successors, the clergy, live in direct opposition to his example and his advice, pursuing all these vain delights with the utmost avidity; so that it is no uncommon thing to see them ambitious, haughty, and fond of power; eager to amass wealth, to aggrandise their families, and increase their influence; fond of pleasure, and delighting in external

splendour. They are Epicureans in their own sense of the word, for their study is earthly enjoyments and sensual pleasures."

These are heavy charges against a whole body of men; and I am afraid there is but little liberality of sentiment in pointing out such a string of censures. Such of the clergy as frequent courts, and live near the sources of corruption, or in the neighbourhood of cathedral churches, may probably, in their various intercourses in society, sometimes step a little wide of the narrow line of ecclesiastical decorum, and in an envious eye it will be condemned as an heinous offence in a clergyman; but, if we reflect, we shall find that neither Christ, nor his immediate successors, recommended the austerities of a monk, nor an habitation in the desert; for a Christian is to use the world, and not abuse it.

In what code of rational morality do we learn, that wealth, power, and dignity are evils in themselves, if not misapplied? and is it sinful in a clergyman to accept the authority of a magistrate, to preserve peace, and to check the progress of vice and disorder, which are too frequently carried to a high pitch, where there is not a sufficient power at hand to controul them? I believe it is publicly and notoriously known that there are many clergymen who make active and good magistrates.

How, or in what manner, are the great body of the clergy to pursue the vain delights of the world with the avidity they are represented to do? Noblemen and gentlemen's sons, who enter into the church to procure the few valuable livings which are worth accepting, may, when they reflect on their birth and their fortune, raise their heads much higher than the humble fishermen of Galilee, for they are trained up from their infancy to expect submission and respect from their inferiors in rank and situation.

If there be such persons in the church who are carried away by their own vanity to look down with a self-importance upon those in humbler stations, is this a sufficient reason, or is it liberal, to censure the whole body of the clergy for the indiscretions of those who were never trained up to think soberly of themselves?

When the keen eye of prejudice is searching for imperfections in the clergy, it cannot be denied but that they may be sometimes discovered, in an obscure village, in a person who cannot claim any pretensions to rank or fortune.

A young man, when he first comes from college, may have a taste for literature, and his lot may be cast in a very secluded situation, where he cannot procure any books, nor have spare money to purchase any. What is he to do in such a situation? He may not have had any opportunity of acquiring a taste for agricultural pursuits, botany, nor gardening; neither has he any source from which he can draw information to furnish his mind with knowledge; he must, therefore, either lead the life of a hermit in idleness, or associate with some fox-hunting esquire in the neighbourhood, and be led on, insensibly, to adopt his habits, much more for the sake of a little society than from any real pleasure or inclination. It surely is an illiberal censure to accuse the whole body of the clergy in being epicures, when the far greatest part of them are obliged to use the most rigid economy to procure for their families the necessaries of life.

How can the majority of the rectors, vicars, and curates, with any degree of consistency, be deemed epicureans, when the incomes of many of them will not exceed two hundred a year, and many of the small livings are under fifty pounds? If a clergyman has two or three of them, he is frequently obliged to keep a horse to do the duty.

From such trifling sums the tax-gatherers demand a large part for income, and property-tax, land-tax, assessed taxes, and window-tax, with parochial taxes, besides the taxes on every thing used for food, physic, and clothing. When all these deductions are made out of the scanty pittance of one hundred, or one hundred and fifty pounds a year, what is there left for the inferior body to feed luxuriously? There are but few classes in society which are placed in a more difficult situation. If a clergyman would willingly add to his income by industry, he is restrained from exercising himself in any traffic or com-

merce; and, if he takes one-fifth of the tenth which he is entitled to by law, he is branded with being an exactor, to amass wealth, to aggrandise his family and himself, as much as if he extorted the last farthing. I cannot think it a very liberal reflection in saying the inferior clergy are looking forward to wealth and consequence, when the utmost they can expect from their future prospects is to procure a scanty subsistence for a family and a trade for a son. When men are tied down to a situation in which they cannot live, nor leave for any other, what have they to puff up the mind with pride or any self-consequence?

While writers of various denominations are seeking opportunities to heap on their illiberal censures without any restriction, we cannot be surprised if the lower orders of the people should take notice of such public abuse, as it will countenance them in their loose and immoral principles. If we aim at exposing the conduct of our teachers of morality, can we expect any thing more than what we see in our servants and our labourers? and, if they prove idle, dishonest, and dissolute, we have to thank ourselves for it.

It is the disrespect and the unmerited censure the clergy have met with for several years, that has been the occasion of so many of the lower orders of the people forsaking places of worship, and especially the established church, which, with all its imperfections, has more liberality than all other denominations of Christians united. It has been said by an author, who is very far from being partial to the clergy, that "men of true liberality of sentiment never judge hardly of the conduct of others, but make allowances for the defects of education and the errors of judgment; and they always put a favourable construction on the errors of human beings, but never impute them to a bad motive, but at most to a false conception of things."

If men professing liberality of sentiment would judge of the whole body of the clergy by this rule, I am convinced that they would not pour out such a torrent of abuse as they now do against them, because they may happen to see a few individuals among them, who, on account of their birth, or some accidental advantage, may so far forget themselves and their profession as to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, and not think soberly.

CONTINUATION *of* COXE'S TRAVELS *in* SWITZERLAND. *Translated from the French, by* W. H. REID.

[Continued from p. 102.]

THERE is an easy communication between the abbey of Einsiedlen and the town of Schwitz; there are in fact two ways. That most frequented follows the plain, and is commodious and practicable for carriages. The shortest way goes directly over the mountain called Hakenberg; it is difficult, but has many picturesque views: this way I preferred to the other.

Going out from the village which contains the abbey, we enter a narrow woody valley, running between two mountains, moderately high and rather steep. A charming verdure covers all the parts; however, there are but few habitations; though, about a quarter of a league from Einsiedlen, we pass a convent of Benedictines, built at the foot of the hills, and completely surrounded by the trees which overshadow it, and give it an air truly claustral and romantic. Here the valley becomes narrower, and continues upon an ascent, terminating in a high mountain, very steep, and covered with one continued forest of firs. The road across this forest is steep, and is formed, as Mr. Coxe has elsewhere described, by a continuation of round pieces of wood rising just above the surface of the earth, by the aid of which both men and horses, finding resting places for their feet, climb up with safety. Several small torrents follow or traverse this route, forming a landscape extremely wild and dreary. At the summit I found some parts covered with snow; this was on the 31st of May. The ground here, very unequal, produced a short grass, very unfit for cattle, but in every other respect a perfect desert; to the left two twin points rose to a

considerable height from the bare rock, in form of regular cones, and tolerably sharp. The summit of these rocks produced a few tufts of ivy, in height not exceeding shrubs of the lowest kind.

The ivy grows upon the rocks that are almost naked, and at an elevation where no other tree will vegetate.—The inhabitants of these mountains have a kind of veneration for the ivy, in consequence of a prohibition formerly against its being used except for the purposes of making bows and the shafts of spears. In this country the hardness of this wood very nearly equals that of iron.

I traversed the summit of the mountain without delay to descend upon the town of Schwitz, when I was all at once arrested by one of the finest views the Alps afforded. The steep descent terminated at Schwitz, which I saw under my feet: before me were two lakes, separated by a chain of mountains, the smallest towards the right was the lake of Lowerz or Gersau; the largest, to the left, a branch of that of Lucerne; the latter very narrow, enclosed between rocks almost perpendicular, appeared to me buried at the bottom of an abyss, the water taking a tinge from the shadow of the surrounding mountains. On every side I saw nothing but hills covered with forests and pastures, the summits of which were much below that on which I stood, but close to each other, displayed in their intervals a labyrinth of fertile and well inhabited vallies. At a distance the scene enlarged, the summits of the hills rose by degrees and became gradually more steep and barren, covered with snow, and terminating at last in St. Gothard, whose top seemed hid in the clouds at the distance of fifteen leagues. Six weeks after, I passed and repassed St. Gothard, and from a bridge in my way I had the pleasure of seeing the twin rocks of Hakenberg overlooking the mountains of Schwitz and Uri. I devoted an hour to the descent from the Hakenberg; Schwitz, as I said before, is directly under it, and not far off is the lake Lucerne; its situation among these high mountains, clothed with pasturage, is as agreeable as it is rural.

Not one of the thirteen Cantons played a better part in the Helvetic Confederation than that of Zurich. I did not find a more lively spark of the enthusiasm of liberty any where than here. This enthusiasm effected the wonderful revolution, and crowned the efforts of the deliverers of the country with success. An old fashioned simplicity of manners, an openness truly republican, and a national spirit which is not pride, characterise both people and individuals. If nothing is more respectable than the civil state of this canton, nothing is more interesting than its moral state, or more impressive than the appearance of the interior of its families. Conjugal love here is a kind of sentiment, a law, an usage, and filial piety has something of that implicit obedience which was the virtue of the children of the patriarchs; a profound veneration for the memory of the dead renders them always present in the remembrance of the living. I have seen in many houses the portraits of the deceased members of the family, represented on the dying bed with their eyes closed, just as they appeared when they last saw the light. These dreary images, which seem so hideous to a Frenchman, who manages his affections like a spoiled child, and who studiously shuns every thing which can powerfully agitate his feelings, here form an object of consolation for men who know how to love, and dread no consequence of that passion, not even its pains.

The sexes communicate very little here, in that resembling the custom of a great number of the towns in Switzerland and Germany. From hence the result is, that each give themselves up to their natural taste. By mere chance I saw ten females, who had assembled for some relaxation from their usual affairs, while their parents, their husbands and brothers were gone elsewhere, either for military exercise, or for a long walk.

The youth of Zurich have much of a military propensity, and are formed into a body of militia, in which the most respectable men in the canton are not ashamed to serve as privates. These corps often go out to perform their evolutions, which they do with as much exactitude and subordination

as any mercenaries whatever. The city of Zurich has ever been the ally and friend of Strasbourg. A very intimate friendship subsisted formerly between the inhabitants of both places, and their history supplies examples equally interesting and singular. About the middle of the sixteenth century, the young men of Zurich hearing that the city of Strasbourg was keeping the festival of their archers, seventeen among them took the sudden resolution of visiting their Alsatian friends, and to take with them their *plat au repas*. This was a bouillon, dressed at Zurich, and which they undertook to carry with them to Strasbourg while it was hot. The distance is nearly fifty leagues. They embarked upon the Lemmat. The meat was placed in the centre of the boat, enclosed in a quantity of hay to keep it warm, and the seventeen heroes began to ply their oars to the sound of military music, upon a river, the dreadful rapidity of which does not commonly permit the use of any thing but the rudder. Very soon they gained the Aar, which carried them into the Rhine, and the meat was still warm when they arrived at Strasbourg. There are few examples of a voyage so extravagant, or of so pleasant a testimony of amity. This singular expedition has been celebrated in a poem which is become very rare.

At the head of the celebrated men of Zurich the ancient and respectable Bodmer ought to be placed, the Nestor of Switzerland, and the patriarch of the literature of Germany. He was the first reviver of a taste for the learning and ingenuity of the Greeks, and who taught his countrymen to imitate them. To him every branch of literature owe equal obligation, and it may be said that he is as well known by the various avenues that he has opened, and by the young athletics that he has brought upon the arena, as by the proper merit of his literary labours. If he had only developed the genius of the immortal Klopstock, Germany would still have owed him much. With respect and sympathy I have seen this sage almost in his eightieth year, preserving the fire and gaiety of youth, enjoying at once his glory and his virtues, reckoning all his fellow citizens among his friends, and every illustrious man of his nation in the number of his disciples. His personal resemblance with Voltaire appeared to me very striking, and I learned that it was the same with every person who had seen them both. He had the same traits, the same physiognomy, and the same gestures. The colour of his eyes alone was different, and the *tout ensemble* of his features rather more delicate. I spoke to him upon this astonishing conformity, and he made me this modest and remarkable answer: "In thus resembling Voltaire nothing is wanting to my glory, but perhaps it might have added to his happiness if he had resembled me rather more." I have received numerous obligations from this respectable old man under the auspices of his nephew, M. Escher, my worthy friend. He made me a present of a rare copy of the amatory verses of the German poets of the thirteenth century. The work is taken from a manuscript which was presented to the city of Zurich by the King of France in 1752. He also gave me a collection of his tragedies, historical and political, a work equally learned and interesting.

Mr. Coxe mentions that "the bridges at Lucerne are ornamented with wretched paintings representing the events of the Old Testament, the battles of the Swiss, and the Dance of Death." These three bridges are on a line, and at a distance seem to be but one. The first is more than 500 paces in length. The Dance of Death, which decorates the third, is the most remarkable painting, being full of fire and imagination, and many of these pieces appear to have been spoiled by the daubers who have retouched them, and whose corrections have concealed a number of beauties. All over Switzerland, as well as in Alsace, we find a number of these Dances of Death, the origin of which appears to be drawn from those epidemical diseases that our ancestors have qualified with the name of plagues, which have repeatedly ravaged these countries.

St. Gothard may be regarded as the centre of that mass of mountains to which the ancients gave the name of

Adula, and among which they supposed the Rhine, the Rhone, the Aar, and the Tesin took their rise. These mountains, which divide the Rhetian from the Pœnine Alps, unite with a small portion of the chain which extends towards the Schreckhorn, or peak of terror. The denomination of Upper Alps, which name the Romans gave them by way of excellence, was also bestowed upon them because these mountains arrested their course, and the vanity of the Romans led them to exaggerate every obstacle which they could not overcome. Since this distant period, St. Gothard and its surrounding mountains being open to strangers, this way is the common passage, and travellers have reserved the appellation of *high* to the mountains which they traverse on the road, because people are always disposed to exaggerate what they have really seen at the expense of that which they are ignorant of. Hence St. Gothard has been looked upon as the highest of the Swiss Alps by such observers as have given into the vulgar opinion. It is, notwithstanding, evident, that its elevation is not two thirds of that of Mont Blanc, which the Romans had turned; not to mention the other peaks discovered since people have been acquainted with the upper part of the canton of Berne.

But whatever may be the height of St. Gothard, its passage is one of those astonishing works of art which proves to what degree the efforts of man may triumph over nature. The road, which is four leagues from Altdorff to Airolo on the Italian side, is never less than ten feet broad, and very frequently twelve or fifteen. The greatest part of its length is paved with quarters of granite, and at a distance seems like a ribband thrown negligently over that part of the mountain which it traverses.

The road over St. Gothard is divided by the valley of Urseren: the first and most astonishing of these routes begins at Altdorff, and winds along the valley of Schellenen. Here the Swiss have overcome difficulties the most insurmountable. The road is suspended over the most dreadful precipices, and is turned out of its course by no obstacle: the parts which jut out are supported by dry arches; and when the rocks, almost perpendicular, refuse a double support, the abyss which the builder could not pursue he freed all at once by bridges, the boldest and the lightest that have ever been constructed.

I was anxious to know the name of that man of genius who traced this route, and planned the five bridges which join the different parts; the common people, however, have forgotten their benefactor, and attributed that to the Devil, which they ought to have ascribed to an angel! The last and boldest of these bridges, and that which is raised to the greatest height above the precipice, is therefore called the Devil's Bridge; its form and dimensions are equally astonishing. In fact, it appears as if it was supported in the air. It is difficult to imagine how scaffolding, and a centre necessary for its support, were first contrived; besides, the stones are of that rough and irregular cast, which must of course render them very unfavourable to the necessary adhesion of cement. I cannot tell what credit is due to the opinion of those who assure us that the architect of this bridge was named *Teufel*, that is Devil; adding that he was of the canton of Lucerne, where there is still a family of the same name. However, with respect to the road cut out of the rock of granite, I am informed it is much more modern than the bridge, being made in 1707 by P. Moretini, a Swiss, a native of one of the Italian bailiwicks.

Upon the bridge which precedes that of the Devil, and which separates the district of Urseren from the lands of Uri, I have remarked the following inscription engraved in handsome Roman characters upon the horizontal part of a morcel of granite. It is now so difficult to read, that I could only accomplish this under favour of the long shadows of the setting sun:

HIOAN ELIE
MEIER SECKHELL
MEISTERDESTHA
LS URSEREN.

That is, "John Elie Meyer, treasurer of the valley of Urseren." Now, as in this country the dignity of treasurer is by no means incompatible with the trade of a mason, I imagine

this Meyer might have been one of the constructors of this astonishing route.

One cannot imagine a valley more verdant than that of Urseren; it is the most uniformly so, and the hills that surround it, not very steep, are green to their summits. I did not see one rock interrupting this long carpet of meadows. The rocks which Mr. Coxe represents as the bulwarks of this valley, are only those of a second rate, and are behind the first border. In comparison with the frightful deserts which one must pass to arrive here, this fertile retreat ought to be viewed as an elysium, and yet even a continuance of verdure inspires a kind of melancholy. This is most true with respect to the mountains on the side of Furca; for trees, the leaves of which by their motion amuse the sight, and whose murmur gives a kind of life to the most frightful solitudes, grow not here: dread silence reigns all through this region.

The little wood above Urseren is the only one in the canton, and is preserved with so much veneration that a capital punishment is pronounced against any person who should only cut a tree in it. Indeed no sacred forest ever so well merited this extraordinary respect; for it is the paladium of Urseren; it protects it against the falls of snow from the mountains which it always breaks: its destruction would infallibly expose Urseren to the same fate.

According to uniform tradition, the valley of Urseren had formerly very large forests, and towards the Fourches they shewed me a hill which had been covered with trees. The peasants assured me, that a magician, jealous because their valley was a paradise, burned and charmed away the trees that have never grown since. The truth of this fable appeared thus to me; that this forest had been consumed by accident, and that trees have not grown since, owing to the terrible winds which sweep these heights, and inevitably tear up such roots as are not protected by old trunks. Most of the vallies in Switzerland thus exposed display the same phenomena; the soil decreases by little and little, the trees are left bare at the root, and are drawn away, either by the winds or the falls of snow, so that a forest once destroyed is never restored, because the young trees are broken or carried away the first year. The consequences are mischievous; the snow accumulates upon these ruinated elevations, and continues melting during the heat of summer, and thus become the inexhaustible source of new torrents, which, ravaging the vallies, sweep away the beds of vegetation that ought to increase their fertility. Forcing their way also into inaccessible hollows, they there accumulate anew, and from large heaps are transformed into fresh glaciers.

Towards the middle of the valley of Urseren, on the south, we begin to mount towards Great St. Gothard, or the second part of the route I have described. This region appears to have been frequented by the Romans from the time of Augustus. It is even thought that they traced out a highway here in the time of Otho. I cannot conceive what use it could have been to them, for with the Fourches they were unacquainted, and they had a better way for proceeding to the north of the Alps.

This upper route presents a picture very different from that of Schellenthal, the summits that dominate are less menacing; the bordering precipices are not so lofty; the landscape is broader and less terrific, and the passengers on this road elude many obstacles which they would meet with on the other route. Towards the midst of the ascent, in a vast desert, surrounded by lofty rocks, a fine view presents itself on the north, at the termination of a superb suit of hills which descend *en echelons* to a distance of fifteen leagues. One may distinguish the turn peaks of the Hakenberg, at the foot of which I had rested six weeks before. This sight afforded me a degree of pleasure, of which none but travellers can conceive.

The summit of St. Gothard is a platform of naked granite, encircled with some rocks of mediate elevation, whose irregular shapes confine the view from the most frightful of all solitudes. The uniformity of this desert is only diversified by three little lakes, and the lonely hospital of the Capuchins. Here the least trace of vegetation is not to be found. The

dead silence which reigns here is a thing new and surprising to an inhabitant of the plain. Not a murmur is heard here; the wind which here traverses the heavens in its usual course meets not with a single object, the agitation of which would betray the secret of its passage; but when it becomes impetuous, its contact with the rugged rocks, it produces a lugubrious sound. Still as you continue to ascend no change appears. Amidst a chaos of rocks and torrents, whose barren points are covered with eternal snow, nothing exists to tempt the sight but the cerulean skies, which are sometimes veiled by an impenetrable vapour. The unhappy Capuchins who inhabit the hospital are, during nine months in the year, buried in the snows which frequently, in the course of a night, fall so thick as to stop up all their usual entrances; it is then their business from the upper windows to make a new road. From the cold and hunger to which these Cenobites are often exposed, we may infer, that if there be any religious orders upon whom alms may be justly bestowed, it is they. As it is impossible to open a grave upon the summit of St. Gothard, the bodies of persons found dead of cold in the environs of the convent, are taken down to Ariolo, when there is a certainty that they were catholics; but if there be any uncertainty as to the faith of the deceased, they are thrown into a deep pit, over which a chapel is built, and where they lie uncovered for want of earth. The descent from St. Gothard towards Italy is much steeper than that on the side of Switzerland; from the summit of the mountain towards Italy, the road that winds towards Ariolo may be plainly discovered.

Among the numerous passages of the Alps which I have traversed, I find none which offers more beauties and less danger than that of St. Gothard. During fine weather one does not run the least risk; the road is every where sufficiently broad to ensure the safety of the most timid: it is paved like one of the handsomest streets, and the snows are melted off at least two months in the year; and if it were not for the steepness of the descent towards Italy, it might be passed in a carriage. Even the Devil's Bridge, in spite of its convexity, is too broad to be dangerous, and it would be easy to render it still more secure by a parapet for the safety of those whose heads are easily turned.

During winter the most dangerous part of this passage is in the valley of Schellenen, between the Devil's Bridge and that which precedes it. This space, not more than a quarter of a league long, is liable to such frequent falls of snow from the steep mountains on each side as no other part is subject to. To prevent the least sound or noise imaginable, which is supposed to have a tendency to loosen the snow from the mountains, the drivers of carriages muffle the bells of the horses with hay, and observing the most profound silence all pass along with the greatest celerity possible. The consequence, however, is, sometimes, that considerable caravans are covered in the snow, or precipitated into the torrents that run on each side. All along the road, in places where passengers have thus perished, small crosses are put up. The first time I saw them my fears were very different from the last. I was then alone, my companion being tired stopped at Urseren. It was twilight, and the noise of the water-falls and the sight of these crosses appeared to me as the memorials of so many murders. I counted no less than sixteen between the two bridges. However, I put the best face I could upon the business; I arrived safe at Gestinnen, rather astonished than otherwise at the ideas I had formed of the dangers of a route which, external accidents excepted, is as safe as any causeway the most frequented in the interior of the canton.

In a meadow near Gestinnen I saw an enormous fragment of granite, which the common people assured me the Devil had brought from the neighbouring mountains for the purpose of crushing one of the new bridges; but as this threat was only conditional, some means were found to deter him from carrying it into execution.

Several of the bridges upon the Alps are thus attributed to the Devil. Most of these are about two hundred years old, belonging to the epoch which followed that of Swiss liberty, when the people becoming indepen-

dent turned those forces against nature, which they had before turned against tyranny. No nation passes all at once from motion to rest, and the age that follows a time of tribulation is often an age of genius.

[*To be continued.*]

On a SUPPOSED MISTATEMENT *of* NUMBERS *at the* BATTLE *of* SALAMANCA.

SIR,

IN your last Number, page 146, the respectable writer makes the following statement of the number of men engaged on both sides at the late decisive battle of Salamanca:—"They (the French) were superior in number, for Marmont is supposed to have had nearly fifty thousand men, whilst the force of the allied army amounted to a few thousands only beyond thirty thousand." Now such an account, running counter to all probable speculation, as well as to the most authentic intelligence, the only judgment which can at present be formed is, that the error, if real, arose from a portion of *incuria* to which the most vigilant are occasionally liable, or to an incautious dependance upon the reports of our suborned newspapers, by which, it has been remarked, a patriotic member of parliament, in his late speech in the west, has likewise been misled.

With respect to circumstantial, or other evidence, in this question, it may be alleged, that the general expectation of Lord Wellington's march into the heart of Spain, was originally grounded on his known superiority to any force which the French could possibly be able to concentrate. The very stile of Lord Wellington, in his relation of the battle, is fully indicative of his sense of superiority as to numbers and appointments; nor does he ever hint at such a thing as the enemy's superiority of numbers, which he, in all probability, would plainly have stated, had such been the fact; at any rate, the people on this side the water would not let slip so ostentatious a subject of exultation. Instead of which what do we find, the mere paragraphical assertion, in the *Morning Post* and its followers, that the French, compared to our army at Salamanca, were as three to two. But Lord Wellington himself, in all probability, disgusted by the gross newspaper puffing, so incessant, and held to be of such high national consequence in this country, had done enough to discourage such contemptible follies with all reflecting people. His Lordship, in one of his published letters to an officer, in the course of last year, enters his caveat against the belief of victories, in modern times, *gained over very superior force, as stated in gazettes and newspapers.*—By an account which was suffered to come abroad, after a period was put to the rejoicings, and which passed the ordeal of the public prints, uncontradicted, the numbers of Marmont's army were about forty thousand, and that of the allies sixty thousand. Reports since have been current, upon what authority is unknown to me, that the British alone, exclusive of the allies, were, at the battle, superior in numbers to Marmont's whole force; in which case, the general superiority must indeed have been immense, taking into question, beside, Ld. Wellington's fine and numerous body of cavalry, in which Marmont was totally deficient. In fine, great as has been the presumption and rashness of the French, throughout the whole war in Spain, as it appears, Gen. Marmont actually overstepped it at Salamanca. Of what nature the very imperious motives may have been, or why Marmont could not await the arrival of his reinforcements, at which indeed our army appeared to wonder, remain yet to be ascertained.

The sole object of the writer of this article being historical truth, he will, in course, be fully gratified if the truth of the statement, which he thinks it his duty as an Englishman to oppose, can be confirmed. It is not indeed against truth which he desires to set his face, but against those national exaggerations and forgeries which have always had the most pestilent effect upon the popular mind and character, and may be, in the end, attended with the most bitter and melancholy national disappointments.

I remain, Sir, with very high respect for the historical fidelity and patriotic character of your miscellany, &c. &c.

POLITICUS.

MISCELLANEA SELECTA.

Observations *on the* Oriental Apologue; *by* James Ross, *Esq. formerly of Dinagepore in Bengal.*

[From the Asiatic Annual Register, 1810-11.]

[The following valuable contribution is an *Extract* from a *Manuscript Life of* Sadi. It is confined principally, as the reader will observe, to the illustration of the genius and writings of the poet and moralist, and more especially of the nature and end of the *Persian Apologue*. This favourite vehicle of instruction in the Eastern world is pursued from its ruder beginning to its more perfect and polished form; and its usefulness is exemplified in many striking and remarkable instances, which are brought to the recollection of the reader by numberless quotations, evincing not less pains in the writer's research, than felicity in the application. From the early blossom, we may judge of the coming fruit, and anticipate most favourably of the remainder of this ingenious essay, from the erudite and elegant specimen now in our hands].

EASTERN governments are despotic; and a historian truly to detail the public and private lives of past despots, has to dwell on events which must necessarily grate the heart perhaps of his patron the reigning despot. Accordingly, in the East, men of genius have turned their minds to fiction, and thus have rendered their well told stories equally instructing and entertaining as common history; for while this with us in Europe has been too often filled with obscurities, defects, and contradictions, to the fables of the East we have no such relations of events to oppose, as have appeared to other writers through different mediums; in history partiality tells us one story, and antipathy another; but in the relation of a professed fable it were idle to set one fiction in opposition to another.

An apologue or fable, was the first specimen, perhaps, of wit, that man, in his rude state, made use of; and has been long esteemed in the East, because of its peculiar safety in amusing the old and instructing the young, after they became polite. There, indeed, it is at this day as often had recourse to, as it was in the days of a Lucman or an Esop. Like some fablists in Europe, orientalists pretend not to distinguish between a story and a tale, an apologue and a fable, or an allegory and a parable, but like as they are found by *Sadi*, they are mingled indiscriminately; and they make—non tantum feræ, sed etiam arbores—not only beasts, but even stocks and stones speak with a human interest and feeling, and render them the mediums of conveying the most striking truths of common life, morality, and prudence. Yet they consider that—

Ficta, voluptatis causâ, sunt proxima veris.

Fictions to please should bear the face of truth;

and are accordingly most partial to the more natural commerce of human beings, as more consonant to historical probability. They address their apologues either to the understandings or the passions, or to both jointly. Those of *Sadi* are chiefly perceptive, and contain but a single precept or event. He tells us,—'I never complained of my wretched and forlorn condition, but on one occasion, when my feet were naked, and I had not wherewithal to shoe them. Soon after meeting a man without feet, I was thankful for the bounty of Providence to myself, and with perfect resignation, submitted to my want of shoes.' Yet in his story of the *Santon Barsisa*, where different characters are conducted through a variety of events, where a diversity of precept is introduced as applicable to the characters and circumstances, or where the passions are of course excited, the moral, however complicated, is recollected and carried on without trouble or confusion. This story is to be found in No. 148 of the Guardian; and it forms the basis of that popular romance the Monk. The following is a verbal translation from the fifth sermon of *Sadi*, in which, with many ingenious and applicable stories, it is according to the oriental custom quoted as a parable:—

"It is related, that among the children of Israel there was a holy man,

of the name of *Barsisa*, who for forty years had lived apart from mankind, and detached from the world and its vain pursuits. He had spent his whole life in counting his beads, and in acts of piety, and in holding supplication and intercourse with the deity. The appetite of inordinate desire he had eradicated with the knife of self-denial, and the seed of godly zeal he had sown in the field of divine inspiration. Were you to soar into the etherial regions, till you brought the ninth heaven into your view, or penetrate into the bowels of the earth till you saw the backs of the bull and tortoise, he possessed such probity, faith, and good works, as would weary the most eloquent tongue to detail them, and commanded such praiseworthy and excellent qualifications as would puzzle the nicest fancy to unravel them. And every year many thousands of the distempered and infirm, the sickly and ailing would collect on the plain around his cell, some covered with the leprosy, and blind from the mother's womb, others hectic, dropsical, and jaundiced: the whole would lay themselves under his cell; and when the luminary of day would display his glorious countenance in the east, and the sun unfurl the standard of his splendour over the face of the globe, then would *Barsisa* walk forth on the terrace of his cell, breathe a single breath of blessing over them, and cure them in an instant of all their disorders. Most wonderful of works, that publicly he should have thrown open upon him the gate of such treasured benevolence, yet in secret was the arrow of separation laid on the bow of his rejection; that at first he should outwardly appear a lovely picture, yet hiddenly was a carcase mangled with the sword of disapprobation: and that to the eye he seemed, alas! pure as virgin silver, yet internally was his intrinsic value debased with an alloy. In the exultation of his heart, that wretched man would address himself, and say, 'Verily who am I?' and strutting vauntingly abroad, exclaim, 'am I not a credit to God Almighty?' Little was he in the mean time aware that it had been recorded on the tablet of the last tribunal: 'thou meetest no approbation with me.'—Acts ii. 22. In the process of time the devil secretly was laying under the floor of his cell, a train of temptation and chain of machination, that on some unpropitious moment the thorn of bad luck might, intentionally or not, entangle itself perhaps in the skirts of his garment. The wrath and indignation of the devil was daily getting more inflamed against him, while the grove of his obedience to God blossomed fuller with good works; till at length that the daughter of the reigning king fell ill of so dangerous a malady, that all the faculty despaired of her cure. And this damsel had three brothers, all of them governors of distant provinces. And they all three dreamt on the same night, that it behoved them to report their sister's illness to *Barsisa*. Next day they communicated their dreams to one another, and their accounts agreeing in every circumstance, every one exclaimed to himself, 'it is my dream precisely.' They accordingly proceeded to the capital, and took along with them their beautiful sister unto the holy man's cell. *Barsisa* was occupied at prayer.—After he had finished, they intreated his assistance for their sister, and detailed to him their respective dreams. *Barsisa* said, 'there is a stated time for supplication, when God is peculiarly propitious to petitions; when that time shall come I will not be sparing of my prayers.' Then the royal brothers left their sister in the charge of the holy man, and betook themselves unto the sports of the field. When the wily devil found they were gone, he said, 'now is my opportunity of plunging the faith and soul of *Barsisa's* prolonged period of righteousness in the tempestuous ocean of lust.' Accordingly, blowing a breath of stupefaction on the brain of that modest virgin, she staggered, and fell senseless to the floor, so as to allow the holy man's eye to catch a glimpse of her unveiled charms. The devil heaped the fuel of temptation on the fire of sensuality, and the flame of concupiscence burnt fiercely throughout the saint's frame; then did the hand of impetuosity and desire draw the mask of presumption and indifference over his heart and mind, so that the carnal appetite do-

mineered, the machinations of Satan commenced their operations, and the crime of fornication speedily contaminated his body. At that juncture the devil made his appearance before the altar of his cell, in the figure of an old man, and questioned the particulars of what had befallen him. *Barsisa* related all that had passed. The devil replied, 'O, *Barsisa!* be of good cheer, for sin is natural to man, the most high God is merciful, and the door of repentance open; yet were it prudent to keep this statement for the present a secret from her brothers.' *Barsisa* said, 'Alas! alas! how can we daub the sun's orbit over with clay, or hide the bright face of day from such as have eyes to behold it?' The devil replied, 'that as I can teach you, O *Barsisa!* may very readily be done; let the damsel be slain, and her body buried under ground; and when the brothers return and enquire after her, you can tell them you were busy at prayer when she took her departure, and know not what became of her." Thus, just as the accursed devil had advised, *Barsisa* murdered the princess, and carrying her body outside his cell, buried it under ground. Soon after, the three brothers, courageous as lions, and nobly attended, having returned from the hunt, presented themselves before the hermit's cell, and enquiring for their sister, concluded they had only to ask his blessing, and take her away cured her distemper; but on not meeting her ready to attend them, they asked the hermit after her. He answered them verbatim as the devil had instructed him; and, as a matter of course, believing what so sanctified a man told them, they took his blessing and their leave. They were proceeding towards the city, and expecting every step to overtake their sister, when the evil-minded devil, having in the mean time transformed himself into a decrepid old woman, with a staff in her hand, and a handkerchief round her head, met them by the way. They questioned her, and said, 'good woman, did you meet a lady on this road of such a figure and description?' She replied, "you are perhaps seeking the daughter of the reigning king? They said, 'the same.' The pretended old woman fell a weeping, and sobbed aloud. The brothers of the princess suspected all was not right. They added, 'be circumspect in what you have to state, for our minds cruelly misgive us from what you have already insinuated.' The old woman gave a freedom to her tongue, and replied, 'that personage whom you recommended to his care on setting forth on your sports, the hermit defiled; after that he committed murder on her body, and has hid her under the place where he prostrates himself at prayer.' Then taking them along with her, she proceeded to the grave of their sister, which they dug up, and found the body fresh murdered, and still weltering in its blood. Upon which they rent the garments from their bodies, and, in the grief of so horrible an event, cast ashes on their heads. After that, they put a halter round *Barsisa's* neck, and led him towards the city; while a trowd gathered from all quarters, expressing their astonishment how such a series of events could have come to pass. They then caused a gibbet to be erected, and brought *Barsisa* under it; and, whatever intercession the holy men of the city would set on foot to get him released from punishment, they would not listen to their solicitations, but had him hung upon the gallows in the most ignominious manner; and such as heretofore would have considered it as a blessing to catch the water he had used in his ablutions, and apply it to the same precious purpose they would rose-water: and would have esteemed the dust of his shoes as a collyrium fit to be applied only to their eyes, were crowded round him with their skirts filled with stones, that they might hurl them at his head with curses. In this state of matters the devil presented himself before the gallows, under the figure of a reverend old man, with his head illuminated with rays of glory, and said, 'O, *Barsisa!* I am the God of this earth, and that is the God of heaven, whom you have served for a series of years, and who has permitted you to be overtaken with this calamity; and in recompence of such a continued and faithful obedience has left you to perish on a gallows; shew me only

one sign of adoration, that I may deliver you from so ignominious an exit. With a motion of his brow, *Barsisa* made a sign of worshipping the accursed devil; when that instant a voice descended from the seventh heaven, announcing, 'Let this man, perished as he is in this world and the next, be utterly annihilated; let his soul sink down to hell, his carcase be cast unto the dogs, and his brain become the portion of the fowls of the air.'

The abstract and substance of this apologue is, that God, who is Lord of all things, and who is perfectly just and supremely good, may express his displeasure on whom he pleases; and that man has no reason to complain, though—"the last shall be first, and the first last; for many be called, but few chosen." Matth. xx. 16. "What shall we say then? Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid — Even for this purpose have I raised thee up, that I might show my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout the earth:— therefore hath he (God) mercy, on whom he will have mercy; and whom he will he hardeneth." Rom. ix. 14 and 18.

L'Estrange, Fable 217, folio edit. tells us:—"After laughing at her toil all the summer, a grasshopper wanted to borrow some grain of an ant during the winter." "Tell me," asks the ant, "what you did during the summer?" "I sung," replied the grasshopper. "Indeed!" said the ant, "then you may dance during the winter." In order to recommend and inculcate industry, Sadi introduces into the 1st sermon of the 1st Risallah, in the form also of a parable, the following beautiful apologue:

"It is related, that a nightingale had built its nest on the bough of a rose bush in a garden; and at the root of that same tree, a poor little ant happened to dig itself a hole, and managed, as it best could, to store with provision this wretched hut of care. Day and night would this nightingale be fluttering through the rose bower, and tuning the barbut of its soul-deluding music: and whilst the ant was hourly occupied in industry, that thousand-songed bird would be fascinated with its own sweet melody, amidst the groves of this garden. The nightingale was whispering its secret to the rose, and that, full blown by the morning zephyr, was ogling it in return. The poor little ant could not help admiring the coquettish airs of the rose, and the blandishments of the nightingale; and incontinently saying, 'time can alone disclose what may be the end of all this coquetry and fuss.' When the flowery season of the summer was gone, and the bleak cold of winter approaching, thorns succeeded to the roses, and the raven took the perch of the nightingale; the storms of autumn came raging along, and the foliage of the grove was shed upon the ground; the cheek of the leaf was turned yellow, and the breath of the wind was cold and chilling; the gathering clouds poured down hailstones like pearls, and flakes of snow floated like camphor on the bosom of the air. Suddenly the nightingale returned into the garden, but he met neither the bloom of the rose, nor the fragrance of the hyacinth. And notwithstanding his thousand-songed tongue, he stood stupified and mute; for he could discover no flower, whose form he might admire, nor any verdure, whose freshness he might enjoy. The thorn addressed him, and said, 'O silly bird! how long wouldst thou court the society of the rose? now is the season, that, in the absence of thy mistress, thou must put up with the soul-rending bramble of separation.' The nightingale looked around him on the world, but could no where discern any means of sustenance. Thus destitute of food, his strength failed him fast, and, in his helpless state, he could in no way earn himself a livelihood. He recollected himself, and said, 'in former days an ant had her hut under this tree, and was industrious in laying up for herself a store of grain. I will submit to her my wants, and in the name of good neighbourhood, and a sense of what is right, beg some relief: perhaps she may compassionate my distress, and bestow some charity upon me.' Like a suppliant the half-famished nightingale proceeded towards the door of the ant's hut, and said, 'Generosity is the harbinger of prosperity, O capital stock of good

luck; unfortunately I was wasting my precious life in idleness, whilst thou wert making thyself a provision, and laying up a hoard; how considerate and good of thee, wouldst thou now spare me a little of it.' The ant replied, 'Night and day thou wert engaged in idle conversation, and I was occupied industriously, and providing for a bad day; one day thou wert distracted with the smiling blandishments of the rose, and the next, giddy with admiring the blossoming spring; wert thou not aware that every summer has its fall, and every long and heavy journey a stage of rest and tranquility?"

This familiar fable is a simple and forcible illustration of the principle of productive and unproductive labor, so eloquently detailed by AdamSmith in his Wealth of Nations. The industry of the ant was accumulated value, which she hoarded and preserved against the distresses and severities of the winter; but the song of the nightingale, though amusing for a time, left no provision for the hour of need, and change of season; it was neither tangible nor transferable. The laws of nature point out to man that practicable maxim of St. Paul, Eph. iv. 28, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat;" nor is he rashly to trust to Providence; for Acts xx. 35, "It is more blessed (to be able) to give than to receive; as it is shewn by another apologue of *Sadi*, that, "no life is pleasing to God, but what is usefully employed."

Bustan II. 18. A holy man met a fox that had no feet, and stopped in admiration of the handiwork of God, saying to himself, whence does this creature derive a livelihood, or how procure for itself food, without hands and feet? The astonished good man stood wrapt up in this thought, when a lion bounded before him, holding a jackall in one of his paws; this wretched victim served the lion for a meal, and enough remained to satisfy the fox's wants. Next day he witnessed a like event come to pass, for it seemed fit to Providence thus to supply the fox with food; faith made the holy man's eyes sparkle with hope, and he forthwith resolved to put his whole trust in God, saying, "henceforward I will sit retired in a corner like an ant, for even an elephant cannot force a livelihood by main strength." Then for a length of time he sat with his chin leaning on his breast, and expecting how Providence might supply him from his secret store. Neither stranger nor kinsman sympathised with his sufferings, when his sinews, bones, and skin, had shrunk like a fiddle. Now, that from sheer weakness of his body, he had lost all feeling and patience, a voice addressed him from the altar of his cell, saying, "Rise, O sluggard! and be that destructive lion, and mortify not thyself like the palsied fox; so exert thy industry, that thou mayst abound like the lion, for why shouldst thou put up with leavings like the fox?" God thus bestows his bounty on that his chosen servant, whose life becomes the medium of his fellow-creature's well being.

In the *Annowari Sohaili*, or Persian copy of *Bidpai's* fables, this story is told of a falcon and rook; and in No. 38, of the Adventurer, Dr. Hawkesworth has turned this falcon into an eagle, and joined to it, not very naturally, Sadi's fox; yet I know not through what channel he reached them, but the doctor is original, and most happy in all his oriental apologues.

In the beautiful language of our scriptures, life is often termed a pilgrimage; and we that are passing through it, are called strangers and sojourners on this earth In Risallah II. sermon 4, Sadi tells us, "That Noah, at the age of twelve hundred, was asked, 'how he, who was the oldest of the prophets, had found this world?' He replied, 'like a house with two doors, at one of which I entered, and shall soon leave it by the other.'"

"Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend,
The world's an inn, and death's our journey's end"

In No. 289 of the Spectator, that Raphael, as Johnson styles him, of essay writing (Addison) has, through Sir John Chardin, copied with his usual taste and judgment, the following parable of Sadi on the instability of this life Rissalah II. Sermon 4.

One day, Ibrahim Idham, king of Balkh, was sitting in the porch of his

palace, with all his ministers and retinue standing by him in attendance, when behold! a poor dervis, with a patched cloak, a scrip, and a staff, presented himself, and was making his way into Ibrahim's palace. The servants called to him, and said, "reverend sir! whither art thou going?" He answered them, "I am going into this inn." They said, "this is the palace of the king of Balkh." The king desired they would allow him to approach, when he observed, "O dervis! this is my palace, and no inn" The dervis asked him, "O Ibrahim! whose house was this originally?" He replied, "the house of my grandfather." And when he departed this life, whose house was it?" "My father's." And when thy father died, whose did it become?" "It became mine." "And when thou also art gone, to whom will it belong?" "To the prince, my son." The dervis now said, "O Ibraham! a house which one man is after this manner entering, and another quitting, may be an inn, but is no palace or fixed habitation for prince, or common man."

"Ev'n kings but act their parts; and when they've done,
Some other, worse or better, mount their throne."

In No. 293, of the Spectator, Addison has again, through Chardin, Itin. Persic Vol. III. 189, 4to. Amst. enriched his vernacular language, by copying the following parable on Humility, from Sadi's Bustan, IV. 2. It understood in the East, that the pearl is originally formed in the oyster, from a drop of rain water having previously been caught by that animal. Conformably with this idea:—

"As a solitary drop of water was falling from the sky, it blushed when it came to see the huge extent of the sea, saying to itself, 'where this ocean is, what place is left for me, if that immense body of water be present, my God! what an inconsiderable atom of matter am I?' Whilst it was thus reviewing itself with an eye of humility, an oyster took it into its shell, and nourished it with its whole soul; fortune raised it soon into an exalted station, for it ripened into a precious pearl, and became the chief jewel in the imperial crown of Persia."

The luxurious frequenters of an Eastern public bath, can, in their loitering idleness, draw Satan with cloven feet, horns, and other features as hideous as the devil of our nurseries. Yet, like Milton's, Sadi's Satan was really handsome.

——"He above the rest,
In shape and stature, proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet no lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than arch angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd——."

In Bustan I. 6, Sadi says, "I know not where I read it in a book, that a person saw the devil in a dream; he had the stature of a cypress, and the eyes of a huri of Paradise, and his face was like the sun encircled with rays of glory. He gently went up to him, and said, 'can this possibly be you; never did any angel appear more handsome or lovely? Why should mankind make your deformity proverbial throughout the world, while you can shew them this face, which is splendid as a full moon? Why, in the palace of our sovereign the king, has the painter given you a distorted, ugly, and forbidding visage? They recognise your face with horror and disgust, and represent you on the walls of the public baths hideous to common decency.' The ill-omened demon listened to these words, and replied to them in a vexed and exulting tone of voice, saying, 'My well-disposed friend! that is no likeness of me, for the pencil that drew it was held in the hand of an enemy. I routed mankind of old forth from Paradise, therefore, in despite, they now paint me so ugly.'"

My next quotation is from Bust. I. 11, and introductory, to as well turned and spirited an apostrophe as that of Virgil, which Seneca, Sadi's favourite Latin author, tells us, operated so powerfully on the maternal feelings, and princely munificence of Octavia; yet the young and gay can best feel and enjoy it.

"Yesterday I had my fill of worldly enjoyment, for, clasped in my embrace, I held yon moon-faced charmer; verily, when I saw her head intoxicated with sleep, I said to her, the cypress,

O my love! is not so stately as thou art; wash, for an instant, the drowsiness of inebriation from the Narcissus of thine eye, smile graciously as the rose, and whisper melodiously as the nightingale; why lyest thou asleep, O mischief of the age! rise and bring me that liquid ruby of thy lips for my drinking?"—Looking towards me with a soul-maddening glance, she roused herself in reply, "thou art calling me mischief, yet forbiddest me to sleep." During the reign of our enlightened sovereign, nobody can witness any other waking mischief, but such as this!—

The Italian poet, Guarini, would seem to copy the above sentiment:

"Occhi, stelle mortali
Ministri de miei mali
Se chiusi m' accidete
Apperti che ferete?"

Of the above eight apologues, those of Barsisa, the Nightingale and Ant, Noah, and the Dervis mistaking a palace for an inn, are written in Persian prose; and those of the Fox without feet, the Drop of Water, the Beauty of Satan, and the Compliment to his Sovereign, in mustosi or couplets; and I know not in which Sadi most excels; for though I prefer prose, and particularly his prose relations of those fables, notwithstanding the two first have a dash of the Ibaruti Rungin, or florid style, yet his narrative poetry is so familiar and easy, and the words deviate so little from their natural order, that it is equally perspicuous as the chastest prose. In contradiction to the alleged verbosity of modern Persian, let me state, that the apologue of the Drop of Water is told in five distiches, and consists altogether, of fifty Persian words; and the same fable as related by Addison, No. 293, Spectator, and surely not prolixly, comprehends nearly three times the number of English words. Indeed, in my translation of Sadi's works, I have often found myself complaining of the conciseness of the narrative, and prolixity of the perceptive parts: yet, on all occasions, the narratives will be found sufficiently and distinctly detailed, the precepts included in the events, and the events related with such circumstances, as render their precepts succinctly evident.

I have amused myself with tracing a coincidence of many of our apophthegms and tales, with the apologues and fables of Sadi. To this easy and familiar manner of writing may justly apply that saying of the wisest of men, "That there is nothing new under the sun:" "Methodus sola artificem ostendit." "Fables," says Quintilian, "are, above all other literary compositions, calculated to win the arts of the vulgar and illiterate; who delight in pleasing fictions, and are easily led away by a fascinating story." We recollect to this purpose, the mutiny of the Plebeians, who in their rage against the Patricians, had seceded from Rome; and their being brought back by the fable of the belly and members; when, had any body preached the same doctrine, in direct terms, the incensed rabble, instead of returning peaceably to the city, would probably have torn the daring orator into atoms. Tit. Liv. ii, 32. And when the Samians were about to put to death a minister who had abused the public trust, the counsel of Esop could not be mistaken, when he told them, "A fox would not suffer a swarm of flies, that had almost satiated themselves by sucking his blood, to be driven away, because a new swarm might settle upon him, and drain the little blood he had left in his carcase." Thus fables descend from one generation to another; and the same adventures, after making some allowance for season, age, climate, manners, and religion, cause the instruction and entertainment of successive and remote nations. For the earliest and best, I would quote our own scriptures. Jotham's fable of the trees choosing a king, Judges ix. 8 and 15, and that of the poor man, and his lamb are admirable, whether we regard the simplicity of the narrative, or the morality of the application.

[*To be continued.*]

English Spice Plantations.

[From the "Asiatic Annual Register, 1810-11."]

THE English Spice Plantations, established on the island of Sumatra, and which are now to be regarded as objects of national importance, claiming particular attention, at this time, as upon the system now laid down, and the measures pursued in

their general plan, cultivation, and management, depends the question, whether Great Britain shall enjoy a secure possession, or a precarious participation in one of the most valuable branches of Asiatic commerce.

The accounts from Bencoolen, reaching to the end of February, 1810, state that the clove and nutmeg trees continue to prosper; and that the rains which had recently fallen, proved beneficial to the plantations as well as the nurseries. The whole stock of nutmeg trees in the territory, attached to the residency of Bencoolen, amounts to about 45,000. Although this number be contemptible, when compared to the extensive plantations of the Dutch, they represent a very satisfactory prospect of future advantage to the British nation, if the cultivation be adequately encouraged.

Of the above number of nutmeg trees, at Bencoolen, the honourable company possess between 3 and 4000, the Malays have about 4000; the remainder are the property of European planters. The natives cannot be depended upon as cultivators. Were their trees within one district, a single village of Malays might manage the whole; but as it is, no increase is to be expected from them; on the contrary, a reduction is rather to be apprehended.

By some of the accounts that have been transmitted, the future advantages expected from this field of industry, appear to be highly estimated. The planters, in their golden dreams, appear not to have duly considered that a large proportion of the trees, at least, are unproductive. According to the experience of an intelligent correspondent, two-thirds of the trees, at least, are barren; and as the fact, whether they will continue barren, cannot be discovered till the twelfth or fourteenth year, they cannot be cut down at an earlier age, without the danger of destroying a fruitful tree. In order, therefore, to secure the succession of 45,000 fruit-bearing trees, 135,000 require to be planted and nursed, for 12 or 14 years.

Unfortunately, the calculating cultivators, who employ the pen more than the hoe; and who, lost or giddy in the contemplation of the immense wealth, apparently but a short distance from their grasp, forgot, that although the tree, in the language of botany, is termed perennial, its fruit-bearing quality is of short duration, for it will only yield well from the 12th to the 20th year; and generally perishes at the age of 24 years. And hence, to secure a succession of 45,000 fruit bearing trees, when the first crop of 135,000 is 8 years old, 135,000 more must be planted at that time; and this operation must be repeated every 8th year, or there will be an end of the nutmeg plantations; they will die a natural death. The Dutch, who seldom introduced arithmetic into the management of their plantations, avoided the necessity of this octennial operation,—they planted tens of thousands every year.

With respect to the probable produce of nutmegs, let us allow to 45,000 bearing trees, ten pounds each, every year, the sum of their annual produce will be 450,000 pounds, during the series of 8 years, that they are in full bearing; one-third of that quantity must be deducted, on account of thefts by servants, unripe or blighted fruit, and loss in various ways. There will then remain 300,000lbs. which is about the quantity that the Dutch used to dispose of, annually, at their sales, not for the consumption of Europe, but of that part of the population of Europe, which could afford to pay from fourpence to ninepence for a single nutmeg.

In like manner the English East India Company sold in one year, in two divisions, 72,047lbs of nutmegs, most of which were, no doubt, consumed in England, yet no one will pretend to consider that, as the consumption of the British Empire, it was only of that part of its population that could afford to use nutmegs at the extravagant price of sixpence or eightpence each; and if that retail price were doubled, the above quantity would supply all Europe; if trebled, it would be sufficient for the whole world. Experience has long since proved, that the consumption of all articles of luxury and domestic use is regulated by it price.

Unless far greater plantations than are yet in progress be established, it is not possible that the demand for the

British Empire only can be supplied from Bencoolen. If the consumer is to pay the same high price as formerty, of what benefit to the people at large is the introduction of those plants to a British settlement? If the English farmer must continue to pay sixpence or eightpence for a nutmeg, it is a matter of total indifference to him whether it be the produce of Bencoolen or Banda, or Nova Zembla. Increase your cultivation, so as materially to reduce the price, and all the benefit to be expected from the extinction of the monopoly will be obtained; then millions will find a luxury brought within their reach, from which hitherto they have been shut out. Are any of those calculators prepared to say, what would be the extent of consumption of nutmegs in the British Empire, could they be procured at a penny or twopence each, instead of the high price occasioned by the monopoly of the Dutch, which precluded from a comfort the very class of people who wanted it most? It is difficult, if not impossible, to calculate the increase of consumption that would arise from such a reduction in the price.

Some years ago, when the monopolies of pepper were destroyed, by the introduction of ten thousand tons additional annual produce of that article, amounting in all to eighteen millions of pounds; even that enormous quantity was not found to be too great. Its use became more general, in proportion to the reduction in its price; it fell like a shower on all mankind, and millions of families, who had never before known the taste of pepper, were enabled to indulge in its use. The same thing may be done with the nutmeg and the clove; not indeed with the pen, but with the spade; not by calculating, but by digging the ground, and planting and rearing the trees; in this way one acre of ground at Bencoolen, will become of more value than a hundred acres in Bengal.

The Dutch, at this moment, have above a million of nutmeg and clove-trees. The English may have as many, if they will take the trouble to raise them; and for the due care even of that number, not more cultivators would be required, than have been employed for may years, in raising a thousand tons of pepper.

There is now an end of all monopoly in the growth and trade of spices; beside the British at Bencoolen, various independent tribes are planting them, and trading in their produce. But if, in the hands of the English this branch of cultivation shall be followed up with zeal, intelligence, and liberal encouragement, the produce may be so increased, that while it becomes doubly advantageous, it will, at the same time, effectually avert the danger of competition, and affect the permanent transfer of an increasing source of wealth to Great Britain. This, however, will depend on the policy pursued by the different states that may become rivals in the trade. Yet it is satisfactory to know that the advantages at at present possessed, by the English, are such, that if rightly employed, they will defeat every attempt at immediate or future competition.

On Pindar's Measures.

[From Dyer's "Poetics."]

AS in the former ode, wine was censured, in the following it was intended to give it, as well as music, its due commendation. They are, accordingly, both personified, and treated as old friends. The verse attempted is the Pindaric, so called from Pindar the Theban poet, who adopts it in his odes. This measure might consist of two stanzas, the strophe and antistrophe: but taking the epode, it more generally made three, or any number of systems of stanzas; and by some of the Greek lyric writers it was extended still further. The general rule for it, as more commonly followed by Pindar, was, that the strophe and antistrophe should correspond to each other, line for line, both in the *number* and the *quantity* (long or short) of syllables; and that, where there was any systems of stanzas in succession, the strophe, the antistrophe, and epode of the first system, should be the pattern for those which follow, and for this obvious reason, because the same music and the same dance were to be repeated. Another rule which Pindar seems generally to have followed, was,

that no two lines of the same strophe and antistrophe were to be exactly alike; and, accordingly, this measure was considered by the ancient Greek poets, as the most difficult and the most sublime: its more intricate form appears not to have been adopted by the Latin poets; it is not, at least, used by Horace: and Pindar allows himself, occasionally, to deviate from his more general practice.

Some of our own poets have followed, though in part only, the manner of the Theban, particularly Congreve, Cowley, Dryden, Gray, and Mason. I am not, therefore, to be deemed an innovator even here; though, in the room of criticising their odes, I ought to apologise for my own. Here, too, I shall only say, that they are introduced for the purpose of variety, and to illustrate the capability of our English verse; but I leave others to determine how far it may be suitable to English manners, and the genius and costume of English versification.

After hearing so much of the Pindaric measure, it may please, perhaps, some readers to know the rationale on which it was founded; which they may collect from an ancient Greek writer, of whom, without saying any thing about his philosophy, I shall give the following literal translation:

"It should be known, that the lyrists used in their poems, strophe, antistrophe, and epode: strophe, because they turned themselves from the right hand to the left; to which the motion of the universe is analogous, from east to west. Homer calls the right, the east; the left, the west. Antistrophe, because they moved themselves from the left to the right, to which the motion of the planets is analogous, which is from west to east. Epode, because they stood in one place and repeated the odes; to which, in its stationary place, the earth is analogous. They used also both duads, (two stanzas) or triads, (three stanzas) as this poet (Pindar), that is, strophe, antistrophe, and epode; or strophe only and antistrophe: but many use quartettes (or four different stanzas), i. e. strophe, epode, antistrophe, and again an epode unlike the former; and even pentads, i. e. epode, strophe, epode, antistrophe, epode. Some are called prosodic, epodic, mesodic, and palinodic."

With respect to the following odes, I shall, in conclusion, just observe, they, originally, constituted one ode of two systems of stanzas in praise of music and wine; but on a friend's suggesting that the two subjects destroyed the unity, I altered the plan. As, therefore, the new arrangement created fresh difficulties, it has occasioned, perhaps, some irregularities; and so I leave the Odes, without farther apology, to the mercy of the critics.

Some former Ode I called an antipindaric; meaning a measure where the strophe of one system answers to the strophe of the other, in an order contrary to that of Pindar.

ODE TO MUSIC.

STROPHE.

Cease, cease that trifling measure:—*
While generous passions burn,
Let the vine, and let music have their turn,
Music and wine the poet's treasure.
Rise then, O Song, again,
Strike now a proud, yet a sprightlier strain,
From the Æolian† string,
And sing and soar upon thy boldest wing;
As when of old,
Great Pindar caroll'd
Games, Gods, Conquerors bold.
Is there who treacherously old friends uses?
Or who wantonly new friends chooses?
May he muse, but out of time,
May he sing, and yet ne'er find rhime;
Still, still in ill starr'd strains prolong
His faint song—
Treacherous such lays,
His gossemeric feigning;
And may Beauty deceiv'd give as treacherous praise,
With a feeling of as proud disdaining.
But grant, kind Heav'n, howe'er may fade my numbers past,
Fresh may my friendships bloom, and long,
long may my pleasures last.

* The sapphic, in praise of snuff and tobacco.

† Pindar's, from Æolia, hence Αιολικοὺς μολπας.

ANTISTROPHE.

Hail, hail, supreme magician!
Thou dost o'errule yon spheres,
All harmonious, and months, and days, and years,
Rulest, to man the soul's physician;
Thou friend, who canst compose,
Heart-rankling tumults, and our bitterest woes;
And the base passions, tho' dire,
At thine all-conq'ring influence retire.
I would thee hail,
Sweet Music! ne'er fail,
Still o'er me to prevail!
Bear me, Enthusiast Heav'nly, bear me,
Quick to some gothic temple, where me,
While the organ shakes the pile,
Rapture ... inspire the while;
Or where on silver Thames the horn so clear,
May greet my ear;
Or where the trumpet's sound,
Has rous'd dread hosts to battle;
Or victory is shouting round,
Midst instruments' mixt rattle.
Or where the wondrous Handel rolls sublime along,
Mingling deep harmonies, the loud, majestic tide of song.

EPODE.

But most, enchantress sweet, be seen
In Cecilia's form and mien:
How can her voice and instrument combining,
How can she sooth and elevate the soul!
The heart consoling, and the sense refining,
How all that wants controlling, can control!
"Oh! had I Jubal's lyre,
"And Miriam's tuneful voice,
"To rouse the patriot's fire;
"His rapturous joys!
"Love should then obey my call,
"Hope sitting by;
"And Pity, kind and smiling still on all,
"Melt each eye!
"Song, too, should, like a charm,
"Drive out the demon, Pain;
"And the warrior fierce of his sword should disarm;
"Boisterous passions should conquer ,and tame:
"Till seeing life by slow degrees decay,
"I sweet melodious airs would softly sing.
"Thus would I lift the good spirit away,
"Rapturous, as borne on some blest seraph's wing
"Oh! Music, thus assume thy heavenly form,
"Thus sooth the secret soul, and smooth
Life's roughest, rudest storm."

ODE ON WINE.

STROPHE.

Thee, too, O! Wine—but not that rampant boy,
Bull-fac'd,* whom ivy-leaves adorn,
Of Jove and Proserpine in secret born;
I rather hail thee, mother, Queen of Joy:
And hence th' impostor† with his lies,
And each lewd lubber's sleek disguise,
Who calls thee, foul himself within,
The harlot—mother of all sin.
Ere from his bride's embrace the warrior goes,
To roll his thunder on his country's foes,
Fill, fill the generous bowl;
Drown his cares, and fire his soul;
And when return'd from toil and pain,
He greets domestic bliss again,
And talks o'er dangers, fears, and wand'rings past,
And hopes true love will ever, ever last;
Merry let the song abound,
Sparkling let the glass go round;
Nor let the bard of honest vein,
Who hopes to feel the secret fire
Of old Anacreon's tuneful lyre,
The soul-enlivening juice disdain.
He shall draw enraptur'd hence,
Mantling wit and racy sense.
This empyrean, warm and free,
Shall teach him the true minstrelsy:
When, too, hinds and village boys
Hawkee‡ sound, and farmers' joys
Want assessors, who like thee,
Partner fit of jollity?
Nor less from thee the child of care and sorrow,
As from ambrosia new life shall borrow;
Let him thy sweet nectar quaff,
And he shall smile and he shall laugh.
But hence hypocrisy and sleek design,
Ne'er may they know thy joys, thou pure, all-conquering Wine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thee then I sing, thou POWER of open face;
Fain would I hear thy voice, and go
Where thy purple juices flow,
Thy footsteps as my mystic Goddess trace.

* An epithet given to Bacchus in the Orphic Hymns.

† Mahomet has forbidden the use of wine in the Koran, particularly in chap. 2d, and 5th.

‡ A provincial word for harvest-home.

" I will shew thee, then, my hoard:
" In no man's cellar can be stored,
" Or ampler casks, or nobler wine,
" Than what in Brown's and Mallet's shine.
" Ne'er was Falernian or Cæcubian juice,
" In mirths more gay, of flavours more profuse,
" Than theirs from Oporto brought,
" Or in Lisbon's vintage wrought;
" Or what from France's vine-clad hills,
" Soft, and clear, and bright distils;
" Or what, if suit thy taste, the German Rhine,
" A stout, stern, rough, unyielding, sparkling wine.
" Genuine they shall teach thee truth,
" Age's nurses, guides of youth;
" And learn thee more than sages grave,
" How to scorn the slave of wealth,
" And how to prize content and health,
" And how to cheat the greedy grave.
" Ye, who would then now be free,
" Free from care, come follow me.
" But heed the bard,* and know the glass
" Reason's law must never pass.
" Hence the mingling storm of life,
" Treachery, Gloom, domestic Strife,
" Fire, that sets the soul on flame,
" DireAttempt, and lasting Shame.
" This of old the Centaurs shew'd,
" Driv'n from drunkenness to blood:
" Then wild they attack the blest abodes,
" As to o'erthrow the thrones of gods.
" And who are ye, that are my votaries true?
" Mark then each bottle's course, and heed my lessons too.

EPODE.

" For there's a bottle of strange powers;
" 'Twas brought from fairy-land;
" Never it stops, and it cannot stand,
" Restless and rapid as flit the light hours.
" 'Twas blown in distant age
" From foul diseased breath,
" Of sorcerer base, called Archimage,
" And pregnant with disease and death.
" She too, whom men Acrasia call,
" Foul daughter of that foulest sire,
" And as foul mother, mad Desire,
" Into it from baleful lips let fall,
" Bitter-sweet berries, bright, of deadly gall:
" Then a wicked elfin took it;
" And thrice, and thrice, and thrice she shook it:
" Then thrice, thrice, thrice, tapping the ground,
" She turn'd the bottle round, round, round;
" And thrice she utter'd a charmed sound:
" Bottle, I give thee a power to fly,
" Quickly to empty and quickly to fill;
" Readily, constantly, I will supply
" Spirits and force, and so never stand still.
" She said: My vot'ries all, then hear my voice:
" Let moderation temper all your joys.
" For the vine in fairy-land first grew,
" And it thence some evil humours drew.
" In those regions I have been,
" And on the trees the fays have seen,
" Oft at eve and oft at morn,
" Like bees upon the flowery thorn.
" With mildews some the branches spread,
" Some above, and some below,
" Busy and mischievous all in a row:
" And some the fruit,
" And some the root,
" The venom'd creatures would have poisoned
" And tho' to bless man's ailing progeny,
" Heav'n preserv'd the sacred tree
" From the mightier evil free;
" Still you, at times, can trace,
" The mischief of the wicked elfin race,
" Felt still by those, their glass too oft who fill,
" So my votaries all, pray, beware of the bottle that never stands still."

* The bard is Horace, from whom the allusion to the centaurs is derived:

At ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
Debellata. *Lib.* 1, *Od.* xviii.

The BRITISH SPY *in* AMERICA.

[Continued from p. 117.]

LETTER IV.

Richmond, Sept. 22.

I HAVE just returned, my dear S——, from an interesting morning's ride. My object was to visit the site of the Indian town Powhatan; which you will remember was

the metropolis of the dominions of Pocahuntas' father, and very probably the birth-place of that celebrated princess.

The town was built on the river, about two miles below the ground now occupied by Richmond; that is, about two miles below the head of tide water. The land whereon it stood is, at present, part of a very beautiful and valuable farm belonging to a gentleman of the name of William Mayo.

Aware of the slight manner in which the Indians have always constructed their habitations, I was not at all disappointed in finding no vestige of the old town. But as I traversed the ground over which Pocahuntas had so often bounded and frolicked in the sprightly morning of her youth, I could not help recalling the principal features of her history, and heaving a sigh of mingled pity and veneration to her memory.

Good Heaven! what an eventful life was hers! To speak of nothing else, the arrival of the English in her father's dominions must have appeared (as indeed it turned out to be) a most portentous phenomenon. It is not easy for us to conceive the amazement and consternation which must have filled her mind, and that of her nation, at the first appearance of our countrymen. Their great ship, with all her sails spread, advancing in solemn majesty to the shore; their complexion; their dress; their language; their domestic animals; their cargo of new and glittering wealth; and then the thunder and irresistible force of their artillery; the distant country announced by them, far beyond the greater water, of which the oldest Indian had never heard, or thought, or dreamed—all this was so new, so wonderful, so tremendous, that I do seriously suppose, the personal descent of an army of Milton's celestial angels, robed in light, sporting in the bright beams of the sun and redoubling their splendor, making divine harmony with their golden harps, or playing with the bolt and chasing the rapid lightning of heaven, would excite not more astonishment in Great Britain than did the debarkation of the English among the aborigines of Virginia

Poor Indians! Where are they now? Indeed, my dear S———, this is a truly afflicting consideration. The people here may say what they please; but, on the principles of eternal truth and justice, they have no right to this country. They say that they have bought it—bought it! Yes; of whom?—Of the poor trembling natives who knew that refusal would be vain; and who strove to make a merit of necessity, by seeming to yield with grace what they knew that they had not the power to retain. Such a bargain might appease the conscience of a gentleman of the green bag, "worn and hackneyed" in the arts and frauds of his profession; but in heaven's chancery, my S———, there can be little doubt that it has been long since set aside on the ground of duress.

Poor wretches! No wonder that they are so implacably vindictive against the white people; no wonder that the rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation; no wonder that they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and cruel invaders and exterminaters; no wonder that in the unabating spite and frenzy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing and rejoice, as the victim shrieks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle, and feasting on the precious odour as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.

Yet the people here affect to wonder that the Indians are so very unsusceptible of civilization; or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white men. Go, Virginian; erase, from the Indian nation, the tradition of their wrongs; make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs; that over these fields, and through these forests, their beloved forefathers once, in careless gaiety, pursued their sports and hunted their game; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, the

happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain. Make them forget too, if you can, that in the midst of all this innocence, simplicity, and bliss—the white man came; and lo!—the animated chase, feast, the dance, the song of fearless thoughtless joy were over; that ever since they have been made to drink of the bitter cup of humiliation; treated like dogs; their lives, their liberties, the sport of the white men; their country and the graves of their fathers torn from them, in cruel succession: until, driven from river to river from forest to forest, and through a period of two hundred years, rolled back, nation upon nation, they find themselves fugitives, vagrants, and strangers in their own country, and look forward to the certain period when their descendants will be totally extinguished by wars, driven at the point of the bayonet into the western ocean, or reduced to a fate still more deplorable and horrid, the condition of slaves. Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections and anticipations like these, and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized. But until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation, even yet bleeding afresh from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction; should hate their manners, hate their colour, their language, their name, and every thing that belongs to them. No; never, until time shall wear out the history of their sorrows and their sufferings, will the Indian be brought to love the white man, and to imitate his manners.

Great God! To reflect, my S——, that the authors of all these wrongs were our own countrymen, our forefathers, professors of the meek and benevolent religion of Jesus! Oh! it was impious; it was unmanly; poor and pitiful! Gracious Heaven! what had these poor people done? The simple inhabitants of these peaceful plains, what wrong, what injury, had they offered to the English? My soul melts with pity and shame.

As for the present inhabitants, it must be granted that they are comparatively innocent: unless indeed they also have encroached under the guise of treaties, which they themselves have previously contrived to render expedient or necessary to the Indians.

Whether this have been the case or not, I am too much a stranger to the interior transactions of this country to decide. But it seems to me, that were I a president of the United States, I would glory in going to the Indians, throwing myself on my knees before them, and saying to them, "Indians, friends, brothers, oh! forgive my countrymen! Deeply have our forefathers wronged you; and they have forced us to continue the wrong. Reflect, brothers; it was not our fault that we were born in your country; but now we have no other home; we have no where else to rest our feet. Will you not then permit us to remain? Can you not forgive even us, innocent as we are? If you can, oh! come to our bosoms; be, indeed, our brothers; and since there is room enough for us all, give us a home in your land, and let us be children of the same affectionate family." I believe that a magnanimity of sentiment like this, followed up by a correspondent greatness of conduct on the part of the people of the United States, would go further to bury the tomahawk, and produce a fraternization with the Indians, than all the presents, treaties, and missionaries that can be employed; dashed and defeated as these latter means always are, by a claim of rights on the part of the white people which the Indians know to be false and baseless. Let me not be told that the Indians are too dark and fierce to be affected by generous and noble sentiments. I will not believe it. Magnanimity can never be lost on a nation which has produced an Alknomok, a Logan, and a Pocahuntas.

The repetition of the name of this amiable princess brings me back to the point from which I digressed. I wonder that the Virginians, fond as they are of anniversaries, have instituted no festival or order in honour of her memory. For my own part, I have little doubt, from the histories

which we have of the first attempts at colonizing their country, that Pocahuntas deserves to be considered as the patron deity of the enterprise. When it is remembered how long the colony struggled to get a footing; how often sickness or famine, neglect at home, mismanagement here, and the hostilities of the natives, brought it to the brink of ruin; through what a tedious lapse of time it alternately languished and revived, sunk and rose, sometimes hanging, like Addison's lamp, "quivering at a point," then suddenly shooting up into a sickly and short-lived flame; in one word, when we recollect how near and how often it verged towards total extinction, maugre the patronage of Pocahuntas, there is the strongest reason to believe that, but for her patronage, the anniversary cannon of the fourth of July would never have resounded throughout the United States.

Is it not probable, that this sensible and amiable woman, perceiving the superiority of the Europeans, foreseeing the probability of the subjugation of her countrymen, and anxious as well to soften their destiny, as to save the needless effusion of human blood, desired, by her marriage with Mr. Rolfe, to hasten the abolition of all distinction between Indians and white men; to bind their interests and affections by the nearest and most endearing ties, and to make them regard themselves as one people, the children of the same great family? If such were her wise and benevolent views, and I have no doubt but they were, how poorly were they backed by the British court? No wonder at the resentment and indignation with which she saw them neglected; no wonder at the bitterness of the disappointment and vexation which she expressed to Captain Smith, in London, arising as well from the cold reception which she herself had met, as from the contemptuous and insulting point of view in which she found that her nation was regarded.

Unfortunate princess! She deserved a happier fate! But I am consoled by these reflections: first, that she sees her descendants among the most respectable families in Virginia; and that they are not only superior to the false shame of disavowing her as their ancestor; but that they pride themselves, and with reason too, on the honour of their descent; secondly, that she herself has gone to a country where she finds her noble wishes realized; where the distinction of colour is no more; but where, indeed, it is perfectly immaterial "what complexion an Indian or an African sun may have burned" on the pilgrim.

Adieu, my dear S———. This train of thought has destroyed the tone of my spirits: when I recover them, you shall hear further from me. Once more adieu!

Letter V*.

Richmond, Sept. 23.

This town, my dear S———, is the residence of several conspicuous characters; some of whose names we have heard on the other side of the Atlantic. You shall be better acquainted with them before we finish this correspondence. For the present, permit me to introduce to your acquaintance, the ——— of the commonwealth of Virginia, and the ——— ——— of the United States.

These gentlemen are eminent political opponents; the first belonging to the republican, the latter leading the van of the federal, party. Such is the interest which they both have in the confidence and affections of their respective parties, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for any Virginian to delineate either of their characters justly. Friendship or hostility would be almost sure to overcharge the picture. But for me, I have so little connection with this country, or her concerns, either at present or in prospect, that I believe I can look on her most exalted characters without envy, or prejudice of any kind; and draw them with the same cool and philosophic impartiality, as if I were a sojourner from another planet. If I fail in the delineation,

* The donee of the manuscript begs that he may not be considered as responsible for the accuracy with which certain characters are delineated in this letter. He selects it purely for the advantage which, he supposes, youthful readers may derive from the writer's reflections on the characters attempted to be drawn by him.

the fault must be in the hand or in the head, in the pencil or the judgment; and not in any prepossession near my heart.

I choose to bring those two characters, before you, together; because they exhibit, with great vivacity, an intellectual *phenomenon*, which I have noticed more than once before; and in the solution of which I should be pleased to see your pen employed: I mean the very different celerity in the movement of two sound minds, which on all subjects, wherein there is no mixture of party zeal, will ultimately come to the same just conclusion. What a pity it is that Mr. Locke, while he was dissecting the human understanding with such skill and felicity, did not advert to this characteristic variance in the minds of men. It would have been in his power, by developing its causes, either to point to the remedy, if it exist at all, or to relieve the man of slow mind from the labour of fruitless experiments, by showing the total impracticability of his cure. But, to our gentlemen; and in order that you may know them the more intimately, I will endeavour to prefix to each character a portrait of the person.

The of this commonwealth is the — who was, not many years ago, the — — — at Paris. His present office is sufficient evidence of the estimation in which he is held by his native state. In his stature he is about the middle height of men, rather firmly set, with nothing further remarkable in his person, except its muscular compactness and apparent ability to endure labour. His countenance, when grave, has rather the expression of sternness and irascibility: a smile however (and a smile is not unusual with him in a social circle) lights it up to very high advantage, and gives it a most impressive and engaging air of suavity and benevolence. Judging merely from his countenance, he is between the ages of forty-five and fifty years. His dress and personal appearance are those of a plain and modest gentleman. He is a man of soft, polite, and even assiduous attentions; but these, although they are always well timed, judicious, and evidently the offspring of an obliging and philanthropic temper, are never performed with the striking and captivating graces of a Marlborough or a Bolingbroke. To be plain, there is often in his manner an inartificial and even an aukward simplicity, which, while it provokes the smile of a more polished person, forces him to the opinion, that Mr. ——— is a man of a most sincere and artless soul.

Nature has given him a mind neither rapid nor rich; and therefore he cannot shine on a subject which is entirely new to him. But to compensate him for this, he is indued with a spirit of generous and restless emulation; a judgment solid, strong, and clear; and a habit of application, which no difficulties can shake, no labours can tire.

With these aids, simply, he has qualified himself for the first honours of this country; and presents a most happy illustration of the truth of the maxim, *Quisque, suæ fortunæ, faber.* For his emulation has urged him to perpetual and unremitting inquiry; his patient and unwearied industry has concentrated before him all the lights which others have thrown on the subjects of his consideration, together with all those which his own mind, by repeated efforts, is enabled to strike; while his sober, steady, and faithful judgment has saved him from the common error of more quick and brilliant geniuses: the too hasty adoption of specious, but false conclusions.

These qualities render him a safe and an able counsellor. And by their constant exertion, he has amassed a store of knowledge, which, having passed seven times through the crucible, is almost as highly corrected as human knowledge can be: and which certainly may be much more safely relied on, than the spontaneous and luxuriant growth of a more fertile, but less chastened mind—"a wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot."

Having engaged very early, first in the life of a soldier, then of a statesman, then of a laborious practitioner of the law, and finally, again of a politician, his intellectual operations have been almost entirely confined to juridical and political topics. Indeed,

it is easy to perceive, that the mind of a man, engaged in so active a life, must possess more native suppleness, versatility, and vigour, than that of Mr. ———, to be able to make an advantageous tour of the sciences in the rare interval of importunate duties. It is possible that the early habit of contemplating subjects as expanded as the earth itself, with all the relative interests of the great nations thereof, may have inspired him with an indifference, perhaps an inaptitude, for mere points of literature. Algernon Sidney has said that he deems all studies unworthy the serious regard of a man, except the study of the principles of just government; and Mr. ———, perhaps, concurs with our countryman in this as well as in his other principles. Whatever may have been the occasion, his acquaintance with the fine arts is certainly very limited and superficial: but, making allowance for his bias towards republicanism, he is a profound and even an eloquent statesman.

Knowing him to be attached to that political party, who, by their opponents, are called sometimes democrats, sometimes jacobins; and aware also, that he was a man of warm and even ardent temper, I dreaded much, when I first entered his company, that I should have been shocked and disgusted with the narrow, virulent, and rancorous invectives of party animosity†. How agreeably, how delightfully, was I disappointed! Not one sentiment of intolerance polluted his lips. On the contrary, whether they be the offspring of rational induction, of the habit of surveying men and things on a great scale, of native magnanimity, or of a combination of all those causes, his principles, as far as they were exhibited to me, were forbearing, liberal, widely extended, and great.

As the elevated ground, which he already holds, has been gained merely by the dint of application; as every new step which he mounts becomes a mean of increasing his powers still further, by opening a wider horizon to his view, and thus stimulating his enterprise afresh, reinvigorating his habits, multiplying the materials and extending the range of his knowledge; it would be matter of no surprise to me, if, before his death, the world should see him at the head of the American administration. So much for the ——— of the commonwealth of Virginia: a living, an honourable, an illustrious monument of self created eminence, worth, and greatness!

[*To be continued.*]

† The cloven foot of the Briton is visible; or, else, why from the premises could he have expected such a consequence?

Observations *in* Defence *of* Pithing.

[From Lawrence's Treatise on Cattle.]

IT is also, I am convinced, the mere result of a savage and barbarous habit, that oxen are mauled and affrighted to death, too often gradually, by knocking on the head, instead of being *laid* gently and unaware, to rest, by Lord Somerville's method of *pithing*. The scientific defence of knocking on the head, which may be seen in the Shropshire Board Survey, and elsewhere, appears to me superficial, and totally inconclusive. Du Gard's theory, that there *may* be acute pain without exertion, and that an animal endures pain, whilst the body is quiescent, even if correct, is a poor foundation to build upon, and perhaps his paper might very well serve either side of the question. The acute sense of pain is greatly diminished by opiates perhaps totally extinguished by that insensibility induced by an impediment put to the vital functions. Indeed pain must inevitably be a different thing, whilst an animal enjoys the full powers of sensation, and under the suspension of those powers; nor ought we, as the case stands, to think much of the degree of pain inflicted, in the very short interval, between the fall of the ox properly pithed, and cutting his throat, *allowed* to be decisive: nor to set a hypothetical and supposititious pain, against the actual and dreadful one of a blow, or perhaps twenty, on the skull, expected and received under the accumulated agonies of horror and affright, which last consideration, however, I

am sorry to know, is a source of pleasure to many human beings! The grand point of humanity, is to give the blow unsuspected, to which even a considerable degree of after pain is a feather in the balance.

Mr. Home's paper (p. 250 u. s.) also looks both ways. In the commencement, it shews, that the mode adopted in this country, of killing animals by wounding the spinal marrow, is less humane, than the more common one of knocking them down. Whilst the conclusion proves by the most irresistible evidence, with which any fact ever was proved, that when the operation is properly performed, its success is complete. And where lies the difficulty of *properly* performing this operation, with such a never-failing facility and success, performed by (p. 244 u. s.) Mr. Smith and his apprentice at Wisbeach; at Barton, and generally on the banks of the Humber; in Jamaica, and all over Europe? I am too impatient, perhaps, but I am heart-sick of the refinements and arguments on this subject, of which indeed, I have certain suspicions. With respect to the horrid tortures *professionally* inflicted on brute animals, the justice of the pleas for which, I can never acknowledge, the very name of a once-noted dissector of living bodies, makes me shudder, and fills my mind with disgust and imprecation. The cold-hearted and arrogant replies to the complaints of justice and sensibility, were in the highest degree disgusting and detestable.

Most astonishing it is to me, to find the Rev. and respectable author of the Survey, p. 246, correcting "well-meant reformers," for their error and want of success in this case, when we also find, as has been shewn, that the operation of pithing, properly performed, is completely successful, with the most decisive proofs; proofs in truth, sufficient either to pith or knock on the head, the whole mass of science expended to prove the contrary. The *proper* way, it seems, is to introduce the instrument upwards into the cavity of the skull, so as to divide the medullary substance. I am, however, perfectly contented with the common mode of pithing, as infinitely more humane and easy, than the favourite use of the axe. The phrases "difficulty in getting new modes established," and "the time and trouble," are ominous, or rather fully explanatory.

Some person, it seems, has lately been at the expense of taking out a patent for a new mode of slaughtering animals, which, if I understand it aright, is the barbarous one of hanging up heavy animals alive by the heels, with pullies and assistants, under the pretence of improving the flesh. Happily the trouble and expense of this mode will forbid its use.

A MEMOIR ON THE UPAS TREE.

By D. B. WARDEN, *Esq. Consul General of the United States, at Paris, and Member of the Literary Society at Belfast. Communicated by Dr.* STEPHENSON.

[From Select Papers of the Belfast Literary Society.]

THE effects of the *Upas Ticuti*,* the poison of Java, on the animal economy, have been lately ascertained by Dr. Delile, member of the Institute of Egypt, and Mr Magendie, a young anatomist attached to the Medical School of Paris.†

* Not in Linné's System of Vegetables.

† In the 47th volume of the Philosophical Transactions we have an account of two vegetable poisons, brought from the river Amazons, by Condamine, of which the South Americans of Lamas and Ticunas make the same use as the inhabitants of Java. The plants from which this extract is made are no otherwise described, than that the French name them Lianes. Dr. Herissant dissolved these two poisons together, and found, when the solution was sufficiently evaporated, that the vapour became deleterious; it is innocent when taken into the stomach; it does not kill fishes, insects, or reptiles, when inoculated with it, but is fatal to quadrupeds and birds: in these respects it is similar to the poison of vipers. The blood of animals killed with it was greatly determined to the lungs and the liver. Neither sugar nor salt are antidotes. Nothing but red-hot

This vegetable is of the genus *strychnos*,* a small natural family, having some relation to the *apocinus*.† Its juice, in the form of extract, was brought from Java, by the naturalist Leschenault, and is the same with which the inhabitants of that country, and of Borneo poison their arrows, to render the wound mortal.

A piece of wood, of the volume and form of a common writing pen, covered with the extract, was plunged into the muscles of a dog's thigh: in the course of a few minutes there was a general convulsion of all the muscles, and a complete tetanus,‡ the members stiff, and the thorax during the paroxysm, motionless. The attack ceased for a few minutes, and was again renewed with redoubled force. The animal during the tetanus preserves the use of its senses, except when the paroxysm is excessive and suspends respiration. In touching, with the hand, the region of the heart, to ascertain the motion of the circulation, a general tetanus ensued. The same effect took place in touching the head, paw, or tail. After a few minutes of repeated attacks, manifested by strong convulsive throes, tetanus is induced by the tension of the thoracic muscles, and this horrible torture then terminates in death.§

In opening the breast and abdomen of the dog, the arteries were filled with black blood, the common sign of asphyxia. The orifice of the wound had assumed a yellow brownish colour.* The same experiment was tried on a horse, several dogs, and rabbits, and with the same result, except that the animal, if strong and vigorous, resists a great number of convulsive attacks, but if weak, the third or fourth terminates in death.

This poison injected into the cavities of the serous membranes of the above mentioned animals, was speedily absorbed, and death ensued, after three or four tetanic throes.

If applied to the surface of an isolated nerve, the posterior crural, for example, it has no effect; but if put in contact with the spinal marrow, it instantly produces a tetanus of those muscles, which receive nerves from that part of the spinal marrow where the poison was applied, and this tetanus, applied in time, cures with sufficient certainty.

In the 70th volume of the Philosophical Transactions we have an account of the effects of the poison of Ticunas by Abbe Fontana; he found by experiment that it had a similar effect upon quadrupeds and birds, and that it does not kill the cold blooded animals. The vapour of it when burnt, or in watery evaporation, is not injurious to any animal.

* Class, v. Pentandria. Order, 1. Monogynia, genus 397, of Linné.

† Apocinum of Linné.

‡ A spasmodic rigour of the muscles.

§ Abbe Fontana found that a rabbit infected with the American poison, applied to the skin slightly scratched, began to shake in six minutes, and show weakness; in another minute it fell down motionless; at intervals it appeared convulsed; and in six minutes more it was quite dead. He found that one hundredth part of a grain in solution was sufficient to kill small animals, and that it is not always fatal, nor in all circumstances.

* The American poison did not produce any alteration upon the appearance of the wound. When mixed with the blood of an animal it prevents coagulation, but does not dissolve the red globules; hence he asserts that its effects are not upon the nerves, but upon the blood. Livid spots were found upon the lungs, and they were often putrid. If any of the mineral acids are mixed with this extract, the poisonous quality is destroyed. It may then be taken into the stomach with safety, and applied by inoculation, without injury; but the mineral acids applied to the muscles of a poisoned limb were generally useless, and frequently dangerous. Vinegar and ardent spirits have no effect in destroying the poison.

In the before-mentioned paper Fontana gave an account of his experiments with the distilled water of Laurocerasus, or laurel-water, upon animals, and found that it was not mortal by inoculation, nor when forced into the blood by the jugular vein; but when taken into the stomach by any animal, even by the cold blooded, it killed in an instant.

nus successively extends to the other muscles.

After it was ascertained, that its action depended on the insulated spinal marrow, it was retarded, or quickened at pleasure, by putting the poison into the vessels, in which the blood had a shorter or longer way to run, in order to arrive at the spinal marrow. The poison of the *Upas ticuti*, injected into the femoral artery, and passing through the capillary vessels of the thigh, before it returns to the heart, did not act half so promptly, as when injected into the jugular vein, by which the heart receives it suddenly, and afterwards transmits it to the spinal marrow.

Injected into the veins and arteries, it was taken up by the circulating system, and was immediately followed by the same fatal effects.

Mixed with the aliments of the stomach, its action is slower, and does not take place before the lapse of half an hour, and a greater portion is necessary to cause death, than in other cases; a dose of one-fourth of a grain stimulates the spinal marrow, without injuring the functions of life. Hence it is believed, that it might be employed as a useful medicine in those diseases which have their seat in this part of the nervous system.

The family likeness which exists between the *Upas ticuti* and the genus *strychnos*, suggested the idea of trying the effects of some of its species, by administering a dose of a few centigrammes in an aqueous or alkoholic extract, and they were found to be exactly the same.

The above mentioned experiments on the spinal marrow were made by separating the *atlas* from the *occiput*, and injecting the poison into the vertebral canal. So powerfully does it stimulate the spinal marrow, that although the animal was apparently dead, still it produced three attacks of tetanus.

Mr. Leschenault, in the relation of his voyage, will give a particular account of the vegetable which produces this poison, of which there are two species; the one already mentioned, the *Upas ticuti* and the *Upas antiar*, which travellers and writers have confounded under the well-known name of *Bohon upas*, so long the favourite object of young poets and orators. They have lost a fine image, for it is now ascertained, that men and animals may not only approach this tree with impunity, but that it may be handled without danger, and its juice extracted.—Mr. Leschenault brought with him a branch and leaves.* He says, that animals, wounded by the Indians in the chace, by poisoned arrows, are eaten by them without injury, having taken the precaution to cut away that portion of flesh which environs the wound; a fact which was made credible by giving portions of rabbits, killed in this manner, to dogs and cats

Dr. Delile announces in his thesis,

* This alludes to the fabulous account of the Upas tree, published in a London Magazine, for the year 83 or 84, and copied into the notes upon Darwin's Botanic Garden, under the third canto of the Loves of the Plants. The effects of this tree have been so poetically described, that the whole has been thought a fiction; but the French philosophers have demonstrated its existence, and, by experiment, shewn the effects of its juice upon the animal economy. Although in certain circumstances a poison, it may be used as a remedy in some nervous diseases. "The poison tree of Java is said by its effluvia to have depopulated the country for twelve or fourteen miles round the place of its growth; it is called in the Malayan language, Bohon upas; with it the most poisonous arrows are prepared. Condemned criminals are sent to the tree to procure the poison, and are pardoned if they bring away a certain quantity of it. Not only animals, as quadrupeds, birds, fish, reptiles, and vermin, but vegetables of all kinds are said to be destroyed by the effluvia of this noxious tree; so that in a district of twelve or fourteen miles round it, the face of the earth is quite barren, strewed with the skeletons of men and other animals; affording a scene of melancholy, beyond what poets have described, or painters delineated."—Mr. Leschenault, by bringing with him a branch and leaves of the Upas tree, has put an end to these poetical fictions.

that he will give a particular account of the effects of the *Upas antiar*, which is the strongest vomitive, and most powerful drastic yet known, and of course its effects are very different from those of the former. The species of *strychnos* that have not a bitter taste, the *strychnos potatorum*, and the *pomme* de *ventac* of Madagascar, are quite innocent.

Dr. Delile has made experiments to find out some means of counteracting the deadly effects of the *Upas ticuti*. Dogs apparently dead, by the immobility of the respiratory muscles, were restored to life by artificial respiration; air was injected into the lungs by means of a syringe, for more than an hour, during which time several fits of tetanus were manifested, and the animal at length revived. It was proved, that opium and marine salt were of little, or no use.

Dr. Delile and Majendie, having fully ascertained the action of the *Upas ticuti*, *nux vomica*, and *Ignqtia amara*, on the spinal marrow, are of opinion, that they may be employed as useful remedies in palsy and other diseases, which are occasioned by an atony of the spinal marrow, as they powerfully stimulate all the muscles, which receive their nerves from that important organ.

Paris, Aug. 12th, 1809.

Account of Palermo.

[From Galt's Voyages.]

ALL the descriptions that I have seen of the capital of Sicily are rather defective than incorrect. Only the finest things are brought into the picture; the great masses of mean and slovenly objects, which every where offend the eye in the original, are excluded, by the prejudices of the taste of travellers. Palermo, notwithstanding the number and architectural magnificence of its palaces and churches, has an air of tawdry want, such as cannot be distinctly described. Poverty seems really to be the ordinary condition of the people from the top to the bottom. The ground stories of the noble edifices in the Via Toledo, as well as in the other great streets, would never have been converted into shops and coffee-houses, could the princes and dukes above-stairs have easily done otherwise.

It is the custom here for tradesmen of all sorts to carry on their respective employments in the open air. The number, in particular, of shoemakers and tailors at work in the Via Toledo is inconceivable. Indeed the crowd of persons in the streets is much beyond any thing that I have elsewhere seen; certainly much greater than in London. But, considering the extent of the city, only four miles within the circumference of the walls, it is impossible to be believed that the population is so great as the Sicilians allege. They talk of three hundred thousand inhabitants; a number, notwithstanding that the people swelter by dozens together in very small apartments, not to be credited. The population of Palermo may be equal to that of Dublin.

It appears to me, that it is not only the practice of the Sicilian tradesmen to work in the streets, but that particular streets in Palermo are, in some degree, appropriated to certain occupations: not that each trade exclusively attaches itself to any one part of the town, but, generally speaking, it has a local situation, where it may be considered as predominant. The Via Toledo seems to be the grand emporium of all the professions dependant on fashion. Another street is almost entirely occupied with brasiers; and there is perhaps not a more noisy spot in all Europe. Our thin tinned iron scarcely seems to be known here; but considerable quantities of block tin are used in the manufacture of lamps, forks, and other culinary and table utensils. In a third street I observed a number of female children, in almost every house, employed in tambouring and embroidering muslin. The manufacture of muslins has been introduced some time, and succeeds so well that it already consumes the principal part of the cotton raised in the district of Terra Nova. The chief establishment is at Caltanissetta, an inland town, rather distinguished for its linen trade. The latter branch is much indebted to the war, which has raised the price of German linen so high, that the Sicilians are obliged to have recourse to the productions of

their own looms. The women are the weavers: their wages are about 9d. per day. The same quantity and kind of goods which were sold in the year 1792 for a dollar, are increased in value to above a dollar and a half. In the neighbourhood of the tambourers' street there is a lane entirely occupied by chair-makers and bedsmiths. It may be necessary to explain what the latter profession is; which, I think, does some credit to the Sicilians, if it originated with them. The climate of this country is peculiarly congenial to the engendering of bugs and other anti dormists; and the inhabitants, in consequence, I imagine, have renounced bedsteads of wood, and adopted iron ones. Were the frames made of cast metal, they might be rendered ornamental, and could be procured, I should think, much cheaper than the hammered iron, which is the only kind at present in use.

THE JESUITS.

The college of the Jesuits in the Via Toledo, is the finest building in Palermo. It may not occupy so much ground as Christ Church in Oxford, or Trinity in Cambridge, but in architecture it excels them; and it is adorned with more costly ornaments. The stairs and galleries are spacious. The steps of all the former are made of large single blocks of marble, and the walls of the latter are hung with pictures and portraits, several of which are said to be very good.

Were we to judge of the character of the Jesuits by the singular manner in which their secular and ecclesiastical superiors have treated them, we should conclude that they were a highly dangerous, and even a criminal fraternity. But were we to judge by their undertakings, or by comparing them with the other monastic societies, or by the tendency of their general views, and particularly by the reasons which led to the abrogation of their order, our conclusion might be different. In the province of Paraguay, where they enjoyed the liberty of following their own systems completely, every thing in their government, as far as concerned the public, was excellent. Steadily and directly pursuing the great end for which governments were ordained, they made rapid progress in the formation of a community in which acts of public benefit were the only means of promoting private advantage. Whether a state so constituted was calculated to last, is a question that would admit of much discussion. Those who think it was not, may allege the present relapsed and barbarous condition of Paraguay; but certainly the argument is not perfectly fair. The experiment of the Jesuits was only in process when they were compelled to abandon their laboratory; and it cannot be just to say that the result which they expected would not have been realized, merely because the fire happened to be suddenly quenched, and the apparatus destroyed. It might be stated, that the tendency of the system of the Jesuits was to obtain the management of the political machine of the world: to take it out of the hands of the hereditary orders and of the military; and to substitute, in place of coercion and prerogative, reason and persuasion in the regulation of national affairs: to re-establish on the ruins of the empire of Christendom, which the reformation had so effectually rent and undermined, another empire of opinion, over which their own enterprizing fraternity should have the sovereign influence. Without examining their professions (for as members of the Roman church their professions were necessarily in conformity to its doctrines), let us only look at what they did: they formed a plan of intercourse and correspondence which extended to every country where they could obtain a footing; and they endeavoured to insinuate themselves into the confidence of mankind by every species of address that could procure an interest in the affections. Where a reputation of sanctity was the best instrument of advancement, the Jesuits never failed to distinguish themselves, by the correctness of their morals. Where dexterity and address were wanted, the members of the brotherhood displayed a penetration and ability which have never been excelled. In short, by the exercise of all the various modifications of genius, wherever talents excited admiration and acquired power, the Jesuits were discovered labouring for the ascen-

dancy. They were a religious order, because the character of priests facilitated their views.

The tendency of the principles of this celebrated society began to manifest in so many various ways, and with so great a uniformity of effect, that it came to be considered as the result of a premeditated design. The secular rulers of Europe were alarmed. They saw that hereditary rank and privilege —all those things which they conceived to be the end for which governments were instituted, would be subverted by the Jesuits; and, therefore, coalescing against the order, they effected its abolition. A partial restoration, however, has lately been permitted in Palermo; and the school of the order is numerously attended. If the times and circumstances in which the restoration has taken place be considered, we may perhaps see cause to regard the Sicilian government as influenced, in this matter, by a broader policy than is commonly ascribed to its views. The success of the French has been, undeniably, in a great measure, owing to their general mental superiority. The very errors of the Revolutionists proceeded from a kind of moral rankness that led to undertakings, which were criminal only because they were excesses. Armies having been opposed to their armies without effect, it is plausible to have recourse to a systematic counteraction of their moral vigour. This is a refinement in policy, however, that seems hardly credible; but it ought to be remembered that in the court of Palermo there are many friends and admirers of Filangieri.

THE CLERGY.

In Sicily, as in other countries, the hierarchy has certainly seen the best of its days. The youth no longer consider the service of the altar as the apprenticeship of fortune, nor the livery of the church as the garb of honour. They shrink at the ridiculous appearance of gowns, cowls, and shaven crowns, compared with the elegancies of worldly men; and the indolence of the monastic life is no longer a sufficient recompence for submitting to its restraints. The church, having ceased to be regarded as venerable, is looked upon as ridiculous. This change has arisen from causes different from those which led to the reformation in Luther's time. That reformation originated in the exposure of doctrinal corruptions; and it was more because the monastic institutions were not found to be authorized by Scripture that they were abolished in the countries which embraced protestantism, than on account of the flagitious lives of their members. But the doctrinal corruptions are not now thought of; nor do even considerations of morality much contribute to the increasing contempt with which the ecclesiastical profession throughout this province of the Papal empire is regarded. The institutions of the church are now generally estimated by their temporal utility; and, being found without value in this respect, are of course deemed oppressive.

THE POOR.

Among the most striking proofs of the decline of clerical wealth and power in Sicily, is the falling off in the customary largesses to the poor at the gates of the convents. The effect of this in the first instance is melancholy. The state of the poor is gradually become worse, and in Palermo the number of mendicants has visibly increased within the last twenty years. Some time since, their distresses attracted the attention of the government; and a large and extensive establishment, in imitation of our English workhouses, was instituted to remedy the evil. The building, though not yet completed to the extent of the design, would do honour to any state. The interior regulations are, I am told, efficient and judicious. The inmates amount to several hundreds, and their employment is chiefly in the different processes of the manufactories of silk. But however well intended, this institution is found entirely inadequate to remove the distresses of the poor; and in proportion as the church continues to decline, the number of beggars must increase, until that salutary change in the habits of the lower orders, of which the cessation of their gratuitous supply is the necessary forerunner, shall have taken place. The Sicilian gentry, particularly the females, have the reputation of being

very charitable. The whole nation, indeed, seems to have a great share of benevolence. He must be strongly prejudiced, indeed, who would not allow the conduct of this people, to one another, notwithstanding the general distrust that *individualizes* them so much, to be both respectable and kindly.

LUXURIES.

Among the extraordinary things in the frame of the society of this country, may be reckoned the exemption of articles of luxury from taxation. Neither carriages, horses, nor houses, are subject to assessment. Even foreign wines in Palermo are rated at little more than the wines of the island. But all those necessaries, of which the labourer requires as many and as much as the nobleman, constitute the means of the revenue. Here the monopolies of bread, fish, oil, &c. are annually farmed; and the privilege of selling ice, which in Palermo is as much an article of necessity as porter is in London, is disposed of in the same manner. It is hardly possible to imagine a fact more strikingly illustrative of the contempt with which the people of this island are regarded.

The quantity of Indian figs, or prickly pears, as they are sometimes called, consumed in Sicily, is almost incredible. In every part of the country you meet with plantations of Indian figs. In every village, stalls are seen covered with Indian figs. At every corner of every street in Palermo are piles of Indian figs. If a Sicilian be observed eating any thing, it is certainly Indian figs. If he be carrying a basket, it is full of Indian figs. Every ass that is seen coming into the city in the morning is loaded with Indian figs. Every peasant that is seen in the evening counting his copper money on a stone, is reckoning the produce of his Indian figs. If an article be bad, it is said not to be worth an Indian fig; and there is nothing in the world better than an Indian fig. It is the only luxury that the poor enjoy; and, like all other luxuries, it is exempted from taxation.

——— "This is noble, and bespeaks
A nation proud and jealous of the blessing."

POPULATION.

The population of Sicily has for many years been gradually increasing. The fact has been incontrovertibly established by recent extracts from the parochial registers; a fact sufficient to prove that the condition of the inhabitants must be in a gradual state of improvement. It is deserving of notice, that the increase of males has lately been out of all proportion greater than that of females. In Palermo the population has exceeded the increase of houses, and, in consequence, it is exceedingly difficult to find an empty habitation. In the year 1809 the demand was greater than had ever before been known, and was attended in many instances with much inconvenience. Persons who had given notice of removal, not being able to find houses, refused to quit at the term; and landlords, in order to avail themselves of the augmented value of their property, attempted to oblige the tenants either to remove or to pay a higher rent. This excited much conversation: and, as the Sicilians have a great deal to say on all subjects, their noise and clamour at length reached the ears of government, and it was thought expedient to order that no person in the possession of a house should, for that term, be forced to quit, nor any increase take place in the rate of rents. This sudden influx of inhabitants to Palermo is supposed to be owing to Neapolitan and other continental emigrants.

Although it cannot be doubted that Sicily, within the last ten years, has begun to shew decided symptoms of improvement, a fact confirmed by the testimony of those who have made the statistics of the country their study; yet, in what concerns the arts of decoration, Palermo has greatly declined. The buildings erected during the early part of the last century are on a more magnificent scale than those recently constructed. The style, if I may use the expression, was then more spacious, and the interior ornaments more splendid. The walls and ceilings of the apartments in the new houses are either stained with simple colours, or painted in imitation of paper hangings, while the doors and pannellings are commonly

plain. But, in the old houses, the walls are hung with satin and tapestry, the doors are gilded, and the pannels are often covered with mirrors or pictures. This alteration, in the style of domestic accommodation, might lead one to conclude that Palermo has fallen from its ancient opulence. But the falling off, in point of state and shew, may be owing to the introduction of a taste for more comfort and convenience. The residence of the nobility in the capital, during the reign of the present king, has diffused among the tradesmen so much wealth, that a middle class has begun to arise here; while the fashionable competitions of the nobility in their entertainments has impaired their inheritance, and forced them to incur debts which no longer permit them to maintain the splendour of their ancestors. If, therefore, no palaces be now building, but many falling into ruin, changes may be observed going on which more than compensate this disadvantage. The suburbs of Palermo begin to indicate something like the formation of that comfortable middle class, which is the pre-eminent boast and distinction of England.

TIME AND BELLS.

One of the most puzzling things to an English stranger in Sicily is the mode of reckoning time. I was several days in Palermo before I understood it, or indeed suspected that it differed from ours, having either never heard, or forgotten, that the Italian mode of computing was different from that of the rest of Europe. Sometimes the public clock in the Piazza Marina, where I staid, pronounced the hours with much audible distinctness, and there was little difference between it and my watch; but it was in general so incoherent, that I began to think that the intellects of the steeple were deranged. The servants in the hotel, being acquainted with our way of reckoning the hours, never found any difficulty in understanding my orders or inquiries which respected time, and they always answered according to our practice. I know not how long I might have continued in this state of ignorance and error, had I not overheard a gentleman observe jocularly that it was noon to-day at the seventeenth hour. This expression excited my attention; and, after I got home, and had thrown myself on a sopha, I began to ruminate upon it. "Was it a scriptural mode of expression?" No: "for the Jews reckoned from the watches of the night;—What can it mean?"—At this interesting moment, the waiter happening to come into the room, was, just as he entered, asked by some one in the passage, "what o'clock it then was?"—"Twenty-one and a half," answered he. "Twenty-one and a half o'clock!" echoed I: "why this is still more mysterious." I immediately started upright, and began to examine the waiter on the subject. The result was a most satisfactory explanation of the whole mystery, and an ample vindication of the steeple from the suspicion that I had entertained of its sanity. The Sicilians, it seems, begin to reckon their time from sun-set, an hour after which is one of the clock; in consequence, as the declination of the sun alters, the time by the clock at which it is noon also changes. Part of my error as to the public clock had arisen, I found, in consequence of its superior endowments, for it told quarters as well as the hours, and the hours only by half dozens.

The subject of clocks leads one, by the natural association of ideas, to that of bells. It is not the practice in these Catholic countries to hang the bells in our heretical manner, on moveable axles with great wheels that make the steeples quake to the foundations, but to fix them to a stationary cross-beam. The rope is fastened to the tongue, immediately underneath which the bellman takes post, and, by shaking it backwards and forwards, produces the sound. This mode, though the noise is much more disorderly than with us, is really a very sensible one; for certainly it is much better to move the tongue against the body, than the body against the tongue. I suspect that when bells were first imported among us, directions for ringing them were omitted to be sent, and that our laborious custom must be considered as another proof of that wisdom of our ancestors which is so justly admired.

NOBILITY.

Of the character and condition of the Sicilian nobles I have uniformly received but one opinion. The time of by far the greater number is spent in the pursuit of amusement, and of any other object than the public good. The most of them are in debt, and the incomes of but few are adequate to their wants: many are in a state of absolute beggary.

One evening, as I happened to be returning home, I fell in with a procession of monks and soldiers bearing an image of St. Francis; and, not having seen any thing of the kind before, I went with the crowd into a church towards which the procession was moving. While reckoning the number of friars as they entered, and having reached a hundred and seventy, all excellent subjects for soldiers, a well-dressed gentleman came up to me, and, bowing, pointed to some of the ornaments as objects worthy of a stranger's curiosity; but, perceiving me shy of entering into conversation with him, and the procession entering the church at the same time, he walked or was forced by the current of the crowd away.

The idol being placed near the high altar, the crowd began to chaunt a hymn. As they all fell on their knees, and my tight prejudices and small clothes would not permit me to do the same, I turned into one of the side chapels, and, leaning against the railing of the altar, began to speculate on the spectacle before me, when the stranger again accosted me. Somewhat disconcerted by the interruption, and by the forwardness of the man, I abruptly quitted my place. But, before I had moved two steps, he approached, and, bowing, said, I am the Baron M———, and my palace is just opposite.* At this instant the worshippers rose, and the procession turning to go out at one of the side doors near where we were standing, before I could retreat, I found myself involved in the crowd, and obliged to go with the stream. When I reached the street, I found the stranger again at my side. This is very extraordinary, thought I; and, without seeming to notice him, walked away. He followed; and when we had got out of the nucleus of the throng, he seized me firmly by the arm, and drew me aside. Enraged and alarmed at this mysterious treatment, I shook him fiercely from me. For about the time that one might count twenty, he seemed to hesitate; and then, suddenly coming back, repeated, in Italian, with considerable energy, "I, I am the Baron M———. This is my palace; but I have nothing to eat!" I looked at the building, near the gate of which we were then standing: it was old and ruinous: there was no lamp in the court-yard, and only a faint light glimmering in one of the windows.

Mistaking my silence and astonishment, he pulled out his watch, and, placing it in my hand, entreated me to give him some money. As I had no disposition to become a pawnbroker, I returned it with some expressions of surprise, and took out my purse with the intention of giving it to him, for it only contained two or three small pieces. But here all the solemnity of the adventure terminated. He snatched it out of my hand, and, emptying the contents into his own, returned it; and, wishing me good night, ran into the gateway.

In Sicily the number of the nobility is out of all proportion to the population, and they are too strong for the government, without having any connexion with the people. It seemed to me, that the great desideratum in Sicily was a reduction of the number of nobility, and some constitution which would subject them more to the controul of public opinion.—Without something of this kind, the resources of the country can never be rendered available to the government; nor the government, however absolute it may be in name, made really efficient: and without this, I may add, the nobility themselves can never acquire respectability as a body. Were they rendered in any degree responsible to the public for their conduct, there is a spirit of improvement in Sicily abundantly strong to make it a considerable kingdom. Many of the poor young diminutive Barons, Counts, and Marchesies, who are deterred, by respect for their titles, from embarking in business, would, if relieved from that restraint, soon be seen occupied in counting-houses, instead of lounging

at the gaming-table. Their little estates would furnish respectable capitals for trade, while their petty feudal jurisdictions would serve legitimately to augment the regal authority.

Political power, is in this island subdivided into so many small unequal portions, that there is not enough left to enable the government to act in a way suitable to the extremity of its circumstances. The government feels this: and, in order to preserve itself, is often obliged to act in a manner repugnant to the habits of the Sicilian nobility, and destructive of their feudal pretensions. This occasions discontent, which betrays them into intemperate expressions. These are reported with aggravating insinuations. The Court, in addition to the natural jealousy of governments, is vexed by the loss of all its splendour, and the finest portion of its dominions, and deems extraordinary precautions necessary to preserve the little that remains. These cannot well be taken against the discontented only: they comprehend the whole nation; and the nation, feeling itself an object of distrust to the Court, becomes, in its turn, distrustful of the government. Were the legal authority better defined, and capable of being exercised with uniform effect; it is probable that the discontents engendered among the higher ranks, and disseminated by them among the lower, would not be so strong as they have generally been.

The present state of Sicily, I am inclined to think, resembles very much what I conceive to have been that of England in the reign of Henry VII. The church is falling, the nobility are losing their feudal influence, and the pretensions of the crown, and the consequence of the commons, are visibly extending. It must be added, however, that there is a vast difference between the character of the Sicilians and that of the English of the period alluded to. The English were a bold and masculine race, rendered familiar with danger by a long series of domestic contests. The Sicilians are of a very different description; and the constitution of the country is more likely to be re-

formed by strangers than by themselves.

MANNER OF LIVING.

Since the arrival of the British in Sicily, the price of meat has nearly doubled, and the value of cattle of all descriptions has been raised prodigiously throughout the whole island; the effect of which must soon be felt in the improved cultivation of the land, and an increase of the wages of labour. The value of aristocratic property will be increased, and the value of the poor man's stock (his strength) will also share in the general benefit. The Sicilians themselves are no great consumers of animal food. Sallads, macaronies, and olives, constitute the main part of their fare; and if the frugality that is the result of necessity were a virtue, their temperance would deserve great praise. Children and young people eat bread to breakfast: but adults seldom take more than a single cup of coffee. The dinner hour is early, and corresponds to the luncheon time of the English. Supper is the principal meal. They do not drink wine at table with one another as we do, but fill their glasses as they please. Nor is it the custom to inquire of a stranger, of what dish he would choose to eat. The fish and meats being cut up, a servant carries them round, and the guest takes whichever he likes. There is, in general, an evident imitation of British customs; but, like all imitations, the effects are sometimes ludicrous. In Palermo it is not confined to dress and the etiquette of the table; but extends even to the construction of the houses. There are several new ones painted to imitate bricks, with which the proprietors have heard that the English houses are built. The most ludicrous instance of this taste, that I have seen, is the palace of Prince Belmonte, at the bottom of Mount Pelegrino. The building is certainly in the British style, and not unlike the body of Wanstead-house, in the neighbourhood of London. The stone of Palermo is so very coarse, that it is necessary to coat the walls with a plaster prepared from it. But, instead of the native stone colour of the plaster being retained, the walls of this palace are painted to resemble

brick, to the great disgrace of a beautiful marble portico.

TRADE.

The general foreign trade of Palermo, appeared to me to be chiefly in the hands of the British; and the supply of colonial produce to be brought by the Americans. The Americans have enjoyed this branch, which one might have expected to have been more naturally in our hands, owing to the now impolitic adherence of our government to that principle of colonial policy, which in a former age rendered it necessary to oblige the planters to send their produce to the mother country. One might have thought that, having obtained Malta, and considering the great consumption of colonial produce in the surrounding countries, considering also the hardships which our planters have suffered by the shutting of the ports under the domination of the French, what a direct intercourse would have been allowed from the colonies to that island. But the surprising degree of ignorance which our diplomatic men shew in the arrangements that they make under the idea of promoting trade, but in effect to abridge it, has prevented our planters from being benefited by the advantage which might have been derived to them from our possession of Malta. Nor, in our treaties with the Sicilian government, has any care been taken to secure for us that degree of superior favour which we ought to possess, considering the vast sacrifices that are made on our part, for the defence of Sicily. The Americans have, it is true, consuls in Sicily, but there is no diplomatic correspondence between the two nations: and yet they enjoy as great privileges, and more facilities to their trade, than we do; notwithstanding that there is a large British army quartered in the fortresses, and a fleet specially appointed for the protection of the island. This, no doubt, partly arises from the insignificant characters that we have had in our embassies at the court of Palermo. But our interests should be placed on a more distinct basis than on the personal peculiarities of any individuals whatever. We are a commercial nation in what respects our connexions with foreign powers; and the men who have the charge of superintending the tenures of these connections, should not only be capable of understanding the importance of the mercantile character, but also be rendered incapable of impairing their own particular charge, without incurring a positive penalty. The negligence, however, of our diplomatic relations with Sicily have now reached their extremity, and cannot be either longer concealed or endured.

The territory immediately round Palermo is chiefly devoted to the raising of supplies for the city. It furnishes little for exportation, though its productions are various and numerous. The king has lately, for his own amusement, laid out a piece of ground with olive trees, where the oil is prepared in the French manner. What is made is said to be excellent; but the quantity, as yet, is trifling. The adjacent land not furnishing any great quantity of commodities for exportation, and the manufactures of the town being generally in a rude and humble state, the trade of Palermo is much less considerable than might have been expected from its wealth and population. The facilities for extending the commercial intercourse with the interior, stand much in need of improvement. The post-office establishment, so essential and so fostering to mercantile business, is here in a very contemptible condition: so much so, that the British have in some sort a post establishment for themselves; chiefly in consequence of the imperfections of the Sicilian post-office, and partly on account of the want of integrity in the officers, as well as on account of the intriguing, distrustful, and prying spirit of the court.

At a period not long past, it appears to have been the wish of the Neapolitan government, to give inducements to foreign merchants to settle in Sicily; and, among other regulations for this purpose, one still exists in Palermo, which seems to have been judiciously contrived. It is, in principle, the same as our bonding system; but, being calculated more for the detail of dealing, is, on that account, more remarkable. It is also of greater antiquity. The merchants

are allowed to land and lodge their goods in the warehouses of the custom-house, where they dispose of them to the small buyers, paying the duties as they sell. This, in the present state of the trade of Palermo, is highly admirable. There are few merchants in the city, who could command sufficient money to pay the duties at importation; and the foreigner, on his arrival here, is, in a great degree, enabled to transact his own business. The plan, however, requires revisal, and might be made a very excellent accommodation to the merchant. On a recent occasion, it was rather disturbed by the court; but my observations relate, chiefly, to the general state of things; and temporary accidents, or errors, it is needless to notice circumstantially, unless they serve to illustrate general views.

Account *of the* different Harbours *on the* Coast *of* Ireland.

[From Wakefield's "Statistical Account."]

NOTHING tends more to promote the flourishing state of a country than harbours; but it is not sufficient that they are numerous, they must be safe as well as convenient, and so connected with the interior,* that a ready communication can be established between them and the populous districts, where the national productions and manufactures are most abundant. Ireland, on account of its insular situation, enjoys in this respect, a very great advantage. Every part almost of its coast contains spacious, well sheltered, and commodious bays and harbours; but this is the case in particular, on the western side, from Waterford to Lough Foyle, where they are more numerous than in the same extent of coast, perhaps, in any other part of world. On the eastern side, nature has been less favourable, as it exhibits no harbours entitled to the same commendation.

On this side, however, they are not so necessary as on the western, where the storms are more violent, and rage with a fury which can scarcely be conceived, but by those who have seen them. Some faint idea may be formed of the force with which the waves are impelled by the western winds from the Atlantic, when it is known, that blocks of limestone, ten or twelve feet in diameter, are thrown upon ledges of rock, several feet high, near Dooleh, in the county of Clare; and at the same place there is a barrier of water-worn stones, some of them many tons in weight, raised above twenty feet high, across a small bay, into which fishermen used to land from their boats, and where their former quay, surrounded with huts, remains many yards from the sea. This has occurred in the memory of persons still living. Where the coast is rocky, the sea is daily gaining on the land; but where fine sand forms the barrier, the land is increasing. This effect is produced in a very rapid degree at a small distance beyond the Pigeon-house, and on the North Bull, near Dublin; in a few years there will be pastures, or at least rabbit-warrens, on the sands, and, if a little pains were taken, this effect might be accelerated.*

Proceeding from Lough Foyle to the eastward, the first place which may be called a port, is Coleraine; but it is merely a bar harbour, capable of admitting only vessels of small burden at the time of high water, and upon which considerable sums of money have been expended to very little purpose.

From Ballycastle to Carrickfergus there is no harbour whatever, unless a sort of stone pound at Portrush be entitled to that appellation.

Belfast stands at the extremity of an extensive bay, and has the advantage of a large and commodious harbour, capable of affording excellent shelter to vessels which may be beating to the westward, and which here have

* Weld, in his American tour, vol. i. p. 55, says, that sea port towns do not flourish, which are not well situated for carrying on inland trade. Newport, the best harbour in America, is falling into decay, for want of this communication. Again, p. 58, he describes the advantageous spot on which the new city of Washington is built, 280 miles inland, but still possessing an access to the ocean.

* Dutton's Survey of Clare, p. 4, 5.

to contend with a most impetuous tide, flowing along a rocky coast, bordered with high cliffs.

Beyond Belfast, Newry, Drogheda, Dublin, Wicklow, Arklow, and Wexford, have all been converted into ports; but through necessity, as they are merely harbours; and more dangerous shifting sands than those which here present themselves, can hardly be any where found. Such places can never be kept clear for navigation without a sufficiency of back water to sweep away the sand deposited by the tide, and, unfortunately, those here mentioned are extremely deficient in this respect. Various schemes have been proposed for improving the harbour of Dublin, and immense sums have been expended for that purpose, but hitherto without success. A pier has been run out from Ringsend to the distance of three miles, in order, no doubt, to prevent the sand from being accumulated at the mouth of the harbour by the tide, and thus to secure a safe port; but it has been found, that no bulwark of this kind, however far it may be carried, will obviate the evil. The sand still settles at its extremity, and presents no less danger at an increased distance, than it did at a less. Many of the plans adopted have been formed on principles directly contrary to those pursued by nature, in depositing the sand brought up by the tide, and therefore the attempts founded upon them have always miscarried. If any thing effectual can be done, it must be by assisting an agent too powerful to be controlled by the strength or ingenuity of man. As the water of the Liffey is now wasted by being mingled with the tide, or divided into small streams, which run into lesser channels, and empty themselves into the bay, why not collect them together, and shut up the water till the tide is down? Were the whole then let loose into its natural bed, its force would drive the sand before it, and form a free passage, which would enable ships and vessels to enter the harbour in safety. In this scheme there is nothing contrary to the order of nature; and though, where such obstructions occur, a perfect harbour is not to be expected, a much better one might be formed, or, at any rate, the difficulties of the present might be lessened.*

Wicklow and Arklow scarcely deserve the name of harbours, and therefore any description of them is useless.

Wexford stands at the mouth of a stream which flows over shifting sand, and therefore the passages into the habour are continually changing their place, so that no certain rules can be laid down for entering it.

From Waterford, proceeding westward, the coast abounds with noble harbours, which may be put in competition with any in the world; of these, Cork and Bantry Bay are particularly worthy of notice. The latter I visited in the month of October, 1808. It is surrounded by high mountains, and its whole shore is indented with small creeks and inlets, in all of which the anchorage ground is good. Glangariff is highly distinguished, on account of its beauty, and it is entitled to no less praise for its safety, and the shelter it affords from the winds. In coasting along the eastern shore, I had a distant prospect of Bere Island, between which and the main land, formed by the Hungra mountains, there is a sheltered roadsted, called Berehaven; it is nine miles long, and three broad, and has forty fathoms of water.

Blacksod harbour, Killybegs, and Lough Swilly, are said to be equal to any in the world.

The entrance to Lough Swilly is between two high cliffs, within which there is a spacious bason, where the

* In a paper inserted in the Philosophical Transactions, by W. Molineux, Esq. R S.S. it is stated, that at the Bar of Dublin, on the new and full moon, a south-south-east moon makes high water; that is, at half an hour past ten; at Rings End at three quarters after ten; at the Custom House at Dublin, at eleven.—On the quarter days, high water on the bar at five o'clock; at Rings End at a quarter past five, and at the Custom House at a quarter past five. A southerly wind, between S.S.E. and S.S.W. blowing fresh, makes it flow near half an hour longer than its usual course. Vol. xvi. No. 184.

whole navy of Great Britain might remain in perfect security at single anchor. When the entrance is viewed at a distance, it appears so narrow that one might imagine it capable of being shut by a pair of flood-gates.

Cork harbour, the roadsted between the island of Bere and the main land, called Berehaven, and a roadsted near the promontory of Tabart, in the Shannon, are the parts generally used by the king's ships, which are stationed or cruising on the coast of Ireland They occasionally also run into Dublin harbour and Belfast Lough.

The following are the commercial ports frequented by vessels connected with foreign trade:

Belfast	Londonderry
Carlingford, or Newry,	Limerick
Cork	Sligo
Dublin	Waterford.

Besides these there are others, used chiefly by the vessels engaged in the trade with England and Scotland, such as:—

Drogheda	Tralee
Dundalk	Wexford
Dungarvon	Westport
Galway	Wicklow
Kilrush	Youghall.

Small coasting vessels are not so numerous in Ireland as might be expected, in a country so much intersected by rivers and estuaries, which afford an easy communication with the interior parts of the island.

To give a full account of all these different harbours, and of the advantages they possess in a commercial point of view, would require a complete treatise. But as it is necessary to say a few words on the subject, I shall confine my observations to the following:

Belfast.—The whole neighbourhood of this lough and port was formerly occupied by persons engaged in the linen manufactory; but that of cotton having been lately introduced, a considerable quantity of the raw material is imported from the West Indies, and manufactured into calicoes and muslins, which give employment to many weavers. This circumstance, and the linen trade, will render Belfast the great commercial port of Ireland.

Curlingford, or *Newry*. — Large quantities of butter brought from the adjoining districts by the canal, which comes from the county of Tyrone, are shipped at this port; and it has its share also in exporting the linen manufactured in the neighbourhood.

Cork.—The city of Cork stands at the distance of seven or eight miles from the bay and harbour, in the latter of which is an island of considerable extent, called Great Island, containing the town and quay of Cove.

The town of Cove, a few years ago, was only a collection of mud cabins on the south side of the island. The shore was the property of Mr. Smith Barry, and Lord Middleton, the former of whom, at his death, left 30,000l. to be expended in the improvement of his estate. A quay was therefore constructed at an enormous expense, and a market-house has also been built, but unfortunately these improvements are at the west extremity of the shore, and the best anchorage ground lies more to the east, opposite to the property of Lord Middleton. About three years ago, his lordship promised to his tenants leases of 61 years, and in consequence of this advantage, they were induced to lay out money in building, so that in the course of two summers, a town consisting of stone edifices was erected. But the leases were not arrived when I was at Cove, in November, 1808, and the progress of the building was suspended.

Trading vessels of any size are stopped by a bar in the river, at a place called Passage, and as they cannot proceed further, they are obliged here to load and unload.

Cork being situated to the south of the great grazing counties of Ireland, this port is the staple for salted provisions, of which it exports large quantities.

Dublin is connected with the interior parts of the country, by the Liffey, and the Grand and Royal Canals, the former of which has two branches, one of these proceeds to the Shannon; and the other by joining the Nore at Carlow, extends the communication to Waterford. This city, in addition to its being the largest in the country, and the seat of government, derives great benefit from its various manufactures, as well as from those in the neighbourhood, and from the agricul-

tural produce of many counties sent hither by the canal to be shipped.

Londonderry is a city and port, situated on the borders of Lough Foyle, at the distance of some miles from the sea; the entrance to the port is narrow. Its chief trade arises from the connexion which subsists between it and America, and it is the principal channel for those numerous emigrations of the northern presbyterians, which so often take place.

Limerick stands in the interior of the country, at the distance of sixty miles up the Shannon; and on this account possesses superior advantages, being adjacent to some of the richest grazing and corn districts of Ireland. It enjoys, therefore, a larger share of the corn trade than any other port; but it will derive far greater benefit from its situation, when more branches of communication are opened by means of canals.

Sligo is a small port, with the linen manufactory in its neighbourhood; and besides the advantage of exporting butter and corn, has in its vicinity a considerable fishery; but its importance is much lessened by the want of communication, as it is not connected with the interior of the country either by a river or canal.

The harbour of *Waterford* is connected with three rivers, the Barrow, the Nore, and the Suir, which there discharge themselves. The city stands at the distance of about eight miles from the sea, and the harbour extends almost twelve miles up the country, all the way deep and clear; common tides rise here to the height of fifteen feet; spring tides to eighteen or twenty. The Barrow is navigable to Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny; the Nore, by means of the canal, establishes a communication with Dublin and the Suir, and affords a passage through the county of Tipperary, as far as Clonmell. This extended communication with the interior would make Waterford a place of great commerce, were not navigation impeded by a bar at the entrance of the haven, which large vessels cannot pass. There is a second bar, which runs across the Suir, besides the one which occurs after its confluence with the Barrow, and, in consequence of these obstacles, *New Ross* seems to a much more convenient place for foreign trade, and to afford a greater hope of its becoming an important harbour, as ships of burden can come up to the quay even at low water.

Drogheda, though a bar harbour, is a place of considerable trade. It lies opposite to Liverpool, and as the Boyne is navigable up to the town, large quantities of corn are here shipped. Coals are imported here, and sent by the river into the interior, and, by means of a canal, as far as Navan.

Dundalk, as a port, is inferior to Drogheda, but it exports some corn.

Dungarvan is celebrated for its coasting trade, of potatoes and birch brooms, humorously called "fruit and timber," which are sent to Dublin. It is well situated for a fishery, being distant only about eleven leagues from the Nymph Bank, which abounds with cod, ling, skate, bream, and whiting.

Galway stands on a bay of the same name, in a very advantageous situation, but its trade is now almost annihilated, on account, as is said, of the bad faith of its merchants.

Kilrush is a thriving and highly improveable spot, situated on the banks of the Shannon, and exports corn to Scotland. By referring to the subjoined note, being the substance of a memorandum which I made in the course of my tour, the reader will perceive the reason why it is not one of the first ports in Ireland*. Mr.

* Oct. 28, 1809. Kilrush.—This place, and a tract of country extending ten miles one way along the coast, belong, unfortunately, to the Right Hon. —— Vandeleur, a gentleman of Dutch extraction, whose family obtained a grant of this land from the forfeited estates of Lord Clare. Its peculiar situation and vicinity to good anchorage ground, being the first in that noble river the Shannon, and to the rocky coast of Kerry and Clare, render it a place which might be made the Liverpool of Ireland. But as the views of its proprietor seem to be directed more to immediate gain, than to the prospect of future advantage, and confined rather to private interest than public benefit, every hope of this

Vandeleur, it is reported, refused a company of Londoners a lease of the Slob, where they offered to build wet docks for the repair of vessels in distress, coming in from the west. It is asserted also, that he proposed such unreasonable terms, and asked so high rent, as entirely deterred these adventurers; who, however, have since built hot and cold baths at Miltown Malbay, twelve miles distant. This instance affords a strong practical proof of the mischief which often arises from large territorial grants, particularly when they fall into the hands of men whose mode of reasoning prevents them from ever entertaining an idea of conferring a benefit either on their own posterity, or the public. In such cases, can any one feel the least regret, when he sees an extravagant heir dissipating an inheritance, which becoming divided, and exchanging one master for many, communicates in this state new life to enterprise and industry?

Tralee.—At the end of a bay of the same name, is a bad harbour, with a bar, from which copper ore is exported to Swansea, where it is smelted. The ships engaged in this trade, take in when they return a lading of Welsh coal.

Wexford haven has before it two large shelves, between which is the principal channel, where the water is from four to five fathoms in depth; after passing the bar, the water is from three to four fathoms, but for a great way after, only about ten feet: even at high flood, under the castle, where vessels come to an anchor, there are four fathoms, and before the town the same depth; but on account of the shallows, no vessels drawing more than ten feet, can proceed to Wexford, but must load and unload in a creek near the mouth of the haven, on the south side, where there is a sufficiency of water, but no shelter from the south-west winds. A considerable quantity of corn is exported from this place to Liverpool, and the ships which carry it bring back cargoes of coals. There is also a great malting trade along the coast to Dublin, and some provisions are sent hither for exportation, by the Slaney, from Enniscorthy, and other places in the interior.

Westport belongs to the Marquis of Sligo, who pursuing a system directly opposite to that of Mr. Vandeleur, has endeavoured to convert this place into a port; but as there is no connexion between it and the interior by any river or canal, it can never possess an extensive trade. Besides, the adjacent districts are thinly peopled, and the neighbourhood produces less corn than almost any part of Ireland.

Wicklow harbour admits at present nothing but small craft, as the bar, even at high tides, has only seven or eight feet water; but it is said, that it might be much improved by the construction of a pier*. It is used chiefly in summer, and copper is exported from it to Swansea.

Youghal is a bar-harbour, and the entrance is troublesome, and sometimes dangerous; but ships, when they have once entered it, can lie in perfect security. Corn and provisions are shipped here for England, and as

kind must for the present be suppressed. Mr. Vandeleur charges six shillings per foot in front for building ground, which extends thirty feet in depth, let upon determinable leases, this is the price in Bond-street. Hearing many complaints on this subject, I remarked to those who were most clamorous, "Well, but Mr. Vandeleur has built you a quay." "No," replied half a dozen of voices, "he has got a presentment from the county for that." A Scotsman, the master of a vessel, and another person who married a Scotswoman, settled here, began to export corn by the turf boats, to Limerick. Succeeding in their enterprise, they built store-houses, and afterwards shipped oats to Scotland; a branch of trade, which, if continued with spirit, would be of great advantage to the country; and I have no doubt, that under a more liberal minded landlord, the foundation which has thus been laid, might render this a place of very great importance.

* March 14, 1809. Wicklow.—Mr. Mills, of the copper-mines, has formed a plan for the improvement of the harbour, at the expense of 5600*l.*

the Blackwater is navigable, the exports might be considerably increased.

These are the principle ports of Ireland, and the greater part of them possess one advantage, which may be considered of some value, that they are not liable to be frozen up in winter, like those of London and Bristol.

All the Irish ports were surveyed by the late Admiral O'Brien Drury, during the administration of the Marquis of Buckingham, but the charts have never yet been published*.

* In the course of the last winter, more British ships of war were lost than has been the case in the same space of time for many years. If it be true, as some assert, that these misfortunes are often occasioned by the want of proper charts, this circumstance certainly requires investigation. The loss of a few ships, considering the present state of our navy, is not of much importance; their place may be easily supplied by others; but the loss of brave men is a calamity which cannot be sufficiently deplored. I trust, therefore, that means will be taken to obviate, or, at any rate, to lessen this evil, if it arises in any manner from the cause above-mentioned. There are officers in the navy well qualified to make accurate surveys of every dangerous coast which British ships may have occasion to approach, and any money, laid out on an object so interesting to the public, would be considered by every friend to humanity as well expended.

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.—(No. XII.)

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
"The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
"Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY.

The LIFE *of an* AUTHORESS.

[From the "Calamities of Authors."]

OF all the sorrows in which the female character may participate, there are few more affecting than that of an authoress; often insulated and unprotected in society—with all the sensibility of the sex, to encounter miseries which break the spirits of men; and the inconveniences arising from that delicacy which trembles when its quits its retirement.

My acquaintance with an unfortunate lady of the name of Eliza Ryves, was casual and interrupted; yet I witnessed the bitterness of "hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick." She sunk, by the slow wastings of grief, into a grave, which probably does not record the name of its martyr of literature.

She was descended from a family of distinction in Ireland; but, as she expressed it, "she had been deprived of her birth-right by the chicanery of law." In her former hours of tranquillity she had published some elegant odes, had written a tragedy, and comedies, all which remained in MS. In her distress she looked up to her pen as a source of existence; and an elegant genius, and a woman of polished manners, commenced the life of a female trader in literature.

Conceive the repulses of a modest and delicate woman in her attemps of appreciating the value of a manuscript with its purchaser. She had frequently returned from the booksellers to her dreadful solitude, to hasten to her bed. In all the bodily pains of misery, she has sought in uneasy slumbers a temporary forgetfulness of griefs which were to recur on the morrow. Elegant literature is always of doubtful acceptance with the public, and Eliza Ryves came at length to try the most masculine exertions of the pen. She wrote for one newspaper much political matter; but the proprietor was too great a politician for the writer of politics, for he only praised the labour he never paid; much poetry for another, in which, being one of the correspondents of Della Crusca, in payment of her verses she got nothing but verses; the most astonishing exertion of a female pen was the entire composition of the historical and political portion of some Annual Register. So little profitable were all these laborious and original efforts, that every day did not

bring its "daily bread." Yet even in her poverty, her native benevolence could make her generous; for she has deprived herself of her meal to provide an unhappy family with one, who lodged above her.

Advised to adopt the mode of translation, and being ignorant of the French language, she retired to an obscure lodging at Islington, which she never quitted till she had produced a good version of Rousseau's "Social Compact," Raynal's "Letter to the National Assembly," and finally, translated De la Croix's "Review of the Constitutions of the principal States in Europe," in two large vols. with intelligent notes. All these works, so much at variance with her taste, left her with her health much broken, and a mind which might be said to have nearly survived the body.

Yet even at a moment so unfavourable, her ardent spirit engaged in a translation of Froissart. At the British Museum I have seen her conning over the magnificent and voluminous MS. of the old Chronicler, and by its side Lord Berners's version, printed in the reign of Henry VIII. It was evident that his lordship was employed as a spy on Froissart, to inform her of what was going forward in the French camp; and she soon perceived, for her taste was delicate, that it required an ancient lord and knight, with all his antiquity of phrase, to break a lance with the still more ancient chivalric Frenchman. The familiar elegance of modern style failed to preserve the picturesque touches, and the *naive* graces of the Chronicler, who wrote as the mailed knight combated—roughly or gracefully, as suited the tilt or the field. She vailed to Lord Berners; while she felt it was here necessary to understand old French, and then to write in old English*. During these profitless labours Hope seemed to be whispering in her lonely study. Her comedies had been in possession of the managers of the theatres during several years. They had too much merit to be rejected, perhaps too little to be acted. Year passed over year, and the last still repeated the treacherous promise of its brother. The mysterious arts of procrastination are by no one so well systematised as by the theatrical manager, nor its secret sorrows so deeply felt as by the dramatist. One of her comedies, "The Debt of Honour," had been warmly approved at both theatres, where probably a copy of it may still be found. To the honour of one of the managers, he presented her with a hundred pounds on his acceptance of it. Could she avoid then flattering herself with an annual harvest?

But even this generous gift, which involved in it such golden promises, could not for ten years preserve its delusion. "I feel," said Eliza Ryves, "the necessity of some powerful patronage, to bring my comedies forwards to the world with *eclat*, and secure them an admiration, which, should it even be deserved, is seldom bestowed, unless some leading judge of literary merit gives the sanction of his applause; and then the world will chime in with his opinion, without taking the trouble to inform themselves whether it be founded in justice or partiality." She never suspected that her comedies were not comic!—but who dare hold an argument with an ingenuous mind, when it reasons from a right principle, with a wrong application to itself? It is true that a writer's connexions have often done a great deal for a small author, and enabled some favourites of literary fashion to enjoy an usurped reputation; but it is not so evident that Eliza Ryves was a comic writer, although, doubtless, she appeared another Menander to herself. And thus an author dies in a delusion of self-flattery!

The character of Eliza Ryves was rather tender and melancholy, than brilliant and gay; and like the bruised perfume, breathing sweetness when broken into pieces. She traced her sorrows in a work of fancy, where her feelings were at least as active as her imagination. It is a small volume, entitled "The Hermit of Snowden," a tale, formed on a very delicate, but not uncommon act of the mind of a man of fastidious refinement. Albert having felt, when opulent and fashionable, a

* This version of Lord Berners has been lately reprinted.

passion for Lavinia, meets the kindest return; but, having imbibed an ill opinion of women, from his licentious connexions, he conceived they were slaves of passion, or of avarice. He wrongs the generous nature of Lavinia, by suspecting her of mercenary views: hence arises the perplexities of the hearts of both. Albert affects to be ruined, and spreads the report of an advantageous match. Lavinia feels all the delicacy of her situation; she loves, but "she never told her love." She seeks for her existence in her literary labours, and perishes in want.

In the character of Lavinia, our authoress, with all the melancholy sagacity of genius, foresaw and has described her own death! The dreadful solitude to which she was latterly condemned, when in the last stage of her poverty; her frugal mode of life; her acute sensibility; her defrauded hopes; and her exalted fortitude. She has here formed a register of all that occurred in her solitary existence. I will give one scene,—to me it is pathetic,—for it is like a scene at which I was present.

"Lavinia's lodgings were about two miles from town, in an obscure situation. I was shewed up to a mean apartment where Lavinia was sitting at work, and in a dress which indicated the greatest economy. I enquired what success she had met with in her dramatic pursuits? She waved her head, and, with a melancholy smile, replied, 'that her hopes of ever bringing any piece on the stage were now entirely over; for she found that more interest was necessary for the purpose than she could command; and that she had for that reason laid aside her comedy for ever!' While she was talking, came in a favourite dog of Lavinia's, which I had used to caress. The creature sprang to my arms, and I received him with my usual fondness. Lavinia endeavoured to conceal a tear which trickled down her cheek. Afterwards she said, Now that I live entirely alone, I show Juno more attention than I had used to do formerly, *The heart wants something to be kind to.* And it consoles us for the loss of society, to see even an animal derive happiness from the endearments we bestow upon it."

Such was Eliza Ryves! not beautiful nor interesting in her person, but, with a mind of fortitude, susceptible of all the delicacy of feminine softness; and virtuous amidst her despair. She presented me, a short time before her death, with the following stanzas. The verse is elegant and musical, but the circumstance is is much more interesting than the verse:—

A SONG,

By Eliza Ryves.

A new-fallen lamb, as mild Emmeline past,
In pity she turn'd to behold,
How it shiver'd and shrunk from the merciless blast,
Then fell all benumb'd with the cold.

She rais'd it, and touch'd by the innocent's fate,
Its soft form to her bosom she prest;
But the tender relief was afforded too late,
It bleated, and died on her breast.

The moralist then, as the corse she resign'd,
And, weeping, spring-flowers o'er it laid;
Thus mus'd—"So it fares with the delicate mind,
To the tempests of fortune betray'd.

"Too tender, like thee, the rude shock to sustain,
And denied the relief which would save;
'Tis lost, and when pity and kindness are vain,
Thus we dress the poor sufferer's grave!"

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

RHYDISEL. *The Devil in Oxford.*—2 vol. 12mo. 1811.

WE have read this work with very considerable pleasure: We will not say that the author has rivalled Le Sage, but we have no hesitation in affirming that he comes nearest to his spirit, of all the English imitators we have seen. Rhydisel is in Oxford what Asmodeus was in

Madrid. Much of the satire, as may be expected, is local; and is, we have little doubt, relished in that city, where it must be easily felt and understood. Some of the narratives are highly interesting. That which concludes the first volume is perhaps the most so. Many of the good things related are, it is very likely, well remembered in Oxford as practical jokes that have been played off by some of the wags with which that place is reputed to abound. The following strike us as having an air of probability about them:—

"'Pray, Mr. Rhydisel,' exclaimed the native of Seville in a tone of eagerness, 'have the goodness to inform me who that brisk little bald man is who dances in black silk gloves? He is just got to the bottom of the set; and by the animation of his eyes, and the gallantry of his general deportment, appears to be addressing his partner on a very interesting subject.'

"The devil, fixing his eyes stedfastly on the object of Vincentio's inquiry, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, at the same instant that the countenance of the little bald man assumed a look of sheepishness and confusion. Don Juan, being unable to divine the cause of this unusual mirth in his companion, could scarce refrain from joining in it, so infectious as well as epidemic is laughter; when Rhydisel, recovering himself a little, addressed him in these words:

"You are probably surprised that a spiritual being should be so addicted to merriment; but when you reflect on the many deplorable changes I have undergone, and consider that yesterday only, by being hanged for forgery, I regained a state of happiness to which I had for ages been a stranger, your astonishment will cease.

"The dancer in black silk gloves is a fellow of a college, who has long enjoyed a good reputation for learning and piety; and has lived on the best terms with his brethren of the common room, who never found any fault with him, but that he did not give them so much of his company as they desired.

"This seclusion from their social parties at length increased to such a degree, as to become the subject of frequent surmises among his brethren, who at first supposed he preferred old authors to old Port. 'But yet,' would say the occupier of the arm-chair next the fire, 'Mr. Twistall was always a sensible discreet man, and a lively companion.'

"This supposition, however, turned out to be erroneous; for on the Scout's being interrogated, it appeared that the gentleman always walked out in his hat, and sometimes did not return till a late hour; a discovery that authorised many shrewd hints and significant nods; and on his next appearance in the common room, produced a question from several of the members, as to his having been employed lately in the study of the Fathers.

"From this time he became a perpetual subject of raillery; and the pious men who generally made due allowances for the frailty of the flesh, often hinted at a pretty foot and ancle which had been seen ascending the staircase. The person accused always defended himself with becoming spirit; and proved to the satisfaction of all present, except one, that the foot and ancle belonged to the laundress of the tenant of the easy chair.

"Not to detain you long, I shall pass over intermediate circumstances, and hasten to explain to you the reason of this hero's solitary rambles in beaver. His absences became so frequent and so long, that some of the junior fellows resolved to watch his steps, which they found were always directed to a house in the neighbourhood of Port Meadow.

"This intelligence was soon imparted to the seniors of the common room, and a plan laid which promised much amusement to these holy men, who watched the professor of celibacy one night to his favourite haunt; and waiting until they were pretty well assured that all the inmates of the house had retired to rest, set up a cry of 'Fire!' that would have roused even Morpheus himself, had he been asleep in it.

"Up flew in a twinkling two windows, from whence issued a brace of heads en bonnet de nuit, exclaiming, 'Where?' (forte), 'where?' (piano)—

"The moon was bright,—the divines were sure of their game—each taking off his hat, and tendering a

humble reverence, answered the double exclamation with 'Good morning to you, Mr. Twistall!' 'Good morning to you, Mrs. Twistall!'

"Mr. Twistall, as I told you, had a fellowship,—he wanted also a wife. Now by the statutes, a wife and a fellowship are not compatible; for marriage, being thought either ridiculous, or prejudicial to study, is not permitted to the dependent members of most of these holy institutions; therefore, he had hit on this expedient of enjoying both. Many celebrated men have been pluralists, and Mr. Twistall had perhaps the fewer scruples in following such good examples,—as his cure of souls was not likely to occupy much of his time.

"It is now just a month since Mrs. Twistall paid the debt of nature, and left the disconsolate survivor to perform the last duties to the tenement in which her spirit had resided. Determined to shew every mark of affection for one who now could never repay his care,—he posted to the minister of a church in the suburbs of the town; acquainting him with his irreparable loss, and making known his benevolent intentions, inquired the expense of interring within the walls of his church, one whom he had loved so tenderly, that for her gratification he had risked the loss of his fellowship. The clergyman answered, that five guineas was the sum demanded by the college to which he belonged, for a grave in the inside of the church. 'Five guineas!' cried the unhappy widower in amazement, 'five guineas!—Sir,—you must be mistaken; the sum is out of all reason.' The minister assured him that it was a rule of his college, and refused to listen to an offer of fifteen shillings, which Mr. Twistall declared were ten more than he thought to have given. In short, the negotiation was broken off, and a day appointed for the minister to attend and perform the last sad and mournful office to Mrs. Twistall's remains, which were doomed to repose in whatever part of the churchyard the sexton chose to fix on.

"The clergyman was punctual in his attendance, and partook of an excellent breakfast with Mr. Twistall, who, as soon as it was ended, leaned out of the window and asked, 'Is she in?—are you sure she is in? Then, sir, I am ready to attend you.'

"On this melancholy journey he remarked what great improvements were carrying on, and how much better Oxford looked of late: and when he had seen that the cold and greedy earth had fair possession of the object of his earliest love, he made the minister a low bow, and said 'Sir, I am very much obliged to you.'

"I laughed just now at the answer the young lady with whom he dances, returned to a proposal of marriage which he made as he concluded the set, in a whisper.—'Sir,' she said, 'it would cost you more than fifteen shillings to have the ceremony performed, and I do not like the air of Port Meadow.'

"Before we acquit the assembly," continued the dæmon, "it will not be amiss to take a look at those who amuse themselves with cards. At the first table are three gentlemen and a lady playing at casino. He who has the honour of being partner to the female is a delegate of the university. The morals of many and the consciences of a few are in his keeping: celibacy and chastity are for ever in his mouth, —he recommends them to the observance of his pupils, as a considerate father to his inexperienced children. A few days since, while descanting with his usual eloquence on one of these his favourite topics, he was abruptly called away into another room; where a young girl celebrated for a pair of fascinating black eyes waited to present him with a fine child.

"On the other side of the table is a bachelor with a face paler than ashes: his modesty is so much in his way, that he cannot be prevailed on to take a glass of wine in company, though he takes four or five occasionally in a physical shape; and last night, perhaps taking an over-dose, fell into the society of some washerwomen, with whom he was discovered at day-break this morning drinking a sober cup of tea.

"The third is a man who flatters himself that he shows no little taste and discrimination in affirming that the Samson Agonistes of Milton surpasses any production of Shakspeare. He is a lecturer, therefore enforces his opinion with some weight. I wish,

signor, you were sufficiently acquainted with the authors in question, and their works, that you might be convinced of the genius and spirit of this gentleman's discovery.

"Pray observe his neighbour with the shining countenance, whose face is supported by three tiers of chin from communicating with his rotundity of stomach. He says he is very abstinent, and cannot account for his corpulence, forgetting the excellence of the college ale.

"Look at that reverend gentleman who has just risen from the table: his history and adventures have lately been rather interesting. Having waited many years as a fellow of a college in almost daily expectation of a living; at an advanced age he at length obtained the first object of his wishes. The second was a wife; and the gentleman having nearly reached his fiftieth year, began to be seriously afraid that his entrance into the pale of matrimony, if delayed any longer, would not be productive of his third wish—an heir.

"Impatient of delay, he eagerly seized the first opportunity that presented itself, and commenced Benedick.

"Some few weeks after the eventful day of wedlock, the still enraptured bridegroom received an epistle to this effect:

"'Reverend sir,

"'Hearing you have married Miss Grace Quickly, this comes to inform you, that you have thereby become liable for her debts incurred during her last lying-in at my house; —will thank you to remit as per bill, and to say if I shall send the child to you. Your humble servant,

"'LUCRETIA COUPLER.'"

There is some pleasing poetry in these volumes, much above the style of what is commonly found in novels. The French translation of the song of *Miss Baillie* is well done; and the following is a very successful imitation of old English composition:—

THE CURSE OF CURSES.

When harvest week hath slowly sped,
And poor folks scantily are fed,
And weeping mothers hang the head
While younkers ask in vain for bread;
Then famine is a curse,
Algates there is a worse;
And if ye tell it not, ye are but young,
It is the flytinge of a woman's tongue.

When war the bloody signal rears,
And sickles yield to biting spears,
And bodies be withouten biers,
And fields are wonne by widows' tears;
Then war it is a curse,
Algates there is a worse,
And if, &c.

When sickness hangs i' th' tainted air,
And cunning leeches useles are,
And death, relentless, will not spare
Or lusty youth or beauty rare;
Then plague it is a curse,
Algates there is a worse,
And if, &c.

As a specimen of his serious composition we select the following:—

"Tudor," continued Rhydisel, "arrived at the house of Llannau a few minutes after the Llewelyns had with the greatest silence and secrecy, as they thought, conveyed off Mary; and the first person he saw was an old housekeeper, who had just discovered her loss, wringing her hands and crying out, (not knowing for what reason she had been removed) 'They have carried away my dear mistress.'—'Where? Who?' exclaimed Tudor. 'They went this way,' said she, pointing towards Brynallan; which, as she spoke, burst into flames, and continued blazing with the greatest fury and impetuosity. At this she shrieked aloud, and, alarming the rest of the servants by her cries, caused a scene of uproar and dismay, which served only as a prelude to the horrors that were about to happen.

"Every one, as soon as aware of the conflagration, ran precipitately towards it, without listening to the questions or threats which Tudor (raving about the house) continued applying to them all. He raged, swore, invoked heaven and hell to no purpose, until he had wrought himself up to the highest pitch of phrensy;—then rushing out of the house, he ran unconsciously towards the centre of general confusion.

"It was now about the second hour of morning, and the spirits of the air, with Meresin at their head, still driving before them the exhalations of the western ocean, continued to add

fury to the storm that had never ceased during the night, and to threaten all nature with the convulsion of its elements.

"Richard and Madoc, with Mary in their arms, had arrived within a hundred paces of the house when they saw it on fire. Their father was then ill with the gout, confined to his room, and incapable of moving. At the first sight, the danger of Llewelyn flashed on the minds of his sons, who without a moment's delay left Mary, exposed as she was to the inclemency of the weather, in the hands of her brother, and ran to the house. They arrived too late;—every avenue was so occupied by flames and smoke, that no one could enter it; and the servants, who on the first alarm had thought solely of their own safety and made an expeditious retreat, now persisted with them in vain and ineffectual attempts to get at the chamber of the old man.

"In the mean while the son of Llannau still supported his sister, and endeavoured to inspire her with hope and confidence. Tudor, in his madness, came near them:—he heard a voice uttering sounds, among which he distinguished the name of 'Mary,' expressed in a tone of endearment, and curses coupled with his own.—While he yet listened, a flash of light from the burning house betrayed them to his view:—the robber's sword was still in his hand; he sprang on Llannau, and, aiming a thrust at him with it, buried the point in the bosom of Mary.

"'Monster,' exclaimed the son of Llannau, 'inhuman, barbarous fiend, you have murdered my sister!' and as he spoke, grasping the arm of Tudor, who endeavoured to extricate it, he flung him on the ground, and wresting the sword out of his hand, whilst he kept him there by kneeling on his breast, with repeated blows stabbed him to the heart.

"When his enemy ceased to struggle he got up, and, thinking that his sister might not be mortally wounded, ran with the bloody sword in his hand to the flames, calling out, 'Murder! —help!—Richard Llewelyn,—your wife is slain,—come quickly, lest she bleed to death before we can assist her.' Every one shuddered at the sight, and avoided him; his face and garments were covered with blood—his hair stood erect with horror and consternation; and the blaze of Brynallan glaring on his ghastly countenance, represented him to the bystanders as the lowest fiend of the abyss—the dæmon of death and hell —the merciless Abaddon. His cry struck on the ear of Richard, who with Madoc having applied a ladder to their father's apartment had ascended, and were now seen at the window endeavouring to thrust Llewelyn through it, and supplicating some one to receive him on the outer side. This shocking spectacle banished from the mind of Llannau every other consideration:—dropping the sword, he ran to their relief, and mounted the ladder in an instant, followed by several others who crowded to assist in the rescue of their friend and master. Llannau was already at the top leaning through the aperture to get a better hold of him, by this time almost suffocated with the smoke, and incapable of any exertion, when the floor of the room gave way, and he never quitting his grasp was dragged through the window, and precipitated with Llewelyn into the burning ruins: at the same moment the ladder, bending beneath the weight of so many persons who were pressing forward to save him as well as the others, broke in two, and fell with them to the ground.

"Madoc, who had sat across the wall at the base of the window, to assist his father's delivery, seeing these fall, made a catch at his brother, who was likewise falling, and held him until he secured himself in the same manner.

"The fire still continued to rage beneath them as they sat already dreadfully burnt, and expecting to be smothered in the flames every instant. The people below forming a ring, and joining their hands, called out to them to jump into their arms,—and Madoc was hastening to obey them,—but, in a moment recollecting his brother, he begged him to save himself, and, seizing hold of him, in a manner compelled him to spring forward. Those below, whose eyes were fixed on the brothers, having caught him without the least accident, set up a shout of

joy, in which Madoc, seeing that Richard was safe, participated by waving his arm over his head in a sort of frantic triumph. At the next moment, while they were again forming the ring to catch him also, another part of the building fell in, and produced a tremendous eruption of flames and smoke, by which he was obscured from their view, and when it cleared away he was no more to be seen.

"I cannot express to you the state of Richard's mind at this last horrible sight. He was carried away to a neighbouring cottage completely distracted, where his life and intellects were long despaired of. However, he is now, at times, awake to a sense of his misery, and feels (unhappy youth!) that he is the innocent cause of all this fatal tragedy. The beacon of assurance which he requested might be set up for Mary was the torch that lighted the funeral pile of his father—of his friend Llannau, who died in attempting to preserve him—and of the gallant Madoc, who sacrificed his life to his brother's safety. The recollection of Mary and the unfortunate Tudor, who fell, the one a victim for him—the other to his own impetuosity, (to authorise and encourage which so many untoward events concurred) now presses heavy on his mind, and often animates him to phrensy: and, as if the measure of his woes was not full, he has learnt lately the death of old Llannau, whose intellects sufficed only to understand the wretched fate of his children.

"Richard Llewelyn is the last of his family and friends, the wretched survivor of a scene of ruin, death, and horror; which would have been prevented by an earlier declaration of his passion for Mary, and probably if she had withheld that one fatal confession of her love of him. He travels with the curate of his native village, who has the charge of him since his occasional insanity, and has brought him here to settle his own and his brother's accounts in the university. The day he spends in a kind of melancholy stupor; and, when all others are retired from observation and interruption, in the silence of night he resigns himself to the bitterness of his grief, and submits to the dominion of his agonised feelings."

From these extracts the reader will easily infer that the *Devil in Oxford* ranks somewhere above the diurnal spawn of novel writers.

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

*ODE TO SADI.

Paraphrased by Ensign Wilkes, 1788.

COME, gentlest† breeze of the morn,
And whisper the source of my care;
Say what beauties that idol adorn,
Yet tell how she's cruel as fair.

How her musk-shedding locks thro' the grove
Their ravishing fragrance diffuse;
How you rifle the lips of my love,
And the sweets of the season refuse!

How her smiles scatter bliss o'er the plain,
While slighted and hapless I rove,
With the bird of the eve‡ to complain,
And warble the sorrows of love.

Yet, gentlest breeze, when you go,
Fresh fragrance to cull from her treasures,
Should she melt at the tale of my woe,
Ah! whisper in tenderest measures.

How with truth and with ardor I love,
Yet the secret I dare not impart;
How each accent I breathe thro' the grove,
But re-echoes the throb of my heart!

* This poetical trifle was found among the papers of a gentleman, who had resided long in India, indorsed as in the title; and although the editor possesses no farther information on the subject, he he has no doubt that it is a juvenile production of the author of "Historical Sketches of the South of India," &c.

The learned essay, inserted in a preceding page, on the writings of Sadi, will rescue them from the character of being *forced* and *constrained*, as ascribed to them by a Persian scholar, in a note of the last volume of the Register; and the little piece before the reader may have a like tendency to the same end.

† Is it necessary to apologise for the young poetaster giving two syllables the measure of three?

‡ Sadi, and all Persian poets, distinguish the nightingale as the bird of the morning; but this deviation from the original was necessary, in giving him an English dress.

Then change, hollow blast of the morn,
To the wailings of Sadi's despair;
Sing the dirge of a maniac forlorn,
To an idol that's cruel as fair.

NELSON—A DIRGE.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

SAW ye the streets when NELSON died,
When his funereal train drew near,
The troops arrang'd on every side,
The people gazing in the rear?

I saw the streets when NELSON died:
When his funereal car drew near,
Not one brave heart but deeply sigh'd,
Not one fair cheek without a tear.

A nation's grief bedew'd his grave;
Devotion mourn'd him as her own;
For, in the battle, truly brave,
He fear'd th' OMNIPOTENT alone!

O! how it sooth'd the Hero's shade,
Though weeping still at Trafalgar,
When in the grave his dust was laid
With all the pride and pomp of war!

Intomb'd in yonder hallow'd fane,
With requiems due his ashes rest;
Archangels, with a solemn strain,
Inshrin'd his spirit with the blest!

NELSON! to men and angels dear,
Thy name shall never, never die!
Britain embalms it with a tear,
And Fame records it with a sigh!

TO ANACREON MOORE.

SWEET Poet! whose light, and whose elegant lay,
Can enliven the lapse of a wintry day!
Oh! lend me thy spirit, thy magical lyre!
One spark from its beams of poetical fire,
Would kindle for ages my juvenile lays,
And win for my brow the sweet garland of praise!

But, no!—'tis alone the clear brilliance of Moore,
Even age can admire, and youth may adore;
The smile of delight, and the blush of the fair,
At once he can mingle with extacy's tear,
And feminine vanity whispers *that this*,
To the soul of *a Poet*, is exquisite bliss!

ANNA VICTORIA.

Sept. 4, 1812.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

AFRICAN SOCIETY.

IN the Sixth Annual Report of the Directors of the African Society, there is some singular and important information respecting the yet existing traffic in human beings. It will be scarcely credited by the public, that, during the year 1810, not fewer than between seventy and eighty thousand Negroes were transported as slaves from the Western coast of Africa to the opposite shores of the Atlantic. This enormous traffic (says the Report) was chiefly confined to that part of the African coast which lies between Cape Palmas and Bengulla. The naval force stationed in that quarter had succeeded in nearly destroying the trade to the northward of Cape Palmas, and it was the opinion of a late English commander (Capt. Columbine), that it would have been in his power to have delivered the whole of that district from its ravages, had not the Portuguese settlement of Bissao intervened, and furnished the slave traders with a point from which they could carry slaves without the risk of capture. The effect which has resulted has become obvious in its immediate vicinity; for an intelligent officer, who lately visited Rio Grande, at the mouth of which Bissao is situated, describes the devastation that had taken place along the banks of that river as almost exceeding belief. He distinctly states, that the country on both banks was quite unpeopled by the slave trade. —Though the Portuguese take a share in this traffic, yet it appears that the greater proportion is either British or American trade, conducted under the flags of Spain and Portugal. —A great number of the coasters are American vessels, and manned by the subjects of the United States, who avail themselves of the Spanish and Portuguese flags. An abstract has been transmitted, however, to the American Secretary of State, of the captains' and vessels' names, their tonnage, &c. in order that a prosecution may be instituted against the offenders. The Directors say that they have made frequent representations to Government on this subject.

What will Mr. Wilberforce say to this mock abolition, to which Mr. Pitt

used to lend his specious talents, and Mr. Fox all his candour and sincerity? How long will a government command the support of any man of character or respectability, when the implied laws of justice and humanity, as well as the express laws of the land, are thus violated with shameless impunity?

FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

Fall of Aerolites, near Toulouse, France.

The following relation was lately laid before the Imperial Institute by Senator Chaptal:—

"On the 10th of April, 1812, at six minutes past eight in the evening, the night being very dark, the atmosphere was on a sudden illuminated by a whitish light, sufficient to see to read by, which lasted about 15 seconds, and disappeared gradually. Two minutes and a half afterwards, a considerable detonation was heard, resembling the explosion of a mine, and followed by a commotion so strong, that several persons thought it was an earthquake. At Gailloe and at Alby it was supposed that the powder magazine at Toulouse had blown up.—Some minutes after this explosion the sky cleared up, and the stars appeared. Two days afterwards it was known at Toulouse that meteoric stones had fallen, six leagues from that city, in the commune of Burgau, in the department of the Upper Garonne, and in that of Savenes, department of Tarn and Garonne.

"According to the account of M. Filhol, a distinguished physician at Grenade, near Borgau, and that of the Curate of Savenes, it appears that a great brightness was seen, like that of a rocket, and a number of explosions heard like a rolling fire of musquetry, which lasted several minutes, gradually died away, and was followed by a confused noise from the north-west. Soon after was heard a whistling of bodies passing through the air, like stones thrown from a sling; the detonation and rolling noise was from the south-west to the north-east.—Several of these aerolites fell at Pechmeja, at a farm on the side of a wood; one of them upon the house, breaking through the tiles, and bending the laths that supported them. Another fell on the threshing floor, and was picked up by the farrier; another fell by the side of Gourdas, and several on the side of Seucourien, and one at La Praderes, near Savenes. The utmost distance between the places where they were observed to fall was 4000 toises (about four and a half English miles). The different specimens brought to Toulouse weighed from six to eight ounces. They are not whole, and have all of them a part of their surface of a blackish colour, and, as it were, carbonaceous. In the interior they are grey, and resemble the stones that fell at Aigle, but appear to contain a much greater quantity of metallic substance. Their specific gravity is 3813. The number of these stones seems to have been very considerable, but the darkness of the night, and the alarm of the spectators, probably prevented many of them from being found."

VARIETIES, LITERARY & PHILOSOPHICAL,

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

IN the press, Prophetic Records of the Christian Era, sacred, moral, and political. In a chronological series of striking and singular anticipations of the future state of Christendom, principally from the application of holy writ to the leading features of history; indicating the near approaching period of universal peace and prosperity, &c. &c. By the Rev. R. Clarke, A.M.

The African Institution have announced their intention to publish the last Journals received from Mr. Park, with the narrative of Isaac, for the benefit of Mr. Park's widow.

An Account of a Tour through Ireland during the present Summer, by Mr. John Barnard Trotter, author of the Memoirs of Mr. Fox, is preparing for publication.

Catalogue Raisonné of the earliest printed Books, by the Rev. Mr. Dibdin, is in the press. This work will

contain, at least, 150 copper-plates and wood-cut engravings, and form three volumes super royal octavo.

A work in six languages, under the title of an Iconological Gazette, has just made its appearance at Vienna, adapted to the use of children, with the text, in six languages, viz. German, French, Italian, Hungarian, and modern Greek, accompanied with plates.

Mr. William Earle has announced a new and comprehensive Topographical Survey of Great Britain, drawn from the best authorities, and from actual survey. Each county is to be comprised in the compass of a volume octavo.

In the press, Dr. Cogan's first volume of Theological Disquisitions, treating of the characteristic excellencies of the Jewish dispensation.

The Travels of Professor Lichtenstein, in Southern Africa, during 1803, 4, 5, and 6, translating from the German by Miss Anne Plumptre, will form one volume in quarto.

Mr. W. Jaques has in the press a Guide to the Reading and Study of the Holy Scriptures, translated from the Latin of Augustus Herman Franck, with a life of the author, critical notes, and a rotation of books proper for the biblical student.

Mr. Bradford, of Wellington, is engaged upon a history of that place from the earliest times.

M. Lechenault, the botanist, attached to the expedition of discovery of the celebrated D'Entrecasteaux, has afforded the first scientific account of the celebrated Upas tree of Java.

In the press, a work upon the Prophecies, entitled, England Safe and Triumphant, or Researches into the Apocalyptic Little Book. By the Rev. Frederic Thurston, M.A.

Preparing for publication, a Collection of curious and interesting Letters, transcribed from the Bodleian Library, with biographical and literary illustrations. By the editor of Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine.

Dr. Pye Smith, of Homerton, will shortly publish Nine Sermons by the late celebrated Dr. Watts, which have never appeared in print; with an introductory preface.

Mr. Thom, author of the History of Aberdeen, intends to publish The Annals of Pedestrianism, containing an account of Capt. Barclay's extraordinary performances, and various anecdotes of sporting men.

Among the manuscripts preserved in the royal library of Naples, there is one entitled *Menuni Monachi de Pulsibus*, the publication of which, according to the opinion of the learned, may be of great utility. All the manuscripts contained in this magnificent establishment, it is said, will be successively sent to the press.

A literary Greek, named Demetrios Alexandrades, is now publishing a political, literary, and commercial journal, at Paris, the title of which is The Greek Telegraph. It appears once a week, and is printed on two sheets.

A list of the order of the Jesuits resident in Russia has been lately published; it is entitled, *Catalogus Sociorum et officiorum Societatis Jesu in Imperio Russia ex anno* 1810 *in annum* 1811. It is well known that this society, when suppressed in the catholic states of Europe, found an asylum in Russia, where it was well received by the Empress Catherine. The Superior General has been, since the year 1805, Father Thadæus Brzozwzki; the assistants are the fathers Antoine Lustiyq, Edward Desperamus, Jerome Wichert, and John Hochbichler; the secretary of the society is the father Joseph Korecki, and the procureur-general, the father Cajetan Angiolini. The society has several colleges, and different missions. The number of its members is 340; they are of all countries.

In the press, a Reformed Communion Office, with an introductory discourse for explaining the true scriptural nature and the primitive use and design of that Christian rite, commonly styled the Eucharist, or Lord's Supper.

Shortly will be published, Prejudice and Misrepresentation detected and exposed; with reasons for not being a Trinitarian. By Richard Wright.

In the press, Rokeby, a poem in six cantos, by Walter Scott, Esq. in quarto.

An edition of the works of the Rev. William Romaine, including original

letters and his correspondence, in six volumes octavo, will shortly be published.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

During the last year, Mr. Blomfield, one of the students of Gosport, was sent to Malta: he is there applying himself to the Italian language, as well as to the modern Greek. He is soon to proceed to Zante. He says, the Greek and Italian Testaments sent there were well received, and that more are wanted. Many have also been sent from Malta to Sicily, Tunis, Smyrna, Constantinople, &c.

M. Morrison, missionary of China, has sent to England three copies of a beautiful edition of the Acts of the Apostles in the Chinese, printed by him at Canton. He has begun to translate the book of Genesis.

In the press, at Venice, by the learned Greek, Anthimos Gazi, a Dictionary of the Hellenistic Language, in a small folio of three volumes, nearly 2000 pages in each. The basis of this work is the Lexicon of Henry Stephens. The author is a native of Thessaly, and archimandrite of the Greek church at Vienna. He is also editor of *Hermes o Logios*, 'Hermes the Instructed,' the expense of which is partly borne by the Philological Society of Bucharest, intended to promote the cultivation of science in the modern Greek language, &c.

A painter at Osnabruck asserts, that he has invented a new kind of painting, which he terms *à l'excaustique*; it may be rendered solid by being exposed to the heat of an oven, and on that account wood only is to be used as a basis for receiving the colours.

The directors of the Opera at Vienna have announced two prizes of 200 ducats each: the first for the best poem in the nature of a lyric tragedy, the other to the best comic opera.

M. Frederic Sickler, a German traveller, has recently published at Rome 'A Map of the Antiquities in its Environs, from Terracina to Ceri, Ostia, and Subiaco.' This map shews correctly the situation of more than 100 ancient cities, nearly three hundred Roman villas, and a great number of sacred woods and temples, in the Campagni di Rome; also, the scenes of sixty-seven great battles, and seven principal camps. This map, three feet four inches high by two wide, is accompanied by an illustration of four sheets.

M. Palmiroli, of Rome, has transferred to canvas the beautiful picture painted in *fresco* by Daniel da Volterra, on the walls of the church of Santa Trinita de Monti. Heretofore all endeavours to transfer pictures painted in *fresco* on walls appeared to be hopeless. M. Palmiroli has, however, proved the contrary, though he preserves his method as a secret.

As M. Guillemeau, a French military surgeon, who resides at Niott, was lately on his way, about four o'clock in the evening, to his country house, in the Commune of Echivé, he heard a noise resembling that of the flight of a vast number of pigeons, it appeared to be coming from the south-east, towards the place where he was. He was suddenly assailed by a gust of wind, which, though extremely violent, did not move a blade of corn in a field from which he was not more than two paces distant. The atmosphere was neither overcast nor humid, but the earth where he stood was much agitated. The dust, together with a multitude of pebbles, some of them as large as peas, was swept rapidly from the ground into vortexes, shaped liked inverted cones. By these M. Guillemeau was assailed, but got clear of them in a few seconds, when he heard in the air, towards the north-east, and at about the height of fifty or sixty toises, a loud noise, resembling the report of two pieces of heavy artillery discharged at nearly the same time.—The French naturalists are much perplexed in their endeavours to account for this phenomenon.

A person in Paris has invented what he calls a *swimming vest*, by the aid of which an individual who does not know how to swim, may bear himself up even in the roughest sea, and have his limbs as free as in his ordinary garments. The inventor has advertised his intention to make a public experiment of the utility of his *vest* at the *swimming* school in Paris, after having previously given a satisfactory proof that he is unable to swim without it.

A country correspondent writes, that a very wholesome breakfast may be obtained for the small sum of three pence at the utmost. 'I have used it for the last three months, viz. one ounce of ground rice (in London it may be obtained for one penny) mixed up with a pint of boiling water, and boiled over a slow fire for five minutes; to which add a little coarse sugar, and it is excellent For the labouring man I know not how this will suffice, but for those who have not much hard work it is really sufficient.'

On the Beauty of the Jewish Females. From a Leipsic Journal.—M. Clenard, in his Letters, makes some remarks upon the beauty of the Jewish women at Fez and Morocco. The same qualification is ascribed to those of Avignon in the south of France. Winkleman, in his history of the arts, assures us, that formerly the form and countenance of the Jewish females were of a description to afford very fine models. He observes, with Joseph Scaliger, that among their posterity no flat noses are to be found. To this he might have added what the Senator Gregoire remarks of the resemblance of the Jewish children to their parents, which is much more frequent among them than other descriptions of people. In more modern times the beauty of two Jewesses has excited particular notice. One of them, named Esther, was beloved by Casimer King of Poland. One mile from Kasimir, the suburb of Cracow, the monument is to be found which bears her name. The other, Rachel, was the mistress of Alphonso VIII, King of Castile. This monarch having published an edict, prohibiting the Jews from the exercise of their religion, the Rabbins gave their advice, that some young females should be sent to Court, to advocate their cause. Rachel being chosen for this purpose, the King, fascinated with her beauty, immediately revoked the offensive edict.

A gentleman of Reading has discovered a method of making closure bricks, which admit of separation into four parts, without trouble or waste, and which, notwithstanding, leaves the ends square and handsome for work. This is effected by means of a wire, which cuts three-fourths through the middle of the brick, after it has been moulded a day or two. The additional expense of dividing is about 2s. per 1000, and the saving, in brickwork and labour, is very considerable. These bricks are particularly useful for small piers, chimneys, ornamental work, &c.

The Emperor of Russia has directed the formation of a commission to examine the state and situation of the inhabitants of Japan. Captain Krusenstern, the circumnavigator, is nominated a member of the commission.

In the *Journal Encyclopedique*, for 1781, is the following instance of life supported without sleep, food, or even drink, which exceeds that of Ann Moor, of Tutbury, in Staffordshire:—"There is living, in the village of Dernningen, in the territory of the town of Rothwell, a woman, named Mary Mutchler, of the age of fifty, married, and a catholic, who, for more than seven years, has neither drank, nor eaten, nor slept. She lies in bed, her body doubled; she has her reason entire, and employs herself, night and day, in the reading of books of piety, and continues often, for hours together, in contemplation or meditation on what she has read."

A new Philosophical Society has recently been established in Dublin. Its object is to promote the cultivation of chemistry, mineralogy, and other branches of natural history—its attention will be confined to these pursuits.

A patent metallic life-boat, on pneumatic and hydrostatic principles, that will neither sink nor overset, yet serve all the ordinary purposes of ships' boats, either for rowing or sailing, has been tried at London Bridge, on the ebb-tide, during the time of the greatest fall, with her crew on board, and filled with water; when she passed through with the greatest safety, and discharged a considerable portion of the water purposely put into her.

Caution respecting Fires.—A correspondent recommends all persons concerned in business, in which unctuous or oily matter is boiled, to have constantly in readiness a quantity of dry earth or sand, which being thrown into the cauldron, if by any accident

it takes fire, will speedily suppress the flame, when water will spread and increase it. It may, at the same time, be observed, that this proceeding will not injure the substance, as they are readily disengaged by pouring thereon boiling water, which will cause the earth or sand to descend to the bottom, and leave the tallow, &c. pure. The same observation applies also to varnish, and various other melting and inflammatory substances.

A new comet was observed at Paris on the 1st of August. It was first perceived from the observatory at Marseilles on the 20th of July. The comet appears between the feet of the Griffin and the head of the Lynx: it is not perceptible without the aid of glasses.

There is, at present, in the possession of W. M. Hailes, Esq. of Spottes, a most beautiful Roman *Aureus*, of pure gold, struck in the reign of bloody Nero. The countenance of him whom Pliny has not improperly denominated 'the common enemy and fury of mankind,' is, even to the minute feature of the eye, undiminished in original character and perfection. Around the Emperor's head are these words, 'Augustus Nero Cæsar,' and on the reverse, 'Jupiter custos,' encircling a figure of a *Jupiter fulminans*, also in very fine preservation.

Fiorin Grass.—Lord Headley and Mr. Daltry, professor in Hertford college, Oxford, have viewed Mr. M'Naghton's (knight for the shire of Antrim) fiorin meadow, Beardiville. It is said to be superior to any crop ever raised by Dr. Richardson, and much astonished the gentlemen by its luxuriance. The soil is peaty moor, the meadow contains several acres, gave an immense crop last year, and is expected to produce ten tons of dry hay, to the English acre, this season; two tons more than either the Bishop of Derry or Dr. Richardson have yet reached. The hay will not be mowed until November.

The indigo manufactured at Sierra Leone by one of the black settlers, is found to be quite as good in its quality as that which was first brought from the East Indies, when its culture commenced there: on being carefully compared with some East India indigo, which was sold at 4s. 3d. per pound, it proved to be about half the value. This inferiority, however, arises not from any deficiency in the plant producing the dye, but for the want of skill in its manufacture.

A further experiment has been made on the substitute for hemp produced from the leaves of the palm-trees; and its superior strength, as compared with Russian hemp, has been fully ascertained. It is well adapted for various uses, particularly bolting-cloths, and may be obtained in large quantities.

A farmer in Somersetshire states, in a letter to the Society of Arts, that he constructs temporary ricks to secure corn in sheaves, in the fields, till quite dry, as well as clover, peas, and beans, by means of four gate hurdles, two of which he sets on the outside, perpendicular, and two middle ones, inclining against and supporting each other. These hurdles are usually eight feet long; the two heads, in which the four bars are mortised, have pointed ends of about a foot and a half long; the two outside ones are to be forced into the ground, nearly to their full length, so that the middle brace may rest on the ground, to afford some support, and the two middle ones about six inches to keep them steady. Stakes are then placed on the bars, on which the sheaves, &c. rest: they do not take more than five minutes in constructing. The hurdles may be applied to the purpose of temporary hovels for sheep in wet weather.

OBITUARY.

MUNGO PARK.—Early last spring, Sir Joseph Banks received dispatches from Governor Maxwell, at Senegal, containing the journal of Isaac, the native who conducted Mr. Park and his party to the Niger, and who was again sent by Col. Maxwell for farther information concerning them. Isaac returned to Senegal in Autumn last, and having kept a regular and minute journal of his daily proceedings, there is now,

unfortunately, but little room to doubt the correctness of his narrative. Isaac saw at Lansandin (a few miles on this side of the extreme point of Mr. Park's former journey) the guide who had conducted him down the Niger, beyond Haoussa, who stated that shortly after leaving Mungo Park he met with the person who succeeded him as guide, and who acquainted him, that in their progress down that stream, the canoe, in approaching a rapid current, became unmanageable, and was fast approaching towards danger as well as a hostile shore. In this extremity, Europeans and natives leaped overboard, but the guide alone reached the land; the boat went down, and nothing was saved but a buff military belt, belonging to Lieut. Martin, of the African Military Corps, and which Isaac has brought to Senegal. The guide was hardly dealt with by the natives, and said, that had he belonged to a country at enmity with them, he would have lost either his life or liberty. The unfortunate Christians, had they escaped on shore, would probably have lost both.

The following particulars are extracted from *The Edinburgh Review*:

"The last accounts of Mr. Park, from himself, were from Sansanding, on the Niger, whence he transmitted his journal to the government. The Institution are about to publish this immediately, for the benefit of his unfortunate family; and we cannot sufficiently felicitate the public on the propriety with which the care of this publication is committed to the real friends of Africa, instead of being left, like the former travels, to the advocates of the slave trade.* Let us, in passing, intreat every one of the readers of this Review, for the sake of justice and humanity, to contribute their mite to the publication; so that a fund, worthy of the cause in which he fell, may be raised for the family of the most enterprising traveller of the age. Along with Mr. Park's journal, will be published that of Isaac, a native Mahometan, who having accompanied him to Sansanding, was afterwards sent by Governor Maxwell to procure some account of his fate—he returned to Senegal, after an absence of twenty months, and made his report in writing. From it we extract the following account of Mr. Park's death, as given to Isaac, by Amadee-Fatouma, who accompanied him from Sansanding on board a large schooner rigged canoe, in which he had undertaken the navigation of the river to its mouth. Amadee-Fatouma accompanied him till two or three days after he had reached the kingdom of Ha-

Next day," says he, "Mr. Park departed, and I slept in the village (Yaour). Next morning I went to the king, to pay my respects to him. On entering the house, I found two men, who came on horseback, they were sent by the Chief of Yaour. They said to the king, 'We are sent by the Chief of Yaour, to let you know that the white men went away without giving you or him (the Chief) any thing; they have a great many things with them, and we have received nothing from them; and this Amadee-Fatouma, now before you, is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you both.' The king immediately ordered me to be put in irons, which was accordingly done, and every thing I had taken from me; some were for killing me, and some for preserving my life. The next morning, early, the king sent an army to a village called Boussa, near the river's side. There is before this village a rock, across the whole breadth of the river; one part of the rock is very high: there is there a large opening in that rock, in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass thr[illegible] the tide current is here very strong; the army went and took possession of the top of this opening.—Mr. Park came there after the army had posted itself; he nevertheless attempted to pass. The people began to attack him; throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr. Park defended himself for a long time: two of his slaves, at the stern of the canoes, were killed; they threw every thing they had in the canoe into the river, and kept firing; but being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, and no probability of esca-

* The first volume was edited, and in part written by Bryan Edwards.

ping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men, and jumped into the water: Martin did the same, and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons at the canoe, stood up and said to them, 'Stop throwing now; you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me.' They took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the king.

"I was kept in irons three months, the king then released me, and gave me a female slave. I immediately went to the slave taken in the canoe, who told me in what manner Mr. Park and all of them had died, and what I have related above."

On the 19th inst. died, deservedly lamented, at his seat at Long Stanton, in the county of Cambridge, in consequence of the wounds which he received by being thrown out of his curricle the preceding Saturday, Sir THOMAS DINGLEY HATTON, Bart. Lieutenant-colonel of the Ely battalion of Local Militia, and a lineal descendant of Lord Chancellor Hatton. —He succeeded to the title upon the death of his brother, about twelve months since, had but just completed the family seat for his residence, and was actively employed in promoting the enclosure of his own and the two adjoining parishes, in which he had a large property. Sir Thomas never having been married, his estates in Cambridgeshire and Essex, which are very considerable, together with his title, descend to Mr. Gardiner, his nephew.

At Oxford, advanced in years, Mr. ISAACS, sen. Being an Israelite, he was immediately placed in a shell, and forwarded to the synagogue in London for interment.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM THEATRE, STRAND.

Rich and Poor.

THIS new comic opera is founded on the comedy of *The East Indian*, and though the characters have very little pretensions to originality, they are generally drawn with spirit, and the plot, though not conducted in the most judicious manner, is entertaining. Rivers, who is held up throughout the play as a model of benevolence and virtue, is made deliberately to give his sanction to the practice of duelling. His wrongs unquestionably are great. A father who has rankling in his bosom the agonising reflection, that a beloved daughter has been seduced from him by a villain, may be expected to lose his reason in his anguish; and therefore to represent him as anxious to call the seducer to a severe account for his conduct may not be unnatural. That in such a case he should appeal to a pistol may be supposable, but in a drama this appeal ought to be marked as the result of *passion*, not of *reason*. It should be represented as a weakness incident to our nature, but it ought not to be sanctioned as a *duty*, by being associated with exalted virtue, superior intelligence, and calm reflection. The music, by Mr. Horne, is pleasing and appropriate.

The Privateer.

THIS is an alteration from Cumberland's comedy of *The Brothers*, from which the extraneous matter is now expunged, and all the excellent scenes in the comedy are retained, and by being thus condensed, the effect of the whole is heightened, and consequently the drama is considerably improved. The songs are introduced with judgment, and the music, by H. Smart, has claims to praise. The acting throughout was excellent. Nothing could exceed the justice which Fawcett did to the admirably well drawn character of *Captain Ironsides*; and the *Sir Benjamin Dove* of Lovegrove could not be excelled. Mrs. Sparks in *Lady Dove*, and Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Orger, and Miss Kelly, were anxious to give the greatest possible effect to the opera, and it is but justice to say, that their endeavours were perfectly successful. The opera was announced for a second representation with the greatest applause.

Jack and Jill.

THIS harlequinade, the bantling of the English Opera Company, contains some good mechanical changes, and the usual number of kicks and tumbles were inflicted on the clown and pantaloon. The lover's head was broken a dozen times with vast applause before the piece was done.—The piece, however, begins with an incident in a well known nursery poem, when

> Jack and Jill
> Go up the hill
> To fetch a pail of water;

but there the inventor of the pantomime forsakes his author; for Jack and Jill soon after become Harlequin and Columbine, and are hunted and harassed, according to custom, all through the piece.

Spanish Patriots a Thousand Years ago.

THIS very trifling production has made its appearance at this theatre. The name of it was sufficiently promising to attract a tolerable auditory, because it announced something to which every British heart vibrates—the patriotism of Spain. But, when we allude to its name, we have nothing else to say about it on the score of its merits. It was like an excessively stupid book, with a well-chosen title-page. The story is founded on some incidents in the life of 'Pelagio,' the famous Spaniard who was mainly instrumental in defending Leon and the Asturias against the Moors. *Pelagio*, after deeds of chivalrous valour, was supposed by the Spaniards to be a prisoner in the enemy's hands, while, in fact, his life had been attempted by a Spaniard, one Don *Guzman*, who left the killing of him to his friend *Ramira*. The latter, however, spares his life on his swearing not to discover himself. *Pelagio*, disgusted by the baseness of his subject *Guzman*, and feeling all the sacred obligation of his oath, pursues a life of retirement as a hermit on the borders of a lake. Things are so managed, that *Ramira*, his saviour, discharges him from his oath; and, after some persuasion, he is induced to re-assert his kingly dignity, which he does in an assembly of the Cortes, in presence of the Saracenic ambassador, who comes with a fabricated letter professing to be from *Pelagio*, resigning his crown and dignity to the invaders. Every thing is strained to accommodate the whole story to the circumstances of Ferdinand the Seventh's captivity: but it is a poor compliment to the patriotism, perseverance, and valour of our peninsular allies, to represent their merits and sufferings in such a style of authorship as this piece is written in. To enter into criticisms on this opera, would be to 'break a butterfly upon a wheel.' The author, we learn, is an Irish gentleman, of the name of Code. Much was expected from the music, as Sir John Stevenson was the composer, who is said to be of no mean name in Dublin. The airs were very pretty; but there is nothing in them plaintive or bewitching—grand, striking, or novel. It is but justice to add, after all, that the piece was very favourably received, and announced for a second representation. Miss Luppino, and two other girls, were introduced in a dance, in which they acquitted themselves excellently.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The Fortune Hunters.

THE following is the plot of this new comedy:—Ranter endeavours to improve his fortune by marriage, while Miss Dorothy Manners is resolved to gain a husband upon any terms. Charles Oliver becomes enamoured with Maria; and James, his servant, is wedded to Miss Fritter, each being deluded under the impression that they were gaining a fortune. Mr. Oliver is made to arrive at the conclusion of the business, and when his son informs him of his attachment to Maria, the old gentleman undertakes to woo for both parties. Fritter is a walking gentleman, that has but little to say, and less to do. The character of Ranter, though not exactly new, was well supported by Mr. Jones; and the description of his retreat from the Bath Theatre, in which the performance of a celebrated amateur Romeo, was very neatly ridiculed, excited peals of laughter. The most attractive point, however, was the acting of Mr. Matthews as a drunken

valet, in which he exhibited a whimsical but correct knowledge of the effects of inebriety, without being extravagant. Mr. Hewlet is said to have been the author of this drama, which was withdrawn after the fifth night of performance.

Look at Home.

THIS new play is ascribed to the pen of Mr. Eyre; the ground work of the plot is taken from Dr. Moore's novel of Zeluco; as the main feature of the piece is the jealousy of Count Salerno, who by the arts of Cozenza, a courtesan, is led to suspect that Polwitz, a Prussian officer, whom he had always understood to be the brother of his wife, is, in fact, an impostor, who assumes that character for the purpose of dishonouring him. Still all the schemes which he adopts to punish the supposed perfidy of his wife and brother in law, are baffled. Cozenza, at length, becomes the victim of her own wiles, and Julia, the virtuous consort of the vindictive Count, is ultimately set free by a timely divorce.

The serious scenes in this play are relieved by the ridiculous vanity of Count de la Tour, a pert Frenchman, who supposes every woman that looks at him to be smitten by his elegant appearance. Several of his observations which refer to the policy of the present French ruler were extremely well received. The author likewise introduced, as a Scottish tourist, an English buck of the new school, (an adept in boxing and racing); an Irish servant, and a mock virtuoso, whose repartees occasionally created laughter. The characters were, in general, well supported. The comedy went off well, and has since had an excellent run. Mr. Matthews was extremely entertaining as the Count de la Tour, and Mr. Grant personated to the life, Alexander Cameron, a worthy Scotian, travelling for learning and emolument.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

RUSSIA, Spain, and America have been the theatres of action for the last month, and in the scenes they have exhibited, this country has been deeply interested. The views of the French emperor are now completely developed, and success has hitherto crowned all his undertakings. A short time sufficed for overrunning that part of Poland which, by a scheme of atrocious robbery, Russia had appropriated to itself. Here the French troops were refreshed whilst Bonaparte was taking proper steps for the civil arrangement and military defence of his new possessions. The Russian armies were on the frontiers of their country, and their chief feats were the destruction of their own depots. In this part of their military plans, there seems to have been sufficient decision; but as to the management of the campaign, and the fixing of measures according to the attack that might be made by Bonaparte, the cabinet seems to have been entirely unprepared. The strain of the intelligence from Russia was, that their armies would retire, and lay waste all the country between Petersburgh and the French, so that if they advanced, they must fall a sacrifice to famine and the inclemency of the climate.

But Bonaparte had settled on a very different plan for his campaign, formed from an accurate knowledge of the country, through which he was to pass, and its resources. He had secured in Poland ample provision for an army, and he had on one side the Dwina, and the other the Boysthenes, to convey to him the stores of the finest corn country in the world. Wretched as is the face of the country to the north of Russia; on the south it is fertile; and having alarmed the Russians with a faint attempt towards Petersburgh, he rendered futile their plans of defence, by taking a different direction, and marching towards Moscow. Smolensko was in his road, and it will be distinguished in the history of this war, both by the fatal destruction of the town, and the defeat of the Russian army, which in vain endeavoured to defend it.

At Smolensko the furies of war have had an exalted triumph. Bloodshed and murder! The old and the young, the strong and the weak, wo-

men and children, have fallen an indiscriminate prey to the flames, and the sword, and the iron showers. One part of the horrid scene is thus described:—"The town was now on fire. In the middle of a fine August night, Smolensko afford the French a sight similar to that which an irruption of Vesuvius presents to the inhabitants of Naples." On taking possession of the town, it is said that "the houses in the city were filled with Russians, dead and dying."—Thus a city was laid waste in one night; but it is not rendered useless, it seems, to man, there are some houses remaining, and already they are destined to the conqueror's purpose, who favours us with this description of the place:—"Smolensko may be considered as one of the finest cities in Russia. Had it not been for the circumstances of war, which have carried thither fire, and consumed immense magazines of colonial merchandize, and goods of all kinds, this city would have been a grand resource for the army. Even in its present state, it may be of the greatest utility in a military point of view. There are still large houses remaining, which offer fine places for the establishment of hospitals." Thus a city has been destroyed, and in reading the account, the groans of the dying, the miseries, and agonies, and despair of husbands and wives, parents and children, make no impression. Horrid degradation of human nature! Here is a scene for those who are wasting their time on what is called original sin to expatiate upon. Hither turn your eyes, ye divines and politicians, ye who delight in war. Smolensko shews you what man may be brought to by civil institutions. Yet the French will say this was one of the circumstances of war, an inevitable result of the movements of the Russian forces, and the city belonged to our enemy: whether it is in peace or war the destruction of a city by fire, whether by man or accident, is a dreadful calamity; and in the cabinets of princes, before they run the risque of bringing such a calamity on their fellow-creatures, the profit and loss should be weighed in a better balance than what is in general use by modern politicians.

The fate of Smolensko has had a great effect upon the Russian empire, increased by the idle details given of pretended victories over the French, which the most ignorant must see through, when it cannot be kept from them that their enemy is continually advancing. The last accounts placed him to the east of Ghat, and about eighty miles from Moscow, the Russian army having retreated to about fifty miles from that city, and to have there formed an intrenched camp, whilst the inhabitants of Moscow are throwing up lines for the defence of the capital. From the issue of the preceding rencontres we can place but little confidence in their intrenched camp, as the French flushed with victory, and possessing superior skill, will find, it is to be feared, but little resistance from a dispirited foe, the bonds of whose allegiance to their prince are probably but slight, and who can so easily find the way to their own houses. This barrier being broken through, the lines of Moscow will be of little avail, though the Emperor of Russia has sent, to the armed population of that place, a consecrated image of St. Sergius, to contribute to its defence. Alas! poor St. Sergius, he lived before the invention of gunpowder, and even the stupid Russian feels his confidence shaken in such mummery. Moscow is now filled, by the fugitives, whose habitations were on the march of the French, and which were burnt down either by the enemy, or most probably by their savage countrymen.

The future conduct of Bonaparte, at Moscow, may excite many conjectures. Will he make himself emperor of the east, or set up one of his generals on this ancient throne? Will he dethrone the autocrat, or suffer him to reign as a limited monarch in the northern part of his once extended empire? What changes will be made in this barbarous part of the world? Will the degrading system of slavery be permitted to remain, and man be suffered to lord it over man, considering his fellow-creature as scarcely a degree above the beasts on his domains? The mind is lost in the changes made by the mighty monarch, who, like another Sesostris, or Bacchus, or Hercules, is making his tour of the world.

In this confusion of things, in this innovation on ancient order, we na-

turally turn to the autocrat himself, and enquire where he is counteracting the designs of his potent adversary. When Bonaparte entered Poland he was with his armies, but he was soon known to have left them, and to have retired to Petersburg, there to prepare for the defence of the city, raised by the genius of Peter the Great. Here every thing is said to have been in activity, the Russian nobility vying with each other in contributions for the defence of the country. The autocrat himself went farther, and we heard of him at Abo, a maritime town in Finland, waiting the arrival of the Crown Prince of Sweden, who sailed from Stockholm to that place to give him a meeting. There the two princes had a long conference together, the contents of which have not transpired; after which, the Crown Prince returned to Sweden, and the autocrat to Petersburgh.

An obvious remark on this conference is, that whatever plans the princes may have formed, nothing can have been done by them to prevent the entrance of Bonaparte into Moscow. It is imagined that a scheme has been formed for the Swedes to transport, with the assistance of the English in the Baltic, an army into Swedish Pomerania, there to attack the French in their rear. For this, if Bernadotte can be depended upon, the French are doubtless prepared; and if it was the wish of the autocrat to have Swedish troops for the defence of Petersburgh, the call for them seems to have been suspended for the present, by the attack of the French on Moscow. It is not at all improbable that the cabinet of Petersburgh is in complete confusion, and they are depending, at present, on the chapter of accidents.

Bonaparte has acted, and is acting, upon an uniform plan, settled upon great deliberation before he quitted Paris. The secret meetings of the Senate had references to his successes, and they have determined upon another conscription; thus wave follows wave, from Paris to Moscow. In this the French emperor acts in common with all the great conquerors. Whilst the chosen part of his army consists of his peculiar subjects, he unites with them those of all the princes he has subdued, and they act with energy in forwarding his designs. It is amusing, indeed, to read the dispatches of the auxiliary troops. Thus the general of the Bavarians writes to his sovereign; with what distinguished bravery his subjects have conducted themselves in this campaign, and how valiantly they have fought for their country. Poor Bavarians! What has your country to do in this contest? You will add to the triumphs of the mighty monarch, who will never want a pretext for finding you employment. If men fought only for their country, there would be very little fighting in the world.

Triumphant as are the French in Russia, the arms of Bonaparte do not succeed so well in the hands of his generals, who are not under his immediate eye. Spain presents a different appearance. The king, who came too late to be present at the battle of Salamanca, retreated with his small army southward, and where he now is, it is not certain. Most probably he has, by this time, joined the army under Soult, which is increased by that which was in the camp before Cadiz. The victory at Salamanca was followed by important results. The fragments of Marmont's army were driven into the north of Spain, and were incapable of being formed, for some time, into a regular train of action. Having pursued them as far as was thought proper, Marquis Wellington turned round and took possession of Madrid: the French that were left at Buen-retiro, surrendering and giving up an immense quantity of ammunition and stores in that place. The taking of Madrid was of no great consequence in itself, as being an open place, it must fall to the army in possession of the adjacent country. But in a civil point of view the obtaining of the capital might rouse the Spaniards, and the sovereign and the Cortez might issue forth their edicts with greater efficacy. The authority of both was proclaimed and received, it is said, with general joy. How far it was sincere, will be known by the zeal with which the Spaniards join the banners of the victorious Marquis.

The taking of Madrid does not relieve us from all anxiety for our brave

general. He has still many arduous labours to go through. The force of the French in the south is unimpaired, and the talents of Soult are well known. Suchet is also in Valentia in considerable force. Another battle must be fought; and if all who range under the banners of the Marquis were English, we should not have a moment's doubt of the result. At present this country must feel anxiety, which we hope will be removed by an increase of glory to the fame that has already been acquired. The event cannot be long in suspense, though victory will not clear the Peninsula from the foe. Massena is said to be marching with great reinforcements into the north of Spain, where, with the remains of Marmont's army, he will strive to keep possession, at least, of the north of the Ebro; and if any disaster should have befallen us, he will increase it by advancing rapidly into the interior of the country.

While Spain is thus balancing between two masters, its colonies in America are going on rapidly towards independence. The suspense they have been in, has operated completely to the disadvantage of the mother country, so that its supporters, having no common cause to rally round, find the power of the Creoles increasing and claiming independence in so firm a manner, that it cannot long be delayed. The royal cause supported itself the longest in Mexico, but it is now very much straitened, and is confined chiefly to the district adjacent to the town. The errors committed by the mother country are now palpable. She was irritable and violent when she ought to have soothed, and she granted when it was too late. The spirit of faction, as it will be termed by her, has prevailed; but in America it is said, and will be said, why should we submit to the Junta at Cadiz? are we not as competent to manage our own affairs as the Junta of any city of Spain, or a few delegates of a few towns, which may choose to call themselves the Cortez?

War has really taken place between the United States and this country. It is seen in the capture of a vast number of privateers by our ships, and in the surrender of one of our sloops of war, after a most desperate action, to an American frigate, of treble its size and strength. They have also attacked us by land, at the place where we are very vulnerable, and where such an attack was naturally to be expected. An army has marched into Upper Canada, preceded, as is usual, by a manifesto from their general; and the Americans are building a fleet on one of the immense lakes or seas of that country. The warfare will be of a different nature from what prevails in this country. We are not to expect to hear of battles; they will be merely skirmishes; and the inhabitants in those remote regions, widely scattered from each other, will take but little part in the conflict. Already, it is said, that the borderers in one part have agreed not to incommode each other, and this we cannot but consider as a very wise step, whilst their countries are at war. Their little skirmishes will be of no use in the great contest, whilst they produce a considerable quantity of individual and family distress.

Parties run high in the United States. At Boston they have had a meeting, in which, though they allow the right of making war to be in the Congress, and declare the duty of individuals to submit to its decision, yet they speak very strongly against the policy and necessity of the present war. At Baltimore a most disgraceful scene has taken place. A printing press has been destroyed, its defenders were thrown into prison, into which the mob broke, murdered several, and maimed, and dreadfully bruised, and wounded the rest. We shall be curious to see the result of this abominable act. If the sovereign authority connives at it, we may form some judgment of the anarchy that prevails in their government, and shall be prepared for a repetition of similar scenes. Hopes are still held out of a peace, but the work of reconciliation is not so easy as that of prevention. The outward acts of violence will chiefly be committed on the seas, which are said to swarm with American privateers; but this warfare cannot be long; and it is to be hoped, that both parties will see the prudence of coming to a mutual accommodation.

The victory of Lord Wellington has given occasion to the city of London,

of presenting an address of congratulation to the Prince Regent. The motion for it passed unanimously. The eulogies passed on the victorious general were appropriate, and urged, particularly by Mr. Quin, with great eloquence. The remarks, indeed, of this orator deserve great attention. Allowing the utmost merit to the wisdom and valour displayed in the battle of Salamanca, he could not go so far as to say that it gave this country any reasonable hope of ultimate success in the Peninsula, while he saw a whole nation lying in a state of lethargy, from which he had expected that the example of British valour before their eyes, might rouse them into something like activity. The victory proved, however, that a commercial country, like ours, was not enervated by the luxuries supposed to be incidental to such a state, and that it could produce an efficient military force. The valour displayed also by the Portuguese in this action, proved, that from the most abject, sluggish, miserable, and bigotted state, a nation might be recovered and preserved from sinking into ruin, and even raised to its former rank among the nations. Mr. Waithman suggested the propriety of taking advantage of the victory, and the checks experienced by Bonaparte in the North, to obtain an honourable peace, for which the hour of victory, not that of despondency, was the time to apply.

We are happy to see that the object of Mr. Waithman has been attended to in the midland counties, and peace has been prayed for on different grounds, not those of success or defeat, but on the higher principles by which man is bound to his fellow man, to promote the high destination of his birth, instead of worrying each other like bull dogs, and, like children, pelting each other with stones. The meeting consisted of delegates from a great number of religious societies in the counties of Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester; and we wish that such meetings were multiplied; meetings which have for their object the healing of the bleeding wounds of mankind. The men of this world are wiser in their worldly conduct than the children of light. They pursue with eagerness and activity their plans, whilst they who look upon war with the proper detestation, that its name ought to excite in a Christian breast, are contented with deploring its calamities by their fire sides, but will not stir a step to arrest its progress. If every religious meeting in the kingdom had, for the last twenty years, duly considered the nature of war, and of Christ's precepts, to love our enemies, such calamities would not have befallen mankind, as it has been the miserable destiny of our times to witness. But we are brought up in idle Pagan notions upon this subject, and a long time must elapse before the errors of our education are corrected. May the lovers of peace increase, step forward, and announce themselves, not being ashamed of their relationship to him who is emphatically called the Prince of Peace. An attempt was made to introduce the reform of parliament into the petition, but with great propriety resisted.

The parliament is soon to be dissolved, and the members of the House of Commons are now on the alert, returning to their constituents to procure a new lease for services. A considerable change may be expected, and the people have, in several places, an opportunity of shewing their regard to the constitution, by electing such persons as have given good grounds that they will execute, with fidelity, the trust reposed in them. As to the close boroughs they must elect those persons who are imposed upon them by their patrons; and, for the character of the new parliament, we must look to that of these patrons, and not to the trifling weight in the great scale which belongs to towns and counties. The state of the representation is now so well known, that after the decision of the House of Commons in the cases of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Perceval, it would be absurd either to justify it, or to entertain any expectation of future amendment.

Strange hints have, however, been thrown out, that an extraordinary measure is to take place in the new parliament, namely, that if a demise of the crown should take place, by the early death of our present sovereign, the parliament would not be dissolved at the end of six months, but continue its sittings in spite of that event, and

the wise regulations that have been made in reference to it. We will not comment here upon the indelicacy of such a suggestion, nor will we suppose that a parliament could be so forgetful of its duty, as to entertain, for a moment, such a measure. We should be sorry to suppose that such a thought ever entered into the imagination of the present cabinet; for, if it was really grounded upon any authority, it would be incumbent upon the electors to express a strong opinion upon the temerity of those who dared to anticipate such a question. A dissolution of parliament affords an opportunity of forming a good idea of public men and public measures. Mr. Wilberforce resigns his situation for Yorkshire; and if the place is to be obtained only by an expense equal to that of the last election, we cannot but think him perfectly right not to enter into another contest.

We are happy in recording the verdict of a jury at Lancaster assizes, for seven thousand pounds, against the hundred of Salford, in favour of the plaintiff, whose mill was burnt by a mob, during the late disturbances in the North. This is an excellent part of our law, as it compels the honest to come forward in support of their neighbour's property; or, if they are supine and inattentive to the general interest, to contribute to make up the loss which he has sustained. There cannot be a doubt, that if the respectable men of a district would come forward as they ought to do, in the beginning of a riot, all mischievous proceedings would, in general, be prevented; but each man congratulating himself that his own peculiar property is not the object of attack, fears to defend his neighbour, lest his own should also be brought into danger. Often, however, these timid and selfish men find that their guilty prudence is inefficacious, and riot preys on more spoil than was first intended. At any rate, it is right that the hundred should suffer for not protecting its members; and we hope the reimbursement, in this case, is fully adequate to the mischief which was the cause of the verdict.

BOOKS PUBLISHED, SEPTEMBER 1812.

☞ *As this Department will be of great Importance to* AUTHORS *and* BOOKSELLERS, *as well as to Literature in general, it is requested that* NOTICES *of Works may be forwarded as early as possible (free of Postage), which will be regularly inserted.*

BOTANY.

STOKES's Botanical Materia Medica. 4 vols. 8vo. 3l.

DRAMA.

Eyre's Look at Home. A Play, in Three Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. 2s. 6d.

Romeo and Juliet Travesty. In Three Acts. 12mo. 4s.

EDUCATION.

Blomfield Æschyli Septem contra Thebas ad fidem Manuscriptorem emendavit Notas et Glossarium. 8vo. 7s.

An Abridgment of Dr. Oliver's Grammar of the English Language for Schools. 12mo. 3s.

Ward's Reciter: a Work particularly adapted for Schools; consisting of Pieces, moral, religious, and sacred, in Verse and Prose. cr. 8vo. 7s.

Diurnal Readings; being Lessons for every Day in the Year: compiled from the most approved Authorities, and calculated to combine Entertainment with Instruction. 12mo. 6s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Myer's Compendious System of modern Geography. 8vo. 12s.

HISTORY.

Richards's History of Lynn. 2 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.—or large paper, 3l. 3s.

LAW.

Longley's Observations on the Trial by Jury, particularly on the Unanimity required in the Verdict. 1s. 6d.

Holt's Law of Libel; in which is contained a general History of this Law in the ancient Codes. 12s.

Cobbett's complete Collection of State Trials, and Proceedings for High Treason, and other Crimes and Misdemeanors, from the earliest Period to the present Time; with Notes and other Illustrations. Compiled by

T. Howell, Esq. Vol. XV. royal 8vo. 31s. 6d.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL.

A Letter to the Editors of the Monthly Compendium; being a Reply to the Pamphlets of 'Pharmacopola Verus' and 'A True Surgeon.' 2s.

MILITARY.

Bromley's Important Advice recommended to all Officers of the Line and Militia, particularly to Officers going to Spain and Portugal. 1s.

Persecution!! A Narrative of Facts connected with the Military System, and illicit Trade of a Part of the Channel Islands. By G. Leabon. 3s. 6d.

Foskett's Supplement to the Rights of the Army vindicated. In an Appeal to the Public on the Case of Captain Foskett. 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hollingsworth's brief View of the respective Claims of Dr. Bell and Mr. J. Lancaster. 6d.

National Anecdotes, interspersed with historical Facts.

English Proverbial Sayings and Maxims. 12mo. 5s.

Rose and Emily, or Sketches of Youth. 12mo. 6s.

The Beauties of Monmouthshire. 18mo. 5s.

Burke's Works. Vol. V. 4to.—2l. 12s. 6s.

Rev. S. Wesley's Tales, instructive and entertaining.

Letters from the Continent, describing the Manners and Customs of Germany, Poland, Russia, and Switzerland, in the Years 1790, 1, 2. 8vo. 7s.

Thoughts on the State of the Country, the late Negotiation for a new Ministry, and the Disposition of Parties at the Close of the last Session of Parliament, July 29, 1812.

Letters on the Nicobar Islands, their natural Productions, and the Manners, &c. of the Natives. Addressed by the Rev. J. C. Haensel to the Rev. C. I. Latrobe. 3s.

Otter's Examination of Dr. Marsh's Answer to all the Arguments in Favour of the British and Foreign Bible Society. 2s.

An Attempt to record the political Principles, Sentiments, and Motives of the Right Hon. W. Pitt. 8vo. 6s.

NAVAL.

Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea; or, Historical Narratives of the most noted Calamities and Providential Deliverances which have resulted from Maritime Enterprise; with a Sketch of various Expedients for preserving the Lives of Mariners. 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

NOVELS.

My Own Times. 2 vols. 9s.

Marie Anne Lais, the Courtesan; or Certain Illustrations. A Romance. 7s.

Memoirs of a Princess, or First Love: an historical Romance. 2 vols. 16s.

POETRY.

Cabanel's Elegiac Tribute to the Memory of the late Right Hon. S. Perceval. 1s.

Rhymes of Northern Bards; being a curious Collection of old and new Songs and Poems, peculiar to the counties of Newcastle upon Tyne, Northumberland, and Durham. 12mo. 6s.

Hitchcock's Original Poems, rural and descriptive. 12mo. 5s.

Perkin's Poem, the Prostitute.—2s. 6d.

Quarle's School of the Heart; with the Learning of the Heart, and Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man. 32mo. 5s.

Jackson's Stanzas in Honour of the late Victories of the Marquis of Wellington. 1s.

Colton's Napoleon. A Poem. 2s.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Bromley's few plain Questions and Observations on the Catholic Emancipation. 1s.

Twiss's Influence of Prerogative; being an Attempt to remove popular Misconceptions respecting the present State of the British Constitution and Government. 4s.

RELIGION.

Horne's Considerations on the Life and Death of Abel, &c. 18mo. 2s.

Bradney's Contemplations of an ancient Layman on the Christian System. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Garrow's Sermon before the Anniversary of the Royal Humane Society, April 19, 1812, at St. Andrew's, Holborn. 1s. 6d.

Gretton's Charge, delivered to the Clergy of the Peculiar of the Deanery of Hertford, July 30, 1812. 1s. 6d.

Horne's Sermon, January 22, 1812, at the Parish Church of St. Andrew, Wardrobe, and St. Ann, Blackfriars. 1s.

Nolan's Objections to uniting with the Bible Society: including a Reply to the Arguments advanced in favour of that Association. 2s.

A Reformed Communion Office for the Administration of the Christian Eucharist, commonly called the Lord's Supper. 2s. 6d.

Ane Oratioune set forth be Master Quintene Kennedy, commendatour of Corsraguell, the zeir of Gode, 1560. 7s. 6d.

Simpson's Plea for the Deity of Jesus, and the Doctrines of the Trinity; with a Life of the Author. By E. Parsons. 8vo. 12s.

The Cottage Library, in 4 Vols. 12mo. 16s.

Bennett's Legislative Authority of Revealed Grace. cr. 8vo. 7s.

Scott's Sermons, preached before the Governors of the London Female Penitentiary, at St. Antholin, Watling-Street, May 8, 1812. 1s.

Jowett's Sermon, May 17, 1812. 1s.

Brown's Attempt towards a New Historical and Political Explanation of the Book of Revelation. 8vo. 8s.

Evans's Sermon at Worship-Street, August 9, 1812, occasioned by the Death of J. Brent, Esq. 1s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Thompson's Geographical and Historical Dictionary of America and the West Indies. Vol. II. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DISPATCHES FROM THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL.

GAZETTE INTELLIGENCE.

Downing Street, Sept. 14, 1812.

A DISPATCH, of which the following is an extract, has been this day received at Earl Bathurst's office, addressed to his lordship by General the Marquis of Wellington, dated Madrid, August 18, 1812:

Joseph Bonaparte retired from Ocana on the 16th instant, and his army are in march towards Valencia. The enemy have abandoned Toledo, which has been taken possession of by a party of the Guerillas of El Medico.

Since the capture of the Retiro, the garrison of Guadalaxara, consisting of seven hundred men, has surrendered to the Empecinado by capitulation, on nearly the same terms as those which I granted to the garrison of the Retiro.

By reports from Major-General Clinton, I learn, that a part of the remains of the army of Portugal had moved from the neighbourhood of Burgos, and some of their detachments were understood to be at Valladolid on the 14th inst. General Santocildes having withdrawn the troops of the army of Gallicia, which occupied that town. Some of their detachments were likewise on the right of the Pisuerga.

I had expected they would make this movement as soon as I should get the troops together, when I undertook the march upon Madrid.

By accounts from Lieut.-General Sir Rowland Hill, of the 12th, it appears that General Drouet had drawn in his right from La Guarena, but he still held Hornachos.

By accounts from Cadiz, to the 6th instant, it appears that Gen. Villante had returned to the blockade.—Gen. Ballasteros had taken 300 prisoners at Ossuna; and by the reports of the position of the troops, it appears that the road to Gibraltar is again open to him.

Supplement to the London Gazette of Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1812.

Downing-Street, Sept 23.

A Dispatch, of which the following is a copy, has been this day received at Earl Bathurst's office, addressed to his lordship by Major-General Cooke, dated Cadiz, August 30, 1812:—

Cadiz, August 30.

My Lord,—Since my letter of yesterday's date, reporting the entry into Seville of the allied corps, under General La Crux and Colonel Skerrett, I have received a dispatch from the latter, of which I transmit you a copy herewith, and a return of the

killed and wounded of the British detachment.

I have the honour to be,
(Signed) G. Cooke, Major-Gen.

Seville, August 28.

Sir,—I have the honour to report the movements of the detachment under my orders, since the date of my last; the result of which,—the capture of the city of Seville by assault, defended by eight French battalions, and two regiments of dragoons, entrenched,—will, I trust, be considered as honourable to the allied arms, and serviceable to the cause of Spain.

On the 24th inst. Gen. Mourgeon, commanding the Spanish troops, and myself, judged it advisable to make a forward movement on Seville; for this purpose it was advisable to force the enemy's corps of observation, of 340 cavalry and 200 infantry, at St. Lucar la Mayor. I marched from Manzanilla with 800 troops, composed of the 1st regiment of guards, the 87th, and the Portuguese regiment, Brigadier-General Downie, accompanied with 600 Spanish troops. The Spanish column attacked on the right, and the British and Portuguese on the left. The French were driven through the streets with precipitation, leaving some killed, wounded, and prisoners. We took post at San Lucar without the loss of a man.

On the 26th inst. General Cruz and myself having judged that it would be attended with the most beneficial effects, both on the public opinion, and in saving the city from being plundered, if the French could be precipitated in their retreat from Seville, the allied troops, in consequence marched for this purpose, and arrived at the heights of Castillejos de Cuesta, immediately above Seville, on the morning of the 27th, at six o'clock.

The Spanish troops formed our advance. The French advance was driven in; the cavalry retired, leaving the infantry in the plain, which last were charged by the Spanish cavalry, who made many prisoners.

The Spanish troops attacked a redoubt on our left, and lost a good many men. The columns advanced into the plain, by which movement this redoubt was turned, and its communication cut off; the Spanish troops, under General Cruz, took the right, and made a detour to arrive and attack on the flank of Triana (the suburbs of Seville). I ordered the redoubt to be masked by a detachment of the 20th Portuguese regiment, and advanced a field piece with some troops, to keep in check the enemy's fire at one of the gates of the city, opposite to us; and after giving sufficient time for the Spanish column to arrive, the British and Portuguese troops advanced to the attack in front; the cavalry and artillery advanced at a gallop, supported by the grenadiers of the guards, and the infantry following.

The enemy abandoned the gate; we entered the suburbs, and advanced near to the bridge of Seville, with as much rapidity as possible, in hopes of preventing its destruction, which would have rendered it extremely difficult for us to succeed. We were checked by the fire of grape-shot and musketry, at the turning of the street. The grenadiers of the guards advanced to our support, and drove every thing before them. On the arrival of a part of the Spanish column, we advanced under a heavy fire; Captain Cadoux, of the 95th, with great judgment, made a flank movement on our left; Capt. Roberts, of the artillery, brought up, with rapidity, two guns; a heavy fire of musketry and cannon was soon brought to bear on the enemy, who were driven from their position on the other side of the river, and from the bridge, which they had only in part destroyed. The grenadiers of the guards, and some Spanish troops, led the columns that crossed the bridge. A general rout ensued, and the enemy were driven through the streets, which were strewed with their dead, and pursued at all points, leaving behind them valuable captures of horses, baggage, and money.

It is difficult for me to express the joy of the people of Seville. The inhabitants, under the fire of the French, brought planks to lay across the bridge; and their acclamations and vociferous marks of joy, added to the immense crowd, rendered it extremely difficult for the officers to advance through the streets with their columns.

Such was the rapidity of the attack, that this victory over a French division, and the passage of a bridge, which the enemy had materially destroyed, with his infantry and artillery, formed on the banks of the river, was achieved with a loss that appears almost incredible.

I have only to regret the loss of one officer, Lieutenant Brett, royal artillery, who was killed gallantly fighting his gun at the bridge. The intrepidity of this valuable officer was observed by the whole detachment. The loss of the enemy must have been very great. We have taken several officers, and I believe near 200 prisoners. The conduct of every officer and soldier has been above all praise.

During the whole of this attack, our allies, the Spaniards, have rivalled the conduct of the British and Portuguese troops; and Gen. Cruz Mourgeon, by his military talents and bravery has principally contributed to the successful result of the day.

During last night, a division of seven or eight thousand French troops passed by. Our attack has saved the city from the devastations and contributions with which it was threatened. Captain Wynyard is the bearer of this dispatch, who will inform you of any further particulars you may require.

I am, &c.

J. B. SKERRITT.

Total killed and wounded—1 subaltern, 1 serjeant, 1 rank and file, 2 horses killed; 1 subaltern, 12 rank and file, 1 horse wounded.

The Gazette of Saturday, Sept. 26, contains dispatches from the Marquis of Wellington, of which the following are extracts and copies:—

Madrid, Aug. 25.

Joseph Bonaparte has continued his march towards Valencia, and according to the last accounts which I have received, his rear-guard was on the 19th at La Roda.

I have received a letter of the 17th, from Lieut.-General Maitland, who had marched from Alicant, and was at Montforte. General Roche was at Alcoy, from whence Suchet had retired to St. Felippe; and it was supposed he was about to cross the Xucar. General O'Donnell was on the same day at Yecla, in Murcia.

The enemy's troops from Valladolid drove in Major-General Anson's picquets at Tudela, on the 18th. The Major-Gen. however, still maintains them on the left of the Douro.

The enemy have moved a body of troops from the neighbourhood of Valladolid, consisting of about 6000 infantry and 1200 cavalry, under General Foy, which, on the 17th, carried off the garrison of Toro.

They then were joined by a body of infantry of the same strength, which had likewise marched from the Pisuerga, on the Rio Seco, and the whole were, on the 20th, about two leagues distant from Benevente, the Galician troops, with the exception of the cavalry, which still remained at Benevente, having marched towards Astorga. The enemy had left the garrison at Zamora still blockaded by the Conde d'Amarante; but I had reason to believe that they will relieve that garrison on their return from their expedition towards Astorga.

By accounts from Cadiz of the 9th, I learn, that General Cruz had returned to that port with the detachment which had been sent to the eastward for the relief of General Ballasteros. Another expedition had immediately been fitted out. These troops had been landed at Huelva on the 14th and 15th inst. but the enemy evacuated and destroyed the castle of Niebla on the 12th.

Madrid, August 30.

Since I wrote to your lordship on the 25th instant, I have received reports that the garrison of Astorga had surrendered by capitulation, on the 19th, to the number of 1200 men. General Foy arrived at La Baneza for their relief on the 21st, with the detachment which I informed you was in march for that purpose; and his parties found the place abandoned by the Spanish troops, the French garrison having been carried away as prisoners.

Valladolid, Sep. 7.

My Lord,—Upon referring to my dispatch to your lordship of the 24th of July, as printed in the London Gazette of the 16th of August, I observe that, although I reported my

sense of the conduct of the German brigade of heavy cavalry, under Major-General Baron Bock, on the 23d of July, I omitted to include the name of the Major-General in the enumeration, which the dispatch contains, of officers who had opportunities of distinguishing themselves.

I beg to take this opportunity of rectifying this omission, and of assuring your lordship, that the Major-General distinguished himself in the operations which led to the charge, and in the charge made by the gallant troops under his command, as he has upon every occasion which has offered since he has been under my command.

From my personal observation, and the reports which I have received since the action of the 22d of July, I am afraid that I have omitted the names of many other officers who had opportunities of distinguishing themselves; and in a case in which all did their duty in a manner so honourable to themselves and their country, the limits of a dispatch do not permit the mention of the names of all who have drawn the notice of their superiors by their conduct; I must, however, correct the omission of which I have been guilty, in the case of Lieutenant-Colonel Arentschildt, and the 1st hussars of the King's German Legion, who were distinguished by their conduct throughout the whole of the day of the 22d of July; and likewise in that of Lieutenant-Colonel Elley, the Assistant Adjutant General, who attended Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, throughout the action, was wounded by a bayonet in the charge made by Major-General Le Marchant's brigade, and had two horses killed under him.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) WELLINGTON.

Valladolid, Sept. 7.

I quitted Madrid on the 1st instant, in order to direct the movements of the troops ordered to be collected at Arevalo, as reported in my dispatch of the 30th of August.

We moved from Arevalo on the 4th, and passed the Douro on the 6th, at the fords of Herrera and El Abrojo.

After General Foy had found that the garrison of Astorga had surrendered, by capitulation, he returned to the Esla, and marched upon Carvajales, with a view to surprise and cut off the Portuguese militia, which had been employed under Lieutenant-General the Conde D'Amarante, in the blockade of Zamora.—The Lieutenant-General, however, made good his retreat, without loss, to the frontiers of Portugal; and General Foy carried off the garrison of Zamora on the 29th of August, and marched for Tordesillas.

I cannot avoid to draw your lordship's attention to the conduct of the Conde d'Amarante, and of the militia under his command, in these operations. The zeal of the militia of the province of Tra-los-Montes, in voluntarily serving beyond the frontiers of the kingdom, deserves the highest commendation.

The whole remains of the army of Portugal, having been thus collected between this place and Tordesillas, we found their advanced guard yesterday strongly posted on the heights of La Cisterniga; and I know that there was a considerable body of troops in and about this town.

As it was late in the day before our troops had crossed the Douro, we did not move forward till this morning. The enemy retired from La Cisterniga during the night; and they abandoned the town on our approach to it in the morning, and crossed the Pisuerga, and blew up the bridge. They were closely followed by the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Frederic Ponsonby, with a detachment of the 12th light dragoons through the town; but some time having elapsed before the infantry could come up, the enemy could not be prevented from destroying the bridge. They then retired along the right of the Pisuerga to Duenas; where their rear will probably halt this night.

When General Foy moved towards Astorga, the army of Galicia retired; and since his march to the Douro, they have again advanced to the Esla.

The Empicinado has informed me, that General Villa Campa had taken prisoners the troops which had been the garrison, and had evacuated Cuenca after the surrender of the Retiro. These troops amounted to 1000 men, with two guns, and belonged

to Suchet's army. My last accounts from Lieut.-General Maitland are of the 24th.

Valladolid, Sept. 8.

My Lord,—Since I wrote my dispatch of the 7th, I have received a dispatch of the 29th, from Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill, from Llerena, to which place the General had moved in pursuit of the troops under General Drouet

He sends me the enclosed letter from Colonel Skerrett*, who commands the British and Portuguese troops, which compose part of the detachment under General Cruz, from which I learn that the allies had entered Seville on the 27th. I conclude that the blockade of Cadiz is raised, as I have received several accounts of the destruction of military stores at Seville, by the enemy, before they withdrew their force from thence, but I have received no authentic account of the raising of the blockade.

I beg to congratulate your lordship upon these events.

I have halted here this day to give rest to the troops, which have marched for several days.

I have the honour to be, &c.

WELLINGTON.

THE NEW THEATRE AT DRURY-LANE.

The whole of the exterior of the theatre is now exposed to public view. Iron railing has been erected in the front, and four magnificent and lofty lamps have been placed on the pedestals.

The interior decorations of this theatre are nearly finished. The cieling is finely painted, and the carved work on the fronts of the boxes, has a very pleasing effect. In the construction of this edifice, the greatest attention has very properly been paid to those essential requisites, seeing and hearing; its plan being believed to be the best calculated for enabling the audience to see and hear what is passing on the stage. The audience part of the house forms three-fourths of a circle, which, making some little allowance for the deviation in the drop within the proscenium, may be said to be completed by the circular sweep which connects the outer wall of the boxes with the proscenium. The necessary consequence, therefore, is, that as the spectators will all be in some part of the circumference, they must unavoidably see all that passes in any point within the circle. It is only when the actors may have to perform any part of their duty farther back than the proscenium on the stage, that an imperfect view is to be had in any part of the house; and even in that case, more than three-fourths of the surface of the stage will be visible to the worst-circumstanced seats in the house.

The view of the stage is relieved by the appearance on either side of two magnificent Herculean columns, representing *verde* antique marble. Columns of a similar description ornament the grand saloon.

The lustres by which the house is to be lighted, are made from designs formed by the architect. On the staircases, at each pillar, are to be placed antique lamps, of curious taste and exquisite workmanship, resting upon tripods designed by Mr. Wyatt; and in the circular saloon there are some niches, in which the superb antique lamps, formed upon a model also constructed by the architect, are to be placed.

Melpomene and *Thalia* are to be placed in the niches on either side of the proscenium, above the cornice, and the royal arms, with appropriate trophies and decorations, are to be painted on the semi-circular pannel formed by the arch which appears to surmount the two pillars over the proscenium.

The uniform shape of the back wall of the boxes gives an unobstructed range to the sound, at the same time that its thickness (three feet) is an effectual security against the spreading of flames.

In the corridors which surround and lead to the boxes, the floors are formed of stone, and rest upon brick arches, without any mixture of timber. Another wall, nearly three feet thick, surrounds these corridors, so that in case even the stage or spectatory were to take fire, there would be a space of nearly nine feet, including two walls of three feet each, in thickness, with-

* See page 249.

out any combustible matter, to arrest the progress of the flames towards that part of the house through which the spectators would have to retire.

The means provided for the extinction of fire, if it should ever take place, consist in the application of compressed air, by means of which water can be forced through pipes already laid to every part of the building. In the centre of the ceiling there is a head of Apollo upon a circular board, upon which the rays of the sun are painted, and which hangs a little lower than the rest of the ceiling round it. To this part of the ceiling a great pipe is conveyed, from which, by the operation of the machinery over the ceiling, water may be discharged in great abundance, and by the horizontal whirling of the circular board beneath, be spread in a heavy shower over every part of the pit and boxes

The quantity of water in the reservoir at all times will be two hundred hogsheads, which will be sufficient to keep all the pipes fully supplied about half an hour; and in order to secure a constant supply, in case it should be wanted, the Directors of the York-Buildings Water Works are engaged, by contract, upon a moment's notice, to put their steam-engines in activity, and in twenty minutes to replenish the reservoir.

This magnificent building will be completed for the sum of 112,000l. The expense, including lamps, lustres, stoves, grates, furniture of the most tasteful and costly description, and architect's commission, will not exceed 125,000l.; and the whole amount of expenditure, including scenery, wardrobe, and all the other property necessary to be provided for opening the theatre for theatrical performances, will not exceed 150,000l.

We understand the following arrangements have been made for lectures at the Surrey Institution, in the ensuing season. Mr. Coleridge on the Belles Lettres, to commence on Tuesday the 3d of November, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday. Mr. Mason Good, on the Philosophy of Physics, to commence on Friday the 20th of November, to be continued on each succeeding Friday; and Dr. Crotch, on Music, to commence early in 1813.

Mnemonics.—To assist the natural memory, and to provide, as much as possible, against the mischiefs of forgetfulness, various artifices have, at different times, been resorted to. Of these, the *topical* memory of the ancients, said to be invented by Simonides, stands first, both in point of date and celebrity. This system was revived about the year 1325, and various treatises on the subject appeared in the fifteenth and two following centuries; but the science seems to have lain dormant for the last hundred years.—This interesting art again emerged from obscurity in the year 1807, when M. Von Feinaigle, a native of Baden, delivered lectures at Paris on his system of Mnemonics and Methodics. The Professor's visit to England, and his lectures in the metropolis, are fresh in the recollection of our readers. As, however, M. Feinaigle's instructions to his pupils were entirely oral, and unaccompanied by the distribution of any plates or maps, we are happy to find this defect ably supplied in a recent publication.*—In this work the Professor's principles are perspicuously developed, and illustrated by numerous plates. Much interesting information is also given concerning the progress of the mnemonic art, from the earliest periods of literature.

Jerusalem.—It is confidently rumoured, that the Rev. Mr. Mendola, the Portuguese Rabbi, has received a letter a few days since, from the Rabbi of Jerusalem, informing him that there had been no darkness in the sacred city for three days and three nights, in consequence of a cloud of fire which rested on a tree in the vicinity, and that on the third day it vanished, to the general consternation of all the inhabitants. The tree, it is observed, was not damaged by this miraculous and awful event!—We are confidently assured, by very serious authorities, that no doubt exists among the Children of Israel, in this metropolis, as to the verity of this extraordinary communication. This phœnomenon may

* The New Art of Memory, founded upon the principles taught by M. Gregor Von Feinagle. (Sherwood and Co.)

probably have some kind of relation to the aurora borealis.

MOTHER RED CAP.—Numbers of the inhabitants of the metropolis may remember the old sign of Mother Red Cap on the London Road between Tottenham Court and Kentish Town, near the spot where Camden Town now stands. Tradition says, the first founder of this old public house had been one of the camp-women who attended the army of the Duke of Marlborough during his campaigns; and that after the Peace of Utrecht, she set up a hedge alehouse on the spot since distinguished by her portrait as a sign. Her house, though humble, and built only of mud, straw, and thatch, became, however, a favourite place of resort to the officers and soldiers who knew her in the army; and here, over a mug of her wholesome home-brewed, they used to tell of their achievements and adventures during the wars. The old woman lived long enough to improve her fortune and her dwelling, but whether, as the story goes, she survived to the great age of 120, is now uncertain. The modern sign, a copy of the old one, represents her in her red cap, with a glass of ale in her hand; but, formerly, the following verses were appended to it, which the modern landlords or painters have omitted:

"Old Mother Red Cap, according to her tale,
Lived twenty and a hundred years by drinking this good ale;
It was her meat, it was her drink, and medicine beside,
And if she still had drank this ale she never would have died."

FOREIGN EVENTS.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Earthquakes, &c.—In the short space between the 28th of March and the 2d of May last, 1812, a succession of dreadful physical events has demolished some of the finest cities in this quarter of the world, and shaken several of the islands to their foundations. On the 26th of March, the city of Barquesmeto was buried in ruins by a most dreadful earthquake; Ariquala was sunk, Santa Rosa also sunk, Caudare and Phelipe totally destroyed, and St. Charles and Caramoate greatly injured. In the Caraccas the same calamity has been equally tremendous. The cities of Caraccas, Victoria, Valentia, Porto Cavello, Laguira, New Barcelona, Maiquetia, and Cumana, have been almost entirely ruined.

The same, or similar subterranean causes, which have so severely desolated the continent, about the end of April manifested their influence among the West Indian Islands. Early in May a volcano or *souffriere*, in St. Vincent's, which had long been quiescent, poured out fire, and smoke, and ashes, in immense quantities, accompanied with dreadful explosions. Two of the principal rivers in the island have been dried up, and new ones formed. The ashes and stones thrown out were, on some estates, two or three feet thick, and the quantity of a lighter kind floating in the air, darkened the atmosphere to an extraordinary degree.

Soon after the volcano at St. Vincent's begun to explode, it seems the heavy and intense darkness came over Barbadoes, continuing from seven in the morning till the afternoon, accompanied with the sound, as was thought, of distant thunder.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Letters from hence, dated May, 1811, state that great improvements had taken place in the colony, since the accession of Colonel Macquarrie to the government. Butcher's meat was from 1s. to 1s. 3d. per pound, and the supply of the colony equal to its consumption, without assistance from the mother country. Wool was likely to be their first staple of commerce. Settlers of good character were furnished with live stock, on consideration of paying the value in money or in grain, in eighteen months. The population of Sydney is estimated at 10,000 souls, of which number 8000 have been sent from England as convicts. Pomaree, king of Otaheite, has offered to cede that island to Governor Macquarrie, on account of the British government. It appears by the Sydney papers, that several boats crews and gangs of skin-collectors, have been lately overpowered and murdered upon the coast of New Zealand, by the natives, who afterwards devoured the bodies. In Feb. 1811,

there was such a drought at Sydney, that the tanks were all empty, and water was sold from fourpence to sixpence the pail. An academy at Sydney, on the Lancastrian plan, received pupils, each one paying one shilling per week.

Bulletins of the French Army in Russia.

[*Continued from p.* 166.]

The *Twelfth* is dated Witepsk, August 7th.—"At the battle of the Drissa the Russian General Kaulaieu, a distinguished officer of the light troops, was killed; ten other Generals were wounded; four colonels were killed. General Ricard, with his brigade, entered Dunabourg the 1st of August. He found eight pieces of cannon; all the remainder had been taken away. —The Duke of Tarente also arrived there on the 2d. Thus Dunabourg, that the enemy has been fortifying for five years, where he has expended several millions, which cost him more than 20,000 men during the labour, has been abandoned without firing a musket, and is in our power, like the other works of the enemy, and like the entrenched camp which he had on the Drissa. In consequence of the taking of Dunabourg, his Majesty has ordered that a park of 100 pieces of artillery, which he had formed at Magdeburg, and which he had advanced upon the Niemen, should retrograde to Dantzic, and be put in depot in that place.—At the commencement of the campaign two besieging parks of artillery had been prepared; one against Dunabourg, the other against Riga. The magazines of Witepsk are provisioned; the hospitals organised. These ten days of repose are extremely useful to the army. The heat is besides excessive. We have it warmer here than in Italy. The harvests are superb; it appears that this extends to all Russia; last year it was bad every where. The crops will not begin to be cut before eight or ten days.—His Majesty has made a large square place before the palace which he occupies at Witepsk. This palace is situated upon the left bank of the river Dwina. Every morning at six there is a grand parade, at which all the officers of the guard appear. One of the brigade of guards, in fine condition, alternately defiles."

The *Thirteenth*, which is dated at Smolensko, Aug. 21, after again alluding to the results of the capture of Dunabourg, and to an alleged victory of the Austrians over Tormasoff, proceeds to detail the positions of the several corps of the main army on the 8th. The head-quarters then still remained at Witepsk; but on the same day there was a severe engagement at Inkovo, considerably in advance of the former place, in which Sebastiani's division was defeated with loss. We are then informed that the Russian movements displayed much indecision; and that the French army in consequence crossed the Borysthenes, for the purpose of attacking Smolensko, which is seated on the left bank of that river. On the 14th a partial battle took place at Krasnoi, in which the French claim the victory; and on the 16th they arrived within sight of Smolensko. The Russians, it is said, had placed 30,000 troops in the city, while the main body of their forces lined the right bank of the Borysthenes; their communication with the city being kept up by means of bridges. The positions of the French army are next detailed; and a marked censure is thrown upon Junot, whose corps had wandered and made a false movement. On the 17th the attack upon Smolensko commenced, and the principal efforts of Bonaparte were directed to carry the suburbs, and threatening the communications of the Russian army with the town. The contest seems to have been most obstinate. Smolensko was involved in a conflagration, which resembled an eruption of Vesuvius. Ultimately, at one in the morning of the 18th, the city was evacuated by the Russian troops, who recrossed the river, and joined their main body.—In this desperate conflict the French sustained a loss of 700 killed, and 3,200 wounded; General Grabouski being among the former, and Generals Grandeau and Dalton among the latter on the side of their opponents; the loss amounted to five Generals and 4700 men killed, 7000 or 8000 wounded, and 2000 prisoners. —The Emperor Alexander, it is asserted, had issued orders to risk a

battle for the protection of Smolensko; but his Generals decided otherwise. The city itself, both from the nature of its fortifications in the ancient Russian fashion, and from the houses being built of combustible materials, was incapable of sustaining any protracted siege; and when in flames, the only alternative left to the Russians was its abandonment.

The *Fourteenth* is dated Smolensko the 23d ult. It mentions that the destruction of property, occasioned by the attack of that city, was immense; but at the same time considers it as a matter of congratulation, that some of the larger buildings remained, and could be employed as hospitals. On the 19th, a bridge on the Borysthenes was re-established, and Ney and Junot were dispatched with their divisions to the right bank of the river. Another battle took place with the rear of the Russians, which was posted at Valeptina. It seems to have been most fiercely disputed. The object of Junot appears to have been to intercept the rear-guard on the road to Moscow: the Russians reinforced their position, and ultimately attained their object of retreat. The French Gen. Gudin was killed, and a loss is besides acknowledged of 3200 men placed *hors de combat*. The Russians, it is stated, were in full retreat towards Moscow. Near Polotsk a series of incessant fighting took place, down to the 17th, in which the success, even according to the French statement, appears to have been nearly balanced. Oudinot, in one of these encounters, was seriously wounded in the shoulder by a cannon ball, called a Biscayen. Gouvion St. Cyr succeeded him in the command.

The *Fifteenth* bulletin is dated Slawkovo, Aug. 27.—"The General of Division Zayoncheick, who commanded a Polish division at the battle of Smolensko, was wounded. The behaviour of the Polish corps at Smolensko astonished the Russians, who used to despise them. They were struck with their steadiness, and the superiority which they displayed over themselves. At the battles of Smolensko and Valentina, the enemy lost twenty Generals killed, wounded, or taken, and a very great number of officers. The number of men killed, taken, or wounded, on these occasions, may amount to from 25 to 30,000 men.—On the day after the battle of Valentina his Majesty gave the 12th and 21st regiments of infantry of the line, and the 7th regiment of light infantry, a number of decorations of the legion of honour, to be bestowed on the captains, lieutenants, subalterns, and soldiers. The selections were made on the field, in a circle before the Emperor, and were confirmed with acclamations by the troops.—The enemy's army, in retiring, burn the bridges and destroy the roads, in order to retard the march of the French army as much as possible. On the 21st, they had re-passed the Borysthenes at Slob-Phiwa, always closely followed by our advanced guard. The commercial establishments at Smolensko were quite untouched on the Borysthenes, in a fine suburb, to which the Russians set fire, for the sole purpose of retarding our march a single hour. Never was war conducted with so much inhumanity: the Russians treat their own country as they would that of an enemy. The country is fine, and abundantly supplied with every thing. The roads are admirable.—Marshal the Duke of Tarentum continues to destroy Dunabourg: the wooden materials, palisades, &c. which were immense, served to make feux-de-joie in honour of the 15th August. Prince Schwartzenberg writes from Ossiati, on the 17th, that his advanced guard has pursued the enemy on the road to Divin,—that he has taken some hundreds of prisoners,—and obliged the enemy to burn his baggage. Gen. Bianchi, however, who commands the advanced guard, has succeeded in seizing 800 baggage-waggons, which the enemy could neither carry off nor destroy. The Russian army, under Tormasow, has lost almost all its baggage. The equipage for the siege of Riga has begun to move from Tilsit for the Dwina. Gen. St. Cyr has taken a position on the Drissa. The rout of the enemy at the battle of Polotsk on the 18th was complete. The brave Bavarian General Deroy was wounded on the field of honour, at the age of 72, after nearly sixty years' service. His Majesty has nominated him a Count of the Empire, with a revenue of 30,000 francs. The Bavarian

corps behaved with much bravery; his Majesty has granted it rewards and honours. The enemy gave out that he would make a stand at Doroghobouj. He had, according to custom, thrown up earth and constructed batteries. The army having shewn itself in order of battle, the Emperor repaired thither; but the enemy's General thought better of it,—beat a retreat,—and abandoned Doroghobouj, a city containing ten thousand souls, and eight steeples. Head-quarters were there on the 26th, and on the 27th at Slawkovo. The advanced guard is close to Viasma. The Viceroy manœuvres on the left, at two leagues from the great road; the Prince of Eckmuhl on the great road; and Prince Poniatowski on the left bank of the Osma. The capture of Smolensko appears to have had a sad effect on the spirits of the Russians. It was called *Smolensko the sacred*; *Smolensko the strong*; *the key of Moscow*; besides a thousand other savings. *Whoever has Smolensko, has Moscow*, say the peasants. The heat is excessive: it has not rained for a month. The Duke of Belluno, with the 9th corps, 30,000 men strong, has set out from Tilsit for Wilna. This corps is to form the reserve."

The *Sixteenth* bulletin is dated Viasma, Aug. 31.—"The head-quarters of the Emperor were, on the 27th, at Slakovo; on the 28th, near Senlovo; on the 29th, in a castle one league in the rear of Viasma; and on the 30th at Viasma; the army marching in three columns—the left formed by the Viceroy, proceeding by Kanouchkino, Znamenkoi, Kosterectkovo, and Novoe—the centre formed by the King of Naples, the corps of the Prince of Eckmuhl, the Duke of Elchingen and the Guards marching on the grand road, and the left by the Prince Poniatowski marching on the left bank of the Osma by Volosk, Louchke, Pokroskoe, and Slonckino. On the 27th the enemy wishing to rest on the Osma, opposite the village of Riebke, took a position with his rear-guard. The King of Naples directed his cavalry on the left of the enemy, which amounted to 7 or 8000 cavalry. Several charges took place, all to our advantage. A battalion of the enemy was penetrated by the 4th regiment of Lancers. A hundred prisoners were the result of this small affair. The positions of the enemy were carried, and he was obliged to quicken his retreat. On the 28th the enemy was pursued. The advanced guards of three French columns came up with the rear-guard of the enemy; they exchanged several cannon shot. The enemy was driven every where. Gen. Count Caulincourt entered Viasma on the 29th, at day-break. The enemy had burned the bridges, and set fire to several quarters of the city. Viasma is a town of 15,000 inhabitants: there are 4000 burghers, merchants, and artisans; there are 32 churches. Considerable resources in flour, soap, drugs, &c. and large magazines of brandy were found.—The Russians burnt the magazines, and the finest houses in the town were on fire at our arrival. Two battalions of the 25th were employed with much activity in extinguishing them. We got it under and saved three quarters of the town. The Cossacks before they left it committed the dreadfullest pillage, which has made the inhabitants say, that the Russians think Viasma will be no longer under their dominion, since they treat it in so barbarous a manner. All the population of the towns retires upon Moscow. It is said there are now one million and a half of souls in that great city: they fear the result of these crowds. The inhabitants say that Gen. Kutusow has been appointed commander in chief of the Russian army, and that he took the command on the 28th. The Grand Duke Constantine, who had returned to the army, having fallen ill, has quitted it. A little rain has fallen, which has laid the dust that incommoded the army. The weather to-day is very fine—it will last, as they believe, to the 19th October, which gives us still forty days campaign."

The *Seventeenth* bulletin is dated Ghjat, Sept. 3.—"The head-quarters were, on the 31st of August, at Velitchero; on the 1st and 2d of Sept. at Ghjat. The King of Naples, with the advanced guard, had his head-quarters on the 1st ten wersts in advance of Ghjat; the Viceroy had his the same distance on the left; and Prince Poniatowski had pushed forward two

leagues on the right. Some discharges of artillery and attacks with the sabre were exchanged in each direction, and a few hundreds of prisoners were taken. The Ghjat river empties itself into the Wolga. Thus we are in possession of the course of those waters that flow into the Caspian Sea. The Ghjat is navigable to the Wolga.—The city of Ghjat contains a population of eight or ten thousand souls. Many of the houses are built of stone and brick. There are many parish churches, and several manufactories of linen cloth. It is perfectly clear that agriculture has made great progress in this country within the last forty years. It no longer bears any resemblance to the descriptions which are given of it. Potatoes, pulse, and cabbages grow there in abundance: the granaries are full. The present is the harvest season, and we enjoy now the same weather here as we have in France at the commencement of Oct. —The deserters, the prisoners, the inhabitants, all agree that the greatest confusion prevails at Moscow, and in the Russian army, which is distracted with a diversity of opinions, and has suffered enormous losses in the different actions. Some of the Generals have been changed. It appears that the opinion of the army is not favourable to the plans of Barclay de Tolli: he is accused of having made his divisions fight in detail. The Prince of Schwartzenberg is in Volhynia: the Russians fly before him. Some sharp affairs have taken place before Riga: the Prussians have always had the advantage. We have found in this place two bulletins, which give an account of the actions before Smolensko, and of the battle of the Drissa. It appears by their contents that the Editor has profited by the instructions he received from Moscow, 'that the truth is not to be told to the Russian people, but that they are to be deceived with lies.' Smolensko was set on fire by the Russians. They set fire to the suburbs on the day after the battle, when they saw our bridge established over the Borysthenes. They also set fire to Doroghobouj, to Viasma, and to Ghjat; but the French came up in time to extinguish it.—This may be easily conceived. The French have no interest in burning those towns that belong to them, and in depriving themselves of the resources which they afford. The cellars have been every where filled with brandy, leather, and every species of article that is useful to an army.—If the country be wasted, if the inhabitants suffer more than a state of war warrants, the fault is in the Russians. The army rested on the 2d and 3d in the vicinity of Ghjat. It is positively asserted, that the enemy is employed in forming an entrenched camp in front of Mojaisk, and has established lines before Moscow. At the battle of Krasnoi, Col. Marbeuf, of the 6th light cavalry, was wounded with a bayonet at the head of his regiment, in the midst of a square of Russian infantry, which he had penetrated with the greatest intrepidity. We have thrown six bridges over the Ghjat."

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

DERBYSHIRE.

A REQUISITION having been signed by fifteen gentlemen of the first families in Derby, requesting the mayor of that town to call a public meeting at the Town-hall, for the purpose of drawing up a petition for peace, to be presented to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent and to both Houses of Parliament, which he refused to comply with; they, indignant at his conduct, along with [illegible] others, signed a requisition to their townsmen, calling a meeting on the 17th instant, which was attended by nearly 4000 persons in the Market-place, when a number of resolutions were brought forward, expressive of their detestation of the war, and praying that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and the two Houses of Parliament, would take such measures as their wisdom may devise, to restore to our country the blessings of an honourable and permanent peace.

HAMPSHIRE.

The Board of Agriculture has adjudged a premium of thirty guineas,

with an appropriate inscription to the Rev. J. Willis, of Suplay, near Ringwood, for his Memoirs on the best and surest way of enabling this kingdom to supply itself with bread corn, so as to cut off the necessity of importing foreign grain.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Infallible Rat Destroyer.—Repeated experiments in this part of the country have proved that a Mr. Broad has the certain method of enticing rats into a wooden trap by a bait, which appears to have an irresistible influence over those sagacious animals. Sixty or seventy have been caught in one building, within a few hours after their destruction had been attempted by ferrets and other means. Mr. Broad requires a premium of 1000 guineas for his secret, one half of which has been already subscribed by the Herefordshire Society.

KENT.

On the 24th inst. Peter Paine, a young man about 30 years of age, terminated his existence at Folkstone, by shooting himself through the neck with a horse-pistol. He is supposed to be a native of Guernsey, and had arrived there two months ago, for the purpose of recruiting his health. Four letters were found in his room; one of them to his landlady, bequeathing her his gold watch and all his clothes, as a remuneration for her trouble, and concluding with the following sentence; that "as he found himself no longer able to support the evils of this life, he hoped his gracious Redeemer would pardon him for the act he was about to commit."

LINCOLNSHIRE.

At the late County Assize a curious case occurred at the *Nisi Prius* side, in an ejectment cause. A Presbyterian Society claimed certain lands and tenements at East Kirkstead, and what was called a *messuage*, but which was proved to be nothing less than the parish church of Kirkstead, which had been converted into and endowed as a meeting by a former lord of the manor, named Disney. The judge held that, the plaintiffs had clearly made out their title to the lands, and the defendants as clearly shewn, that what was claimed as a messuage was the parish church, which could not be bequeathed to any body; he therefore directed a verdict for the plaintiffs, subject to the opinion of the Court of King's Bench, on a reserved case.

Lambert's epitaph, copied from a tomb-stone, placed in St. Martin's burying ground, Stamford:

"In remembrance of that prodigy in nature, Daniel Lambert, a native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness he had no competitor. He measured 8 feet 1 inch round the leg, 9 feet 4 inches round the body, and weighed 52 stone 11lbs. (14lb. to the stone). He departed this life on the 21st of June, 1809, aged 39 years. As a testimony of respect, this stone is erected by his friends in Leicester."

SOMERSETSHIRE.

A cause of considerable importance, and which had excited much interest, was tried at these assizes. It was an action brought by a gentleman of this county, against Dr. Cox, of Fish-pond House, near Bristol, for taking the plaintiff from his own house to Fish-pond House, and confining him there for several weeks. The defendant pleaded, in justification, that he was the keeper of a house duly licensed for the reception of insane persons, and that the plaintiff, being insane, was, by his relations, put under his, the defendant's care, &c.—Evidence was offered on the part of the plaintiff, to shew that at the time he was taken from his house and confined, he was of sound mind, and capable of transacting and managing his own affairs. On the part of Dr. Cox, it was shewn by the most respectable testimony, that for some time previous to the plaintiff being so confined, he had exhibited many marks of derangement of mind; that his conduct and actions were so wild and extravagant as to excite great apprehension for his safety in the minds of his friends; and that, in their opinion, it became necessary to restrain him, and put him under the care of some medical person conversant in cases of insanity; that in consequence of that opinion, the whole of the plaintiff's relations and intimate friends, after taking the best medical advice they could, concurred

in sending to Dr. Cox, to take the plaintiff under his care; and that Dr. Cox had acted with the greatest caution, and had strictly complied with all the forms directed by the law in such cases. After examining only two witnesses (of a great number who were in attendance) on the part of the defendant, the learned judge, Baron Graham, said, that in his opinion, the defendant had fully made out his plea of justification, and was entitled to a verdict; upon which the foreman of the jury observed, that they (the jury) had been perfectly satisfied for some time.

A very melancholy accident occurred lately, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. A post-chaise belonging to Mangeon's Hotel, at Clifton, returning from Newport with two passengers, stopt to water near Bath. Upon the post-boy turning round the heads of the horses, they startled at two asses grazing, and the post-boy being shaken from his seat, they immediately set off with the greatest impetuosity, and were not stopped till they arrived at Stoke's Croft turnpike, where for a few moments they were entangled with the railing round the house. This circumstance gave one of the passengers an opportunity to throw open the door and jump out, which he fortunately effected unhurt. The other passenger, who could not be prevailed upon by his companion to sit still and wait the event, unfortunately sprung from the chaise opposite Catharine-place, and fractured the back of his skull in the most dreadful manner. He expired the following morning.

SUSSEX.

Died.] On the 24th of August at her house at Brighton, suddenly, Mrs. Goldingham.

WILTSHIRE.

Extraordinary Crop.—A piece of wheat, belonging to a labouring man of the name of Lewis, at Purton, in this county, claims the admiration of the surrounding country, persons far and near resort to view it, and we are indebted to a friend who has examined the grain, for the following particulars:—Having an acre of land in that parish, the poor man, in 1811, sowed three parts of it with spring wheat, and in the autumn reaped from it a fair average crop, cutting it close to the ground, in order to gain more straw, for the purpose of thatching his cottage. A few weeks afterwards, when he was about to get the land ploughed up, he observed it covered with young wheat, growing from the old roots, which he shewed to his neighbours, and through their advice, suffered it to remain untouched till the spring, when the grain more than answered his expectations. It is now matured to a most excellent crop of wheat, perfectly ripe, and evidently comes from the old roots, from its being in bunches from 30 to 100 fine stalks, springing from each; and what is still more remarkable, a new stalk is growing from the first joint. But the most important circumstance is, that the nature of the grain is completely changed, from small bearded ears to as fine Lammas wheat as ever was seen, the generality of heads being from four to five inches in length, and full of very fine corn. Thus hath this poor man been blessed with a second crop of corn, and that four times as abundant as the first, from once plowing and sowing.—*Bath Herald, August 15, 1812.*

This article having excited the attention of many agriculturalists, and particularly that of Sir Charles Merrick Burrell, President of the Sussex Western Agricultural Society, the worthy baronet wrote to Mr. Lewis on the subject, and received the following answer:—

Purton, Aug. 12.

Sir—I received your letter, dated West Grinstead Park, Aug. 7, concerning the statement as appeared in the London papers, of my having a field of wheat, raised wholly from the stems of the old stubble of bearded wheat, without fresh sowing. The account seems to you singular, and therefore to be doubted; but I assure you it is a real fact. The paper mentioned that the crop failed last year, but that was not true; for I had a very good fair crop, which I had cut early, so that there were not brittings. I intended planting the same piece this year with potatoes; but having such a fine appearance of a second crop, which sprung up from the old moores, I thought I would see what it would

come to; there was nothing done to it; but I hoed it once over; now it has no beard to it this year, but appears a fine Lammas wheat, as we call it I intend to begin reaping it next Thursday.

I am,
Your obedient humble servant,
WILLIAM LEWIS.

Wm. Hale.

YORKSHIRE.

A trial of great importance to the clergy, came on at the late assizes for this county. Hardy *versus* Cathcart, in which the plaintiff, a gentleman in Buckinghamshire, sought to recover of the defendant, the Hon. and Rev. Archibald Hamilton Cathcart, sundry penalties incurred by non-residence on the livings of the rectory of Methley, and the vicarage of Keppax, in this county, and a prebendary in the cathedral of York, which benefices he held, as well as living in Buckinghamshire, on which also he had not resided, but had officiated as a *curate* at Wolverhampton! The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff on the following count:—For non-residence of the prebend twelvemonths, deducting the income tax, being three-fourths of the annual value, 81*l.* 14s. 6d.—Non-residence more than three months at Kippax, being one-third of the annual value, 90*l.*—Ditto, more than eight months at Methley, being two-thirds of the annual value, 540*l.*—Total, 661*l.* 14s. 6d. This is the first trial which has taken place under the late act for regulating the residence of the clergy.

Extract of a letter.—"When strangers read in the London papers that so many hundred in the disturbed districts came and took the oath of allegiance, they must naturally suppose the country in a state of open war or rebellion!—The real fact is, though things are not so bad as you represent them, yet that famine will always produce insurrections, insurrections robberies, and frequently murders. How long people, particularly at Sheffield, will continue quiet, while in the daily habit of selling their furniture, and even their clothing, for a morsel of bread, remains to be seen. No pen, I assure you, can picture the distress of many hundreds, particularly the aged, who have hitherto languished in silence.—So many cases of extreme suffering paralise the efforts both of the military and the magistrates; hence, notwithstanding the numbers of the former, robbery and violence still prevail in various parts of the country."

Under the head of *Disturbed* Districts the following may be added:—"On Sunday night last, a most daring robbery was committed at Sowerby, by a number of armed men, attended with circumstances of the most wanton atrocity. Mr. William Barker, who is overseer of the poor, and collector of the property-tax at Sowerby, had retired with his family to rest, when they were roused from their beds, by a loud call for admittance; having opened the door, a number of men rushed in and demanded his money, which he gave up to them, to the amount of about 14l.; they then broke into his drawers, which they completely ransacked; but being disappointed in the booty they expected, they proceeded to break his household furniture, and his clock; a set of china, and other articles, were completely destroyed, and some of the wearing apparel of himself and his wife were thrown into the fire, and it was with great difficulty they were prevailed upon to desist from setting fire to the drawers. The number of persons concerned in this flagitious outrage could not be exactly ascertained; only five entered the house, but it is supposed there must have been one or two planted on the outside, to prevent surprise.

"On Wednesday evening a very daring attack was made upon the military guard, stationed at Brockwell, near Halifax, for the protection of obnoxious machinery. A person approached the sentinel, who, on being challenged, answered a friend, but continuing to approach without giving the countersign, the sentinel levelled his piece and pulled the trigger, but the musket did not go off, and the unknown enemy still advancing, attempted to cut down the sentinel by a stroke with a sword, with which he wounded him so severely as to sever his thumb from his hand. The daring assailant then retreated, and effected his escape before the vigilance of the other part of the guard could be awakened.

"A new species of police-officers have been introduced into this district, which the unpolished inhabitant term *kidnappers*. Men who employ themselves not so much to discover the perpetrators of offences already committed, as to trepan the weak and thoughtless into some acts or expressions, which may involve them into guilt and punishment These proceedings have excited strong and general disapprobation."—*(Leeds Mercury)*

WALES.

Various chasms and collections of water have recently been discovered among the Breconshire hills in the neighbourhood of Crickhowell, which were never before observed, and which some attribute to a subterranean convulsion. So violent have been the torrents, that a neat cottage, called Talmarsh, about seven miles from the above place, together with a garden and plantation, have been entirely ruined, and a bridge in the vicinity blown up.

A most tragical event took place at Chepstow on Sunday the 20th instant, which has plunged many families in this city and neighbourhood in the deepest distress. The particulars are as follows:—A party, consisting of eight ladies and one gentleman, accompanied by a man servant, who had been to church in the morning, had afterwards ridden to Tintern Abbey, and returned by water; it was perfectly calm, and a full moon: when they were about to land, the boatman informed them the best place was below the bridge, which they were fast approaching, and where a number of ladies and gentlemen were walking. Before they entered the arch, one of the ladies (Mrs. Rothery, as we understand from the survivors) called out "there's a rope! there's a rope!" but it was not seen by any other of the party, being in part under the surface of the water. In an instant all was horror! the moment the boat touched the rope, she upset! The cries of the unfortunate for assistance, the pushing off of boats from the shore, and the hurry of the good people who were anxious to save them, formed altogether a scene of inexpressible distress. The party consisted of Mrs. Shute, wife of Richard Shute, Esq. of Sydenham, Kent, and sister to Mrs. Langley, of Waterhouse, near Bath; her daughters Mary, Margaret, Eliza, and Ann; Miss Fisher, also sister to Mrs. Langley; Mr. Mrs. and Miss Rothery, of Bath. The wretched remains of this late happy party are Miss Eliza Shute, Miss Ann, and Mr. Rothery; the latter of whom had been twice carried down in supporting his wife, by struggling friends clinging to him, and checking his exertions: he at length got her to the head of the upset boat, but from one of the party again clinging to them, they both suddenly disappeared, and it was long before Mr. Rothery rose to the surface, when he again grasped the boat, and was taken up in an almost lifeless state, Miss Ann Shute, after long struggling, reached the boat, and was taken off its bottom; and Miss Eliza was taken from underneath, upon turning up the boat.

Horrid Murder—On Tuesday, 8th of Sept. between the hours of four and five o'clock in the afternoon, a horrid murder was committed at a farm-house called Penclyn Isa, in the parish of Llanbangel y Traihethu, near Harlech, Merionethshire, on the body of Mary Jones, a young woman of 17 years of age; who had been left alone in the bake-house to bake oat-meal bread, while the rest of the family were at work in a corn field, a short distance from the house. The murderer had supposed that he should find no one in the house, and he knew where the money was kept. The monster's name is Thomas Edwards, 65 years of age, a native of Ludlow, Salop, who had worked upwards of twenty years at the Anglesea mine works, but had been residing the last four years near the place where he committed the murder, and worked for that period at the Tre-Madock embankment. It is conjectured that the poor girl had caught him in the act of breaking open the desk, which he effected with a pair of sheers, and which was also the fatal instrument he committed the murder with. The murderer was soon afterwards apprehended, and the property he had stolen found on him.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Sept. 19, 1812.

INLAND COUNTIES.	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Middsx.	140 0	71 10	66 3	62 0
Surrey	144 0	66 4	64 0	61 4
Hertford	130 0	73 6	57 0	57
Bedford	133 10	80 0	62 6	60
Huntin.	132 2	——	65 6	55
Northa.	122 8	82 0	71 0	58
Rutland	142 0	——	73 6	60
Leicest.	129 5	——	69 6	51
Notting.	135 0	——	70 10	54
Derby	137 0	——	——	60
Stafford	132 1	——	——	53
Salop	119 3	90 10	69 4	54
Herefor.	122 7	83 2	65 0	43
Wor'st.	126 2	67 6	65 9	55
Warwic.	138 8	——	74 10	58
Wilts	127 2	64 6	70 6	58
Berks	135 8	75 0	64 0	60
Oxford	129 2	——	72 0	54
Bucks	139 8	——	72 6	59
Brecon	144 0	——	76 9	56
Montgo.	147 1	——	— —	57
Radnor.	147 9	——	74 9	46 8

MARITIME COUNTIES.	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d		s. d.	s. d.
Essex	140 0		75 6	2
Kent	137 0		69 0	6
Sussex	124 0			0
Suffolk	124 7	68		7
Cambridge ...	130	75		6
Norfolk	123	75		4
Lincoln	122	78	10	46 11
York	142	113	9	62
Durham	152	96	2	
Northumberlan	144	114	68 10	
Cumberland .	137	116	67 10	
Westmorland .	137	112 0	67 2	
Lancaster	125			
Chester	122			
Flint	152		92 10	—
Denbigh	142 10		90 5	46
Anglesea			77 0	40
Carnarvon	126		58 4	
Merioneth ...	150		81 0	
Cardigan	120		60 0	
Pembroke ...	114		77 4	
Carmarthen .	109		72 10	
Glamorgan ...	116		71 2	38
Gloucester	128			67
Somerset	129			51
Monmouth ..	140			—
Devon	124		64	50
Cornwall	113		61	39
Dorset	136		74	—
Hants	130		65	56

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 132s. 9d.; Rye 83s. 1d.; Barley 69s. 8d.; Oats 54s. 10d.; Beans 81s. 9d.; Pease 75s. 7d.; Oatmeal 56s. 4d.

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Sept. 22, 1812.

DOCKS.

London, 107*l.* per cent.
West-India, 149*l.* ditto
Commercial, 144*l.* per share

WATER-WORKS.

East London, 80*l.* per share
Kent, 58*l.* ditto
West Middlesex, 44*l.* ditto

CANALS.

Ellesmere, 70*l.* ditto
Grand Junction, 208*l.* ditto.
Grand Surrey, 122*l.* ditto
Leicester Union, 90*l.* ditto

INSURANCE-OFFICES.

Globe, 107*l.* ditto
Imperial, 50*l.* ditto
Kent, 46*l.* ditto

BRIDGES.

Strand Bridge, 44*l.* per share disc.
Vauxhall, 45*l.* ditto.
Beeralstone Lead and Silver Mine, 70*l.* per share premium.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, and Stock Brokers.*

BILL of MORTALITY, from AUGUST 26, to SEPT. 22, 1812.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.	
Males 686	1346	Males 608	1192
Females 660		Females 591	

Whereof have died under two years old 392

5 - 130	60 and 70	81	
- 39	70 and 80	70	
40	80 and 90	23	
20 and 30 - 84	90 and 100	4	
30 and 40 - 118			
40 and 50 - 118			
50 and 60 - 99			

Peck Loaf, 6s.8d. 6s.8d. 6s 8d. 6s.8d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from AUGUST 28, to SEPTEMBER 26, 1812, both inclusive.

Day. 1812	Bank Stock.	India Stock	S. S. Sto.	3 p. Cent Reduc.	3 p. Cent Consols.	4 pCet. Annu.	5 p Cent Navy.	Irish 5p.C	5 p. C. 1797.	Imperial 3 p Cent.	Imperial Anns.	Long Anns.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	New S. Sea Anns.	Omnium.	Old S. Sea Anns.	Cons. for Oct. 9.
Aug.																		
28	222			59⅛ ⅜	58½ ⅞	76⅛	90⅛	89⅜		58¼		15 13-16ths	5s.dis.	5s.pm		6⅛ pm.		59⅜
29	223	169¼		59¼ ⅜	59	76¼	90⅞	89¼				15⅞	5s.dis.	5s.pm		6⅜ pm.		59⅜
31			63½	59¼ ⅜	59¼ ⅜	76⅓	91¼					15⅞	6s.dis.	5s.pm		7 pm.	59⅝	59⅞
Sep																		
1				59¾ 60⅛	59⅛ ⅞	76¾	91½				5⅛	15 15-16ths	6s.dis.	5s.pm		8 pm.		60½
2		170		60⅛ ¼	59⅝ 60	76½	91⅜					15 15-16ths	6s.dis.	5s.pm		8 pm.		60⅜
3	226½		64¼	59¾ 60½	59⅝ 60¼	76⅝	91⅝			59¼		15 15-16ths	6s dis.	5s.pm		8¼ pm.		60⅜
4		171		60⅛ 59¾	59⅜ ⅝	76½	91⅜			58¾		15 15-16ths	6s.dis.	5s.pm		7½ pm.		60⅝
5	Shut			Shut	60½ 59¾	Shut	91½		Shut		5⅛	15⅝	6s.dis.	5s.pm		8 pm.		60½
7	Do.			Do.	60⅜ ¼	Do.	92⅛	Shut	Do.			Shut	6s.dis.	5s.pm		9 pm.		61
8	Do.		64¼	Do.	60½ 59⅞	Do.	92	Do.	Do.		5⅛	Do.	5s.dis.	5s.pm	61¼	8⅜ pm.		60⅝
9	Do.	172		Do.	59⅝ 60	Do.	91⅝	Do.	Do.	58¾	5 1-16th	Do.	4s.dis.	5s.pm		8 pm.	59¼	60⅜
10	Do.			Do.	59⅞ 60⅛	Do.	91⅞	Do.	Do.		5⅛	Do.	4s.dis.	6s.pm	60	7⅞ pm.	Shut	60⅜
11	Do.			Do.	59⅞ ⅛	Do.	91⅜	Do.	Do.	58¼	5⅛	Do.	4s dis.	6s pm		7⅝ pm.	Do.	60½
12	Do.			Do.	59⅝ ⅛	Do.	91¼	Do.	Do.		5 1-16th	Do.	4s.dis.	6s.pm		7⅜ pm.	Do.	60
14	Do.			Do.	59¾ ⅛	Do.	90⅞	Do.	Do.	58½		Do.	4s.dis.	5s.pm		7¼ pm.	Do.	60
15	Do.	170		Do.	59⅝ ⅛	Do.	90⅝	Do.	Do.			Do.	5s.dis.	5s.pm	59⅜	7 pm.	Do.	60
16	Do.	170½		Do.	59¼ ½	Do.	90¾	Do.	Do.	58⅞		Do.	6s.dis.	5s.pm		7¼ pm.	Do.	60⅛
17	Do.			Do.	59⅝ ⅝	Do.	90⅝	Do.	Do.			Do.	6s.dis.	5s.pm	59¼	6⅞ pm.	Do.	60
18	Do.			Do.	59⅛ ⅝	Do.	90⅜	Do.	Do.	58⅓		Do.	7s.dis.	5s.pm		6⅝ pm.	Do.	59⅞
19	Do.			Do.	59⅜ ⅝	Do.	90¼	Do.	Do.		5 1-16th	Do.	7s.dis.	5s.pm		6⅜ pm.	Do.	59¾
21	holida.																	
22	holida.																	
23	Shut			Do.	59⅛ 8½	Do.	90¾	Do.	Do.	57⅝		Do.	8s.dis	5s.pm	58⅜	6 pm.	Do.	59¼
24	Do.	169½		Do.	58¾ 7⅝	Do.	88⅝	Do.	Do.			Do.	9s.dis.	5s.pm	58⅛	4¾ pm.	Do.	58⅝
25	Do.			Do.	58⅜ ⅛	Do.	88¾	Do.	Do.	57½		Do.	8s.dis.	5s.pm		4⅜ pm.	Do.	58¼
26	Do.			Do.	58 7⅛	Do.	88½	Do.	Do.			Do.	6s.dis.	5s.pm		4⅛ pm.	Do.	58¼

N. B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols, the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks, the *highest* only.

J. M. RICHARDSON, STOCK BROKER, No. 23, Cornhill.

THE
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N° CVII.—Vol. XVIII.] *For* OCTOBER, 1812. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Dr. Toulmin's Speech, *as delivered at the Annual Meeting of the* Auxiliary Bible Society, *in Birmingham.*

For the Universal Magazine.

MANY as are the years, Sir, in which I have appeared in the character of a public speaker, I feel great diffidence in addressing you and this numerous assembly on the present occasion; and could not reconcile myself to it but under the indulgence of delivering my sentiments from prepared notes: and I am sensible, that with the aid of which I avail myself, I stand up under great disadvantages to speak on a subject on which the most brilliant talents have, in different places, displayed a copiousness, invention, and energy of diction to which I ought to make no claim; and on a subject on which, it must be very fresh in the memory of most of us, such a torrent of pathetic, powerful, and ready oratory was poured out on our listening ears last year, as sent us all away amazed, transported, and deeply impressed. I will, however, cast myself on the candour of this respectable auditory, while from a sense of duty to an excellent cause, I offer a few sentiments that may revive in the minds of many a conviction of its utility and importance.

Whether we reflect on the simplicity of the plan adopted by the English and Foreign Bible Society, on the patronage with which it has been honoured, on the rapidity of its progress, on the extent of its influence, or the greatness of the object, there is not a light in which this institution presents itself to our view, in which it does not strike the mind with proofs of its utility and efficacy. It commenced only eight years since, and in that short space of time, it has, as it were, with a force and quickness of vegetation like that of the smallest seed, fixed its roots deep, and extended its luxuriant branches far and wide, even over the globe; it has been the means of preaching the Gospel in 54 different languages; every year has added to the number of its members; every year has afforded new and joyful proofs of the spread of its operations, and the success of its exertions. It has issued from its Repository, in London, more than 325,000 copies of the Scriptures, independently of those which have been printed under its auspices beyond the limits of the United Kingdoms; and it has expended in this period more than 81,000*l.* in promoting its object.

Venerated be the name of Pamphilus, the Presbyter of Cæsarea in the third century, who always kept a supply of copies of the Scriptures to give or lend; venerated be the names of those who translated the sacred books into the vulgar tongues of different countries; venerated be the memory of our pious Reformers, who laid open their enlightening pages to the common people; venerated be the names of the Hon. Mr. Boyle, a Bishop Hall, and a Lord Wharton, who, by testamentary grants, provided for the annual distribution of Bibles through future generations. Great respect is due to the extended plans of the Society formed for promoting Christian Knowledge, and of that which directs its exertions to the attainment of the same object under the name of Religious Knowledge. I honour the memory of the philanthropic Dr. Bray*,

* Dr. Bray had the living of Sheldon, near Coleshill; and afterwards was Minister of Aldgate, London.

the promoter, if not the founder, of the former of these institutions. I would not overlook the society formed, about thirty years since, for the specific purpose of giving Bibles to our soldiers and sailors. But the light which those efforts have kindled, in comparison with that which this institution has excited and diffused, is scarcely more than are the glitterings of a glow-worm to the splendour of the meridian sun.

High praise belongs to those who distribute practical Treatises on Religion, Summaries of Faith and Morals, Books of Devotion, and the Common Prayer. But the best of these are only human compositions; they are all in some respect defective; in purity and completeness, but above all in authority, they are defective. They are only streams from the fountain of truth and knowledge; whatever is excellent in them originates from the Bible; they, mechanically, draw the attention of the reader to the man, from whose heart and pen they proceeded. A Bible speaks to us with divine authority. It turns the thoughts, it elevates the mind in the first instance to God *alone*, whose word it contains.

The institution which you are called, Christians and Townsmen, to support, appears to be most honourable to the Holy Scriptures in *this* view, that its single object is to circulate *them only* "without note or comment." It is honourable to the Scriptures, for "it proclaims, in opposition to infidelity, the public belief of thousands in the truth of Revelation." It expresses, in contrast with lukewarmness and a spirit of indifference to the best interests of men, a generous solicitude for the salvation of man, with an ardent concern for the spread of divine truth, and a full persuasion that both will be most effectually promoted by the circulation of the Scriptures. It is honourable to the Scriptures, for it is our voluntary testimony to their fulness and sufficiency; it attests our conviction, to use the language of the sixth article of our national church, "that Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith; or to be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." It is honourable to the Scriptures, for it employeth them as the means of expressing and cementing an union of efforts, a harmony of affection between all parties, in one great design, that of giving the most extensive circulation to the book which contains the bequest of the Prince of Peace, the law of love, and the counsels of divine and universal mercy; whatever differences of opinion, what variations soever of religious profession may exist amongst us, *here* we are of one heart and one soul.

It is an institution most honourable to the Scriptures, for it implies our absolute submission to their authority; it expresses an ardent desire that their authority only may prevail in forming the religious faith and practice of mankind. Christians of all denominations have been too ready to identify their own views of the Christian doctrine, their own interpretations, glosses, and deductions with the Scriptures themselves; and to conceive, that they who do not admit the latter cannot reverence the former. Our joint consent to discard our own notes and comments in the circulation of the Scriptures is a reverential appeal to *them only*, as a divine and infallible guide; it is acting upon the true Protestant principle, that the Bible only is our religion. It is a declaration, as far as actions can speak, that we humbly lay our preconceived ideas, our prejudices, our principles of education, the results of our own enquiries, the creeds and practices with which our interest has been connected, at the throne of the God of Truth. When we put a Bible "without note or comment," into the hands of any one, we virtually deliver with it this admonition: "this is the book to whose sacred dictates we all wish conscientiously to bow; take it as the divine standard of truth; read it carefully, read it seriously, read it impartially, and judge for yourself." May we offer it, and you receive it with a solemn conviction, that both of us are alike amenable for our use of it at the tribunal of God, whose unerring oracles are recorded in it!

To do this is not to intimate a

doubt or distrust of the rectitude of our sentiments, but rather a confidence in them, that we fear not to have them tried by this test; or it implies a disinterested fortitude of mind, under a persuasion that truth, whether it exists in one party or the other, will finally prevail. On these principles allow me to say on my own behalf, and on behalf of others with whom, it is known, I agree in many opinions different from those held by the majority of the members and patrons of the English and Foreign Bible Society, we adopt with cordial approbation the simplicity of its object; we are devoutly glad, in conjunction with them, to circulate the Scriptures "without note or comment;" and, in the United Kingdoms, the authorised version.

May I be permitted, Sir, to suggest another consideration, which with peculiar force recommends this institution to our attention and support, which affords us cause to congratulate ourselves on seeing its commencement, and witnessing its glorious progress. We behold in its rapidly advancing spread and influence the growing fulfilment of the word of prophecy, and a prelude to its complete accomplishment.

If in the days of the Apostles it could be said of the preachers of Christianity, that "their sound was gone into all the earth, and their words to the end of the world;" with how much greater propriety and force may this be now said of the doctrine of grace and salvation transmitted down to us in those invaluable writings. It was the fervent prayer of the times before Christ, "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us, that thy way may be known on earth, and thy saving health among all nations." This prayer was, in the first instance, answered, when "in the fulness of time, the day spring from on high visited mankind, to give light to them that sat in darkness and the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the ways of peace." But still much remained to be effected; partial was the spread of the Gospel; a long night of darkness followed the opening day of light and salvation. The Reformation, at least in great part of Europe, dispersed, in a great degree, the darkness; the Reformation, aided by the invention of printing, opened and distributed the treasures of truth and grace. Subsequent measures have assisted the progress of divine knowledge; but slow, local, and limited has been that progress. Through ages "little comparatively has been done towards generalizing the knowledge of the Bible." Darkness, while centuries have rolled on, has overshadowed the earth. The rays of light have, at most, been few, scattered, and feeble.

But the sun of righteousness has, recently, burst forth from the dark clouds with a bright lustre, has enlightened with greater lustre the territories of Europe and Asia, and darted his resplendent beams beyond the wide Atlantic. Read the Reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which become every year more interesting by the variety and number of facts which they detail. Reflect on the increasing formation of Auxiliary Societies in this kingdom, in foreign countries to the east of us, and in the American States. The first Bible Society established in that country was at Philadelphia, about three years since; there are now twenty Societies of this description in the United States, circulating the Scriptures in every direction.* Reckon up the number of Bibles and Testaments which have been distributed by the Parent Society. Traverse over the countries into which, by its patronage, translations of the Scriptures have been introduced. As its last report expresses it, "it may be truly affirmed, that it has opened channels, by which the springs of life have not only flowed to the numbers who thirsted for them within the United Kingdoms, but have been conveyed to the barren and parched soils of the remotest regions."

In connection with these details of its operations, recollect the word of prophecy. Prophecy declared, "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea; in that day the deaf shall hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity and darkness. All thy children shall

* Boston Gazette, Feb. 13, 1812.

run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Compare existing events with these predictions. These predictions foretold an universal spread of divine knowledge; existing events open a prospect of it more propitious, more enduraging than any preceding æra has afforded. May we not say, that now the word of prophecy begins, indeed, to receive its accomplishment? May we not augur, from present appearances, that the time is rapidly approaching, when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord?"

These appearances, be it observed, break out under awful and alarming circumstances. When war has, for nearly twenty years, been waving its bloody banners over the nations of Europe; when, as it is stated in the last report, "the difficulties with which manufactures and commerce have to contend, make it a matter of astonishment and gratitude, that the exertions in this benevolent cause have been so little restrained in any place, and have, in most places, been stimulated and enlarged." Under these circumstances has the British and Foreign Bible Society commenced. Under these circumstances has its noble design been successful. What has been effected, in this situation of the world and of our own country, affords, from its correspondence to prophecy, a peculiar confirmation to our faith in the truth of that Revelation, to which it is our pious and earnest wish to give the most extensive circulation; it creates the most encouraging conjectures of what will take place; nay, it converts conjectures into lively hope, and raises hope into divine confidence.

But much yet remains to be done. To ripen auspicious beginnings, and

did application first disposed me to enlist myself in this sacred and philanthropic institution. I, this day, thank my God with humble and joyful gratitude, whose gracious providence has lengthened out my years, that I have lived to see the day in which an institution so propitious to the universal spread of divine knowledge has commenced. I hail, Sir, with gladdening hope, the approach of that period when many, when all nations shall say, "Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and he will teach us his ways; come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord."

Filled with this idea, and rejoicing in this hope, let us, my Townsmen and fellow Christians, renew our efforts to bring on, more rapidly, this glorious period, and to diffuse these sentiments, these desires after sacred knowledge; and with our efforts let us unite our fervent prayers. From every heart let this request ascend to heaven, "O God send out thy light and thy truth;" and let every voice echo, Amen.

On these principles I beg leave, Sir, to move,

That this meeting contemplates with the warmest emotions of gratitude the unexampled patronage, progress, and success, which have distinguished the British and Foreign Bible Society since the period of its institution; and that they attribute its prosperity, under Providence, to the truly Christian simplicity of its plan, and the immense importance of its objects.

EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR BUGS.

Sir,

vited to entertain, is delightful to every follower of the great Founder of our religion, of every denomination and sect. Let it animate our strenuous persevering exertions.

I embrace this moment to make my public acknowledgments to the clergyman*, whose can-

* Rev. Mr. Burn.

[illegible] the following receipt, but being disappointed, as there was no direction with respect to quantity, I applied to a chymist, who gave me the quantities as under, and said, he thought it the best remedy he had ever seen, on account of its cleanliness and certain effect. I should be glad to see it inserted in my next magazine (if not too late). The original remedy is in the Universal

Magazine for July, 1763, page 14. Yours, &c.

J. B.

Kenton-street, Brunswick-square, June 22, 1812.

"Bugs.—The best remedy ever yet communicated to the public for destroying them effectually. *(See index to the above Magazine).*

"M. Salberg, of the Royal Academy of Stockholm, discovered, that by rubbing wood with a dissolution of vitriol, insects and bugs are prevented from harbouring therein.

"When the strength of this remedy is required to be increased, there need only be boiled some Coloquintida apple in water, which afterwards pour on the vitriol; and when the vitriol is dissolved, the bedsteads, with all the wood about them, and wainscotting (if any) being anointed with this liquor, will be *ever after* clear of worms and bugs; some of it may be dropped in the holes (if any) where they are suspected to be harboured.

"As to walls, they require only to be washed with vitriol water, viz. half a pound of green vitriol, put in an earthen pan, and two quarts of water poured on it, till the vitriol is dissolved.

"For the above, to one ounce of Coloquintida or bitter apple, put two full quarts of water, and boiled half an hour; put the half pound of green vitriol in an earthen pan, and pour the boiled apple-water upon it; when the vitriol is dissolved it is fit for use.

"One ounce of bitter apple, 1s.

"Half a pound of green vitriol, 6d. (Sold at any druggist's).

"Coloquintida apples are an annual plant, and a native of Turkey, size of an orange, gathered in autumn, peeled and dried quickly."

Dr. Johnson's Lexicographical Peculiarities.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

Sir,

In all the varieties of inquiry which have been instituted into the writings of Johnson, his Dictionary seems to have escaped with less examination, after that which its first appearance excited, than any of his other works. It presents, however, many things curious in literary estimation, as significant of his prejudices, his affections, and his sentiments. In the course of many years assiduous use of this Dictionary, I have been careful to note down these peculiarities as often as they occurred, and if the following selection should be considered interesting to your readers, I shall be happy to occupy a leisure moment by sending you one or two more specimens.

He tells us in his Preface, that his intention originally was to admit "no testimony of living authors," but he adds, he departed from this resolution when some performance of uncommon excellence excited his veneration, when his memory supplied him, from late books, with an example that was wanting, or when his heart, in the tenderness of friendship, solicited admission for a favourite name." To which of the above three causes I am to attribute the quotation of *himself* as an authority, I know not; but I find the word idler illustrated by the following line from his own tragedy—

Thou sluggish *idler*, dilatory slave!

Irene.

It was probably the tenderness of affection that induced him to quote from Goldsmith, but he quotes him wrong, as may be seen under the verb *to breast*, where he has these lines:

"The hardy Swiss
"*Breasts* the keen air, and carols as he goes." Goldsmith

The couplet runs thus in every copy of Goldsmith's *Traveller* which I have seen:

"Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
"*Breathes* the keen air, and carols as he goes."

It is evident he quoted from memory.

Beattie is another contemporary, whom he uses as an authority; but his acquaintance with him did not commence till about the year 1770, at which time he was beginning to rise into notice, having then published within a short space of each other,

his *Essay on Truth* and his *Minstrel*. I could almost be tempted to think that Johnson quoted him on one occasion *merely* to mark his friendship, for under the adverb of negation *no*, he introduces this line, "poor Edwin was no vulgar boy," from the first book of his Minstrel. But surely it did not require Dr. Beattie's example to strengthen those of Pope, Swift, and the translators of the Bible, all of whom Johnson cites. The other occasion, on which he quotes Beattie, is for a definition of the word *humblebee*, though I know not from what part of his writings it is taken, unless it be from his *Theory of Language*.

The word *dimply*, not a very elegant epithet, he inserts upon the single authority of Warton, another contemporary:

"As the smooth the *dimply* flood,
The silver-slipper'd Virgin lightly trod."

The verb *to giggle* he also supports upon the single authority of his friend Garrick, in a couplet from one of his epilogues:

"We show our present joking, gig race,
True joy consists in gravity and grave."

The word *falulist* is also authorised by a line from Garrick.

He quotes the authority of Richardson in the words *devilkin* and *suicide*.

In the verb *to mounch*, he quotes Mr. Macbean, one of his "humble friends," according to Mr. Boswell, as an authority for the definition of the word relatively to its meaning in Scotland, Macbean being considered no doubt a good evidence.

I have produced one instance where Johnson quoted himself as an authority. I find him using the same authority on another occasion, but modestly veiling it under the term anonymous. Thus, in the illustrations of the word *mimick*, I find the following line:

"Of France the *mimick*, and of Spain the prey." ANON.

And in his London, a poem, is the following couplet:

"Sense, freedom, piety refin'd away,
Of France the *mimick*, and of Spain the prey."

The word *rattlesnake* is illustrated by a quotation from Edward Moore's comedy of the *Foundling*, an author whom I do not recollect to have been an associate of Johnson's.

Another contemporary whom Johnson quotes, is his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds; and when the reader is told that he quotes him in illustration of the word *portrait*, he will allow that he could not have quoted a better authority.

A very inelegant word, *ridiculer*, is supported by the single authority of the expected patron of his Dictionary, Lord Chesterfield:

"The *ridiculer* shall make only himself ridiculous."

I have confined myself in this letter, which I now hasten to conclude, to an enumeration of such instances of contemporary citation in Johnson's Dictionary as I have happened to detect, and shall only further observe, that the words *chit* and *bravado* are introduced upon anonymous authority. In a subsequent communication I shall introduce instances where he evidently indulged his prejudices, literary, religious, and political, even in the severe and abstract labour of definition.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
Oct. 10, 1812. W. M.

Mr. BURDON'S DEFENCE *of his* OPINIONS.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR,

NAMELESS correspondent, in the last number of your Magazine, having charged me with a glaring inconsistency in my own principles, as contained in *Materials for Thinking*, because I have accused the established clergy of acting inconsistently with the precepts of Jesus, I will attempt to refute his assertion, and in so doing, will shew that I am not guilty of the same inconsistency towards him, for I conceive that his charge originates not from a "bad motive, but from a false conception of things."—In the passage which your correspondent has selected for his censure, I have stated facts; and if I can prove these facts, there is surely nothing illiberal

in the statement; but the facts are so notorious, that they require no further proof than the evidence of every man's senses, and the gentleman has not denied them, but stated exceptions, and these I never meant to deny: I spoke of the great body of the beneficed clergy, men with livings from two hundred to two thousand a year and upwards; and I say again, and I will say it while I have power and liberty to say it, that the great body of the clergy live in direct opposition to the precepts of Jesus; that they are worldly-minded, selfish, proud, overbearing, and contentious lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; for the moderate pursuit of wealth, for a desire to provide for their families, and to live comfortably, I cannot blame them—but still, I must say, it is contrary to the precepts of Jesus literally received; and I know of no divine dispensation for any man to interpret them as suits his convenience. The writer allows that "the superior clergy do step a little out of the narrow line of ecclesiastical decorum, which, in an envious eye, will be condemned" he says somewhat ungrammatically, "as a heinous offence in a clergyman." I have no cause to *envy* the clergy the possession of any thing that wealth can bestow, and therefore that is not my motive, as the author *liberally* supposes; but, I must own, it excites my indignation, when I see a body of men, most of whom are rolling in luxury and splendour, for teaching a religion, whose very essence is poverty, humility, and self-denial. It is true, that neither Christ, nor his apostles, recommended "the habitation of a desert," but they recommended something very nearly resembling "the austerities of a monk," when they tell us "to take no thought what we shall eat, or what we shall drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed;" (*Matt.* vi. *v.* 31.) or even when they allow us to have "food and raiment," but, as St. Paul says, "having food and raiment to be therewith content."

The gentleman who thus zealously defends the clergy, seems to speak only of those whom I never intended to censure, those pious, modest, conscientious clergymen, who, with small incomes, are struggling with the world, and have little opportunity of tasting its delights, or indulging in its luxuries; it must certainly be a gross misconception in any man to suppose I could intend to hold up such men to public censure, or to be very strict in comparing their lives with the precepts of the Gospel; no, it is the great, proud, wealthy, powerful, haughty and insolent bishops, deans, prebendaries, rectors, and pluralists, whom I spoke of, and of whom I stated a fact not to be controverted either by the utmost impudence or sophistry. I have said, and I repeat it, that every action of *their* lives, and the whole institution which places them where they are, is in direct contradiction to the precepts of the gospel, and I will even say more, in direct opposition to public utility, for which alone, independent of any reference to the Gospel of Christ, the establishment was originally instituted, and is at present upheld. It is not "the disrespect and unmerited censure which the clergy have met with for several years, that is the occasion of the lower orders forsaking places of public worship," it is the conduct of the clergy themselves; for it is impossible in the nature of things, that if they did not neglect their duty, and leave it to hirelings, if they did not furnish examples of profligacy and contempt of the precepts of their great master, it is impossible that ignorant fanatics, preaching in blackguard conventicles, could draw the common people from their appointed teachers, and lead them into all the winding paths of schism, fanaticism, and heterodoxy. It is the great body of the clergy who are deficient in their duty, or no man, though he spake with the tongue of men and angels, could seduce from them their lawful congregations. In speaking thus to your correspondent, I have exercised towards him that liberality which I recommend to others. I have conceived him to be actuated by a good motive, but to labour under a considerable mistake as to facts, and perhaps also to be under the influence of prepossessions, being himself one of that order, whom he is unwilling to see condemned.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Oct. 8, 1812.

SKETCH *of the* HISTORY *of the* MNEMONIC ART.

"The necessity of memory to the acquisition of knowledge is inevitably felt and universally allowed, so that scarcely any other of the mental faculties are commonly considered as necessary to a student: he that admires the proficiency of another always attributes it to the happiness of his memory; and he that laments his own defects concludes with a wish that his memory was better."

JOHNSON.

SUCH is the importance of memory, that more observations on its nature, and speculations for its improvement, have been made, than on any other faculty of the mind. This fact will be readily accounted for, when we reflect that, by the aid of memory, we are enabled to preserve that immense variety of knowledge which we daily acquire, and thus lay a permanent foundation for all our intellectual improvement.

It is, perhaps, of little importance to institute any enquiries respecting the unequal distribution of the precious faculty of memory which is possessed by some persons in astonishing vigour, and in others exhibits a deplorable deficiency. In some persons, says Mr. Locke, "the mind retains the characters drawn on it like marble, in others like freestone, and in others little better than sand." Memory so often deceives its trust, that the ingenuity of man has been unceasingly employed in the invention of some means by which this capital defect may be remedied; it will, therefore, be useful to examine the various artifices which have at different times been resorted to, in aid of the natural memory.

The association of ideas is a powerful expedient for assisting the memory. We cannot see the house of a friend without thinking of the persons who have lived in it, or of the intercourse we have had with them. By the act of association remote thoughts are connected with others more obvious, and the recurrence of the latter brings with it the memory of the former. Sensible objects have a powerful influence in recalling to the mind the ideas with which it was occupied when those ideas were presented. "Places and things, (says Mr. Foster,)* which have an association with any of the events or feelings of past life, will greatly assist the recollection of them. A man of strong associations finds memoirs of himself already written on the places where he has conversed with happiness or misery. If an old man wished to animate, for a moment, the languid and faded ideas which he retains of his youth, he might walk with his crutch across the green where he once played with companions who are now probably laid to repose in another spot not far off. An aged saint may meet again some of the effects of his early piety in the place where he first thought it happy to pray. A walk in a meadow, the sight of a bank of flowers, perhaps even of some one flower, a landscape with the tints of autumn, the descent into a valley, the brow of a mountain, the house where a friend has been met, or has resided, or has died, have often produced a much more lively recollection of our past feelings, and of the objects and events which caused them, than the most perfect description could have done."

The theory of association forms the basis of the celebrated *topical* memory of the antients, whose origin is attributed to the well-known circumstance which happened to Simonides while at a festival with his friend Scopas. "The principle of the scheme of Simonides," says Professor Barron, "is to transfer a train of ideas, the archetypes of which are not the objects of sense, and are, therefore, of difficult recollection, to another train which we cannot miss to recollect, because the archetypes are not only objects of sense, but objects of sight, with which archetypes we are perfectly familiar; or which may be placed actually before our eyes. Suppose then Simonides were to commit to memory a discourse, consisting of speculations concerning government, finances, naval affairs, or wisdom, none of the archetypes of which could be made objects of sense, at least, at the time of delivery; and to assist his recollection, he were to connect the series of ideas, in that discourse, with a series of objects,

* Essays, p. 12.

which he could either place in sight, or with which he was so familiar, that he could not fail to recollect them; he would proceed in the following manner. He would take a house, for instance, either the one in which he might deliver the discourse, or another; with every part of which he was perfectly acquainted. He would begin at some fixed point of that house, suppose the right side of the door, and he would proceed round it in a circular line, till he arrived at the point from which he set out. He would divide the circumference of the house into as many parts as there were different topics, or paragraphs in the discourse. He would distinguish each paragraph by some symbol of the subject it contained; that on government, by the symbol of a crown, or a sceptre; that on finances, by the symbol of some current coin; that on naval affairs, by the figure of a ship; that on wisdom, by the figure of the goddess who presided over it. He would either actually transfer, or suppose transferred, these symbols to the different compartments of the house, and then all he had to do, in order to recollect the subject of any paragraph, was, either to cast his eye on the symbol during delivery, or to remember upon what division the symbol was placed. The memory, by this contrivance, easily recalled the discourse. The orator either saw, or could not fail to remember the compartments, because he was perfectly familiar with them. Neither could he forget the symbols of each paragraph, because they were no more than hieroglyphical paintings of the sense."

This system of local and symbolical memory, which is mentioned both by Cicero and Quinctilian, as successfully practised in their time, is the basis upon which all the modern superstructures have been raised.

That luminary of science, *Raymund Lully*, born at Majorca in 1236, seems to have been the first modern who brought the art of memory into notice, after it had lain dormant for so many ages. His art was termed *transcendental*, and distinguished by his name. By aid of this art a person might hold a disputation for a whole day, upon any subject whatever, without understanding any thing of the matter. This invention consisted in collecting a number of general terms, common to all the sciences, of which an alphabetical table was to be provided. Subjects and predicates taken from these were to be respectively inscribed in angular spaces upon circular papers. The essences, qualities, affections, and relations of things, being thus mechanically brought together, the circular papers of subjects were fixed in a frame, and those of predicates were so placed upon them as to move freely, and in their revolutions to produce various combinations of subjects and predicates, whence would arise definitions, axioms, and propositions, varying infinitely. The most voluminous commentators on Lully are, Athanasius Kircher, and Jean Belot; the former in his *Ars Magna Scienti*, and the latter in his *L'Oeuvre des Oeuvres, etc.* Morhof, in his Polyhistor,* has a dissertation *de Arte Lulliana*, in which he has preserved an elaborate account of the system, and has given a tremendous list of commentators upon the art.

About the year 1325, *Thomas Bradwardin*, called the Profound Doctor, appears to have formed a system of local memory upon the plan of the antients. It does not exhibit, however, any striking peculiarities, and exists only in MS.

In the *fifteenth* century this art seems to have occupied the attention of *Publicius, Priis, Peter of Cologne*, and *Peter of Ravenna*, who successively published systems of local and symbolical memory. These works are illustrated by wood cuts of the most grotesque and rude description, exhibiting interesting specimens of early typography. Their schemes do not differ materially from that of Simonides, as practised by Cicero and Quinctilian.

In the year 1533, *Romberg* published his *Congestorium Artificiosæ Memoriæ*, which contains a very complete view of his predecessors' labors, with many important additions. This curious volume is extremely rare, and abounds with wood cuts.

Gratarolo, an Italian physician, was the next writer on this subject, who,

* Tom. I. lib. ii. cap. 5.

n 1555, published his treatise *de Memoria Reparanda, etc.* This was translated into English by William Fulwod, and entitled "The Castel of Memorie," and afterwards into French, by Copé.* The treatise of Grataroli contains much curious matter. Having described at large, his arrangement of *places*, he proceeds to the consideration of *images*, and thus discourses:

"The images whiche bee knowen unto us, ought to be so set in these places with such mouinges, that by them we maye call thinges to remembraunce. For example, I would remember twentye names, I will do thus: In the fyrste place, I will set the Images of Peter, one whom I well knowe, with an * * * full of water in hys hande, the whyche he shall power upon James one also well knowen unto me: and so by this notable act, I shall remember these twoo, and so place in my remembraunce these twoo names.

"In the seconde place I wyll put Henrye, who is unto mee verye well knowen, (for these fygures must be exactly knowen that they maye quickelye come into ones Memorye), who shall put his hande into a Boxe and pull out the salue, and therewithal to besmyer Steuen, one also whom I do very well know.

"In the thyrde place I will set Wylliam, one whome I knowe also, who shall take out of the morter a playster, and shall put it upon Fraunces face: or inuentinge some other mad iestes and toyes, whereby the memorye maye bee confyrmed to beare awaye suche lyke names.

"And so in lyke manner proceede with the rest.

"Lykewise, if I would remember any man and also his acte, I will imagin him and the doyng of his acte; as, if I would remember one eating of figges, then I will imagine that with a figge, he did some mery or strange thing."

The author in the person of "*Memorie*," takes leave of his disciples in the following quaint lines:

To him that would me gladly gaine
These three precepts shall not be vaine.
The first is well to vnderstand
The thing that he doth take in hand.
The second is the same to place
In order good and formed race,
The thyrde, is often to repeat
The thing that he would not forgeat.
Adioining to this castell strong,
Great vertue comes er it be long.

The works of *Spangenberg, Rosselius, Bruno, Albert, Porta, Marafioti*, and others, appeared about the close of the sixteenth century, but they contained nothing very materially new on the Mnemonic art.

The *seventeenth* century was remarkable for the number and variety of mnemonistic works, which issued from the presses of the continent. England also had her share in this honour, and produced one or two books worthy of examination. The system of *Schenckel* occupied the greatest share of attention in France and Germany. Lambert, or Lamprecht Schenckel,* born at Bois-le-Duc, in 1547, was the son of an apothecary and philologist. He went through his academical course at Lyons and Cologne, and afterwards became a teacher of rhetoric, prosody, and gymnastics, at Paris, Antwerp, Malines, and Rouen; not forgetting, as the custom of the age required, to claim his title to scholarship, by writing Latin verses. From these, however, he acquired no celebrity proportionate to that which was reared on his discoveries in the Mnemonic Art. The more effectually to propagate these discoveries, he travelled through the Netherlands, Germany, and France; where his method was inspected by the great, and transmitted from one university to another. Applause followed every where at his heels. Princes and nobles, ecclesiastics and laymen, alike took soundings of his depth; and Schenckel brought himself through every ordeal, to the astonishment and admiration of his judges. The rector of the Sorbonne, at Paris, having previously made trial of his merits, permitted him to teach his

* It is worthy of remark, that this translation by Copé is the *only work* noticed by that acute bibliographer De Bure, under the head of natural and artificial memory.

* See Monthly Magazine, for Feb. 1810.

science at the university; and Marellon, Maitre des Requêtes, having done the same, gave him an exclusive privilege for practising Mnemonics throughout the French dominions. His auditors were, however, prohibited from communicating this art to others, under a severe penalty. As his time now became too precious to admit of his making circuits, he delegated this branch of his patent to the licentiate *Martin Sommer*, and invested him with a regular diploma, as his plenipotentiary for circulating his art, under certain stipulations, through Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and the neighbouring countries.

At different meetings of divines, lawyers, and physicians, Schenckel exhibited some extraordinary specimens of his art. Having requested some one to dictate 25 sentences, he wrote them down with a pen, and numbered them; he next read them aloud twice, with scarcely any pause; and having sat for a short time in silence, he repeated the whole from beginning to end, backwards and forwards, and in any order desired, without the slightest hesitation. Fifteen more sentences were afterwards added, and repeated with the former 25. On another occasion, Schenckel having presented to his auditory *two hundred* sentences, in which a pupil of his, taken from the last meeting, had been exercised, together with the 40 sentences then given, the pupil, on any number being asked, repeated the appropriate sentence, and *vice-versa*, to the astonishment of all present:—more especially at the unconnected manner in which the numbers were proposed; as 235, 27, 9, 240, 128, 19, 184, 3, 225, 2, 176, 36, 7, etc. etc. This same pupil offered to the assembly 250 written words, which he had learned by some tuition from Schenckel, and by his own application. To these 250 words were added 50 others; and, in a short time, the pupil answered to the whole 300, in the same manner as had been done before by the professor himself. In repeating the sentences, the pupil, once or twice, did not give the words regularly;—when this was intimated to him, he immediately corrected himself, and repeated the words in their appropriate order.

Schenckel was followed by *Alstedius*, *Brux*, *Ravellin*, and *Naulius*. Brus was not contented with promulgating an art of *Memory*, with a complete *Nomenclator Mnemonicus*, but directed his attention to an art on which much less has been written—the *Ars Oblivionis*, or art of *Forgetfulness*, for the acquisition of which very full and minute directions are given. Were this art "eliminated out of the thick fog in which it is enveloped," many a candidate would be found for the *sweet oblivious antidote*. In this, (says the great moralist) we all resemble one another; the hero and the sage are, like vulgar mortals, overburthened by the weight of life; all shrink from recollection, and all wish for an *art of forgetfulness*.

The principal work published in *England*, on the subject of the local memory, appeared in 1618, under the title of *Mnemonica; sive Ars Reminiscendi, etc.* by *John Willis*: and was translated, in 1661, by one Sowersby, a bookseller. This curious and rare volume is replete with information respecting Mnemonics, and discourses at large concerning every particular which requires the attention of the student. In the year 1651, *Henry Herdson*, who styles himself a professor by public authority, in the University of Cambridge, published his *Ars Mnemonica, sive Herdsonus Bruxiatus, etc.* in Latin and English. It is merely a republication of a part of Brus's *Simonides Redivivus*. Mr. Herdson's address to the reader is sufficiently quaint and curious:—

"Courteous Reader, If any thing in this Book seemeth obscure unto thee, and thou desirest' instruction in the same, and clearly to gaine the full benefit of the Art, thou mayest repaire unto me at the Green Dragon, over against Saint Antholins Church in London, where I shall bee ready to give thee sufficient testimoniall and satisfaction of the Art, that the playnest and meanest capacity may apprehend it. And so I rest thy welwisher in Christ Iesus."

The "Art of Memory," by *Marius D'Assigny*, which appeared in 1697, contains little worthy of notice respecting the local memory, but is full of rules for improving the *natural memory*; and is stuffed with a multi-

tude of physical receipts for that purpose. This sapient author informs us, that all such motions of the body as cause giddiness or swimming in the head, are destructive to the memory. *Therefore we should have a special care to avoid* FALLS *from* HIGH PLACES, *turning round, or blows upon the hinder part of the head!!!*

The Mnemonical Essays published on the continent, from 1620 to 1702, were principally by *Azevedo*, *Carbonel*, *Cairot*, *Dunnhawer*, *Belot*, and *Brancaccio*. Several anonymous systems were also put forth during this period. *Erhardt's Ars Memoræ* appeared in 1715, and *Father Feyjoo* has a dissertation expressly upon the subject, in his *Cartas Eruditas y Curiosas*. From the time of Feyjoo (1781)* to the year 1806, the local and symbolical memory seems to have lain completely dormant.

In the year 1800, *M. Aretin* and *M Kæstner*, restored and taught this art on the continent. In the following year, *M. Gregor Von Feinaigle*, a native of Baden, made his appearance at Paris, and lectured publicly on his "New System of Mnemonics and Methodics." In this system he had considerably improved upon all former attempts, and applied the art to facilitate the acquisition of almost every branch of knowledge. In the early part of 1811, M. Feinaigle visited England, and gave public experiments in the metropolis, of the efficacy of his system. In the Morning Post for the 18th of last April, we have the following curious account of an examination of his pupils, at the Surry Institution.

"On the 6th of April, 1812, the effects of M. Feinaigle's system were exemplified at the Surry Institution, before a numerous assembly of proprietors and subscribers, by the examination of five young persons, who had previously been committed to the care of M. Von Feinaigle.

"1. Master H. S. (13 years of age) determined the geographical situation of *fifty* principal towns in different parts of the globe, assigned to each its longitude and latitude in degrees and minutes, and named the country in which it is found. He also marked on a blank planisphere the true situation of the towns named to him.

"2. Miss P. K. (11 years of age) repeated fifty stanzas of four lines each, from the second part of Mrs. More's 'Sir Eldred of the Bower.' These she repeated consecutively, and in any order desired. On any remarkable word being mentioned, she determined the stanza, the line, the place of the line, in which it was to the same word occurred in the Poem.

3. Miss M. A K. (15 years of age) answered to all the declensions, as well of substantives as of adjectives, of the Latin language; and gave a full account of all the conjugations, both active and passive, without any previous knowledge of that language.

"4 Miss S. S. (of the same age with the preceding pupil) answered to the declensions and conjugations of the Greek language, and declined and conjugated several regular nouns and verbs proposed to her. This pupil had never seen a Greek character till put under the care of the Professor.

"*The whole instruction received by the above pupils consisted of five lessons only, of one hour each.*

"Master S. H. explained the physical, mathematical, and chemical characters of minerals, after Hauy's system, assigning the systematical order of any character whatever proposed to him, and showing in what manner any mineral ought to be examined and tried, to ascertain its nature. This pupil received only two hours instruction from M. Feinaigle.

"Master S H. afterwards requested the audience to give twenty words or names, without any order or connection whatever. These words were written on a board, and numbered from one to twenty, as follows:

1. Tower.	4. Crotch.
2. Gate.	5. Grey.
3. Steeple.	6. Regent.

* There is one exception. Dr. Klüber published a German translation of Schenckel in 1804, with a preface and notes. The system of *Dr. Grey*, as explained in the *Memoria Technica*, and the subsequent improvements of *Lowe*, are so well known to our readers, and differ so materially from the local memory, that we shall not attempt an analysis of them.

7. Church.
8. Chapel.
9. Institution
10. Graham.
11. Ten.
12. Hill.
13. Nelson.
14. Feinaigle.
15. Syracuse.
16. Wellington.
17. Archimides.
18. Palestine.
19. Button.
20. Reform.

"After inspecting the numbers and words for a space of time, not exceeding *three* minutes, the pupil named every word in the series, both forward and backwards; to any number that was proposod to him, he assigned the proper word, and *vice versa*.

"A series of twenty-eight figures, named promiscuously by the audience, was then written down, as, 8, 5, 1, 0, 5, 0, 2, 9, 6, &c. &c. &c. These the pupil surveyed attentively, for about five minutes, and then repeated them forwards and backwards. He afterwards declared how many 8s. 2s. 9s &c. occurred in the series, and the relative situation of each figure

In consequence of the disappointment of many of the proprietors and subscribers, who could not obtain admittance into the lecture room on the 6th instant, the above experiments were repeated on Wednesday evening last, to a crowded auditory. *On this evening* the following additional evidences of the utility and universality of M Feinaigle's System were adduced:—

"1. Master J. C. answered to two sums in *multiplication* of 8 numbers, by 8 numbers each. Each sum containing 8 separate products, besides the *total* product; he repeated any product required of him. The separate operations being represented on a board, by cyphers—on any one cypher, or line of cyphers, on either sum being effaced, he replaced them by the appropriate figures. This pupil was employed for *ten minutes* only, in committing the figures to memory.

"2. Miss S. T. answered to the *Chronology* of the Kings of England, from William the Conqueror down to his present Majesty, in any order that was desired. She also named the predecessor and successor of any king pointed out to her. This pupil received four lessons of one hour each.

"Master S. H. after *one hour's application*, repeated a *Greek word* from Aristophanes, consisting of *seventy-six syllables* and 165 letters both forwards and backwards: he also named any syllable in any order desired, determining its numerical situation."

Since the period of M. Von Feinaigle's arrival in England, he has been delivering a variety of courses of fifteen or sixteen lectures each, at the charge of five guineas for each pupil. The Professor has lectured at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, &c. but the golden shower which rewarded all his labours, was found principally in *London*. Such was the anxiety of all ranks to become acquainted with the *New Art of Memory*, that nobility gentry, and *bourgeois*, flocked in crowds to pay their money, and were only fearful that they should be too late in their application.

These public exhibitions excited a very general interest and curiosity, respecting the Mnemonic Art. At length a pupil of the Professor's was induced to draw up, *for his own use*, an epitome of the lectures which he had attended.* Having communicated the result of his labours to some fellow-students, he was prevailed upon to publish the system in an intelligible form, "*as well for the benefit of those persons who had actually attended courses of lectures*, as of those who would be satisfied with such an account of it as he had been enabled to give" In this work,† the principles of the Professor seem to be amply and clearly developed; and the art is

* This precaution was absolutely necessary if the pupil intended to pursue the instructions of M. Feinaigle; for the Professor had no book, note, or paper with him—delivering his lectures *orally*, and illustrating them by diagrams drawn on a black board with a piece of chalk. He, at the same time, advised his auditors by no means to take notes!!! Two plates of hieroglyphics were the only presents to his pupils.

† The New Art of Memory, founded upon the principles taught by M. Feinaigle, with an Account of the principal Systems of Artificial Memory, &c. &c.; illustrated with wood cuts, plates, and maps. (Sherwood and Co.)

applied, apparently, with complete success, to *Chronology, Geography, History, Language, Systematic Tables, and the repetition of Poetry and Prose.*

We cannot conclude this sketch of the rise and progress of Mnemonics, without acknowledging our obligations to the very interesting account of the different systems of artificial memory, prefixed to the volume just named. In this introduction *sixty* works on the subject are noticed, including copious extracts from many books of great curiosity and value.

MISCELLANEA SELECTA.

Account *of* Djezzar Pacha.

[From "Clarke's Travels."]

SOON after we arrived, we went on shore with the captain, to visit Djezzar Pacha, whom Baron de Tott found at Acre, and described as a horrible tyrant* above twenty years prior to our coming. Having acted as interpreter for Captain Culverhouse, in all his interviews with this extraordinary man, and occasionally as his confidential agent, when he was not himself present, I had favourable opportunities of studying Djezzar's character. At that time, shut up in his fortress at Acre, he defied the whole power of Turkey, despised the Vizier, and derided the menaces of the Capudan Pacha: although he always affected to venerate the title and the authority of the Sultan. His mere name carried terror with it over all the Holy Land, the most lawless tribes of Arabs expressing their awe and obeisance, whensoever it was uttered. As for his appellation, Djezzar, as explained by himself, it signified *butcher*; but of this name, notwithstanding its avowed allusion to the slaughters committed by him, he was evidently vain. He was his own minister, chancellor, treasurer, and secretary; often his own cook and gardener; and not unfrequently both judge and executioner in the same instant. Yet there were persons who had acted, and still occasionally officiated, in these several capacities, standing by the door of his apartment; some without a nose, others without an arm, with one ear only, or one eye; "*marked men*," as he termed them; persons *bearing signs* of their having been instructed to serve their master with fidelity. Through such an assemblage we were conducted to the door of a small chamber, in a lofty part of his castle, overlooking the port.* A Jew, who had been his private secretary, met us, and desired us to wait in an open court or garden before this door, until Djezzar was informed of our coming. This man, for some breach of trust, had been deprived of an ear and an eye at the same time. At one period of the Pacha's life, having reason to suspect the fidelity of his wives, he put seven of them to death with his own hands. It was after his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca; the Janissaries, during his absence, having obtained access to the charem. If his history be ever written, it will have all the air of a romance. His real name is Achmed. He was a native of Bosnia, and speaks the Sclavonian language better than other. It is impossible to give even a detail of his numerous adventures here. At an early period of his life he sold himself to a slave-merchant in Constantinople, and being purchased by Ali Bey, in Egypt, he rose from the humble situation of a Mameluke slave, to the post of Governor of Cairo. In this situation, he distinguished himself by the most rigorous execution of justice, and realised the stories related of Oriental Caliphs, by mingling, in disguise, with the inhabitants of the city, and thus making himself master of all

* De Tott says, that he immured alive a number of persons of the Greek communion, when he rebuilt the walls of Berytus, now called *Berooty*, to defend it from the invasion of the Russians. The heads of those unfortunate victims were then to be seen. *Memoirs, vol. II. p. 316, ed. Lond. 1785.*

* Many wretched objects, similarly disfigured, might be observed daily in the streets of Acre.

that was said concerning himself, or transacted by his officers.* The interior of his mysterious palace, inhabited by his women, or to use the oriental mode of expression, the charem of his seraglio, is accessible only by himself. Early in every evening he regularly retired to this place, through three massive doors, every one of which he closed and barred with his own hands. To have knocked at the outer door after he had retired, or even enter the seraglio, was an offence that would have been punished with death. No person in Acre knew the number of his women, but from the circumstance of a certain number of covers being daily placed in a kind of wheel or turning cylinder, so contrived as to convey dishes to the interior, without any possibility of observing the person who received them.† He had, from time to time, received presents of female slaves; these had been sent into his charem, but, afterwards, whether they were alive or dead, no one knew except himself. They entered never to go out again; and, thus, immured, were cut off from all knowledge of the world, except what he thought proper to communicate. If any of them were ill, he brought a physician to a hole in the wall of the charem, through which the sick person was allowed to thrust her arm; the Pacha himself holding the hand of the physician during the time her pulse was examined. If any of them died, the event was kept as secret as when he massacred them with his own hands; and this, it was said, he had done in more than one instance. Such stories are easily propagated, and as readily believed; and it is probable that many are without foundation. We must, however, admit the truth of the terrible examples he made after his return from Mecca, in consequence of the infidelity of his women. From all the information we could obtain, he considered the female tenants of his charem as the children of his family. When he retired, he carried with him a number of watch-papers he had amused himself by cutting with scissars during the day, as toys to distribute among them; neither could there be any possible motive of cruelty, even in the worst of tyrants, towards such defenceless victims. He was above sixty years old at the time of our arrival, but vain of the vigour he still retained at that advanced age. He frequently boasted of his extraordinary strength; and used to bare his arm, in order to exhibit his brawny muscles. Sometimes, in conversation with strangers, he would suddenly leap upright from his seat, to shew his activity. He has been improperly considered as Pacha of Acre. His real Pachalic was that of *Seide*, anciently called Sidon; but, at the time of our arrival, he was also Lord of Damascus, of Berytus, Tyre, and Sidon; and, with the exception of a revolt among the Druses, might be considered master of all Syria. The seat of government was removed to Acre, on account of its port, which has been at all times the key to Palestine. The port of Acre is bad; but it is better than any other along the coast. That of *Seide* is very insecure, and the harbour of Jaffa worse than any of the others. The possession of Acre extended his influence even to Jerusalem. It enables its possessor to shut up the country, and keep its inhabitants in subjection. All the rice,

* The author received this information from Djezzar himself; together with the fact of his having been once Governor of Caïro. He has generally been known only from his situation as Pacha of Seïde and Acre. Volney described his Pachalic, in 1784, as the emporium of Damascus and all the interior parts of Syria. (*See Trav. in Egypt and Syria, vol.* II. *p.* 181, *Lond.* 1787.) The gates of his frontier towns had regular guards. (*Ibid, page* 188.) His cavalry amounted to 900 Bosnian and Arnaut horsemen. By sea, he had a frigate, two galiots, and a xebeck. His revenue amounted to four hundred thousand pounds. (*Ibid, p.* 182.) His expenses were principally confined to his gardens, his baths, and his women. In his old age he grew very avaricious.

† He possessed eighteen white women in 1784; and the luxury allowed them, according to Volney, was most enormous. (*Ibid, p.* 269). This may be doubted; extravagance of any kind, except in cruelty, being inconsistent with Djezzar's character.

which is the staple food of the people, enters by this avenue; the Lord of Acre may, if it so pleases him, cause a famine to be felt even all over Syria. Here then we have a clue to the operations of the French, in this as well as in every other part of the world. They directed every effort towards the possession of Acre, because it placed the food of all the inhabitants of this country in their power, and, consequently, its entire dominion. It is a principle of policy, which even Djezzar Pacha, with his propensity for *truisms*, would have deemed it superfluous to insist upon, that the key of a public granary is the mightiest engine of military operation. Hence we find Acre to have been the last place from which the Christians were expelled in the Holy Land; and hence its tranquil possession, notwithstanding the insignificant figure it makes in the map of this great continent, is of more importance than the greatest armies, under the most victorious leader, ever sent for its invasion. This it was that gave to an old man, pent up in a small tower by the sea-side, the extraordinary empire he possessed. Djezzar had with him, in a state of constant imprisonment, many of the most powerful chieftains of the country. The sons of the Princes of Libanus remained with him always as hostages; for the Druses*, inhabiting all the mountainous district to the north and east of Seïde, were constantly liable to revolt. Sir Sidney Smith, by cultivating an alliance with this people, when the French were endeavouring to march through Syria, prevented their affording assistance to our enemies. He undertook to guaranty their safety from all attacks, whether of the French or of Djezzar; and when the latter most unjustifiably violated his treaties with them, he enabled them to protect their territory. It was this circumstance which, ever honourable on the part of Sir Sidney Smith, gave rise to a misunderstanding between him and Djezzar. Matters had not been adjusted between them at the time of our arrival. With due intimation, therefore, of his prejudice against the Hero of Acre, as well as the knowledge we had obtained of his private character and disposition, we were ushered to his presence.

We found him seated on a mat in a little chamber, destitute even of the meanest article of furniture, excepting a coarse, porous, earthenware vessel, for cooling the water he occasionally drank. He was surrounded by persons maimed and disfigured in the manner before described. He scarcely looked up to notice our entrance, but continued his employment of drawing upon the floor, for one of his engineers, a plan of some works he was then constructing.* His form was athletic, and his long white beard entirely covered his breast. His habit was that of a common Arab, plain but clean, consisting of a white camlet over a cotton cassock. His turban was also white. Neither cushion nor carpet decorated the naked boards of his divân. In his girdle he wore a poignard set with diamonds; but this he apologised for exhibiting, saying it was his badge of office, as Governor of Acre, and therefore could not be laid aside.

* A sect of Arabs inhabiting the environs of Mount Libanus; so called from their founder, surnamed El Durzi, who came from Persia into Egypt in the year 1020. (*See Egmont and Heyman's Trav. vol.* I. *p.* 293). Niebuhr and Volney have given a full account of their history. It has been ignorantly supposed that they are the offspring of a colony of French crusaders; but their name occurs in the Itinerary of Benjamin of Tudela, written anterior to the Crusades; their language, moreover, is purely Arabic. Pococke fell into the error of their Christian origin. "If any account," says he, "can be given of the original of the Druses, it is, that they are the remains of the Christian armies in the Holy War." *Descript. of the East, p.* 94, *Lond.* 1745.

* Djezzar built the Mosque, the Bazar, and a most elegant public fountain, in Acre. In all these works he was himself both the engineer and the architect. "He formed the plans," says Volney, "drew the designs, and superintended the execution." *Trav. in Egypt and Syria, vol.* II. *p.* 226.

Having ended his orders to the engineer, we were directed to sit upon the end of the divan; and Signor Bertocino, his dragoman, kneeling by his side, he prepared to hear the cause of our visit.

The conversation began by a request from the Pacha, that English captains, in future, entering the Bay of Acre, would fire only one gun, rather as a signal than as a salute, upon their arrival. "There can be no good reason," said he, "for such a waste of gunpowder, in ceremony between friends. Besides," he added, "I am too old to be pleased with ceremony: among forty-three Pachas of three tails, now living in Turkey, I am the senior. My occupations are consequently, as you see, very important," taking out a pair of scissars, and beginning to cut figures in paper, which was his constant employment when strangers were present: these he afterwards stuck upon the wainscot. "I shall send each of you away," said he, "with good proof of old Djezzar's ingenuity. There," addressing himself to Captain Culverhouse, and offering a paper cannon, "there is a symbol of your profession:" and while I was explaining to the Captain the meaning of this singular address, he offered me a paper flower, denoting, as he said, "*a florid interpretation of blunt speech.*" As often as we endeavoured to introduce the business of our visit, he effected to be absorbed in these trifling conceits, or turned the conversation by allegorical sayings, to whose moral we could find no possible clue. His whole discourse was in parables, proverbs, truisms, and oriental apologues. One of his tales lasted nearly an hour, about a man who wished to enjoy the peaceful cultivation of a small garden, without consulting the lord of the manor, whenever he removed a tulip: alluding, perhaps, to his situation with reference to the Grand Signior. There was evidently much cunning and deep policy in his pretended frivolity. Apparently occupied in regulating the shape of a watch paper with his scissars, he was all the while deeply attentive to our words, and even to our looks, anxious to discover whether there was any urgency in the nature of our visit; and certainly betraying as much ostentation in the seeming privations to which he exposed himself, as he might have done by the most stately magnificence. He was desirous of directing the attention of his visitors to the homeliness of his mode of living: "If I find," said he, "only bread and water in another world, I shall have no cause of complaint, because I have been accustomed to such fare all my days; but those who have fared sumptuously in this life, will, I suspect, be much disappointed in the next." We spoke of the camp of his cavalry, then stationed near the town, and of the great preparations he seemed to be making against the Druses, and other rebel Arabs, with whom he was at war. "It is not," said he, "the part of a wise man to despise his enemy, whatever shape he may assume. If he be but a pismire, there is no reason why he should be permitted to creep upon your cheek while you are sleeping." We found we had touched a tender string; he believed these dissentions had been excited in his dominions by Sir Sydney Smith, to divert him from the possibility of assisting the French, by attacking the Vizier's army in its march through Syria; and was much incensed while he complained to us of this breach of confidence. "I ate," said he, "bread and salt with that man; we were together, as sworn friends. He did what he pleased here. I lent him my staff*; he released all my prisoners†, many of whom were in my debt, and never paid me a para. What engagements with him have I violated? What promises have I not fulfilled? What requests have I denied? I wished to combat the French

* A short crutch, frequently inlaid with mother of pearl, of which I cannot recollect the oriental name, serves men of rank in the East to support their bodies while sitting erect. Djezzar always had one of these; and the possession of it enabled the bearer to exercise the authority of the Pacha himself.

† Djezzar's prisoners were confined in a dungeon beneath the apartment wherein he lived; so that all persons ascending or descending the staircase leading to his chambers, passed the grated window of their jail.

by his side; but he has taken care that I shall be confined at home, to fight against my own people. Have I merited such treatment?" When he was a little pacified, we ventured to assure him, that he had listened to his own and Sir Sidney's enemies; that there did not exist a man more sincerely allied to him; and that the last commission we received, previously to our leaving the fleet, were Sir Sidney's memorials of his regard for Djezzar Pacha. In proof of this, I presumed to lay before him the present Sir Sidney had entrusted to my care. It was a small but very elegant telescope, with silver slides. He regarded it, however, with disdain, saying, it had too splendid an exterior for him; and taking down an old ship glass, that hung above his head, covered with greasy leather, added, "Humbler instruments serve my purposes; besides, you may tell Sir Sydney that Djezzar, old as he is, seldom requires the aid of a glass to view what passes around him." Finding it impossible to pacify him upon this subject*, we turned the conversation, by stating the cause of our visit to Acre, and requested a supply of cattle for the use of the British fleet. He agreed to furnish a hundred bullocks, but upon the sole condition of not being offered payment for them in money.‡ He said it would require some time to collect cattle for that purpose: we therefore persuaded Captain Culverhouse to employ the interval in making, with us, a complete tour of the Holy Land. Djezzar, having heard of our intention, promised to supply us with horses from his own stables, and an escort, formed of his body guard, for the undertaking; ordering also his dragoman, Bertocino, to accompany us during the expedition, and to render us every assistance in his power.

* The Rev. J. Palmer, Arabic Professor in the University of Cambridge, has visited Acre since the death of Djezzar. Being at the palace of his successor, Djezzar's secretary confessed to him, that his master had "*long made up his mind to put Sir Sydney to death, whenever the means were in his power.*" Considering the open unsuspecting frankness of Sir Sydney, in all his dealings with the Arabs, it is wonderful this was not effected.

‡ The only remuneration required by Djezzar, for the supplies he twice sent to our fleet, was a few pieces of artillery taken by our army from the French in Egypt, or a little ammunition. It is said, however, that no payment of any kind was ever made to him.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS *relating to the* BARON DE MONTESQUIEU.

[By Lord Charlemont.]

OF all the enjoyments of which the human mind is susceptible, I know of none that is more universally delightful than the pleasure of travelling; and when we search into the cause of this delight, the gratification of curiosity, that passion with which, for the most salutary purposes, almost every man is plentifully endued, immediately occurs as a motive, fully adequate to account for all our feelings upon this occasion. Yet is there another motive, which, indeed, is known to mix itself in almost all our pursuits, and which, in this also, must, I think, be allowed to have a considerable share. The motive I mean is vanity; the pride of doing what others have not been able to do; of seeing what others have not seen, of being able to relate the perils we have passed, and the wonders we have beheld, contributes not a little to give an edge to our curiosity, and to prompt us to endure every hardship, to dare every danger. If this be true, it must necessarily follow, that every object affords pleasure to a traveller in proportion as he esteems it adapted to procure him the delight of future narration, and the respect of those to whom he shall narrate; and surely there is nothing in the power of travel to procure us, which more eminently conduces to this desired purpose, than the acquaintance of such men as are renowned for their virtue and for their abilities. As the productions of the Divinity must infinitely transcend all the works of human skill, surely a great and virtuous man, the noblest work of God, must ever be the first object of curiosity; and an intimate acquaintance with such a man must more essentially flatter our pride, than all the other won-

ders which travelling can afford. Whether all travellers think in this matter as I do, I cannot tell, but this I know, that my vanity is infinitely less flattered by my having viewed the pyramids of Egypt, than by my having had the honour of an intimacy with President Montesquieu;—and for this reason, as well as because every anecdote which relates to a person of his eminence is always acceptable, I shall recount the manner in which I became acquainted with him, and whatever circumstances, be they ever so trivial, I can recollect concerning him, during the time of our acquaintance.

In travelling through France I happened, luckily for me, to get acquainted with Mr. Elliot,* a gentleman of Cornwall, whose excellent understanding, cultivated and improved by the best education, and animated by a mind of the most pleasing cast, rendered him the most agreeable of companions. We travelled together for some time, and finding ourselves not very far from Bourdeaux, we determined not to miss the opportunity of going there, not so much prompted thereto by the beauty of the town, and the adjacent country, as by our ardent desire of seeing, and of knowing, the President Montesquieu. Arrived at Bourdeaux, our first enquiry was concerning the principal object of our journey; but how great was our disappointment, when we found he had left the city, and was gone to reside at a country seat, four or five hours distant. To leave our longing unsatisfied was truly mortifying to us; and yet what could be done? At length, after a long deliberation, we determined to strike a bold stroke; and, getting the better of all timidity, perhaps propriety, we sat down and wrote a joint letter, in which we candidly told the president our reasons for visiting Bourdeaux, our sad disappointment, our eager wishes for the honour of his acquaintance, which, as English subjects, we most particularly desired; concluding by begging pardon for our presumption, and leave to wait on him at his villa. Neither did we languish long for an answer; it quickly arrived, in every respect as we would have wished, and consisted of modest acknowledgments for the honour we did him, assertions of the high esteem in which he held our country, and the most hearty and pressing invitation to come to him as soon as our occasions would permit. The first appointment with a favourite mistress could not have rendered our night more restless; and the next morning we set out so early that we arrived at his villa before he was risen. The servant shewed us into his library, where the first object of curiosity that presented itself was a table, at which he had apparently been reading the night before, a book lying upon it open, turned down, and a lamp extinguished. Eager to know the nocturnal studies of this great philosopher, we immediately flew to the book; it was a volume of Ovid's works, containing his elegies, and open at one of the most gallant poems of that master of love. Before we could overcome our surprise, it was greatly increased by the entrance of the president, whose appearance and manner was totally opposite to the idea which we had formed to ourselves of him; instead of a grave, austere philosopher, whose presence might strike with awe such boys as we were, the person who now addressed us, was a gay, polite, sprightly Frenchman; who, after a thousand genteel compliments, and a thousand thanks for the honour we had done him, desired to know whether we would not breakfast, and, upon our declining the offer, having already eaten at an inn not far from the house, "Come then," says he, "let us walk, the day is fine, and I long to shew you my villa, as I have endeavoured to form it according to the English taste, and to cultivate and dress it in the English manner." Following him into the farm, we soon arrived at the skirts of a beautiful wood, cut into walks, and paled round, the entrance to which was barricadoed with a moveable bar, about three feet high, fastened with a padlock. "Come," said he, searching in his pocket, "it is not worth our while to wait for the key; you, I am sure, can leap as well as I can, and this bar shall not stop me." So saying, he ran at the bar, and fairly jumped over

* Edward, afterwards Lord Elliott.

it; while we followed him with amazement, though not without delight, to see the philosopher likely to become our playfellow. This behaviour had exactly the effect which it meant it should have. He had observed our awkward timidity at his first accosting us, and was determined to rid us of it; all that awe with which, notwithstanding his appearance, his character had inspired us, and that consequent bashfulness, which it must have occasioned, was now taken off; his age and awful character disappeared; and our conversation was just as free and as easy as if we had been his equal in years, as in every other respectable qualification. Our discourse now turned on matters of taste and learning. He asked us the extent of our travels, and, as I had visited the Levant, he fixed himself particularly on me, and enquired into several circumstances relative to the countries where I had been, in many of which I had the good fortune to satisfy him. He lamented his own fate, which had prevented his seeing those curious regions, and descanted with great ability on the advantages and pleasures of travel. "However," said he, "I, too, have been a traveller, and have seen the country in the world which is most worthy our curiosity—I mean England." He then gave us an account of his abode there, the many civilities he had received, and the delight he felt in thinking of the time he had spent there. "However," continued he, "though there is no country under Heaven which produced so many great and shining characters as England, it must be confessed, that it also produces many singular ones, which renders it the more worthy our curiosity, and indeed, the more entertaining. You are too young to have known the Duke of Montagu:* that was one of the most extraordinary characters I ever met with; endowed with the most excellent sense, his singularity knew no bounds. Only think! at my first acquaintance with him, having invited me to his country-seat, before I had leisure to get into any sort of intimacy, he practised on me that whimsical trick which undoubtedly you have either experienced, or heard of; under the idea of playing the play of an introduction of ambassadors, he soused me over head and ears into a tub of cold water. I thought it odd, to be sure, but a traveller, as you well know, must take the world as it goes, and, indeed, his great goodness to me, and his incomparable understanding, far overpaid me for all the inconveniences of my ducking. Liberty, however, is the glorious cause! that it is which gives human nature fair play, and allows every singularity to shew itself, and which, for one less agreeable oddity it may bring to light, gives to the world ten thousand great and useful examples."

With this, and a great deal more conversation, every word of which I would wish to remember, we finished our walk, and having viewed every part of the villa, which was, as he had told us, altogether imitated from the English style of gardening, we returned to the house, were shewn into the drawing-room, and were most politely received by Madame La Baronne, and her daughter. Madame de Montesquieu was an heiress of the reformed religion, which she still continued to profess. She was an elderly woman, and, apparently, had never been handsome. Mademoiselle was a sprightly, affable, good-humoured girl, rather plain, but, at the same time, pleasing; these, with the president's secretary, whom we afterwards found to be an Irishman, formed our society. The secretary spoke nothing but French, and had it been possible that Elliott and I, in our private conversation, could have uttered any thing to the disadvantage of our hosts, we might have been disagreeably trapped by our ignorance of his country, but nothing of that kind could possibly happen; every thing we said was to the praise of the President, and the politeness shewn us by his family. Our dinner was plain and plentiful; and when, after

* John, Duke of Montagu, married to one of the daughters of the Duke of Marlborough. From every account, His Grace was just as Montesquieu has represented him; but his eccentricity was, in this instance, carried very far indeed.

having dined, we made an offer to depart, the President insisted upon our stay; nor did he suffer us to leave him for three days, during which time his conversation was as sprightly as instructive, and as entertaining as possible. At length we took our leave, and returned to Bourdeaux, whither we were escorted by the secretary, who now, to our great surprise, spoke English, and declared himself my countryman.

The Baron, though still styled President, had lately resigned that office on the following occasion: The intendant of the province, a man whose ideas were far more magnificent than merciful, had taken it into his head that he would make Bourdeaux the finest city in France, and, for that purpose, had caused to be delineated on paper, the plan of a new quarter, where the streets were laid out in the most sumptuous manner, of great breadth, and in lines directly strait. This plan, with the approbation of the court, he had now began to execute, and that without the least consideration that the streets which he was laying out, not only cut through gardens, vineyards, and the houses of citizens and gentlemen, which, if they happened to stand in the way, were instantly levelled with the ground without any determined indemnification to the owner. The President saw this tyranny, detested, and resisted it; and by his influence and authority, for a while suspended the execution. Both parties appealed to Versailles, where the affair was examined into, and where the good President made use of all his influence in behalf of his countrymen, he himself not being in the smallest degree interested. But the intendant prevailed; and orders were issued that, at all events, the plan should be pursued. The President, justly discontented, obtained leave to part with his office, and Bourdeaux is now the most magnificent city in France, built on the ruins of hundreds. Consider this, ye degenerate Englishmen, who talk without abhorrence of arbitrary power!

Having remained at Bourdeaux a competent time, Elliott and I parted, and I set out for Paris, where I was no sooner arrived, than Monsieur de Montesquieu, who had been there some days before me, most kindly came to see me, and during the time of my abode in that metropolis, we saw each other frequently, and every interview increased my esteem and affection for him.

I have frequently met him in company with ladies, and have been as often astonished at the politeness, the gallantry, and sprightliness of his behaviour. In a word, the most accomplished, the most refined *petit-maître* of Paris, could not have been more amusing, from the liveliness of his chat, nor could have been more inexhaustible in that sort of discourse which is best suited to women, than this venerable philosopher of seventy years old. But at this we shall not be surprised, when we reflect, that the profound author of L'Esprit des Loix, was also author of the Persian Letters, and of the truly gallant Temple de Gnide.

He had, however, to a great degree, though not among women, one quality which is not uncommon with abstracted men, I mean absence of mind. I remember dining in company with him at our ambassador's, Lord Albemarle, where, during the time of dinner, being engaged in a warm dispute, he gave away to the servant, who stood behind him, seven clean plates, supposing that he had used them all. But this was only in the heat of controversy, and when he was actuated by that lively and impetuous earnestness, to which, though it never carried him beyond the bounds of good breeding, he was as liable as any man I ever knew. At all other times he was perfectly collected, nor did he ever seem to think of any thing out of the scope of the present conversation.

In the course of our conversations, Ireland, and its interests, have often been the topic; and, upon these occasions, I have always found him an advocate for an union between that country and England. "Were I an Irishman," said he, "I should certainly wish for it; and, as a general lover of liberty, I sincerely desire it; and for this plain reason, that an inferior country, connected

with one much her superior in force, can never be certain of the permanent enjoyment of constitutional freedom, unless she has, by her representatives, a proportional share in the legislature of the superior kingdom."

A few days before I left Paris to return home this great man fell sick, and, though I did not imagine, from the nature of his complaint, that it was likely to be fatal, I quitted him, however, with the utmost regret, and with that sort of foreboding which sometimes precedes misfortunes. Scarcely was I arrived in England, when I received a letter from one whom I had desired to send me the most particular accounts of him, communicating to me the melancholy news of his death, and assuring me, what I never doubted, that he had died as he lived, like a real philosopher; and what is more, with true christian resignation. What his real sentiments, with regard to religion, were, I cannot exactly say. He certainly was not a Papist; but I have no reason to believe that he was not a Christian; in all our conversations, which were perfectly free, I never heard him utter the slightest hint, the least word, which savoured of profaneness; but, on the contrary, whenever it came in his way to mention christianity, he always spoke of its doctrine and of its precepts, with the utmost respect and reverence; so that, did I not know that he had too much wisdom and goodness to wish to depreciate the ruling religion, from his general manner of expressing himself, I should make no scruple freely to declare him a perfect Christian. At his death the priests, as usual, tormented him, and he bore their exhortations with the greatest patience, good humour, and decency; till at length fatigued, by their obstinate and tiresome pertinacity, he told them that he was much obliged for their comfort, but that, having now a very short time to live, he wished to have those few minutes to himself, as he had lived long enough to know how to die. A day or two before his death an unlucky circumstance happened, by which the world has sustained an irreparable loss. He had written the History of Louis the Eleventh, including the transactions of Europe during the very important and interesting period of that prince's reign. The work was long and laborious, and some, who had seen parts of it, have assured me, that it was superior even to his other writings. Recollecting that he had two manuscripts of it, one of them perfect, and the other extremely mutilated, and fearing that this imperfect copy might fall into the hands of some ignorant and avaricious bookseller, he gave his valet-de-chambre the key of his escrutoir, and desired him to burn that manuscript which he described to him. The unlucky valet burned the fair copy, and left that from which it was impossible to print.

There is nothing more uncommon than to see, in the same man, the most ardent glow of genius, the utmost liveliness of fancy, united with the highest degree of assiduity and of laboriousness. The powers of the mind seem in this to resemble those of the body. The nice and ingenious hand of the oculist was never made to heave the sledge, or till the ground. In Montesquieu, however, both these talents were eminently conspicuous. No man ever possessed a more lively, a more fanciful genius. No man was ever more laborious. His Esprit des Loix is, perhaps, the result of more reading than any treatise ever yet composed. M. de Secondat, son to the President, has now in his possession forty folio volumes in his father's hand-writing, which are nothing more than the common-place books, from whence this admirable work was extracted. Montesquieu, indeed, seems to have possessed the difficult art of contracting matter into a small compass, without rendering it obscure, more perfectly than any man who ever wrote. His Grandeur et Decadence des Romains is a rare instance of this talent: a book in which there is more matter than was ever before crammed together in so small a space. One circumstance, with regard to this last-mentioned treatise, has often struck me, as a sort of criterion by which to judge of the materialness of a book. The index contains nearly as many pages as the work itself.

The BRITISH SPY *in* AMERICA.

LETTER V.

[Continued from p. 206.]

LET us now change the scene, and lead forward a very different character indeed: a truant, but a highly favoured pupil of nature. It would seem as if this capricious goddess had finished the two characters, purely with the view of exhibiting a vivid contrast. Nor is this contrast confined to their minds.

The ——— of the United States is, in his person, tall, meagre, emaciated; his muscles relaxed, and his joints so loosely connected, as not only to disqualify him, apparently, for any vigorous exertion of body, but to destroy every thing like elegance and harmony in his air and movements. Indeed, in his whole appearance and demeanor; dress, attitudes, gesture; sitting, standing, or walking; he is as far removed from the idolised graces of Lord Chesterfield, as any other gentleman on earth. To continue the portrait: his head and face are small in proportion to his height; his complexion swarthy; the muscles of his face, being relaxed, give him the appearance of a man of fifty years of age, nor can he be much younger; his countenance has a faithful expression of great good humour and hilarity; while his black eyes—that unerring index—possess an irradiating spirit, which proclaims the imperial powers of the mind that sits enthroned within.

This extraordinary man, without the aid of fancy, without the advantages of person, voice, attitude, gesture, or any of the ornaments of an orator, deserves to be considered as one of the most eloquent men in the world; if eloquence may be said to consist in the power of seizing the attention with irresistible force, and never permitting it to elude the grasp, until the hearer has received the conviction which the speaker intends.

As to his person, it has already been described. His voice is dry and hard; his attitude, in his most effective orations, was often extremely awkward; as it was not unusual for him to stand with his left foot in advance; while all his gesture proceeded from his right arm, and consisted merely in a vehement, perpendicular swing of it, from about the elevation of his head, to the bar, behind which he was accustomed to stand.

As to fancy, if she hold a seat in his mind at all, which I very much doubt, his gigantic genius tramples with disdain on all her flower-decked plats and blooming parterres. How then, you will ask, with a look of incredulous curiosity, how is it possible that such a man can hold the attention of an audience enchained, thro' a speech of even ordinary length? I will tell you.

He possesses one original, and almost supernatural faculty: the faculty of developing a subject by a single glance of his mind, and detecting at once the very point on which every controversy depends. No matter what the question: though ten times more knotty than "the gnarled oak," the lightning of heaven is not more rapid nor more resistless than his astonishing penetration. Nor does the exercise of it seem to cost him an effort. On the contrary, it is as easy as vision. I am persuaded that his eyes do not fly over a landscape, and take in its various objects, with more promptitude and facility, than his mind embraces and analises the most complex subject.

Possessing while at the bar this intellectual elevation, which enabled him to look down and comprehend the whole ground at once, he determined immediately, and without difficulty, on which side the question might be most advantageously approached and assailed. In a bad cause, his art consisted in laying his premises so remotely from the point directly in debate, or else in terms so general and so specious, that the hearer, seeing no consequence which could be drawn from them, was just as willing to admit them as not; but, his premises once admitted, the demonstration, however distant, followed as certainly, as cogently, as inevitably, as any demonstration in Euclid.

All his eloquence consists in the apparently deep self-conviction, and emphatic earnestness of his manner; the correspondent simplicity and energy of his style; the close and logical connection of his thoughts; and

the easy gradations by which he opens his lights on the attentive minds of his hearers.

The audience are never permitted to pause for a moment. There is no stopping to weave garlands of flowers, to hang in festoons, around a favourite argument. On the contrary, every sentence is progressive; every idea sheds new light on the subject; the listener is kept perpetually in that sweetly pleasurable vibration, with which the mind of man always receives new truths; the dawn advances in easy but unremitting pace; the subject opens gradually on the view; until, rising in relief in all its native colours and proportions, the argument is consummated by the conviction of the delighted hearer.

The success of this gentleman has rendered it doubtful with several literary characters in this country, whether a high fancy be of real use or advantage to any one but a poet.—They contend, that although the most beautiful flights of the happiest fancy, interspersed through an argument, may give an audience the momentary delightful swell of admiration, the transient thrill of divinest rapture; yet, that they produce no lasting effect in forwarding the purpose of the speaker: on the contrary, that they break the unity and disperse the force of an argument, which otherwise advancing in close array, like the phalanx of Sparta, would carry every thing before it. They give an instance in the celebrated Curran; and pretend that his fine fancy, although it fires, dissolves, and even transports his audience to a momentary frenzy, is a real and a fatal misfortune to his clients; as it calls off the attention of the jurors from the intrinsic and essential merits of the defence; eclipses the justice of the client's cause, in the blaze of the advocate's talents; induces a suspicion of the guilt which requires such a glorious display of refulgence to divert the inquiry; and substitutes a fruitless short-lived ecstacy, in the place of permanent and substantial conviction. Hence, they say, that the client of Mr. Curran is invariably the victim of the prosecution, which that able and eloquent advocate is employed to resist.

The doctrine, in the abstract, may be true, or, as Dr. Doubty says, it may not be true; for the present, I will not trouble you with the expression of my opinion. I fear, however, my dear S——, that Mr. Curran's failures may be traced to a cause very different from any fault either in the style or execution of his enchanting defences: a' cause———but I am forgetting that this letter has yet to cross the Atlantic.*

To return to the of the United States. His political adversaries allege that he is a mere lawyer; that his mind has been so long trammeled by judicial precedent, so long habituated to the quart and tierce of forensic digladiation, (as Dr. Johnson would probably have called it) as to be unequal to the discussion of a great question of state. Mr. Curran, in his defence of Rowan, seems to have sanctioned the probability of such an effect from such a cause, when he complains of his own mind as having been narrowed and circumscribed, by a strict and technical adherence to established forms; but in the next breath, an astonishing burst of the grandest thought, and a power of comprehension, to which there seems to be no earthly limit, proves that his complaint, as it relates to himself, is entirely without foundation.

'Indeed, if the objection to the mean any thing more than that he has not had the same illumination and exercise in matters of state as if he had devoted his life to them, I am unwilling to admit it. The force of a cannon is the same, whether pointed at a rampart or a man of war, although practice may have made the engineer more expert in the one case than in the other. So it is clear, that practice may give a man a greater command over one class of subjects than another; but the inherent energy of his mind remains the same, whithersoever it may be directed.—From this impression I have never seen any cause to wonder at what is called a universal genius: it proves only that the man has applied a powerful mind to the consideration of a

* The sentiment which is suppressed seems to wear the livery of Bedford, Moira, and the Prince of Wales.

great variety of subjects, and pays a compliment rather to his superior industry than his superior intellect. I am very certain that the gentleman of whom we are speaking, possesses the *acumen* which might constitute him a universal genius, according to the usual acceptation of the phrase. But if he be the truant, which his warmest friends represent him to be, there is very little probability that he will ever reach this distinction.

Think you, my dear S——, that the two gentlemen, whom I have attempted to pourtray to you, were, according to the notion of Helvetius, born with equal minds; and that accident or education has produced the striking difference which we perceive to exist between them? I wish it were the case; and that the would be pleased to reveal to us, by what accident or what system of education he has acquired his peculiar sagacity and promptitude. Until this shall be done, I fear I must consider the hypothesis of Helvetius as a splendid and flattering dream.

But I tire you:—adieu, for the present, friend and guardian of my youth.

Letter VI.

Jamestown, Sept 27.

I have taken a pleasant ride of sixty miles down the river, in order, my dear S——, to see the remains of the first English settlement in Virginia.

The site is a very handsome one. The river is three miles broad; and, on the opposite shore, the country presents a fine range of bold and beautiful hills. But I find no vestiges of the ancient town, except the ruins of a church steeple, and a disordered group of old tombstones. On one of these, shaded by the boughs of a tree, whose trunk has embraced and grown over the edge of the stone, and seated on the head stone of another grave, I now address you.

What a moment for a lugubrious meditation among the tombs! But fear not; I have neither the temper nor the genius of a Hervey: and, as much as I revere his pious memory, I cannot envy him the possession of such a genius and such a temper. For my own part, I would not have suffered the mournful pleasure of writing his book, and Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, for all the just fame which they have both gained by those celebrated productions. Much rather would I have danced, and sung, and played the fiddle with Yorick, through the whimsical pages of Tristram Shandy: that book which every body justly censures and admires alternately; and which will continue to be read, abused, and devoured, with ever fresh delight, as long as the world shall relish a joyous laugh, or a tear of the most delicious feeling.

By the by, here, on one side, is an inscription on a gravestone, which would constitute no bad theme for an occasional meditation from Yorick himself. The stone, it seems, covers the grave of a man who was born in the neighbourhood of London; and his epitaph concludes the short and rudely executed account of his birth and death, by declaring him to have been "a great sinner, in hopes of a joyful resurrection;" as if he had sinned with no other intention than to give himself a fair title to these exulting hopes. But awkwardly and ludicrously as the sentiment is expressed, it is in its meaning most just and beautiful; as it acknowledges the boundless mercy of Heaven, and glances at that divinely consoling proclamation, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

The ruin of the steeple is about thirty feet high, and mantled to its very summit with ivy. It is difficult to look at this venerable object, surrounded as it is with these awful proofs of the mortality of man, without exclaiming in the pathetic solemnity of our Shakspeare,

> The cloudcapt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a wreck behind.

Whence, my dear S——, arises the irrepressible reverence and tender affection with which I look at this broken steeple? Is it, that my soul, by a secret, subtile process invests the mouldering ruin with her own powers; imagines it a fellow being; a venerable old man; a Nestor, or an

Ossian, who has witnessed and survived the ravages of successive generations, the companions of his youth, and of his maturity and now mourns his own solitary and desolate condition, and hails their spirits in every passing cloud? Whatever may be the cause, as I look at it, I feel my soul drawn forward, as by the cords of gentlest sympathy, and involuntarily open my lips to offer consolation to the drooping pile.

Where, my S———, is the busy, bustling crowd which landed here two hundred years ago? Where is Smith, that pink of gallantry, that flower of chivalry? I fancy that I can see their first slow and cautious approach to the shore; their keen and vigilant eyes, piercing the forest in every direction, to detect the lurking Indian with his tomahawk, bow, and arrow. Good heavens! what an enterprise! how full of the most fearful perils! and yet how entirely profitless to the daring men who personally undertook and achieved it! Through what a series of the most spirit-chilling hardships had they to toil! How often did they cast their eyes to England in vain! and with what delusive hopes, day after day, did the little famished crew strain their sight to catch the white sail of comfort and relief! But, day after day, the sun set, and darkness covered the earth; but no sail of comfort or relief came! How often, in the pangs of hunger, sickness, solitude, and disconsolation, did they think of London, her shops, her markets groaning under the weight of plenty; her streets swarming with gilded coaches, bustling backs, with crowds of lords, ladies, and commons, with healthy, busy, contented faces of every description; and among them none more healthy or more contented than those of their ungrateful and improvident directors! But now—where are they all? the little famished colony which landed here, and the many-coloured crowd of London,—where are they, my dear S———? Gone, where there is no distinction! consigned to the common earth! Another generation succeeded them: which, just as busy and as bustling as that which fell before it, has sunk down into the same nothingness! Another, and yet another below has rolled on, each emulating its predecessor in height; towering for its moment, and curling its foaming honours to the clouds; then roaring, breaking, and perishing on the same shore!

Is it not strange, that, familiarly and universally as these things are known, yet each generation is as eager in the pursuit of its earthly objects, projects its plans on a scale as extensive, and labours in their execution with a spirit as ardent and unrelaxing, as if this life and this world were to last for ever? It is indeed a most benevolent interposition of Providence, that these palpable and just views of the vanity of human life are not permitted entirely to crush the spirits and unnerve the arm of industry. But at the same time, methinks, it would be wise in man to permit them to have, at least, so much weight with him as to prevent his total absorption by the things of this earth, and to point some of his thoughts and his exertions to a system of being far more permanent, exalted, and happy. Think not this reflection too solemn: it is irresistibly inspired by the objects around me; and, as rarely as it occurs, (much too rarely!) it is most certainly and solemnly true, my S———!

It is curious to reflect, what a nation, in the course of two hundred years, has sprung up and flourished from the feeble sickly germ which was planted here! Little did our short-sighted court suspect the conflict which she was preparing for herself; the convulsive throe by which her infant colony would in a few years burst from her, and start into a political importance that would astonish the earth.

But Virginia, my dear S———, as rapidly as her population and her wealth must continue to advance, wants one most important source of solid grandeur; and that, too, the animating soul of a republic. I mean public spirit; that sacred *amor patriæ*, which filled Greece and Rome with patriots, heroes, and scholars.

There seems to me to be but one object throughout the state, *to grow rich*; a passion which is visible not only in the walks of private life, but which has crept into and poisoned

every public body in the state. Indeed, from the very genius of the government, by which all the public characters are, at short periodical elections, evolved from the body of the people, it cannot but happen, that the councils of the state must take the impulse of the private propensities of the country. Hence, Virginia exhibits no great public improvements; hence, in spite of her wealth, every part of the country manifests her sufferings, either from the penury of her guardians, or their want of that attention and noble pride wherewith it is their duty to consult her appearance. Her roads and highways are frequently impassable, sometimes frightful; the very few public works which have been set on foot, instead of being carried on with spirit, are permitted to languish and pine, and creep feebly along, in such a manner that the first part of an edifice grows grey with age, and almost tumbles in ruins, before the last part is lifted from the dust; her highest officers are sustained with so avaricious, so niggardly a hand, that if they are not driven to subsist on roots and drink ditch-water with old Fabricius, it is not for the want of republican economy in the projectors of the salaries; and, above all, the general culture of the human mind, that best cure for the aristocratic distinctions which they profess to hate, that best basis of the social and political equality which they profess to love: this culture, instead of becoming a national care, is intrusted merely to such individuals as hazard, indigence, misfortunes, or crimes have forced from their native Europe, to seek an asylum and bread in the wilds of America.

They have only one public seminary of learning: a college in Williamsburg, about seven miles from this place; which was erected in the reign of our William and Mary, derives its principal support from their munificence, and therefore very properly bears their names. This college, in the fastidious folly and affectation of republicanism, or, what is worse, in the niggardly spirit of parsimony, which they dignify with the name of economy, these democrats have endowed with a few despicable fragments of surveyor's fees, &c.; thus converting their national academy into a mere *lazaretto*, and feeding its polite, scientific, and highly respectable professors, like a band of beggars, on the scraps and crumbs that fall from the financial table. And then, instead of aiding and energizing the police of the college by a few civil regulations, they permit their youth to run riot in all the wildness of dissipation: while the venerable professors are forced to look on, in the deep mortification of conscious impotence, and see their care and zeal requited by the ruin of their pupils and the destruction of their seminary.

These are points which, at present, I can barely touch; when I have an easier seat and writing-desk, than a grave and a tombstone, it will give me pleasure to dilate on them; for it will afford an opportunity of exulting in the superiority of our own energetic monarchy over this republican body without a soul.*

For the present, my dear S——! I bid you adieu.

[*To be continued.*]

Observations *on the* Oriental Apologue; *by* James Ross, *Esq. formerly of Dinagepore in Bengal.*

[From the "Asiatic Annual Register, 1810-11."]

[*Concluded from p.* 197.]

THE parables of sacred writ I revere, the apologues of Sadi and Nizami I admire, but the fables of Esop and Phædrus, of Fontaine and Gay, have too much of artifice, and too little of common life, to please me. They are still more objectionable, where with our ancients and ourselves the passions are made the actors; and virtue, vice, and other ideal objects, the persons of the drama: and more especially where the unchristian passion of revenge is often encouraged as a principle, and inculcated as a practice. After perusing the sublime pages of Homer and Virgil, and the witty lines of Lucian and

* British insolence! Yet it cannot be denied, however painful the admission, that there is some foundation for his censures.

Ovid, what character can we give of their mythology? As history it is absurd, as allegory inconsistent, and as a system of morality, loose and immodest. In their intercourse with each other, and with mankind, their gods are represented as unjust in their dealings, mutable in their designs, partial in their favours, ignorant of events, domineering over the unfortunate, vindictive, and grossly insolent to all. Were the passions intended to be personified, they ought to have been obvious at once, and not left like the Lesani Ghuib, or mystic language of Sufiism, to be taken in a spiritual or carnal sense, as might suit the reader's fancy. The Persians have also the Shahnamah of Ferdusi, the Secunder-namah of Nizami, and other excellent heroic poems, which contain truer history, and are written with more consistency, perhaps, than our ancients, and certainly with less servility than our moderns of Europe, with the exception of our own Milton.

If another L'Estrange should make a collection of ancient and modern fables, a second folio volume might be collected from the apologues of the east, to which Sadi would contribute, perhaps, a half. Wit is either serious or comic; and orientalists deal more in the first than the last, for they put a higher value upon an apophthegm than a jest: they admire wisdom more than mirth, and we admire mirth more than wisdom: a wise saying, which they would greedily commit to writing, might pass unheeded by us; while a jest would rouse our attention, and excite our applause. Is this owing to our being so *wise*, as not to be electrified by a *spark* of *wisdom*, or so *foolish* as to be insensible to its *splendour?* Most men are fond of a jest, the vulgar of a coarse one, and the polite of what is delicate. But the instruction of an apophthegm enters deeper, and is more permanent in its effects: then it requires civilization and refinement, when it will reveal itself to the very soul of a great, and even excite that of a little man to virtue: like courage, a flash of this species of wit will strike from mind to mind, and kindle throughout a whole nation the sympathetic fire of fellow sentiment. Above any other oriental writer Sadi excels, in serious humour, in his relation of an apologue; and by scattering the flowers of apophthegms, over the path of wisdom, has rendered his *Bustan*, *Gulistan*, and *Risallahs*, instructive and entertaining. His 5th Risallah, consists entirely of maxims of advice, terminating in some lines of poetry, in which the same apophthegm, is often put in a different point of view, and has an epigrammical turn given to it: also the 8th chap. of his *Gulistan*; and his 20th book of *Khubisaat* or impurities, consists entirely of jests, and some of them of the grossest and most indelicate description. Like the orange tree of his native city of Shiraz, the writings of Sadi bear flowers and fruits, and equally gratify the intellect with nourishment and fragrance, at all seasons.—Besides those books of professed apophthegms, I might give to half the apologues of his *Bustan* and *Gulistan*, and the parables of his servants, an epigrammical turn.

Lucman, the Esop of the east, being asked, of whom he learned wisdom, answered of the blind, who feel before they tread.

Being again asked, of whom he had learned manners, he answered, of the unmannerly, by avoiding what he saw coarse and improper in their behaviour. On another occasion, he remarks, Bustan ix. 2:—It were better to cease to live, than to continue to live in sin.

Being desired to expostulate with some highwaymen, who had plundered the caravan with which he travelled, he replied; it were a pity to waste upon them the admonitions of wisdom.

Being, like Esop, of a tawny complexion, Lucman was mistaken for a run-away slave, and sent a house-building in irons. After a time, the real slave was found; and on the master apologizing for what had befallen him, Lucman replied, 'At home I have a slave, upon whom I often impose hard tasks, but whenever I call to mind my late trouble of brick-making, I am not likely to be severe with him again." Bustan iv. 22.

Sadi says himself: "Once I could not help feeling for a slave, who was observing, while his indulgent master

was bargaining for his sale, You may meet many a better servant, but I can never find so kind a master." Bustan iii. 12.

An ill-tempered gentleman had a slave still more violent than himself: and a friend advised him rather to part with such a slave for nothing, than to put up with his ill humour. He replied: "His temper and disposition are sour enough, but my own temper has been much sweetened by my intercourse with him, for ever since I learned to bear with him, I can put up with every body's violence." Bustan iv. 11.

A poor man's ass having stuck fast in a slough, and kept him all night exposed to the cold and rain, he fell a cursing both his friends and foes, and did not spare even the reigning sovereign, who happening to pass near him in the morning, overheard what he was saying. The royal attendants were in expectation that such a reprobate would at least have his tongue torn from his mouth; but the high minded prince allowed his anger to subside, and ordered him some money, a horse, and warm garment; and a courtier having congratulated the poor man on his lucky escape, he answered him, and said: If in my grovelling meanness I complained vexatiously, in his magnanimous beneficence, my sovereign forgave me: it were easy to recompence evil with evil, but if a generous man you will repay good for evil." Bust. ii. 24.

The fourth hemistich of the original contains an Arabian proverb, and a literal translation of Μὴ νικῶ ὑπὸ τοῦ κακοῦ ἀλλὰ νίκα ἐν τῷ ἀγαθῷ τὸ κακόν.— Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good. Romans xii. 21.

A minister of state argued a point of business before Alexander the Great with firmness, when the king turned sharply round upon him and asked, "Are you not afraid of me?" He replied, "Why should I be afraid? Has a man, conscious of his own righteousness, any occasion even to fear God? A servant like myself has to fear only treachery on his own part, or tyranny on that of his lord; and your obedient feels himself secure on both those scores." Risallah of advice to princes.

"God's holy will submissive I revere,
And fearing him, disclaim all other fear."

Temperance and piety are highly commendable in kings, but not to such a severe degree as to embitter their own lives, and make their dependants unhappy.

Such as are not inclined to hurt, fear not any body: a scorpion is full of mischief, and afraid of every living creature. Let mankind ponder on the enormity of that tyrant's wickedness; the world remains, and he and his oppressed subjects have had respectively awarded to them their punishments and rewards.

That king's fame shall never die, who left behind him a bridge, a reservoir, a khan, and a Mahman-seray, or an hospital and place of resort for travellers; and it shows good sense in the sovereign or subject not to anticipate his revenue of to-morrow, or to procrastinate his business of to-day.

A man left behind him an infant son and a purse of gold; and the king sent to the guardian and demanded the money: accordingly, wrapping it up in the child's bosom he sent him to the king with this message: "the purse of gold is the property of this child, if you mean to take it, you must take it from his own person, that you may again account to him for it on the day of judgment."

A vizier went to the prophet Jonas and asked his blessing, saying, "Day and night I am occupied in the service of my prince, hoping for his favour, and dreading his displeasure." The holy man wept and replied,— "Had I feared God, as you have done the king, I would long since have become one of the elect." Gulistan I. 32.

Thus Shakspeare:

Had I serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

It were an easy task to separate the soul from the body, but you cannot so readily restore life to him whom you have murdered: prudence would dictate to you caution in giving flight to the arrow, for if you let it once quit the bow, you cannot bring it back. Gulistan viii. 53.

Thus Cowley:

Easy it were the living to have slain,
But bring them, if you can, to life again.
The arrow's shot: mark how it cuts the air,
Try now to bring it back, or stay it there;
That way impatience sent it, but thou'lt find
No track of it, alas! is left behind!

Gold is extracted from the earth by digging into its bowels, and is torn from the grasp of misers by digging out their souls: misers spend not their money, but watch it with solicitude, saying that hope is preferable to waste; next day, behold! to the joy of their enemies, their gold remains and they have departed this life without having enjoyed it. Gulistan viii. 3.

Thus Pope:

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it (gold), and the slave that hides.

The rich miser and his hoards of gold and silver are like the talismanic charms standing as a sentinel over a hidden treasure; therefore is his gold remaining unplundered for years, because this talisman is shaking its head over it like a snake; when God is pleased all at once to break this charm with the stone of death, and his heirs are left to portion out his wealth at their leisure. Bustan ii. 29.

The hypocrite is solely taken up about his sweet self, for he draws the veil of self-conceit across his own eyes. Were God to bestow upon thee, O vain man! his all-searching eye, thou wouldst see none more pitiable than thyself. Gulistan ii. 7.

Thus Young:

Heav'n's sovereign saves all human beings but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

Sadi says:—I have heard that a respectable man had delivered a sheep from the clutches of a wolf: and that same night he was sticking a knife into its throat, when the spirit of the sheep reproached him and said,—"Thou snatchedst me from the fangs of a wolf, and behold in the end thou hast proved thyself a wolf." Gulistan ii. 31.

Dr. Walcot says:

I cannot meet the lambkin's asking eye,
Pat his soft cheek, and fill his mouth with food,
Then say, e'er evening cometh thou shalt die,
And drench the knives of butchers with thy blood.

Having been redeemed from captivity with the Franks at Tripoly, his benefactor moreover bestowed upon him his daughter in marriage, with a dowry of a hundred dinars; and this proving a termagant, tauntingly asked him, "If he was not the fellow her father had released from captivity for ten dinars?" "Yes," replied Sadi; "only to cast me into captivity with thee for a hundred."

An unjust king asked Sadi, "How can I employ myself better than in prayer?" He replied, "By laying in bed till noon, that mankind may during that short interval be released from thy tyranny." When Rolla is introduced by Elvira for the purpose of assassinating Pizarro, he discovers him asleep and exclaims, "This is the disturber of our peace: can this man really sleep?"

A wicked man blushed on reflecting on the righteousness of his pious neighbour, when this asked him, "Are you not ashamed of your own accord; for omniscience is every where and at all times present, and yet you are only ashamed at knowing that I may chance to hear of your wickedness." Bustan ix. 24.

A weary traveller was lamenting the hardships of his journey, when his heavy-laden ass made answer,—"Whether you are blind or deaf, or whatever be your mishap, thank God that you are a man, and not a burthen bearing ass like me." Bust. viii. 12.

Lord Mansfield's allegation, that in special cases of calumny, the truth of a libel is no palliation of the offence, was not unnoticed by Sadi: "When you are industrious in noting another man's failings, though it be truth you are reporting, it is nevertheless a libel." And again:—"His sins were hurrying a wicked man to hell, for the cup of his life overflowed, and the black record of his infamy was filled; another person by libelling followed close behind him, and was saying, God forbid he should go alone to hell." Bustan vii. 11 and 16.

On the following subject our historian, Gibbon, has made a moral reflection, and Sadi a pun:—A skull is supposed to rise from the bed of a river, and say, "Once I held in my hand the sceptre of authority, and wore on my brow the diadem of sovereignty: so long as my stars shone propitious, and fortune was my companion, I seized Irac with the arm of victory: I had become ambitious also of subduing Carmania, when behold the carman or worms seized upon my own brain." He can likewise mingle morality with his conceits and quibbles.

During his travels Sadi met Khaljah Humam, a contemporary poet, a native of the place, at the public bath at Tubreiz (Tauris). The latter asked him, whence he came. He replied from Shiraz. "It is singular," said Humam, "that in my city the Shirazians should be more than the dogs and cats." "In my city," replied Sadi, "it is the reverse, for there the Tubreirians are less!"—Like many of his townsmen Sadi was bald: Humam, turning his brass ewer, he was using as is customary in oriental ablution, upside down, asked Sadi, "How comes it that the head of a Shirazian should resemble this utensil?" Sadi promptly answered him by presenting his own with the *empty mouth* upwards, "Why is the head of a Tubrian so very like this?"

A merchant said to his son, 'Let not any body know that I lost a thousand dinars by a late speculation.'—'Why?' replied the boy. 'Because,' said the father, 'I shall in that case suffer a two-fold evil, the loss of my money and the reproach of my neighbours.' Gulistan iv. 2.

A learned man was upbraided for failing to controvert an atheist. He said, 'My knowledge is that of sacred writ, and the traditions and revelations of our holy prophets; to which he gives no credit, and I can listen no longer to his blasphemy.' Gulistan iv. 4.—He acknowledges his ignorance, who before another has concluded his argument can interrupt it with something of his own. The cabinet council were debating some important question, and the prime-minister sitting silent, one of them asked why he did not offer his opinion? 'So long as you are right,' he replied, 'it were folly in me to interfere.' Some of the courtiers asked him, 'What secret was that the king just communicated to you, for he never tells any of us?' He replied, 'He communicates with me, because he knows that I shall not betray him: why then can you ask me?' Gulistan iv. 8.

Sadi says, 'I complained to a young friend who had got married since we last met, that he had lost his cheerfulness. He answered, Since I became the father of children I ceased to play the child.' Gulistan vi. 4

An old man was asked why he did not marry. He said, 'As I feel myself no affection for old women, how can I expect a young woman to fall in love with me.'

A learned man took much pains to instruct a nobleman's son, who had very weak intellects, but could make nothing of him. He took him back to his father, and said, 'I cannot make him a wise man, and if I go on much longer, he is likely to make a fool of me.' Gul. vii. 1. If you covet the heritage of your father, make yourself master of his business; for you may squander the patrimonial estate in the course of a few days.

A fellow applied to a horse-doctor to cure him of bad eyes, who prescribed the same medicine for him as he would for a quadruped; and the biped became blind. On complaining to the Kazy, this decreed: 'He could have no redress; for if he had not been an ass, he would not have applied to an ass doctor.' Gul. vii. 15.

The son of a rich man was observing to that of a dervis: 'My father's tomb is built of stone, the epitaph written in gold, the lining marble, and tesselated with torquoise, and that of your father is only a few bricks cemented with clay.' The poor boy answered him, 'I pray thee peace, for before your father can stir himself under this heavy load of stone, mine shall have risen up to heaven." Gul. vii. 19.

They asked a Siagush, 'Why he followed the lion.' He replied, 'To subsist upon his leavings.' 'And why do you not approach him nearer, and become his intimate friend?' 'Then I should no longer be secure against

his all-devouring fury.' *Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine.* Gul. i. 16. A prince complained, that an officer's son had called him names. The king said, 'It were charity, O my soul! in you to forgive him; but if you cannot stomach that, call him names in return; but take heed that in doing so you do not exceed the bounds of the provocation, because then the damage would rest with you, and the complaint with him.' Gulistan i. 37.

At an entertainment given him by the king, a holy man said a long grace, but scarcely eat any thing. On reaching home, he desired his son to get him something to eat. This was a shrewd lad. 'Perhaps, father, you ate little or nothing at the king's?'—He said, 'In his presence I barely eat what would do me good.' 'Then,' replied the boy, 'repeat a long grace that nothing be omitted that can possibly do you good.' Gul. ii. 6. Sadi complained to his ghostly guide, that somebody accused him of lasciviousness. 'Shame him,' said he, 'by your continence.' ii. 23.

A king asked a holy man, 'Are you ever thinking of me?' 'Yes,' replied he, 'When I can forget God, I may think of thee.' All night a man sat weeping by his sick friend, next morning that man died, and his sick neighbour recovered.

Sadi told a holy friend, who had complained to him of the impertinent intrusion of his visitors, 'to borrow money from the rich, and lend it to the poor, and he might not see either again.' A physician said, 'A hundred drachms of food is sufficient to support you, but if you exceed that, you will have to support it.' Gulistan iii. 4.

To an huge fellow, who was storming with passion, Sadi observed, 'You can carry a stone of a thousand pound weight, but cannot bear with a single angry word.'

The king of Persia sent a skilful physician to attend upon Mohammed; and after some time he complained that nobody consulted him. The prophet said, 'I and my people eat when we are hungry, and leave off with an appetite.' The physician replied, 'That accounts for your health.' And he made obeisance and took his leave. Gul. ii. 2.

Swift, Sterne, and other wits of the last and preceding age, could relish indecency and nastiness; but it is creditable to the present generation, that they have no taste for such grossness.

This was not, however, the case in the age and country in which Sadi flourished, any more than it was in the early periods of our own literary history. The works, not only of that author, but of many other Persian poets and moralists, afford but too numerous instances of the coarsest indelicacy, both of thought and expression. Nor is it in the Khubsiat, or book of avowed impurities* of Sadi alone that the violations of decency appear. They too often disgrace even his most beautiful and instructive compositions. His Gulistan and Bustan I [illegible]ntirely free from them, though these books universally used in schools and admitted even into the Haram.

For such passages: *Nudi enim sunt, recti et venusti, omne ornatu orationes tanquam veste detracto*, however, much repugnant to the cleanlier manners and decenter ideas of our present times, the best apology I could offer is the simplicity of heart and nakedness of diction of Asiatic poets; who too often present us with rude images and gross sentiments, but we had best copy on such occurrences what some of our regular clergy do in meeting some passages in our old testament, and slap over what the standard of our present taste might consider as indelicate. Yet, *horresco referens*—I must not overlook another disgusting propensity, to which Sadi is accused of alluding with a levity, if not a criminality, that is highly reprehensible. It is too serious a subject to touch lightly on here; and I devote another section of his life to this special discussion, where I endeavour to exonerate him in some measure from the heavier part of this charge.

* This is a kind of jest book which Sadi condescended to compose, and to which a very appropriate title has been given; but whether by himself, or the editors of his works, is uncertain, though the former is most probable.

The Brothers.

[*From Crabbe's "Tales."*]

THAN old *George Fletcher*, on the British coast,
Dwelt not a seaman who had more to boast;
Kind, simple, and sincere,—he seldom spoke,
But sometimes sang and choruss'd '*Hearts of Oak*;'
In dangers steady, with his lot content,
His days in labour and in love were spent.

He left a son so like him, that the old
With joy exclaim'd, 'Tis *Fletcher* we behold;'
But to his brother when the kinsmen came,
And view'd his form, they grudg'd the father's name.

George was a bold, intrepid, careless lad,
With just the failings that his father had;
Isaac was weak, attentive, slow, exact,
With just the virtues that his father lack'd.

George liv'd at sea, upon the land a guest,—
He sought for recreation, not for rest,—
While, far unlike, his brother's feebler form
Shrank from the cold, and shudder'd at the storm;
Still with the seaman's to connect his trade,
The boy was bound where blocks and ropes were made.

George, strong and hardy, had a tender mind,
And was to *Isaac* pitiful and kind;
A very father, till his art was gain'd,
And then a friend unwearied he remain'd:
He saw his brother was of spirit low,
His temper peevish, and his motions slow;
Not fit to bustle in a world, or make
Friends to his fortune for his merit's sake:
But the kind sailor could not boast the art
Of looking deeply in the human heart;
Else had he seen that this weak brother knew
What men to court—what objects to pursue;
That he to distant gain the way discern'd,
And none so crooked but his genius learn'd.

Isaac was poor, and this the brother felt;
He hir'd a house, and there the landman dwelt;
Wrought at his trade, and had an easy home,
For there would *George* with cash and comforts come;
And when they parted, *Isaac* look'd around,
Where other friends and helpers might be found.

He wish'd for some port-place, and one might fall,
He wisely thought, if he should try for all;
He had a vote,—and, were it well applied,
Might have its worth—and he had views beside;
Old *Burgess Steel* was able to promote
An humble man who serv'd him with a vote;
For *Isaac* felt not what some tempers feel,
But bow'd and bent the neck to *Burgess Steel*;
And great attention to a lady gave,
His ancient friend, a maiden spare and grave;
One whom the visage long and look demure
Of *Isaac* pleas'd—he seem'd sedate and pure;
And his soft heart conceiv'd a gentle flame
For her who waited on this virtuous dame:
Not an outrageous love, a scorching fire,
But friendly liking and chastis'd desire;
And thus he waited, patient in delay,
In present favour and in fortune's way.

George then was coasting—war was yet delay'd,
And what he gain'd was to his brother paid;
Nor ask'd the seaman what he sav'd or spent:
But took his grog, wrought hard, and was content;
Till war awak'd the land, and *George* began
To think what part became a useful man.
"Press'd, I must go—why, then, 'tis better far
"At once to enter like a British tar,
"Than a brave captain and the foe to shun,
"As if I fear'd the music of a gun."

'Go not!' said *Isaac*—'You shall wear disguise:'
"What!" said the seaman, "clothe myself with lies?"
'Oh! but there's danger.'—"Danger in the fleet? [feat;
"You cannot mean, good brother, of de-
"And other dangers I at land must share,
"So now adieu! and trust a brother's care."

Isaac awhile demurr'd,—but, in his heart,
So might he share, he was dispos'd to part:
The better mind will sometimes feel the pain
Of benefactions—favour is a chain;
But they the feeling scorn, and what they wish, disdain;—
While beings form'd in coarser mould will hate
The helping hand they ought to venerate;

No wonder *George* should in this cause prevail,
With one contending who was glad to fail:
"*Isaac*, farewel! do wipe that doleful eye;
"Crying we came, and groaning we may die,
"Let us do something 'twixt the groan and cry;
"And hear me, brother, whether pay or prize,
"One half to thee I give and I devise:
"For thou has oft occasion for the aid
"Of learn'd physicians, and they will be paid:
"Their wives and children, men support, at sea,
"And thou, my lad, art wife and child to me:
"Farewel!—I go where hope and honour call,
"Nor does it follow that who fights must fall."

Isaac here made a poor attempt to speak,
And a huge tear mov'd slowly down his cheek;
Like Pluto's iron drop, hard sign of grace,
It slowly roll'd upon the rueful face,
Forc'd by the striving will alone its way to trace.

Years fled—war lasted—*George* at sea remain'd,
While the slow landman still his profits gain'd:
A humble place was vacant—he besought
His patron's interest, and the office caught;
For still the virgin was his faithful friend,
And one so sober could with truth commend,
Who of his own defects most humbly thought,
And their advice with zeal and reverence sought:
Whom thus the mistress prais'd, the maid approv'd,
And her he wedded whom he wisely lov'd.

No more he needs assistance—but, alas!
He fears the money will for liquor pass;
Or that the seaman might to flatterers lend,
Or give support to some pretended friend:
Still he must write—he wrote, and he confess'd
That, till absolv'd, he should be sore distress'd:
But one so friendly would, he thought, forgive
The hasty deed—Heav'n knew how he should live;
'But you,' he added, 'as a man of sense,
'Have well consider'd danger and expense:
'I ran, alas! into the fatal snare,
'And now for trouble must my mind prepare;
'And how with children I shall pick my way,
'Thro' a hard world, is more than I can say:
'Then change not, brother, your more happy state,
'Or on the hazard long deliberate.'

George answer'd gravely, "It is right and fit,
"In all our crosses, humbly to submit:
"Your apprehensions are unwise, unjust;
"Forbear repining, and expel distrust."
He added, "Marriage was the joy of life,"
And gave his service to his brother's wife;
Then vow'd to bear in all expense a part,
And thus concluded, "Have a cheerful heart."

Had the glad *Isaac* been his brother's guide,
In these same terms the seaman had replied;
At such reproofs the crafty landman smil'd,
And softly said, 'This creature is a child.'

Twice had the gallant ship a capture made,—
And when in port the happy crew were paid,
Home went the sailor, with his pocket stor'd,
Ease to enjoy, and pleasure to afford;
His time was short, joy shone in every face,
Isaac half fainted in the fond embrace:
The wife resolv'd her honour'd guest to please,
The children clung upon their uncle's knees;
The grog went round, the neighbours drank his health,
And *George* exclaim'd,—"Ah! what to this is wealth?
"Better," said he, "to bear a loving heart,
"Than roll in riches,—but we now must part!"

All yet is still,—but, hark! the winds o'ersweep
The rising waves, and howl upon the deep;
Ships late becalm'd on mountain-billows ride,—
So life is threaten'd, and so man is tried.

Ill were the tidings that arriv'd from sea,
The worthy *George* must now a cripple be;
His leg was lopp'd; and though his heart was sound,
Though his brave captain was with glory crown'd,—
Yet much it vex'd him to repose on shore,
An idle log, and be of use no more:
True, he was sure that *Isaac* would receive
All of his brother that the foe might leave;

To whom the seaman his design had sent,
Ere from the port the wounded hero went:
His wealth and expectations told, he
'knew
'Wherein they fail'd, what *Isaac*'s love would do;
'That he the grog and cabin would supply,
'Where *George* at anchor daring life would lie.'

The landman read—and, reading, grew distress'd:—
'Could he resolve t'admit so poor a guest?
'Better at Greenwich might the sailor stay,
'Unless his purse could for his comforts pay;
'So *Isaac* judg'd, and to his wife appeal'd,
'But yet acknowledg'd it was best to yield:
'Perhaps his pension with what sums remain
'Due or unsquander'd may the man maintain;
'Refuse we must not.'—With a heavy sigh
The lady heard, and made her kind reply:
"Nor would I wish it, *Isaac*, were we sure
"How long his crazy building will endure;
"Like an old house, that every day appears
"About to fall,—he may be propp'd for years;
"For a few months, indeed, we might comply,
"But these old batter'd fellows never die."

The hand of *Isaac*, *George* on entering took,
With love and resignation in his look;
Declar'd his comfort in the fortune past,
And joy to find his anchor safely cast;
"Call then my nephews, let the grog be brought,
"And I will tell them how the ship was fought."

Alas! our simple seaman should have known,
That all the care, the kindness, he had shown,
Were from his brother's heart, if not his memory, flown:
All swept away to be perceiv'd no more,
Like idle structures on the sandy shore;
The chance amusement of the playful boy,
That the rude billows in their rage destroy.

Poor *George* confess'd, though loth the truth to find,
Slight was his knowledge of a brother's mind:
The vulgar pipe was to the wife offence,
The frequent grog to *Isaac* an expense;
Would friends like hers, she question'd, "choose to come,
"Where clouds of poison'd fume defil'd a room?
"This, could their lady-friend, good Burgess *Steel*,
"(Tear'd with his worship's asthma) bear to feel?
"Could they associate or converse with him,—
"A loud rough sailor with a timber limb?"

Cold as he grew, still *Isaac* strove to show,
By well-feign'd care, that cold he could not grow;
And when he saw his brother look distress'd,
He strove some petty comforts to suggest;
On his wife solely their neglect to lay,
And then t'excuse it as a woman's way;
He too was chidden when her rules he broke,
And then she sicken'd at the scent of smoke.

George, though in doubt, was still consol'd to find
His brother wishing to be reckon'd kind:
That *Isaac* seem'd concern'd by his distress,
Gave to his injur'd feelings some redress;
But none he found dispos'd to lend an ear
To stories, all were once intent to hear:
Except his nephew, seated on his knee,
He found no creature car'd about the sea;
But *George* indeed,—for *George* they call'd the boy,
When his good uncle was their boast and joy,—
Would listen long, and would contend with sleep, [deep;
To hear the woes and wonders of the deep;
Till the fond mother cried,—"That man will teach
"The foolish boy his loud and boisterous speech."
So judg'd the father—and the boy was taught
To shun the uncle, whom his love had sought.

The mask of kindness now but seldom worn,
George felt each evil harder to be borne;
And cried, (vexation growing day by day)
"Ah! brother *Isaac!*—What! I'm in the way!"
'No! on my credit, look ye, No! but I
'Am fond of peace, and my repose would buy
'On any terms—in short, we must comply:
'My spouse had money—she must have her will—
'Ah! brother,—marriage is a bitter pill.'

George tried the lady—"Sister, I offend;" [depend
'Me?' she replied—'Oh no!—you may

'On my regard—but watch your brother's way,
'Whom I, like you, must study and obey.'

"Ah!" thought the seaman, "what a head was mine,
"That easy birth at Greenwich to resign!
"I'll to the parish"—but a little pride,
And some affection, put the thought aside.'

Now gross neglect and open scorn he bore
In silent sorrow—but he felt the more:
The odious pipe he to the kitchen took,
Or strove to profit by some pious book.

When the mind stoops to this degraded state,
New griefs will darken the dependent's fate;
'Brother!' said *Isaac*, 'you will sure excuse
'The little freedom I'm compell'd to use:
'My wife's relations,—(curse the haughty crew)—
'Affect such niceness, and such dread of you:
'You speak so loud—and they have natures soft,—
'Brother——I wish——do go upon the loft!'

Poor *George* obey'd, and to the garret fled,
Where not a being saw the tears he shed:
But more was yet required, for guests were come,
Who could not dine if he disgrac'd the room.
It shock'd his spirit to be esteem'd unfit
With an own brother and his wife to sit;
He grew rebellious—at the vestry spoke
For weekly aid——they heard it as a joke:
'So kind a brother, and so wealthy,——you
'Apply to us?——No! this will never do:
'Good neighbour *Fletcher*,' (said the overseer),
'We are engag'd—you can have nothing here!'

George mutter'd something in despairing tone,
Then sought his loft, to think and grieve alone:
Neglected, slighted, restless on his bed,
With heart half broken, and with scraps ill fed;
Yet was he pleas'd, that hours for play design'd,
Were given to ease his ever-troubled mind;
The child still listen'd with increasing joy,
And he was sooth'd by the attentive boy.

At length he sicken'd, and this duteous child
Watch'd o'er his sickness, and his pains beguil'd;
The mother bade him from the loft refrain,
But, though with caution, yet he went again;
And now his tales the sailor feebly told,
His heart was heavy, and his limbs were cold:
The tender boy came often to intreat
His good kind friend would of his presents eat:
Purloin'd or purchas'd, for he saw, with shame,
The food untouch'd that to his uncle came;
Who, sick in body and in mind, receiv'd
The boy's indulgence, gratified and griev'd.

"Uncle will die!" said *George*,—the piteous wife
Exclaim'd, 'She saw no value in his life;
'But, sick or well, to my commands attend,
'And go no more to your complaining friend.'
The boy was vex'd, he felt his heart reprove
The stern decree.——What! punish'd for his love!
No! he would go, but softly, to the room,
Stealing in silence—for he knew his doom.

Once in a week the father came to say,
'*George*, are you ill?'—and hurried him away;
Yet to his wife would on their duties dwell,
And often cry, 'Do use my brother well:'
And something kind, no question, *Isaac* meant,
Who took vast credit for the vague intent.

But truly kind, the gentle boy essay'd
To cheer his uncle, firm, although afraid;
But now the father caught him at the door,
And, swearing,——yes, the man in office swore,
And cried, 'Away! How! Brother, I'm surpris'd,
'That one so old can be so ill advis'd:
'Let him not dare to visit you again,
'Your cursed stories will disturb his brain;
'Is it not vile to court a foolish boy,
'Your own absurd narrations to enjoy?
'What! sullen!—ha! *George Fletcher?* you shall see,
'Proud as you are, your bread depends on me!'

He spoke, and, frowning, to his dinner went,
Then cool'd and felt some qualms of discontent;
And thought on times when he compell'd his son
To hear these stories, nay, to beg for one:
But the wife's wrath o'ercame the brother's pain, [in vain.
And shame was felt, and conscience rose

George yet stole up, he saw his uncle lie
Sick on the bed, and heard his heavy sigh:
So he resolv'd, before he went to rest,
To comfort one so dear and so distress'd;
Then, watch'd his time, but with a child-like art,
Betray'd a something treasur'd at his heart;
Th' observant wife remark'd; 'The boy is grown
'So like your brother, that he seems his own;
'So close and sullen! and I still suspect
'They often meet—do watch them and detect!'

George now remark'd that all was still as night,
And hasten'd up with terror and delight;
'Uncle!' he cried, and softly tapp'd the door,
'Do let me in,'—but he could add no more:
The careful father caught him in the fact,
And cried, 'You serpent! is it thus you act?
'Back to your mother!'—and, with hasty blow,
He sent th' indignant boy to grieve below;
Then at the door an angry speech began:
'Is this your conduct?—Is it thus you plan?
'Seduce my child, and make my house a scene
'Of vile dispute——What is it that you mean?—
'*George*, are you dumb? do learn to know your friends,
'And think awhile on whom your bread depends:
'What! not a word? be thankful I am cool—— [fool;
'But, Sir, beware, nor longer play the
'Come! Brother, come! what is it that you seek
'By this rebellion?—Speak, you villain, speak!—
'Weeping! I warrant—sorrow makes you dumb:
'I'll ope your mouth, impostor! if I come;
'Let me approach—I'll shake you from the bed,
'You stubborn dog—Oh God! my brother's dead!'—

Timid was *Isaac*, and in all the past
He felt a purpose to be kind at last;
Nor did he mean his brother to depart,
Till he had shown this kindness of his heart:
But day by day he put the cause aside,
Induc'd by av'rice, peevishness, or pride.

But now awaken'd, from this fatal time
His conscience *Isaac* felt, and found his crime:
He rais'd to *George* a monumental stone,
And there retir'd to sigh and think alone;
An ague seiz'd him, he grew pale, and shook,—
"So," said his son, "would my poor uncle look."
'And so, my child, shall I like him expire:'
"No! you have physic and a cheerful fire."
'Unhappy sinner! yes, I'm well supplied
With every comfort my cold heart denied.'
He view'd his brother now, but not as one
Who vex'd his wife, by fondness for her son;
Not as with wooden limb, and seaman's tale,
The odious pipe, vile grog, or humbler ale:
He now the worth and grief alone can view,
Of one so mild, so generous, and so true;
'The frank, kind brother, with such open heart,
'And I to break it——'twas a dæmon's part!'

So *Isaac* now, as led by conscience, feels,
Nor his unkindness palliates or conceals;
"This is your folly," said his heartless wife:
'Alas! my folly cost my brother's life;
'It suffer'd him to languish and decay,
'My gentle brother, whom I could not pay,
'And therefore left to pine, and fret his life away.'

He takes his son, and bids the boy unfold
All the good uncle of his feelings told,
All he lamented—and the ready tear
Falls as he listens, sooth'd, and griev'd to hear.

'Did he not curse me, child?' "He never curs'd,
"But could not breathe, and said his heart would burst:"
'And so will mine:'—"Then, father, you must pray;
"My uncle said it took his pains away."

Repeating thus his sorrows, *Isaac* shows
That he, repenting, feels the debt he owes,
And from this source alone his every comfort flows.
He takes no joy in office, honours, gain;
They make him humble, nay, they give him pain;
'These from my heart,' he cries, 'all feeling drove
'They made me cold to nature, dead to love;'

He takes no joy in home, but sighing, sees
A son in sorrow, and a wife at ease;
He takes no joy in office—see him now,
And Burgess *Steel* has but a passing bow.
Of one sad train of gloomy thoughts possess'd,
He takes no joy in friends, in food, in rest—
Dark are the evil days, and void of peace the best.
And thus he lives, if living be to sigh,
And from all comforts of the world to fly,
Without a hope in life—without a wish to die.

REFLECTIONS *on the* PRESENT STATE *of* GREECE, *and the* CAUSES *that led to its* DECLINE.

[From Chateaubriand's Travels.]

THE Greeks excelled not less in the choice of the sites of their edifices, than in the architecture of the edifices themselves. Most of the promontories of the Peloponnese, of Attica, Ionia, and the islands of the Archipelago were crowned with temples, trophies, or tombs. These monuments surrounded with woods and rocks, viewed in all the accidents of light, sometimes enveloped in sable thunder clouds, at others reflecting the soft beams of the moon, the golden rays of the setting sun, or the radiant tints of Aurora, must have imparted incomparable beauty to the coasts of Greece. Thus decorated, the land presented itself to the mariner under the features of the ancient Cybele, who, crowned with towers, and seated on the shore, commanded her son Neptune to pour forth his waves at her feet.

Christianity, to which we are indebted for the only species of architecture conformable to our manners, also taught us the proper situations for our genuine monuments. Our chapels, our abbies, our monasteries were scattered among woods and upon the summits of hills: not that the choice of sites was always a premeditated design of the architect; but, because an art, when in unison with the customs of a nation, adopts instinctively the best method that can be pursued. Observe, on the other hand, how badly our edifices, imitated from the antique, are in general placed. Did we ever think, for instance, of adorning the only eminence that overlooks Paris? Religion alone thought of this for us. The modern Grecian structures resemble the corrupt language which is now spoken at Sparta and Athens; in vain you may insist that it is the language of Homer and of Plato; a medley of gross words and foreign idioms every moment betrays the barbarians.

Such were my reflections on beholding the temple of Sunium. This temple was of the Doric order, and of the time when architecture flourished. I surveyed, in the distance, the sea of the Archipelago with all its islands: the setting sun shed his radiance over the coasts of Zea and the fourteen beautiful columns of white marble, at whose feet I was seated. The sage and the juniper diffused an aromatic fragrance around the ruins, and the murmur of the waves beneath scarcely reached my ear.

As the wind had lulled, we were obliged to wait for a fresh breeze before we could depart. Our sailors threw themselves along the bottom of the boat and fell asleep. Joseph and the young Greek continued with me. After taking a little refreshment and conversing for some time, they went to sleep also. Throwing my cloak over my head to protect myself from the dew, and reclining against a column, I alone remained awake, contemplating the sea and the skies.

The most beautiful sun-set was succeeded by the most lovely night. The firmament reflected in the water, seemed to rest on the bottom of the sea. The evening star, the faithful companion of my way, was ready to sink below the horizon; it was perceptible only from the long rays which it threw, from time to time, upon the waves beneath, like the flashes of an expiring taper. A momentary breeze now and then ruffled the image of the heavens in the bosom of the deep, agitated the constellations and died away with a gentle murmur among the columns of the temple.

This spectacle was, however, cheerless, when I reflected that I was contemplating it amidst ruins. Around me, on the one hand, were tombs, silence, destruction, and death; on the other, a few Greek sailors sleep-

ing, without cares and without dreams, upon the relics of Greece. I was going to quit for ever this sacred soil: my mind filled with its past greatness, and its present debasement renewed the picture by which my eye had so recently been pained.

I am not one of those intrepid admirers of antiquity, whom a verse of Homer consoles for every thing; neither could I ever comprehend the sentiment expressed by Lucretius:—

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.

So far from receiving pleasure from contemplating on shore the shipwreck of others, I feel pain myself when I behold my fellow-creatures in distress: the muses have then no power over me, unless it be that which excites pity for misfortunes. God forbid that I should fall at the present day, into those declamations which have brought such calamities upon our country; but if I had ever thought, with men for whose character and talents I have otherwise the highest respect, that an absolute government is the best of all governments, a few months' residence in Turkey would have completely cured me of that opinion.

The travellers who are content to visit civilized Europe are extremely fortunate: they penetrate not into those once celebrated regions where the heart is wounded at every step; where living ruins every moment divert the attention from the ruins of stone and marble. In vain would you give full scope in Greece to the illusions of the imagination: the mournful truth incessantly pursues you. Cabins of dried mud more fit for the abode of brute animals than of man; women and children in rags, running away at the approach of the stranger and the janissary; the affrighted goats themselves scouring over the hills, and the dogs alone remaining to receive you with their barking—such is the scene that dispels the charm which fancy would fain throw over the objects before you.

The Peloponnese is a desert: since the Russian expedition, the Turkish yoke has borne with encreased weight on the inhabitants of the Morea; part of its population has been slaughtered by the Albanians. Nothing meets the eye but villages destroyed with fire and sword. In the towns, as at Mistra, whole suburbs are deserted; and I have often travelled fifteen leagues in the country without coming to a single habitation. Grinding oppression, outrages of every kind complete the destruction of agriculture and human life. To drive a Greek peasant from his cabin, to carry off his wife and children, to put him to death on the slightest pretext, is mere sport with the lowest aga of the most insignificant village. Reduced to the lowest depth of misery, the Morean abandons his native land, and repairs to Asia in quest of a lot less severe. Vain hope! He cannot escape his destiny: he there finds other cadis and other pachas, even in the sands of Jordan, and in the deserts of Palmyra.

Attica, with somewhat less wretchedness, is not less completely enslaved. Athens is under the immediate protection of the chief of the black eunuchs of the seraglio. A disdar or governor is the representative of the monstrous protector among the people of Solon. This disdar resides in the citadel, filled with the masterpieces of Phidias and Ictinus, without enquiring what nation left these remains behind it, without deigning to step beyond the threshold of the mean habitation which he has built for himself under the ruins of the monuments of Pericles: except very rarely when this automaton shuffles to the door of his den, squats cross-legged on a dirty carpet, and while the smoke from his pipe ascends between the columns of the temple of Minerva, eyes with vacant stare the shores of Salamis and the sea of Epidaurus.

You would suppose that Greece herself intended, by the mourning which she wears, to announce the wretchedness of her children. The country in general is uncultivated, bare, monotonous, wild, and the ground of a yellow hue, the colour of withered herbage. There are no rivers that deserve the appellation; but small streams and torrents which are dry in summer. No farm-houses,

or scarcely any, are to be seen in the country; you observe no husbandmen, you meet no carts, no teams of oxen. Nothing can be more melancholy than never to be able to discover the marks of modern wheels, where you still perceive in the rock the traces of ancient ones. A few peasants in tunics, with red caps on their heads, like the galley-slaves at Marseilles, dolefully wish you as they pass you *Kali spera*, good morning. Before them they drive asses or small horses with rough coats, which are sufficient to carry their scanty rustic equipage, or the produce of their vineyard. Bound this desolate region with a sea almost as solitary; place on the declivity of a rock a dilapidated watch-tower, a forsaken convent; let a minaret rise from the midst of the desert to announce the empire of slavery; let a herd of goats, or a number of sheep, browse upon a cape among columns in ruins; let the turban of a Turk put the herdsmen to flight, and render the road still more lonely; and you will have an accurate idea of the picture which Greece now presents.

Inquiries have been made into the causes of the decline of the Roman empire: a fair field is open for the writer who would investigate the causes that hastened the fall of Greece. The decline of Athens and Sparta was not owing to the same reasons that occasioned the ruin of Rome: they were not crushed by their own weight and by the magnitude of their empire; neither can it be asserted that they perished by their wealth. The gold of the allies and the abundance which commerce diffused at Athens, were, at the highest, but trifling; never were there seen among their citizens examples of those colossal fortunes which announce a change of manners;* and the state was always so poor, that the Kings of Asia contributed to support it, or to defray the expence of its edifices. With respect to Sparta, though the wealth of the Persians might corrupt a few individuals, yet the republic itself was never raised above indigence.

As the primary cause then of the fall of the Greeks, I should assign the war which the two republics waged with each other after they had conquered the Persians. Athens ceased to exist as a state, from the moment that it was taken by the Lacedæmonians. An absolute conquest puts an end to the existence of a nation, by whatever name it may be afterwards known in history. The vices of the Athenian government paved the way to the victory of Lacedæmon. A purely democratic state is the worst of all governments, when it has to contend with a powerful enemy, and one single will is necessary for the safety of the country. Nothing could be more deplorable than the infatuation of the people of Athens, while the Spartans were at their gates.—Alternately banishing and recalling the citizens, who alone were able to save the state, and complying with the suggestions of factious orators, they shared the fate which they had deserved by their follies; and if Athens was not razed to the ground, it owed its preservation solely to the respect of the conquerors for its ancient virtues.

Lacedæmon, now triumphant, found in her turn, the principal cause of her ruin in her own institutions. Modesty, which an extraordinary law had expressly trampled under foot in order to preserve that modesty, was finally overthrown by this very law. The women of Sparta, who exposed themselves half naked to the view of the other sex, became the most corrupt in Greece: and nothing was left to the Lacedæmonians of all their unnatural laws, but debauchery and cruelty. Cicero, who was an eye-witness of the pastimes of the Spartan boys, represents them as tearing each other in pieces with teeth and nails. And what end was answered by these brutal institutions? Did they preserve the independence of Sparta? It was not worth while to educate men like ferocious beasts, for the purpose of obeying the tyrant Nabis, and becoming slaves to the Romans.

The best principles may be carried to excess and become dangerous. Lycurgus, by extirpating ambition in

* Great fortunes, such as that of Herodes Atticus were not accumulated at Athens, till the time of the Roman empire.

Lacedæmon, designed to save the republic, but actually occasioned its ruin. Had the Spartans, after the humiliation of Athens, reduced Greece into Lacedæmonian provinces, they would perhaps have made themselves the masters of the universe: a conjecture the more probable, since, without any pretension to these high destinies, they shook, in Asia, weak as they were, the empire of the great king. Their successive victories would have prevented the erection, in the neighbourhood of Greece, of any powerful monarchy, for the conquest of the republics. Lacedæmon, by incorporating with herself the nations vanquished by her arms, would have crushed Philip in his cradle; the great men who were her enemies, would have been her subjects; and Alexander, instead of being born under a monarchy, would have sprung like Cæsar from the bosom of a republic.

Instead of being actuated by this aspiring spirit, and this preservative ambition, the Lacedæmonians, content with having set up thirty tyrants at Athens, immediately returned to their valley, out of that love of obscurity inculcated by their laws. In this respect, a nation is not like an individual; that moderation in fortune, and that fondness for repose, which may be very becoming in a citizen, will never do for a state. Never ought it, indeed, to engage in an impious war; never should it purchase glory at the price of injustice; but not to know how to profit by its position, how to honour, to aggrandize, and to strengthen itself, is rather a deficiency of genius than a virtuous sentiment in a nation.

What was the consequence of this conduct in the Spartans? Macedonia soon became mistress of all Greece: Philip dictated laws to the council of Amphyctions. On the other hand, the feeble empire of Laconia founded only on military renown, and not supported by real strength, fell to the ground. Epaminondas appeared: the Lacedæmonians, defeated at Leuctra, were obliged to enter into a long justification of themselves before the conqueror; and heard this cruel observation: "We have put an end to your Laconic eloquence!" *Nos brevi ve vestræ finem imposuimus.*

The Spartans must then have been sensible how advantageous it would have been for them to have united all the cities of Greece into one state, to have numbered Epaminondas among their generals and their citizens. The secret of their weakness being once known, all was irretrievably lost; and Philopœmen completed what Epaminondas had begun.

Here we have a memorable example of the superiority which letters give to one nation over another, when that nation has besides displayed military virtues. It may be asserted that the battles of Leuctra and Mantinea effaced the name of Sparta from the earth; whereas Athens, though taken by the Lacedæmonians, and plundered by Sylla, still retained her empire. She had the gratification to see those Romans, by whom she had been conquered, thronging to her bosom, and making it their pride to be accounted her sons: one assumed the surname of Atticus; another declared himself the disciple of Plato and Demosthenes. The Latin Muses, Lucretius, Horace, and Virgil, incessantly celebrate the praises of the Queen of Greece. "I forgive the living for the sake of the dead," exclaimed the greatest of the Cæsars, when pardoning the guilty Athenians. Adrian annexed to his imperial title that of Archon of Athens, and encreased the number of the masterpieces of the land of Pericles. Constantine the Great was so flattered by the erection of a statue in honour of him at Athens, that he loaded the city with favours. Julian shed tears on quitting the Academy, and when triumphant, he ascribed his victory to the Minerva of Phidias. A Chrysostom, a Basil, a Cyril, came like a Cicero and an Atticus, to study eloquence at its source, and in the middle ages, Athens was denominated the School of Science and of Genius. When Europe was roused from barbarism, her first thought was directed to Athens. "What is become of Athens?" was the universal cry: and when it was known that her ruins still existed, the learned and the ingenious flocked thither as if they had discovered the lost ashes of a parent.

How different from this renown is that derived from arms alone!

the name of Athens is in every mouth, Sparta is totally forgotten. We see her under Tiberius, plead and lose a petty cause against the Messenians; we read, twice over, the passage in Tacitus, to make sure that it is to the celebrated Lacedæmonian he alludes. Some centuries afterwards we find a Lacedæmonian guard about the person of Caracalla; a dismal honour which seems to shew that the offspring of Lycurgus still retained their ferocity.

At length Sparta was transformed, under the Greek empire into a ridiculous principality, whose rulers assumed the title of despots, an epithet since become synonimous with that of tyrants; and a banditti, who assert themselves to be the genuine descendants of the Lacedæmonians, constitute at present all the glory of Sparta.

I have not seen enough of the modern Greeks to venture to form an opinion respecting their character. Full well I know how easy it is to slander the unfortunate; nothing is more natural than for those who are secure from all danger, to say: "Why do they not break the yoke under which they groan?" Any man may express in his own chimney corner these lofty sentiments, and this proud spirit of independence. Besides, decisive opinions abound in an age when nothing is doubted of but the existence of God. But as the general opinions which we form of nations are very often contradicted by experience, I shall beware of forming any. I merely think that there is still abundance of genius in Greece: I even think that our masters in every line still reside there: just as I conceive that human nature still preserves its superiority at Rome; by which, I would not be understood to say that superior men are now to be found in that city.

But, at the same time, I fear that the Greeks are not too well disposed to break their chains. If even they were released from the tyranny which oppresses them, they would not lose in a moment the marks of their fetters. They have not only been crushed beneath the weight of despotism, but for these two thousand years they have been a superannuated degraded nation. They have not been renovated, like the rest of Europe, by barbarous nations; and the very nation which has conquered them has contributed to their corruption. That nation has not introduced among them the rude and savage manners of the natives of the north, but the voluptuous customs of southern climes. To say nothing of the religious crime which the Greeks would have committed in abjuring their altars, they would have gained nothing by the adoption of the Koran. In the book of Mahomet, there is no principle of civilization, no precept that can impart elevation to the character: that book inculcates neither a hatred of tyranny, nor a love of independence. In embracing the religion of their rulers, the Greeks would have renounced the arts, sciences, and letters, to become the soldiers of fortune, and blindly obey the caprice of an absolute sovereign. They would have spent their lives in ravaging the world, or in slumbering on a carpet among women and perfumes.

The same impartiality which obliges me to speak of the Greeks with the respect which is due to misfortune, would have prevented me from treating the Turks with the severity which I do, had I seen among them any thing besides the abuses which are too common among conquering nations. Unfortunately republican soldiers are not more just masters than the satellites of a despot; and a pro-consul was not less rapacious than a pacha.*

* The Romans, like the Turks, frequently reduced those whom they had conquered to slavery. But if I may be allowed to say what I think, in my opinion this system of slavery was one of the causes of the superiority of the great men of Athens and Rome over those of modern times. It is certain that you cannot exercise all the faculties of the mind except when you are relieved from the material cares of life; and you are not wholly relieved from these cares, but in countries where the arts, trades, and domestic occupations are relinquished to slaves. The service of the man whom you hire, who leaves you when he pleases, whose negligence or whose vices you are obliged to put up with,

But the Turks are not ordinary oppressors, though they have found apologists. A proconsul might be a monster of lust, of avarice and of cruelty, but all the proconsuls did not delight, systematically and from a spirit of religion, in overthrowing the monuments of civilization and the arts, in cutting down trees, in destroying harvests, nay, even whole generations; and this is done by the Turks every day of their lives. Is it conceivable that there should exist tyrants so absurd as to oppose every improvement in things of the first necessity? A bridge falls down; it is not built up again. A man repairs his house; he becomes the victim of extortion. I have seen Greek captains run the risk of shipwreck with their tattered sails, rather than mend them; so apprehensive are they lest their industry should excite suspicions of affluence. Finally, had I found in the Turks free and virtuous citizens at home, though ungenerous to conquered nations, I had been silent, and secretly sighed over the imperfection of human nature: but to behold in one and the same person the tyrant of the Greeks and the slave of the Grand Signor; the executioner of a defenceless people, and the servile wretch whom a pacha has the power to plunder of his property, to tie in a leather sack and throw into the sea; this indeed was too much, and I am not the brute but what I would bow to such a man.

The reader will perceive that I did not indulge on Cape Sunium in the most romantic ideas—ideas which, nevertheless, the beauty of the scene might be expected to excite. Being on the point of quitting Greece, I naturally reviewed the history of that country, I strove to discover in the ancient prosperity of Sparta and Athens, the cause of their present degradation, and in their present lot the germs of their future destiny. The dashing of the sea against the rock gradually growing more violent, apprized me that the wind had risen, and that it was time to continue my voyage. I awoke Joseph and his companion. We went down to the vessel, where our sailors had already made the necessary preparations for our departure. We stood out to sea, and the breeze which blew from the land rapidly wafted us towards Zea. As we withdrew from the shore, the columns of Sunium appeared more beautiful above the waves: we could perfectly distinguish them on the azure sky, from their extreme whiteness and the serenity of the night. We were at a considerable distance from the Cape when we could still hear the breaking of the surges against the foot of the rock, the murmuring of the wind among the juniper-trees, and the chirping of the grasshoppers, the only modern inhabitants of the ruins of the temple. These were the last sounds that met my ear on the shores of Greece.

cannot be compared with the service of him whose life and death are in your hands. It is likewise certain that the habit of absolute command imparts an elevation to the mind, and a dignity to the manners which can never be acquired in the equality of our cities. But let us not regret this superiority of the ancients, since it was not to be purchased but at the expence of the liberty of mankind, and let us bless Christianity, which has burst the bonds and broken the fetters of servitude.

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.—(No. XIII.)

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
"The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
"Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY.

TUSSER, *the Author of "Five Hundred Points of good Husbandry."*

FEW of our old writers have been more unjustly neglected of late years than Tusser, whose *Five Hundred Points of good Husbandry* were, at one time, in the hands of every reader. They are indeed even now as curious from the picture of rural manners during the period in which

the author wrote, as they are valuable for the excellent agricultural information to be gleaned from their perusal.

Of the author little more is now known than is to be drawn from his own poetical memoir. He was born at Rivenhall, in Essex, educated first as a chorister at Wallingford castle, and St. Paul's; then under the celebrated Nicholas Udall, at Eton, and lastly at Trinity-hall, Cambridge.—Hence he was received into the family of Lord Paget, and resided for several years at court with his patron, till, as he himself tells us,

"When court 'gan frown, and strife in town,
And lords and knights saw heavy sights,
Then took I wife, and led my life
In Suffolk soil:"

Katwade, on the river Stour, was the place of his retirement, where he married, and commenced farmer.

Tusser appears to have been fortunate in his first choice, for he always mentions his consort in terms of approbation and respect. Her ill health, however, obliged him to remove near the sea, and he fixed on Ipswich, where he met with "honest men," and "much friendship." His wife did not recover; and, at her death, removing into Norfolk, he encountered another lady, whose hand he solicited and obtained. This second marriage was not attended with the expected happiness, for the lady was young, gay, and expensive, qualities which neither suited Tusser's habits nor finances. He next dwelt at West Dirram, where he received great kindness and attention from Sir Richard Southwell,* of whom he speaks with gratitude apparently as sincere as praiseworthy. At the death of his patron he removed to Norwich, where he was seized with a violent fit of illness, and, for change of air, retired to Fairsted, in Essex. Here he became tithe farmer, an office for which he was but ill adapted.

Finding his new employment neither pleasant nor profitable, he removed

"To London straight, to hope and wait
For better chance."

But fortune never smiled on him or his undertakings; for although he appears to have been better pleased with his situation here than heretofore, he was soon (in 1575) compelled to quit the metropolis on account of the plague which was then raging with great violence. He retired to Cambridge a second time, and found refuge at his old hall, Trinity, which he commends as the

"College best of all the rest."

From this period the events of Tusser's life, if any worthy of record occurred, are buried in obscurity, for here his own description concludes. He returned perhaps to London, and there died, as we conjecture, about the year 1585.†

Tusser appears to have lived the victim of misfortune. Without extravagance to dissipate his income, and certainly with a good theoretical knowledge of his profession, he was uniformly unsuccessful. The cultivated mind of a literary man, and, above all, of a poet, could ill brook the society of the farmers and country squires of that day, nor was the task of a bailiff compatible with the generous spirit of the gentleman. The consequence was, that Tusser rather injured than benefited his finances by his speculations, and probably died as he lived a discontented and unhappy man.

Tusser first published his *Husbandry* in a very compressed form, *A Hundredth good Points of Husbandrie*, 1557. This he enlarged and corrected in 1573, under its present title, *Five Hundred Points*, &c. which passed through several editions, the best of which are 4to. 1580, and 4to. 1585.

In 1710, a Mr. Daniel Hilman, published what he termed *Tusser Redivivus*, but this is only a calendar of

* This person we believe to be a descendant from Robert Southwell, Esq. serjeant-at-law, and in commission of the peace for the county of Suffolk, during the reign of Hen. VIII. He died Sept. 27, 1514, and was buried in the parish church of Barnham, in that county.

† It has been usually asserted that he died at a very advanced age, about 1580; but the editor of the new edition states his opinion to be in favour of the date in the text, and, we believe, with justice.

the twelve months, with a prose commentary by the editor. It did not meet with encouragement, for in 1744 a new title-page was necessary to get off the remaining part of the impression.

We have said thus much of honest old Tusser and his work, from the probability of his book being shortly in the hands of most of our readers, since a new and greatly enlarged edition has just appeared. We have looked carefully over this volume, and can safely recommend it as affording a curious portrait of the agriculture of England during the reign of Elizabeth, at the same time that a vast quantity of excellent practical instruction may be gleaned from the notes of the new editor, who has executed his task in a manner very creditable to himself, and useful to the work.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

DIURNAL READINGS; *being Lessons for every Day in the Year: compiled from the most approved Authorities, and calculated to combine Entertainment with Instruction.*—1 vol. pp. 580, price 6s. bound, 1812. Sherwood and Co.

THIS is incomparably the cheapest volume that has ever come beneath our observation. Six hundred closely printed pages for six shillings, and neatly bound also, are curiosities in modern literature which deserve to be commemorated. The matter contained in this one volume, might be easily diffused through four of a modern novel, for which said four, a bookseller would feel no "compunctious visitings of nature" in demanding thirty shillings from the pockets of the public: and with those thirty shillings, it would be thirty chances to one, if one-thirtieth part the same intrinsic value would be purchased, as with the six that are required to obtain possession of these Diurnal Readings.

Having thus done due justice to the economy with which the present work has been presented to the public, we are now equally inclined to do justice to the ability with which it has been compiled. The author's name is not prefixed, nor have we heard who he is: but as we can very honestly pay him the tribute of our applause, we wish we could know to whom we give it. One feature of novelty pervades this selection, which we think entitled to great commendation, because it is the means of obviating a very common fault in similar compilations, from Enfield's Speaker down to Mylius' Class-book. The fault, we mean, is that of retaining the same passages from the same authors: differently disposed, perhaps, but still the same. Thus you cannot open one of these sort of works but you surely find, "To be, or not to be."—"Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors."—"It must be so, Plato, thou reason'st well."—"An please your honour, quoth Trim."—&c. &c. Now, though it is desirable to familiarise the minds of youth with performances conspicuous for taste and genius, and thus to form their notions to purity and excellence, yet, we think it no less desirable—indeed to speak candidly—we think it *more desirable* to give them *ideas*: to give them practical knowledge. To effect this seems to have been the aim in the present work, and so well has it been accomplished, that we will venture to say old heads may look into it and bring something away. In order to convey to our readers a distinct idea of what we mean, we will extract the readings for one week, taken at random:—

"No. CXC.—MONDAY.

"*Eastern Conquerors.*

"Mahomet must be allowed to have possessed considerable military valour and skill. He declared that he was enjoined to propagate his religion by the sword. 'The sword,' says the prophet, 'is the key of heaven and of hell: a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent in *arms* for him, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer; the sins of him who falls in battle, are forgiven; at the day of judgment, his wounds shall be resplendent as ver-

million, and odoriferous as musk; and the loss of his limbs shall be supplied by the wings of angels and cherubims.' With such incentives, it is no wonder that his disciples were insensible to danger, and always alert for attack and slaughter. He fought in person at nine battles, and in ten years, fifty enterprises of war were achieved by him or his officers.

"Jenghis Khan possessed a genius capable of conceiving great and arduous designs, and a prudence equal to their execution; he had a natural and persuasive eloquence, a degree of patience which enabled him to endure and to overcome fatigue, an admirable temperance, and a penetrating mind, that instantly conceived the measures proper to be adopted on every occasion. His military talents appeared, in his successfully introducing strict dicipline and a severe police among the Tartars, who till that time were unusual to any restraint. And, though some of his own children and princes of the blood were Christians, some Jews, and some Mahometans, they incurred no mark of his disapprobation.

"Timour Bek exposed his person in every formidable engagement, and for his victories he has been placed among the illustrious murderers of the human race, under the name of *Tamerlane*. He was the first in his family who wore a crown, and he made himself master of three empires. In his person he was tall and corpulent; but he was maimed in one hand, and lame on the right side. The motto which he chose for his seal was 'I am sincere and plain.' He was fond of history, and was exceedingly well acquainted with the state of different countries, provinces, and cities. He was penetrating, subtle, close, and dissembling; just, from inclination, and liberal, from habit. On the other hand, ambition, had extinguished in him every sense of humanity; war, had familiarized him to bloodshed; and his religious zeal, had inspired him with a cruel, an implacable, and a pernicious fanaticism. The most remarkable trait in the character of this man, was his conviction of his own *insufficiency*, and his firm persuasion of being indebted for all his victories to DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

"Nadir Shah, now so well known by the title of Kouli Khan, was ruler of Persia under an infant emperor, on whose death he was elected to the throne. His government was despotic and tyrannical, and he formed a design of murdering all the principal Persians. The project, however, was discovered, and they assembled to take revenge. Five of them penetrated the royal enclosure, when the emperor, in defending himself, slew two of the conspirators, but a third giving him a mortal wound, he exclaimed, 'Spare me, and I will pardon you all.' 'No,' replied one of the assailants, 'thou hast never shewn mercy to any one, and we will now show none to thee.' And he immediately severed his head from his body.—*Robinson.*

"No. CXCI.—TUESDAY.

"*Analogy between Plants and Animals.*

"The powers of growth and the propagation of their respective species, are possessed in common, both by animals and vegetables. The first step taken by nature towards endowing a creature with motion, constitutes the connection between the animal and vegetable kingdoms: and the chain of beings is linked by the oyster and the various kinds of zoophytes, or vegetable substances possessing animation, of which the *polypus* ranks as the first of plants, and last of animals. Difference of formation and the power of moving from one place to another, seem to constitute the most remarkable discriminations; but the limits which divide the families, cannot be very accurately adjusted.

The poets, both ancient and modern, have indulged in the pleasing fiction of attributing to vegetables, many of the properties, passions, and actions, of animals. The external form of some plants leads at first view to a curious deception. One of the flowers of the *orchis* resembles a bee, a second a wasp, and a third, still more uncommon, is like a spider. Several insects of the *mantis* genus are so exactly similar to a cluster of leaves, in their form and colour, that they are called by the sailors, who find them in the woods, walking leaves. When the tentacula of the sea ane-

mone are extended, and they are themselves expanded to their greatest dimensions, they bear so strong a resemblance to a flower, that they were long supposed by naturalists to be vegetables.

"If the structure and properties of plants and animals be more particularly examined, their resemblance will appear yet more curious. The former are covered with a bark, which resembles the coat of the latter. Like the hair of animals and the feathers of birds, leaves are renewed at certain seasons. Some are clad with coarse garments to resist severity of weather; others with a more flimsy raiment. The branches and tendrils of the hop, the vine, and the ivy, resemble legs and arms. The circulation of sap, like that of blood, diffuses vigour and nourishment to all the parts of vegetables. Seeds resemble animals in embryo, and for number can only be compared to the astonishing abundance of nature in the spawn of fish.

"Plants possess an organical, although not a progressive motion. The sensitive plant is well known to shrink at a touch. The Venus' fly trap closes its leaves the instant a fly settles upon them; and the *hedysarum girans*, a native of Bengal, has the appearance of voluntary motion.

"Flowers turn towards the light and sun; under a serene sky they expand, while rain and storms cause many of them to contract; and at night, they hang down their heads and fold up their leaves, as if yielding to the power of sleep. The influence of heat, in the vernal season, is the same on animals and vegetables, for, when birds begin to warble in the forests, and the finny race to move in the deeps, the plants shoot forth their flowers and propagate their kind. In Sweden, the wood anemone begins to blow when the swallow arrives; and the classical reader may recollect, that in Attica, the cuckoo and the young fig were called by the same name, from the similarity of the time in which they made their appearance.

"No. CXCII.—WEDNESDAY.

"*History of a Caterpillar.*

"The subserviency to each other of the several series of beings, the order in which they appear in that season in which alone it could answer the purposes of others, and the preservation of a sufficient number of every species amidst the apparent and unbounded havoc that reigns throughout, are equal proofs of the amazing and incomprehensible wisdom of him who formed them, and who, at one great *fiat*, called them individually into existence, and gave them laws that should preserve them.

"The origin of these observations was my observing the other morning, the fate of a multitude of caterpillars, which were feeding as voluptuously on a cabbage leaf, as I was on the best produce of the garden. While regarding them with thoughts that every moment carried up my soul in praises to our Creator, my eyes were directed towards a part of the plant, about which a little fly was buzzing, as if deliberating where it should settle; and [illegible] which were twenty times its size, deavour, in their uncouth way, to get out of its reach, whenever it poised on the wing, as if going to drop. At length, however, the creature made its choice, and seated itself on the back of one of the largest of them all. It was in vain the unhappy reptile endeavoured to dislodge the enemy. Its contortions soon became violent, and denoted great pain. They had been repeated several times, at short intervals, when at length I observed, that each of them was in consequence of a stroke given by the fly. And when the insect, wantonly cruel as might naturally appear to an unexperienced observer, had inflicted thirty or forty of these wounds, it took its flight with a visible triumph.

"I ordered a servant to take up the leaf, and wiping off the other caterpillars that were feeding on it, I conveyed this one home upon it. The creature has been fed with care, and I have had an opportunity of observing the progress of the eggs deposited in its body. They have all hatched into small, oblong, rapacious worms, and have, from the moment of their appearance, fed on the flesh of the caterpillar's body, without either wounding its organs of respiration or digestion, or any of the parts necessary to life while the unhappy creature has continued to eat voraciously. By this

means they have been supplied with sufficient nourishment, and being arrived at full growth, and the period of their first change, they are eating their way out at the sides of the animal in which they have so long lived, and that with a sure presage of its destruction. To conclude the history, the worms are no sooner out of the body of the wretched animal, than each spins a web infinitely finer than the silk-worm's, and in this state passes the rest necessary to its appearance in a winged form; and, as the caterpillar appears easy during their living in it, we cannot be certain what are the sensations it may undergo, but though one individual may thus be lost without answering the general end of its production, it provides means of life to thirty or forty animals, which otherwise might not have been brought into existence.—*Inspector.*

[redacted]

Savage Cruelty to conquered Enemies.

The Indians of North America, after a successful attack, manage so as to approach their village towards the evening. The next morning, as soon as it is light, they paint the faces of their prisoners with various colours, put into their hands a white staff tasselled with the tails of deer, and adorn their heads with feathers. The war captain then gives as many yells as he has taken scalps and prisoners, and the whole village assemble. As soon as the warriors appear, they are met by young men with *calumets* in their hands, who proceed to examine the prisoners, and conduct them in triumph to the cabin, in which they are to receive their doom.

The owner of this cabin has the power of determining their fate, though it is frequently left to women who have lost a husband, son, or brother, in the war, and in this case it is not unusal to adopt individuals in the stead of those deceased. Food is provided the captives, and in the instances in which life is to be spared, the parties are unbound, and led to the cabin of the person into whose family they are adopted, where they are received with all imaginable marks of kindness.

If death is denounced, the whole village immediately commence the death cry, and the execution is deferred, only while preparation is made for the most dreadful cruelty. The victim is first stripped, then fastened to posts fixed in the ground, his legs being asunder, and his hands extended. In this posture he is daubed with pitch and burnt for some time, when they all, men, women, and children, assemble around him, each torturing him in what manner he pleases, and striving to exceed the others in cruelty; after which, he is either [redacted] with arrows, or enclosed in dry bark, to which they set fire. They then leave him on the frame, and in the evening run from cabin to cabin superstitiously striking with small twigs, the walls, furniture, and roofs in order to prevent his spirit remaining to revenge their cruelties. The day and night following are spent in festivity.

This is the most common method of murdering their prisoners; but sometimes they fasten them to a stake and make a fire round them, gradually increasing it so as to consume them only by degrees; at others, they scald them to death; and at others, they tear their flesh, and cut off their fingers and toes, joint by joint. An instance is on record, in which a prisoner was fixed in the ground, leaving only his head above the surface; a small fire was first kindled and at a distance, then a more near and fierce one, and so on till the eyes started from their sockets, and the brains were literally boiled.

A circumstanne still more extraordinary is, that if the sufferer be an Indian, there seems, during the whole process, a contest, as to whether his tormentors shall exceed in inflicting the most horrid pains, or he in despising them. Not a groan, not a sign, not a single distortion of countenance escapes him, even in the midst of his torments. We are assured, that he recounts his own exploits, tells them the cruelties he has inflicted upon their countrymen, threatens them that his death will be revenged by his own tribe, and even reproaches them for their ignorance in the art of tormenting, pointing out methods of more exquisite torture, and directing to the more sensible parts of his body.

The scalps of their enemies are considered as the greatest trophies of

bravery, and they are accordingly exposed in their houses. They have days appointed when the young warriors solemnly obtain new names or titles of honour from their chiefs; and these are bestowed according to the person's achievements in war, of which the number of his scalps are the evidence. —*Smith.*

"N[illegible]

Anecdotes of Guy and Burton.

Guy, the founder of that noble edifice which bears his name, was a bookseller in Stock's market, between Cornhill and Lombard-street. He had a maid servant, whom he agreed to marry, and, preparatory to his nuptials, he had ordered the pavement before his door to be mended as far as a particular stone, which he marked. While her master was out, the maid who was innocently looking on the pavers at work, saw a broken place which they had not repaired, and mentioned it to them; but they told her that Mr. Guy had directed them not to go so far. 'Well,' says she, 'do you mend it; tell him I bade you, and I know he will not be angry.' It happened, however, that the poor girl had presumed too much on her influence over her wary lover, for Guy, enraged to find his orders exceeded, renounced the matrimonial scheme, and resolved upon perpetuating his name by building and endowing a hospital.

This man was so complete a pattern of economy, that the celebrated Vulture Hopkins once called upon him to have a lesson on the art of saving. Being introduced into the parlour, Guy, not knowing his visitor, lighted a candle; but when Hopkins said, 'Sir, I always thought myself perfect in the art of getting and husbanding money, but being informed that you far exceed me, I have taken the liberty of waiting upon you to be satisfied on this subject:' Guy replied, 'If that is all your business, we can as well talk it over in the dark,' and immediately put out the candle. This was evidence sufficient for Hopkins, who acknowledged Guy to be his master, and took his leave.

Jedidiah Buxton was a poor peasant of Derbyshire, who could neither read nor write. So great, however, were his natural talents for calculation, that he was remarkable for his knowledge of numbers, and on those objects his attention was so constantly rivetted that he was often totally abstracted from external objects.

If any space of time was mentioned, he would presently inform the company that it contained so many minutes; and if any distance, he would assign the number of hair breadths in it, even though no question was put to him.

A person who had heard of these astonishing efforts of memory, once asked him the following question:—'If a field is 423 yards long, and 383 broad, what is the area?' After the figures were read to him distinctly, he in two minutes gave the true product, 162,009 yards, the proposer having observed by his watch how long each operation took him. The same person asked, 'how many barley-corns would reach eight miles?' In a minute and a half he answered, 1,520,640. The next question was, supposing the distance between London and York to be 204 miles, 'how many times will a coach wheel turn round in that space, allowing the circumference of that wheel to be six yards?' In thirteen minutes he answered, 59,840 times.

This extraordinary man would stride over a piece of land, or a field, and tell the contents of it, as accurately as if he had measured it by the chain. In this manner he measured the whole lordship of Elmeton, consisting of some thousands of acres, belonging to Sir John Rhodes, and brought him the contents not only in acres, roods, and perches, but even in square inches. After this, he reduced them, for his own amusement, into square hair breadths, computing about 48 to each side of an inch, which produced such an astonishing number as appeared almost incomprehensible.

"No. CXCV.—Saturday.

"*The Study of Nature.*

"While other animals are confined within the limits prescribed by instinct, it is the privilege of man to carry his observations beyond his own immediate wants, and to contemplate the universe. He extends his inquiry to all the objects which surround him,

and he exercises his judgment and informs his understanding by ascertaining their nature, properties, and uses. In the various branches of the mathematics, the speculations of metaphysics, or in searching the records of history, he is solely intent upon the operations of his own mind, or the actions of himself and his fellow creatures; but, in the study of nature he notices every object presented to his senses, and takes a general survey of the wide prospects of the creation.

"The air he breathes, the earth he treads, the ocean he crosses, the starry heavens on which he gazes, the mines and caverns he explores, all supply him with abundant materials for research. The globe presents a most sublime prospect, equally worthy of the capacity to contemplate, and beautiful to the eye to behold. The treasures of nature are so numerous, that they furnish employment for his greatest diligence, stimulated by the most ardent curiosity, and assisted by the most favourable opportunities; and, as she solicits him to explore her most secret recesses, she never fails to reward him with the purest gratifications of the mind, since, at every step he takes, new instances of beauty and variety are unfolded to his view.

"The study of the *works of Nature* is in itself capable of affording the most refined pleasure, and the most edifying instruction. Every object with which we are surrounded, teaches us some useful lesson, and speaks a language directed to man, and to man alone. Its particular structure and formation, convey to us a most pleasing and a most interesting truth. Its evident tendency to some determined end, marks the design of a great Creator; and his relations are so manifest, as to point out the various links in the vast chain of creation. The works of nature have both a physical and a moral use: they enrich our lives with conveniencies, instruct our understandings with important truths, and warm our hearts with the most ardent gratitude to the Supreme Being.

"The volume of CREATION is replete with wisdom, and is open to the inspection of all the inhabitants of the globe. Nature speaks a language, peculiarly adapted to the inclinations and capacity of the young, whose curiosity may be excited and gratified by turns: but profound and extensive inquiries are suitable to persons of every age, and no subject can be more worthy of attentive observation.

"The different theories of the earth, the generation of animals, the [illegible] population of the world, the [illegible] power of vegetables, and the [illegible] structure of the globe, are subjects supported by arguments which rather invite assent by their plausibility, than produce conviction by their evidence, and which perplex our minds without satisfying our judgment: but no one can survey the common appearances of nature, the wonders of the heavenly bodies, and the productions of the earth and seas, without arriving at some accurate conclusions as to their origin and design, and without increasing his pleasure by discoveries to him unknown before.

"The observer of nature, examines all the visible works of the creation; he is therefore employed in the most extensive province of human knowledge, and, though nature appears to have fixed no bounds to her productions, still they may be reduced into order, and philosophers have accordingly divided the productions of the globe into classes called kingdoms, which comprehend the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral worlds.—*Kett.*

"No. CXCVI.—SUNDAY.

"*Reply to the Address of a Missionary at a Council of the Chiefs of 'the Six Nations,' in* 1805,—*by Sagnyn Whathah, alias Red Jacket.*

"'*Friend and Brother!* It was the will of the Great Spirit, that we should meet together this day. He orders all things; and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all those favours we thank the Great Spirit, and him only.

"*Brother!* Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats

extended from the rising to the setting sun: the Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver; their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us: your forefathers crossed the great waters, and landed on this island: their numbers were small: they found us friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country, through fear of wicked men; and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat; we took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat, and in return, they gave us poison. The white people having now found our country, tidings were sent back, and more came amongst us; yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends: they called us *brothers*, we believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers so increased, that they wanted more land: they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and we became uneasy. Wars took place; Indians were hired to fight against Indians; and many of our people were destroyed. They also distributed liquor amongst us, which has slain thousands.

"*Brother!* Once our seats were large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but, not satisfied, you want to force your religion upon us.

"*Brother!* Continue to listen. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and that if we do not take hold of the religion which you teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us; and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of rightly understanding it? We only know what you tell us about it, and having been so often deceived by the white people, how shall we believe what they say?

"*Brother!* You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

"*Brother!* We do not understand these things: we are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to *our* forefathers, and has been handed down to us: it teaches us *to be thankful for all favours received, to love each other, and to be united: we never quarrel about religion.*

"*Brother!* The Great Spirit made us all; but he has made a great difference between his white and his red children:—he has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may he not have given us a different religion? The Great Spirit does right: he knows what is best for his children.

"*Brother!* We do not want to destroy your religion, or to take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

"*Brother!* We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbours. We will wait a little, and see what effect your preaching has had upon them. If we find it makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

"*Brother!* You have now heard our answer, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are about to part, we will come and take you by the hand: and we hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.'—*Philanthropist.*"

Ab uno disce omnes. Such is the plan of the work, and looking at it

altogether, we think it one of the best of the kind that has yet been offered to the public. It contains some pleasing selections from the works of living poets.

Having thus freely bestowed our praise, we will not conclude without pointing out, like true critics, one or two defects which may be easily obviated in a future edition. There are many typographical errors, unnoticed in the errata, such as *Tracteur*, p. 142, instead of *Traiteur* and some others. At page 198, in relating the jocular tenure by which certain lands are held at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, it should have been added that the annual festival of Bull running, in consequence of that tenure, is still kept up, much to the disgrace of the inhabitants of Stamford. An account of the practice may be seen in the Beauties of England and Wales, vol. ii. page 807.

We strongly object to the term "Literary Wights," (p. 192 and elsewhere) which is constantly used when relating anecdotes of persons distinguished for their eminence in literature. The word "wight" is mean, colloquial, and ludicrous: and who would think of calling Gallileo, Descartes, Newton, &c. "Literary Wights?"

A BRIEF ACCOUNT *of the* RISE, PROGRESS, *and* PATRONAGE *of the* LEAMINGTON SPA CHARITY, *instituted for the gratuitous Relief of Invalids; with short Notices respecting the Accommodation of the Village, Rides, Walks, &c in the Neighbourhood, and general Rules for Drinking the Leamington Waters, &c.* Birmingham, 1812.

WE learn, from a sort of post-script to this pamphlet, that it is the production of Mr. Pratt, a name inseparably connected with benevolence and charity. The intention in writing it has been to assist the fund by the produce of its sale, and as there exists no printed account of the institution in question, we have no doubt, that it will fully accomplish the humane views of the writer. The Leamington waters are rapidly acquiring distinction, and it seems that their medicinal virtues justly entitle them to notice. To diffuse the knowledge, and to recommend the adoption, of another refuge from sickness and disease, are labours worthy a benevolent mind, and we shall feel great pleasure if, by this brief notice of the present pamphlet, we can at all hope to succeed in aiding the charity, or attracting the notice of the suffering to the virtues of these medicinal springs. This 'brief account' being obviously adapted only for local circulation, of course general criticism is precluded: but we are to expect, in the early part of the ensuing year a regular Guide to Leamington, from the pen of Mr. Pratt, and we can have little doubt of the fidelity or taste with which it will be executed.

PRICES *of* GOLD *and* SILVER.

SIR,

I OMITTED to inform you that gold rose one shilling per ounce on the 9th of July last. It rose also one shilling per ounce on the 2d instant, one shilling on the 7th, and two shillings more on the 12th.

Silver rose two-pence per ounce on the 2d instant.

The price now charged by the London refiners is, fine gold 5*l.* 14*s.* per ounce; fine silver 7*s.* 3*d.* per ditto.

Oct. 14, 1812. B. S.

VARIETIES, LITERARY & PHILOSOPHICAL,

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

THE Medical Extracts, or Philosophy of Medicine, by Dr. Thornton, which met with such general approbation from the faculty and all classes of society, on the Nature of Health and Cure of Disease, is undergoing a revision, and a new edition (the sixth) will be published early in January next.

The Pantologia, or General Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Words, by John Mason Good, Esq. F.R.S.

Olinthus Gregory, LL.D. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and Mr. Newton Bosworth, of Cambridge, continues to be published with the spirit, accuracy, and elegance with which it first commenced. The parts already before the public exhibit numerous marks of the judgment and taste with which this elaborate and extensive work is conducted. The objects it embraces are more multifarious than any Encyclopœdia we have seen; yet, at the same time, that it will be confined to a moderate size and price, the information communicated under the several articles is comprehensive, correct, and useful. Several of the treatises already published in the Pantologia, are preceded by very entertaining and instructive histories of those sciences; while the treatises themselves are quite complete and methodical. Many of the separate articles have attracted much notice, on account of their curiosity and utility; some of them contain many particulars of a novel and interesting nature; and others, point out important blunders which have been copied from one Dictionary and Encyclopœdia into another for nearly a century. The plates are a real ornament to the work; and those on natural history especially, being beautifully coloured according to nature, cannot fail to gratify every person of taste in such pursuits. This comprehensive work is now in such a state of forwardness, that it will certainly be completed in six months.

In the press, a Translation into English of the celebrated Latin and Arabic Grammar of Erpenius, with notes, &c. by Mr. G. J. Jackson.

Mrs. Cowley's Works, in 8 vols. 8vo. including all the retouchings and improvements that can be discovered amongst the papers of the authoress, will shortly be published.

Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs of the Reign of Charles I. with a continuation to the Restoration of Charles II. in one vol. 8vo. with Annotations, by a literary character, will shortly make its appearance.

A Journal of a Residence in India, with engravings from drawings taken on the spot, by Maria Grahame, is in the press.

The old black letter edition of a Spiritual and most precious Perle, teachyinge all Men to love and embrace the Crosse as a most sweet and necessary Thynge, with preface, &c. by Edward Duke of Somerset, uncle to Edward VI, is reprinting, with a new historical and biographical preface.

Painter's Palace of Pleasure is printing from the edition of 1575, in two quarto volumes, edited by Mr. Joseph Haselwood.

Willis's History of Abbies and Churches, with additions, and Memoirs of the Author, by the Rev. John Homfray, is proposed to be published by subscription in two octavo volumes.

In the press, a second volume of the Pulpit, by Onesimus. Among thirty-six preachers, whose characters are exhibited in this volume, will be found the present Bishop of London, the Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Adam Clarke, the Claytons, S. Burder, C. E. Decotlegon, H. Foster, J. S. C. Frey, &c. &c.

The Annals of Pedestrianism, by Mr. Thom, are in the press, which will contain a complete account of Captain Barclay's extraordinary performances, sporting anecdotes, &c.

Two volumes of the Sermons of the late Dean Kirwan have been announced as forthcoming, with an account of his life.

Mr. Southey is about to publish two volumes of prose Miscellanies, under the title of Omniana.

Shortly will be published Dr. Walker's Grammar of Medicine, for the use of medical pupils and students.

Miss Plumptre will in a few days publish a new novel, entitled the History of Myself and my Friend.

A new French school-book for the senior classes, under the title of 'Conseils a ma Fille,' will shortly be published by M. Bouilly, author of the 'Contes a ma Fille.' A translation is also preparing.

Mr. F. Francis has in the press an Introduction to Geography; adapted to the various classes of learners, upon a new and easy principle.

Mr. C. Pope, of the Custom-house, Bristol, is preparing a Supplement to his Practical Abridgment of the Laws of the Customs relative to the Import, Export, and Coasting-Trade of Great Britain and her Dependencies (except

the East Indies), brought up to Sept. 1st, 1812.

Mr. Oldfield will publish in November next a Complete History of the House of Commons, and Boroughs of the United Kingdom, from the earliest period to the present time, in four octavo volumes.

The Rev. W. B. Daniel has in the press a supplementary volume to his Rural Sports, which will soon be ready for publication.

A new edition of the Life of Merlin (surnamed Ambrosius), including all his curious Prophecies and historical Predictions, from the reign of Brute to King Charles, is in the press.

A volume of the most interesting and least exceptionable Comedies of Aristophanes, translated by Cumberland, Fielding, Dunster, &c. will be published this month, handsomely printed in uniformity with the new edition of Colman's translation of Terence.

The late Mr. Cumberland's Defence of the Christian Religion is about to be published in a neat and convenient form.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

On Wednesday, Oct. 7th, the Society for Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men in London and its vicinity, held their half yearly General Court, at the usual place of meeting (the Gray's-Inn Coffee-house, Holborn), when the annual election of officers and directors took place, and the following were the arrangements made for the ensuing year:—Patron, his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent; President, James Ware, Esq. F.R.S. &c.;—Vice-presidents, Sir F. Milman, Dr. Lettsom, Dr. Blane, Dr. Squire, Dr. Dennison, Sir Wm. Blizard, Mr. Heaviside, Mr. Nevinson, Mr. Moore, Mr. Rendall, Dr. Baillie *vice* Dr. Garthshore, dec. Dr. Haworth *vice* Mr. Howard, dec.;—Treasurers, Dr. Denman, Dr. John Sims, Mr. Upton *vice* Dr. Dennison.—*Directors:* Physicians, Dr. S. H. Jackson, Dr. R. Pearson, Dr. Marcet, Dr. Croft, Dr. Haworth, Dr. Adams, Dr. Stone, Dr. Laird; Surgeons, Mr. H. L. Thomas, Mr. Ch. M. Clark, Mr. Ramsden, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Thomas Blizard, Mr. Chevalier, Mr. Ring, Mr. Wilson; Apothecaries, Mr. Starr, Mr. Malim, Mr. Moore, jun. Mr. Pilliner, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Field.—Secretary, Mr. Wm. Chamberlaine; Collector, Mr. George Hunt.—This society was instituted in the year 1788. Its capital is now 19,200*l.* three per cent. consolidated bank annuities, and 200*l.* navy five per cents. out of the interest of which down to the 16th of September in the present year, the sum of 3,687*l.* 13*s.* has been distributed among the widows and orphans of deceased medical men, members of this society, many of whose families have been left without any provision whatever.

Dr. Gall, the celebrated physician, has, after the experience of some years, ascertained the curious fact, that children, born deaf and dumb, and afflicted with pulmonary complaints, recover their health by acquiring the power of speech. Hence it should seem this gift is not less necessary to constitutional strength than to our happiness.

A distribution of books of devotion is to take place in the navy, in the proportion of one copy of the New Testament, two Common Prayer-books, and two Psalters, for a mess of eight men, and one Bible to every two messes.

Improvements in the Metropolis.—A new street, to be made from Carlton-house to Portland-place, to be 100 feet wide, and in a right line from the entrance to the grand hall of Carlton-house to Piccadilly, where there is to be a small circus; from thence it is to proceed northward into a square on the scite of Brewer-street, &c. from thence to lead on north westward to the top of King-street and Swallow-street, and then in a right line to Portland-place. Another street is also to be opened from the east end of Pall-Mall to St. Martin's church; a square is to be made in the King's Mews, and Jermyn-street, Piccadilly, is to be opened at the east end into the Haymarket.—The Building Committee of the City of London have also marked out the ground for the new square in the lower Moorfields, or that part which used to be divided into walks and called the City Mall. Most of the trees are grubbed up, and nothing is wanting to clear the ground, but the removal of the remains of

Bethlem Hospital.—To all these seeming improvements, however, it must be added that 1500 houses, in the parish of Pancras only, are untenanted. Nearly 400 of the newest houses in Chelsea are in the same state; and owing to the general cause, the design of covering a large track of garden ground in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green Road, has been laid aside. Yet it may be said—

> "Still *builders* dream
> Of universal *profits* growing up
> From universal ruin!"

The German papers now contradict the report of the death of Rontgen, the African spy, who was supposed to have been murdered by the Moors while endeavouring to reach Tombuctoo by the caravan from Morocco. Some other adventurous travellers, as they are called, in a letter from the Cape of Good Hope, dated June 27, 1812, have all been murdered, after having proceeded within thirty miles of Soffala. They left the Cape upon discoveries four years ago; and it is said to have been remarkable that they should have perished within the limits of an European colony; after having proceeded with safety through so large a portion of Africa. They had even got their waggons with them, and had been entertained by the natives the day before the catastrophe happened. No papers nor instruments have been saved.

The admirers of oriental literature will regret to hear, that on the 11th of March, 1812, the Missionary Printing-Office at Serampore, in the East Indies, was nearly burnt down. The fire began in a room 200 feet long, in which was a stage containing 700 reams of paper, sent out to print the Tamul and Cingalese New Testament. The building remained burning six hours, and consumed the beams five feet in circumference, the roof, the windows, and every thing but the walls; in fact, all but six presses in a side room. Two thousand reams of English paper were consumed, worth at least 5000l. Founts of type in fourteen languages, besides English, namely, Nagree, Orissa, Mahratta, Seek, Burman, Telinga, Tamul, Cingalese, Chinese, Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, and Greek. The founts of English would have carried on ten works, and thus nine editions of the New Testament have been stopped, viz. the Hindostanee, Persian, Tamul, Hindee, Telinga, Seek, Burman, Sungskrit, and Chinese. Among the English works stopped, till types can be had from this country are, the Sungskrit Grammar, Ward on the Manners of the Hindoos, Confucius, Dissertation on the Chinese, a Bengalee Dictionary, and a Telinga Grammar. No lives were lost, nor any person hurt; but twelve thousand pounds sterling are requisite to repair the damages sustained.

The tesselated pavement, discovered last year at Bignor, in Sussex, was covered with earth to preserve it during winter. It has lately been opened again, and the surrounding land dug up for the purpose of further discovery. A series of apartments are now exposed, all paved with beautiful mosaic, the most of it in the highest state of preservation, exhibiting, perhaps, the best specimen of the kind in this country. The various figures are well defined and delineated, some of them very beautiful, particularly an eagle with ganymede, a pheasant, a dolphin, and some others. Walls are erecting on the ancient foundations from the materials furnished by the ruins, so that the plan of the building may be pretty well traced. It, no doubt, has been the villa of some of the Roman Generals, the chief city of the Regni, Chichester, where Vespasian fixed his head quarters, being within a few miles, and the ancient Roman road thence to London crossing the South Downs directly in front of the edifice. The surrounding scenery is very romantic, and must always have been interesting. The ferocious Saxon Ella, irritated by the opposition he met at Chichester, ravaged the surrounding country with fire and sword, and probably levelled this building. The field in which it stands has been ploughed every year for thirty years past, without the slightest suspicion of what it contained, till last autumn, when the ploughshare struck against a large stone.

Mr Roger Thompson, of North Shields, has obtained a patent for a new mode of working two or more

pumps, for delivering water out of ships, stone quarries, or mines of a moderate depth, employing in the operation only about half the usual manual force, and delivering nearly double the quantity of water.

Mr. Allan has submitted to the Society of Arts, a mathematical instrument adapted for the use of mariners, namely, a reflecting circle, commonly called La Borde's Circle, for the purpose of taking altitudes and distances by sea, which he has greatly improved by fixing the shade glasses different to what had heretofore been done, &c. The mode of taking these observations is explained at full in Dr. Rees's Cyclopedia.

Mr. Proust has discovered the decomposition of calomel by boiling muriatic acid, and its conversion into corrosive sublimate and running mercury. Now calomel being insoluble in muriatic acid, these changes evidently appear to be owing to the strong attraction of the acid for corrosive sublimate.

It has been found that a little of the tincture of Jamaica dogwood, introduced into the cavity of a carious tooth, produces instant and most commonly permanent relief; besides this, it promises to add a very valuable medicine to the class of anodynes in general.

It now appears that in the culture of English hemp, the quality of this, when lime is used, is more harsh and brittle, and not of such a soft and silky quality as when good rotten stable dung has been used.

The perfumed cherry, or *Prunus Mahaleb*, now coming into repute, is a pleasing tree for shrubberies. Its flowers are white and diffuse a very pleasant smell. It rises to twenty feet, and appears particularly suited to a chalky or marly soil. The wood is smooth, close-grained, takes a good polish, and is useful in turnery, cabinet-making, &c. Any sort of cherry may be grafted with success on the stock of the perfumed cherry. It is propagated by seed sown in the course of the autumn, and since its properties have been better ascertained, extensive plantations of it have been made.

Mr. Parkes, the chemist, has constructed a new table for ascertaining the quantities of acid in sulphuric acid of different densities, for the use of manufacturers, &c. The first line of this table shows the specific gravity of a mixture of one part water, and 100 parts of strong sulphuric acid; the latter, the specific gravity of one part of sulphuric acid mixed with 100 parts of water. Vitriol makers may also be benefited by this table; in which the specific gravities are taken at the temperature of 60°.

Dr. J. Ogilby, of Dublin, has replied to Sir Humphrey Davy's proposal for improving the arts of bleaching linen and cotton cloth, and shewn by demonstration that both have been steeped for five days in very strong solutions of muriate of lime, without their texture being the least impaired; and it has been calculated that in the bleachers steeping liquor, there never can exist one part of muriate of lime to 2000 of water! Dr. Ogilby's deductions have also been confirmed by M. Donovan.

Every one knows that muriate of silver, on exposure to the sun's light, becomes, in a short time, of a dark hue. Query—is there any material solid or fluid, simple or compound, which being of a dark hue, will, on exposure to the sun's light, become in a short time lighter in its tint if not wholly colourless?

Captain Flinders, the circumnavigater, has discovered that when the head of a ship is to the westward, there is an increased variation in the compass.

Mode of destroying Lice that attack Peas.—As this insect, after falling to the ground, is very slow in recovering its favourite place, the highest and tenderest part of the plant; the method of cure, says a correspondent, seemed obvious, namely, to shake the insect from its place, and thus either retard its progress or starve it out. For this purpose I ordered a common plough-line to be well hung with short oak-boughs full of leaf; every second furrow was cleared by turning the pea-plants upon the ridges, two of which could be covered by the line thus prepared; two men were then directed, each holding the end of the line, to drag the field regularly, which being performed six times, six acres were completed by two men in one day, which at three shillings a man,

was done at the slight cost of one shilling per acre. So many of these insects were crushed to death, so many maimed and otherwise harassed that, for the following week, scarce one could be seen; nor did the plants appear in the least injured by this operation, and I have now the expectation of a larger crop than my neighbours.

M. Lelieur, administrator of the parks and gardens of the crown at Paris, has published a book, in which he asserts, that the disease called in French, *le blanc*, or *le meunier*, the white, or the miller, is hereditary to the peach tree, and shews itself by a mealy whiteness on its leaves; that plants raised from the kernels of diseased trees will produce plants in like manner infected. He attributes the same hereditary continuance to the *gum*, a disease more mischievous than the other to our grafted and budded stone fruits; and he is of opinion, that this disease may be entirely avoided by grafting from trees that never have been subject to its attack. The mealy disease, however, he says, is not contagious, and he instances a fruit-wall in Versailles, on which are many curious peach trees, some of which are much damaged by it, while others are entirely free.

A Remedy against Drowning.—When a person accidentally falls into the water, an occurrence of no common nature, the hands should not be raised above the surface of the water, but kept in a moveable state underneath. A person thus circumstanced, and not giving way to alarm, may support his head above water, so as to be able to breathe with freedom; and if, when he has felt the advantage of this slight motion, the legs are afterwards exercised in a way similar to that of walking up stairs, it will render the body still more buoyant, and more of it will keep on the surface, so much as to render unnecessary much of the motion of the hands. A person inured to this practice will keep buoyant with a very little exertion of the feet; but whether by throwing back the head and shoulders, and inflating the chest by drawing in the air, can only be known to an expert swimmer; though by the bulk of the body being thus made specifically lighter than water, and moving the hands and feet only a little on discharging the breath, the consequence of so simple a measure is easily accounted for. In cases of shipwreck, therefore, at no great distance from the shore, it is possible that vast numbers of lives might be saved which often become a prey to the waves; and when the ocean is too tempestuous for the most expert swimmer to avail himself of such a privilege, he would, by simply floating, stand a fair chance, with very little exertion on his part, of being wafted ashore, or on a fair beach, if such a one should happily be near him.

Mr. Mottley's mode of cutting large letters, and any kind of peculiar types, in copper, called copper printing types, has been extended to the large letters used for signs, for which the letters may be cut either in copper or iron.

Sabrina Island has gradually disappeared since the month of Oct. 1811. Smoke was discoverd still issuing out of the sea in Feb. 1812, near the spot where this wonderful phenomenon appeared.

M. Humboldt has announced his intention of shortly quitting Paris, on his travels through Asia, and he intends to make some stay at Thibet.

A physician at Stockholm has discovered a method, hitherto unknown, of curing the most obstinate cases of syphilis. The Royal College of Medicine approve of it, and have ordered the apothecaries, during summer, to provide themselves with stores of the plant *chærophyllum sylvestre*, which is one of the principal ingredients.

A specimen of the hemp, produced from the Sunn of Bengal, proves that this useful plant may be cultivated with advantage on the African coast; and the vicinity of that coast seems to obviate one great objection to its use, from the expense of its freight from India.

A further experiment on the substitute for hemp, produced from the leaves of the palm tree, and its superior strength as compared with the Russian hemp, has been fully ascertained.

The report of a tourist among the booksellers of Great Britain, enables us to state, that the increasing passion for literature operates, in regard to

pumps, for delivering water out of ships, stone quarries, or mines of a moderate depth, employing in the operation only about half the usual manual force, and delivering nearly double the quantity of water.

Mr. Allan has submitted to the Society of Arts, a mathematical instrument adapted for the use of mariners, namely, a reflecting circle, commonly called La Borde's Circle, for the purpose of taking altitudes and distances by sea, which he has greatly improved by fixing the shade glasses different to what had heretofore been done, &c. The mode of taking these observations is explained at full in Dr. Rees's Cyclopedia.

Mr. Proust has discovered the decomposition of calomel by boiling muriatic acid, and its conversion into corrosive sublimate and running mercury. Now calomel being insoluble in muriatic acid, these changes evidently appear to be owing to the strong attraction of the acid for corrosive sublimate.

It has been found that a little of the tincture of Jamaica dogwood, introduced into the cavity of a carious tooth, produces instant and most commonly permanent relief; besides this, it promises to add a very valuable medicine to the class of anodynes in general.

It now appears that in the culture of English hemp, the quality of this, when lime is used, is more harsh and brittle, and not of such a soft and silky quality as when good rotten stable dung has been used.

The perfumed cherry, or *Prunus Mahaleb*, now coming into repute, is a pleasing tree for shrubberies. Its flowers are white and diffuse a very pleasant smell. It rises to twenty feet, and appears particularly suited to a chalky or marly soil. The wood is smooth, close-grained, takes a good polish, and is useful in turnery, cabinet-making, &c. Any sort of cherry may be grafted with success on the stock of the perfumed cherry. It is propagated by seed sown in the course of the autumn, and since its properties have been better ascertained, extensive plantations of it have been made.

Mr. Parkes, the chemist, has constructed a new table for ascertaining the quantities of acid in sulphuric acid of different densities, for the use of manufacturers, &c. The first line of this table shows the specific gravity of a mixture of one part water, and 100 parts of strong sulphuric acid; the latter, the specific gravity of one part of sulphuric acid mixed with 100 parts of water. Vitriol makers may also be benefited by this table; in which the specific gravities are taken at the temperature of 60°.

Dr. J. Ogilby, of Dublin, has replied to Sir Humphrey Davy's proposal for improving the arts of bleaching linen and cotton cloth, and shewn by demonstration that both have been steeped for five days in very strong solutions of muriate of lime, without their texture being the least impaired; and it has been calculated that in the bleachers steeping liquor, there never can exist one part of muriate of lime to 2000 of water! Dr. Ogilby's deductions have also been confirmed by M. Donovan.

Every one knows that muriate of silver, on exposure to the sun's light, becomes, in a short time, of a dark hue. Query—is there any material solid or fluid, simple or compound, which being of a dark hue, will, on exposure to the sun's light, become in a short time lighter in its tint if not wholly colourless?

Captain Flinders, the circumnavigater, has discovered that when the head of a ship is to the westward, there is an increased variation in the compass.

Mode of destroying Lice that attack Peas.—As this insect, after falling to the ground, is very slow in recovering its favourite place, the highest and tenderest part of the plant; the method of cure, says a correspondent, seemed obvious, namely, to shake the insect from its place, and thus either retard its progress or starve it out. For this purpose I ordered a common plough-line to be well hung with short oak-boughs full of leaf; every second furrow was cleared by turning the pea-plants upon the ridges, two of which could be covered by the line thus prepared; two men were then directed, each holding the end of the line, to drag the field regularly, which being performed six times, six acres were completed by two men in one day, which at three shillings a man,

was done at the slight cost of one shilling per acre. So many of these insects were crushed to death, so many maimed and otherwise harassed that, for the following week, scarce one could be seen; nor did the plants appear in the least injured by this operation, and I have now the expectation of a larger crop than my neighbours.

M. Lelieur, administrator of the parks and gardens of the crown at Paris, has published a book, in which he asserts, that the disease called in French, *le blanc*, or *le meunier*, the white, or the miller, is hereditary to the peach tree, and shews itself by a mealy whiteness on its leaves; that plants raised from the kernels of diseased trees will produce plants in like manner infected. He attributes the same hereditary continuance to the *gum*, a disease more mischievous than the other to our grafted and budded stone fruits; and he is of opinion, that this disease may be entirely avoided by grafting from trees that never have been subject to its attack. The mealy disease, however, he says, is not contagious, and he instances a fruit-wall in Versailles, on which are many curious peach trees, some of which are much damaged by it, while others are entirely free.

A Remedy against Drowning.—When a person accidentally falls into the water, an occurrence of no common nature, the hands should not be raised above the surface of the water, but kept in a moveable state underneath. A person thus circumstanced, and not giving way to alarm, may support his head above water, so as to be able to breathe with freedom; and if, when he has felt the advantage of this slight motion, the legs are afterwards exercised in a way similar to that of walking up stairs, it will render the body still more buoyant, and more of it will keep on the surface, so much as to render unnecessary much of the motion of the hands. A person inured to this practice will keep buoyant with a very little exertion of the feet; but whether by throwing back the head and shoulders, and inflating the chest by drawing in the air, can only be known to an expert swimmer; though by the bulk of the body being thus made specifically lighter than water, and moving the hands and feet only a little on discharging the breath, the consequence of so simple a measure is easily accounted for. In cases of shipwreck, therefore, at no great distance from the shore, it is possible that vast numbers of lives might be saved which often become a prey to the waves; and when the ocean is too tempestuous for the most expert swimmer to avail himself of such a privilege, he would, by simply floating, stand a fair chance, with very little exertion on his part, of being wafted ashore, or on a fair beach, if such a one should happily be near him.

Mr. Mottley's mode of cutting large letters, and any kind of peculiar types, in copper, called copper printing types, has been extended to the large letters used for signs, for which the letters may be cut either in copper or iron.

Sabrina Island has gradually disappeared since the month of Oct. 1811. Smoke was discovered still issuing out of the sea in Feb. 1812, near the spot where this wonderful phenomenon appeared.

M. Humboldt has announced his intention of shortly quitting Paris, on his travels through Asia, and he intends to make some stay at Thibet.

A physician at Stockholm has discovered a method, hitherto unknown, of curing the most obstinate cases of syphilis. The Royal College of Medicine approve of it, and have ordered the apothecaries, during summer, to provide themselves with stores of the plant *chærophyllum sylvestre*, which is one of the principal ingredients.

A specimen of the hemp, produced from the Sunn of Bengal, proves that this useful plant may be cultivated with advantage on the African coast; and the vicinity of that coast seems to obviate one great objection to its use, from the expense of its freight from India.

A further experiment on the substitute for hemp, produced from the leaves of the palm tree, and its superior strength as compared with the Russian hemp, has been fully ascertained.

The report of a tourist among the booksellers of Great Britain, enables us to state, that the increasing passion for literature operates, in regard to

the sale of books, as a counterpoise to the general dearth of trade; and that among booksellers there have been fewer failures and less distress than in most other branches of our home trade.

Improvements at Botany Bay.—From the tables of reports taken by order of the Governor in February 1810, the horned cattle belonging to the crown at Sidney were, bulls 18, cows 1,673, oxen 1,818; sheep, male, 211, females 573; horses, male, 38, females 22.—The number of acres cultivated by settlers at Sydney and in its vicinity were, fallow 2,605, pasture 20,949, total 23,554; the number of horses was, males 141, females 143; bulls 84, cows 1,678, oxen 951; sheep, males 1,261, females 2,432.—At Paramatta, acres, fallow 4,794, pasture 36,020, total 41,814; horses 152, mares 201, bulls 79, cows 1,994, oxen 1,263; sheep, males 6,326, females 10,861.—At Hawkesbury, acres, fallow 5,214, pasture 18,538, total 23,752; horses 190, mares 227, bulls 32, cows 1,006, oxen 300, sheep, males 2,951, females 8,203.—The number of goats in the whole colony was, males 469, females 1,263; of hogs, males 4,762, females 4,230.—At Norfolk island, the horses were, males 3, females 7; bulls 28, cows 29; sheep, males 971, females 2,078; goats, males 35, females 73; hogs, males 350, females 222.—At Port Dalrymple and Hobart Town, belonging to the crown, were, horses 20, bulls 214, cows 815, oxen 137; sheep, males 1,066, female 2,004; goats, males 184, females 296.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

MR. CHINNERY *and other* PUBLIC DEFAULTERS.

THE following is a sketch of the history of this gentleman, whose name we are sorry to have to add to to the already too numerous list of public defaulters. He was the son of an eminent writing-master, who, about twenty years ago, gave instruction in the principal schools and families of London and its vicinity. We believe that several male and female members of the royal family were taught by him. Mr. Rose, to whose children Mr. Chinnery gave lessons, having some papers of a confidential nature to copy, applied to Mr. Chinnery to recommend a person who wrote a good hand, and whose secrecy could be relied on. Mr. Chinnery recommended his son, who executed the task so much to the satisfaction of Mr. Rose, that he was frequently employed on occasions of the same description; and, in order to be near at hand, got an office in the Treasury, in which department he was progressively raised by his own ability and diligence, as well as by the powerful patronage under which he commenced and pursued his career, till he attained the high station of first clerk. In addition to the office of chief clerk of the Treasury, Mr. Chinnery had some of the plantation agencies, which are generally given as additional good things to the chief officers in that department.

Mr. Chinnery was agent for New South Wales, and, we believe, it was in that department that his deficiency took place, and was found out; for we cannot conceive how any officer in the Treasury can draw money from the Exchequer (where the public money is kept, and not at the Treasury), otherwise than by warrants regularly signed, the improper use of which, besides being exposed to easy and almost immediate detection, constitutes a crime so serious as to deter, by the view of its direct and dreadful consequences, those who may be led into lapses, which they might conceive themselves likely to repair at a future period without any danger of discovery.

But as agent to the colony of New South Wales, and, we believe, as manager of some minor trusts, several considerable sums were voted directly to Mr. Chinnery by the House of Commons; and we conceive that a tardiness to account for the application of these sums first led to a suspicion of the deficiency; upon which he was pressed repeatedly and urgently for the returns, and was ultimately driven to an avowal of the deficiency, and of the insufficiency of his means

to make it good. We have not heard what is become of Mr. Chinnery himself An extent from the Crown was forthwith issued for the seizure of his property, which, we understand, is estimated at about 30,000*l.* The amount of the deficiency in his accounts is stated at 70,000*l.* He had not brought them to audit for several years. The explanation given by Mr. Chinnery of the cause of the deficiency, is said to be the failure of speculations in the funds, entered into in conjunction with the late Mr. Goldsmid; a practice which, although we believe strictly prohibited in all the public offices, in as much as it is founded on and leads to an improper use, and an improper and dangerous disclosure of the more secret intelligence of government, is yet, we fear, not unfrequently indulged in even by persons in higher situations than that of Mr. Chinnery.

The defalcation of Chinnery brings others to the public recollection.—Hunt, late treasurer of the Ordnance, and M. P. for Queenborough, about eighteen months ago found his way to America, with an unaccounted balance in his hands of above 92,000*l.* The loss sustained by a late paymaster of Marines, too, who is even still a gentleman of his Majesty's bedchamber, is of much greater magnitude, and would not now have been mentioned by us, but for some circumstances of aggravation which we have learnt from a correspondent. The Committee of Public Expenditure, by their fifth report, found that gentleman deficient in his accounts up to 1804, in no less a sum than 261,507*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* leaving his accounts for the five years, from 1804 to 1809, entirely out of question; these not having been then forthcoming, because Mr. Waters, who had acted as under paymaster, was (as alleged at the time) either in America or in Portugal, and the principal could not render such accounts before the return of his deputy; upon which accounts, however, it was supposed (from the previous practice of drawing by anticipation) that there was an additional deficiency of 200,000*l.* to 300,000*l.* more. Now, Mr. Waters, we learn, has been back in this country for the last three years, and living in the greatest magnificence and splendour, in a new mansion, near Paddington, called Alpha-Manor-house, surrounded with very extensive pleasure-grounds, the buildings and furnishing of which must have cost much more than 20,000*l.* (yet no word of the uninvestigated accounts, or the deficient balances). And above all, the paymaster of the Marines himself has, we are assured, very recently taken, and fitted up in a style of the greatest elegance and splendour, the house that the Duke of Kent formerly lived in at Knightsbridge, on which his Royal Highness laid out between 40 and 50,000*l.* and actually left it because he could not afford to live in it! Is this credible? If it is, it may be at least added, that it is not creditable.

From the twelfth report of the Committee of Public Expenditure, it appears that Barrow's defalcation in the Navy Pay Office remains at about 5000*l.* He has absconded, and is therefore outlawed. Of the late Mr. Goldsmid's defalcation, there yet remains due upwards of 200,000*l.* But one of the most flagrant cases is that of my Lord Tyrawley, late director of the Barracks and Board of Works of Ireland. His son, Mr. Cuffe, was the treasurer. The annual accounts from 1796 to 1803, at the time of the breaking up of the establishment, were not delivered in; and the sums of money issued to Mr. Cuffe on account during that period amounted to nearly two millions sterling. Notwithstanding so many years have elapsed, Lord Tyrawley has never yet been compelled to give in a statement of his accounts. Applications have repeatedly indeed been made to him; but on his requesting farther time, farther time has been allowed him, and it does not appear by the Report that any settlement has yet taken place. His lordship's son and treasurer, Mr. Cuffe, has been lately called away by Death; so that if the evidence be required, it cannot now be had: and, to crown the whole, this reluctant barrack director, Lord Tyrawley, is, at this very moment, in possession of an allowance of 2000*l.* a year, for his *faithful* services when barrack-master general!

In June 1809, Mr. Valentine Jones, late commissary-general in the West Indies, was brought up to re-

ceive the judgment of the Court of King's Bench, having been found guilty of fraud and peculation to the amount of 87,179*l.* being but a moiety of the sum of which the country had been defrauded by his collusion with Mr. MATTHEW HIGGINS. Mr. Justice Grose, after commenting upon the enormity of the offence, said, that whatever other proceedings might be instituted, it was their duty to pass such a sentence as would be likely to prevent future peculation, and then adjudged him to be imprisoned three years in his Majesty's gaol of Newgate, and to be incapacitated from serving his Majesty in future. The term of his imprisonment has expired.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre.

ON Saturday, the 10th inst. the public curiosity to behold, arrayed, adorned, and illuminated, in all its scenic beauty and magnificence, the interior of this great theatre, about which so much had been said, so much expected, so much promised, and so much reputedly performed, occasioned, naturally, a prodigious and tumultuary throng of all descriptions of persons, who, long before the doors were opened, beset and blocked up all the avenues to them.

So early as 2 o'clock, regardless of the falling rain, which had already drenched them to the skin, a crowd was collected about the entrances to the galleries and pit more than sufficient to fill them, and it was with great difficulty, and by very slow degrees, that carriages could pass along Brydges street and Russell-street.—Upon the doors being thrown open, at half-past five o'clock, the crush was dreadful, not only at the pit and galleries, but at the box entrance, wherein vain, it was proclaimed, that every seat and place had been pre-engaged. The multitude rushed in, and, in many instances, without any ceremony, possessed themselves of places which had been, even many weeks, kept and engaged for others.

At the pit-door, particularly, the cries extorted by the vehemence of the pressure, were grievous and alarming; and the heat was so oppressive, that, to relieve or mitigate it, the windows were doomed to be smashed.

During this scene of tumult, pressure, and alarm, the pickpockets were both vigilant and active; but so, too, were the Bow-street officers, by whom many of them were secured. As soon as the confusion had a little subsided, and there was leisure to view the beauties of the place, a shout of exultation and applause was set up by those happy spectators who felt themselves so comfortably seated; and well might they applaud and exult—for a scene so transcendently splendid, elegant, and magnificent, was scarcely ever before displayed in a British theatre. Upon the rising of the curtain, we beheld the whole of the company of performers collected on the stage, who immediately, in concert with the orchestra, sang *God save the King!* and afterwards *Rule, Britannia!* both of which patriotic and solemn demonstrations were enthusiastically cheered.

The vocal band being withdrawn, Mr. Elliston advanced to deliver that long-contemplated and ardently-expected Address, which was to twine around the brow of one selected and triumphant bard the Apollonian wreath, to the dismay, discomfiture, and chagrin of a whole host of contending and disappointed authors.—The following Address, written by Lord Byron, was then spoken: his Lordship is well known as the author of some highly esteemed works.

ADDRESS

On the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre.

In one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
Bowed to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, oh sight! admired and mourned,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorned!
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chace the night from heaven,

Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands, thronged around the burning dome,
Shrank back appalled, and trembled for their home;
As glared the volumned blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own;
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurped the Muse's realm, and marked her fall;
Say—shall this new nor less aspiring pile,
Reared, where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you*.'

Yes—it shall be—The magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*:—
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell,
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*
As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers, may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your SIDDONS' thrilling art
O'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the sternest heart;
On Drury, GARRICK's latest laurels grew:
Here your last tears retiring ROSCIUS drew,
Sighed his last thanks, and wept his last adieu.
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
That only *waste* their odours o'er the tomb,
Such Drury claimed and claims,—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse,
With garlands deck your own MENANDER's head!
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere GARRICK fled, or BRINSLEY ceased to write,
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of theirs.
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazoned on our line,
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the Stage—to whom both players and plays
Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject,
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame,
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste, it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplac'd applause.
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echoed back by ours!—
This greeting o'er,—the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too,—whose every tone
Springs from our hearts and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* preside.

The performers were greeted with rapturous applause, and the play *(Hamlet)* concluded amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the audience.

LYCEUM THEATRE, STRAND.

A West Wind; or, Off for London.

ON the 29th ult. this new musical farce was produced, for the first time. The piece turns on the propensity of *Sir Toby Jestall*, to play mischievous tricks on his friends and neighbours, which, when discovered, he denominates *jokes*. Having sent his nephew, *'Squire Richard*, a hundred miles off, on a fool's errand, the latter is deter-

mined to be even with him; and in the spirit of *hoaxing*, he sends him a letter, as if from the Herald's Office, apprising him of his having been created a Baron (an honour which he had for many years aimed at), and requiring his attendance on a certain day, at the Brown Bear in Smithfield, where two gentlemen from the office would meet him. By fictitious letters, *Buckthorn*, *Hatchment*, and *Scrape*, who exercise the callings of doctor, undertaker, and barber, in the village where *Sir Toby* dwells, are also enticed by *'Squire Richard* to the same inn, where, after some entertaining confusion, an *eclaircissement* takes place.

There is a great deal of lively dialogue in this *bagatelle*. The character of *Buckthorn* is neatly drawn; and his principle of accounting for every distemper, by the direction of the wind, has at least novelty to recommend it. The doctor conceives the wind, when at north, to produce rheumatism—south, asthma—east, bad eyes—and west, madness. Hence arises the title of the farce: as the wind is *westerly* when he unexpectedly meets all his friends, who have simultaneously set 'off for London,' he considers *insanity* as the cause of their journey. The *equivoque* at the Brown Bear is very happy—but we should recommend the omission of some of the jests between the doctor and undertaker—they are too numerous, and become tiresome.

The piece was very favourably received till near its conclusion, and had the performers been more perfect, we do not think it would have experienced any disapprobation.

Mr. Oxberry, as *Dr. Buckthorn*, although he undertook the character, which was originally intended for Mr. Lovegrove, at a very short notice, rendered it highly entertaining.—Messrs. Penson and Smith, as *Scrape* and *Hatchment*, upheld the dignity of their respective trades with much humour. *Peter*, a Yorkshire servant, could not have been better supported than by Mr. Knight, who was loudly encored in a very good comic song.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Schneiderkins.

ON the 19th inst. this new farce was produced, attributed to the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin. The plot of it consists in the circumstance of a captain of a man of war having contracted a private marriage, and leaving his wife under a suspicion that she is only his mistress. A swindler, who assumes the names of *Schneiderkins* (Mr. Mathews), is employed to persuade the wife of the captain that her husband is dead, and for this purpose procures a paragraph to that effect to be put into the newspapers. The discovery of this villainy, and the re-union of the captain and his wife, form the *denouement* of the plot. The subordinate characters of the piece are, *Adam Crump* (Mr. Liston); the alderman, and mayor elect of a country borough, at whose house the wife of the captain is protected; and his wife, who is jealous of the attention shewn by her husband to their guest; a landlord of an inn, who assists to detect *Schneiderkins* in his knavery; and the boatswain and coxswain of the captain's ship, who accompany him on shore. The versatility of the talents of Mathews are put to the test in a transformation into the characters of a *German adventurer*, an *Irishman*, an old *Scotchwoman*, and *Adam Crump*, a venerable old man of 80.

This piece has been evidently written for the purpose of displaying the abilities of Mr. Mathews as a mimic; and so far the end was answered. The merit here belongs to him: Mr. Dibdin has produced a skeleton, but it remained for Mr. Mathews to give it flesh, blood, and spirit. With respect to the farce, generally, it possesses as much merit as is to be found in the numerous productions of the same species with which the stage teems during the season, and which, at its termination, are no more heard of.—The only novelties the piece presents, consists of a few observations on the changes to which the public-house signs are liable, (the idea taken from one of Goldsmith's Essays) which were well received; and the character of *Carroll*, a seaman, whose organs of utterance having been injured by a wound, is obliged, instead of speaking, to communicate his thoughts by singing. The character is founded on a well-known story in *Joe Miller*.—The performers made the most of their respective parts, and the piece was given out for a second representation.

OBITUARY.

AT Windlestone, Durham, in the 72d year of his age, Sir JOHN EDEN, Bart. eldest brother to Lord Auckland and Lord Henley. His loss will not only be much lamented by his afflicted family and friends, but will also be felt by the whole county, in which he has long been respected and beloved for his useful benevolence and hospitality. He was formerly its representative in Parliament, and has been for nearly fifty years an active magistrate and chairman of the quarter session.

At Chester, a short time since, within a few days of each other, Mr. and Mrs. BOYCE, the former aged 88, and the latter 87. They had been married and lived together upwards of 60 years; in the course of which time, except in a solitary instance of one night, they had never slept but under the same roof.

On the 9th ult. at the Mote, near Maidstone, of a typhus fever, the Right Hon. the COUNTESS OF ROMNEY, wife of the present Earl, and daughter and only child of William Morton Pitt, Esq. M.P.

At Appledore, Dorsetshire, aged 72, Mrs. ELIZABETH HOGG, relict of the late Thomas Hogg, Esq. To the poor she was a liberal benefactor. As an acquaintance and friend, and in all her intercourse with society, her conduct was marked by a steady adherence to the principles of religion, the duties of virtue, and the practice of good actions. As a wife, a mother, and a widow, (the latter of which she had been many years) she shone a bright example of these characters; but more particularly eminent in that of the mother, being possessed of the warmest affection towards a son and daughter, whom she was long spared to bless and cherish by every tender assiduity, and which they with all their care and fondness vainly endeavoured to repay. She was their guide, friend, and protector.

At his seat, at Packington, the EARL OF AYLSFORD. His lordship, after eating a hearty supper, and the usual performance of his devotions, went to bed on Tuesday the 20th inst. and was in the course of the night attacked by the gout in his stomach, which caused his death. His lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his son, Lord Guernsey.

At Hertford, on the 16th inst. BARONESS DIMSDALE, in the 81st year of her age.

On the 17th inst. aged 26, MARY, the wife of Mr. T. Edwards, of Saffron Walden. Since January last, she had been bereft of her father, her mother, and her child, so that her family has now to lament the loss of four of its members in the short space of nine months.

On the 13th inst. at his house at Halybury, near Hertford, MOOLVEY MEER ABDOOL ALI, a native of Lucknow, in the East Indies, and a Professor of Oriental Literature in the College founded by the Hon. East India Company at Halybury.

At Cambridge, on the 17th inst. MR. F. HODSON, many years printer and proprietor of the *Cambridge Chronicle*.

On the 6th inst. at Keith-hall, North Britain, the Right Hon. WM. KEITH, Earl of Kintore, Lord Inveiary, and Lord Faulconer, of Haalkertown. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Anthony, now Earl of Kintore.

On the 19th inst. Mr. N. MERCER, of West Drayton, Middlesex. Zealous in the prosecution of his concerns, he was inspecting his premises, when a sudden gust of wind forcing open a door he fell against a railing, which giving way, precipitated him a height of twelve feet. He lingered three hours, and then expired.

On the 16th inst. an in pensioner of Chelsea Hospital: after seeing a coffin placed in an hearse, at Knightsbridge, retired to a house near the spot—sat down, and instantly expired.

Lately, as Mr. WILSON, a resident in, and deputy treasurer of Chelsea Hospital, was transacting business at one of the offices in the Hospital, he was taken with an apoplexy about one o'clock, and expired between three and four o'clock in the afternoon.

On the 19th inst. at Richmond, the COUNTESS DOWAGER OF KINGSTON.

On the 22d inst. at Auberries, near Sudbury, the seat of his brother-in-law, after a lingering illness, and in the 66th year of his age, THOMAS HAMMERSLEY, Esq. banker in London; a man most eminent for every Christian virtue.

At Alford, Lincolnshire, Mrs. G. GATEHOUSE, in the 101st year of her age. She actually cut new teeth about two years since, and retained her faculties till within a few weeks of her death.

On the 11th July, JESSIE ASPASIA, the wife of Fred. W. Campbell, Esq. of Barbreck, in Argyleshire, and of Woodlands, in Surrey. She was daughter to W. T. Caulfield, Esq. of Rahandaff, in Ireland, by Jessie, daughter to James, the third Lord Ruthven.——The patience and the mildness with which she endured a very long and most painful illness, brought on by a succession of anxieties, excited the admiration of all who beheld them. Through life she possessed and practised every virtue that can adorn the character of a wife, a relation, or a friend, and by all who were acquainted with her, will ever be most tenderly and affectionately lamented. In manners, she was fascinating, and in person, lovely; yet the benignity of her countenance but very imperfectly expressed the still more beautiful qualities of her heart and mind.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

A DISSOLUTION of Parliament used to be considered as a prelude to every species of riot and dissipation, and the nation was said by foreigners to run mad once in seven years. Such extravagant scenes were not played at this time, but we cannot therefore congratulate ourselves, that the country has completely recovered its senses. Several circumstances have concurred to produce the effect. The laws relative to elections have thrown difficulties in the way of treating electors, which have been enforced on petitions to the House, and this has produced a greater degree of caution and circumspection. The times, which pinch every body, have also made money more scarce in that class, which was accustomed to squander it in depraving the people, and endeavouring to make the lower as base and vile as the upper classes. The distresses of the times have also brought on serious reflections in many breasts, on the condition of the nation, which are perceived by subscriptions to bible societies and institutions for the education of the poor. Many in the higher and middle classes begin to feel, that righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is the depression of a people: that the wickedness of bribery and corruption, which has brought us into our present state, if suffered to go on, will be the overthrow of this kingdom, exactly in the same manner as destruction was brought on France, Germany, Spain, and Italy. But above all, one circumstance cast a dreadful gloom over the market for seats in Parliament, and diminished their value to what the wretches in high life call nothing. This was the uncertainty of the duration of the next Parliament. Two thousand pounds was thought a great price, for what, in other circumstances, would have fetched seven; and those venal boroughs, where the electors are accustomed to sell themselves, could with great difficulty find candidates to sport their money on so fickle a tenure.

This little change in the state of seats is of no other consequence to the oligarchy, by which the nation is governed, than that some of its members do not pocket so much cash as they expected: the general system remains the same, and the people, or we should rather say the country, is not at all the better for the depreciation of the stalls in St. Stephen's chapel. Yet there have been noble instances of a rising spirit, just enough to shew England what it might be, if the country acted up to the theory of its constitution, and the system of the borough holders was destroyed, by not permitting any place to send members to Parliament which had not at least a thousand voters. West-

minster, into which so much confusion was constantly thrown by the contentions of the higher classes, who used the lower merely as they do their horses at Newmarket, only with less value and esteem for them: Westminster presented a sight, which will be remembered in history, when the triumph of the oligarchy is complete, and the country is sunk into that enthanasia predicted by Hume,—a monarchy and the ascendancy of the military over the civil government.

In Westminster, a number of independent housekeepers have associated for the noble purpose of preserving the freedom of election, and of sending to Parliament members free of all expense. By their exertions, a true spirit has been infused into this populous city; and on the day of election its inhabitants were assembled together, not to witness the usual scenes of riot and confusion, but to hear in a dignified statement what were the duties of representatives and electors, and to exercise their free and unbiassed judgment in the important privilege they were about to exercise. These duties were pointed out to them in a most impressive manner by Mr. Sturch, an inhabitant of long standing in the city, dignified by his talents, his knowledge of the constitution of his country, his independence, and his integrity. At the close of a speech, far superior to the long-winded oratorical declamations of St. Stephen's chapel, he proposed the highly-respected name of Sir Francis Burdett. It is in vain for us to attempt to describe the feelings which it inspired. Only one soul animated the assembly; and when the rapturous acclamations of praise were over, Lord Cochrane was proposed, and received with marks of high approbation. No other name was mentioned. These two citizens were elected, not in the usual manner as candidates, for neither appeared at the place, but as persons selected as fit to exercise the charge of representatives. The whole was over in less than two hours; and, instead of the outrages usually committed, by a mob breaking in and tearing away the hustings, they were removed by the proprietors without the loss of a plank, and the meeting broke up with the happy reflection, that they had done their duty to the country.—We cannot omit here one remark in Mr. Sturch's speech on the bill for septennial Parliaments, whose authors, he very justly said, deserved to have been transported. In this sentiment we join most cordially with him; and, as in the services of the church, they have one for the pretended martyrdom of Charles, and another for the gunpowder-plot, we would have a day of solemn fast appointed to commemorate the abominable act of representatives betraying their trust, and laying the foundation of that corruption, which is now as notorious as the sun at noon day.

Previously to the election, Sir Francis addressed his late constituents in a solemn letter, in which he placed in true and striking colours the state of the representation of the country.—His letter deserves to be read and preserved in every family of the united kingdom. Facts are placed strongly before our eyes, which no one can deny, nor can one doubt, that from the system, which he deplores, the greatest evils must befall the country. A change of ministry, he properly observes, is of small consequence. "The present are just as good as any of their predecessors, during the present reign, or as any that are likely to succeed them. The fault is not in the individuals, but in the system: a system under which no nation ever did or can prosper; a system of the most infamous and complicated corruption." In another place he observes, "In fact, the whole of the evil arises here. They who vote the money are some way or other interested in the expenditure of it. The small number of independent men have no weight at all." Is this the fact, or is it not?—If it is, can we wonder at the statement of the worthy baronet. "How are we the better for the noble struggles of our forefathers against arbitrary power in the king, if we can endure it in much worse hands, that of our fellow subjects? How is the flock the better for being safe from the wolf, if they are devoured by the very dogs placed to defend them? What avails resisting the lion to fall into the jaws of the jackall? to have pinioned the eagle's wing, to become the sport and prey of daws and kites?"

to his ecclesiastical officers, under the name of bishops, to assemble their people in the churches, to chaunt prayers "conformably to the usage of the church in such circumstances." The reasons for this particular assemblage are found in the passage of the Niemen, the Dwina, the Borysthenes, and the combats of Mohilow, the Drissa, Polotsk, Ostrowno, Smolensko, and the battle of Moskwa. All these afford so many respective reasons for addressing "thanks" (to whom?) "to the God of armies!" and in consequence myriads of people will be assembled in France to celebrate events, in which they are so little interested, and to encourage each other in the strange notions, that they are offering up an acceptable service to God. How little do they think, that, if they really were what they profess to be, Christians, their meetings must be mournful for the destruction of so many of their fellow creatures; and that in a Christian church, prayers and praises are addressed to him, of whom it is emphatically said, God is love.

From the field of battle Bonaparte marched to Moscow, meeting, it should seem, with little or no resistance; for his next bulletin is addressed from this city, of which he took possession on the 14th at midnight, and his imperial quarters were established in the Kremlin, the interior of the city. This town was once of very great extent, and even now is said to be about twenty-four miles in circumference. The Kremlin may be called its citadel, being fortified; and it contains several palaces, nine cathedrals, four parish churches, and several other public buildings. Around this may be said to be three towns, which are of a circular form, each being separated from the other by walls, but all the buildings are chiefly wood. We may judge of the place by the number of its churches, which were estimated at sixteen hundred, most of them magnificently decorated, and maintaining a vast number of idle priests, who, when performing their idolatrous services, were dressed in most magnificent vestments.

Here then, in the middle of the great city of the autocrat, stood the Emperor of the French, contemplating his conquests: but we are told that complete anarchy prevailed in the city, drunken murderers were running through its different quarters, setting fire to them, and all the fire engines had been conveyed away by the late governor, so that the flames were desolating and devouring this great and fine city. The next bulletin paints in more horrid colours the devastation produced by the wretched barbarians. Without regard to sick or wounded, to property of any kind, these miserable wretches carried fire with them every where, destroying fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, houses, palaces, churches, and presenting to the French in the Kremlin oceans, as it were, of flames around them in every direction. There was no possibility of putting a stop to the ravages of this destructive element. To do the enemy an injury, as they thought, these stupid and senseless barbarians inflicted the most grievous wound on their friends, on their country. The mischief they have done is incalculable. Upwards of 200,000 people may be computed to have been deprived of their homes. Barbarous, foolish, and detestable as this action was, persons have been found in England to justify it, and it has been spoken of with applause in our public papers. So little do the advocates for war and its horrors think of the duties imposed on us toward our enemies. What could they have done worse towards Russia than to burn down its towns: but the miserable inhabitants of this extensive empire have been kept in ignorance and superstition, and the burning of their idols by themselves may be a prelude to their forming juster notions of religion and of liberty.

From Moscow we naturally turn our eyes to Petersburgh, the seat of the autocrat, and Lord Cathcart has given us a description of a scene there, which will not soon be forgotton in the annals of diplomacy. He congratulates himself in his dispatch to government, on opening his correspondence with the joyful news of the victory of the Russians over the French, which was communicated to him by a special message from the autocrat. It arrived, fortunately it seems, on his name-day, which is kept with great

solemnity by the court, who, on this occasion, were assembled at the principal church to be witness of the mummery displayed by the priests on these occasions. To give additional lustre to the day, and to spread universal joy over the city, the account of the battle of Moskwa was read to the infatuated audience, and received with all the tumultuous joy and exclamations of rapture that might be expected in so barbarous an assemblage. The glory of the Russian empire was raised by the complete overthrow of the French, and our ambassador was deluded by the report. What could be expected but that the next dispatch from the army would announce the capture of Bonaparte himself, and the conveyance of his followers to the dreary regions of Siberia. How were they prepared to hear, when it could not be concealed, that the enemy was in possession of the ancient capital of the empire, or rather of its ruins; that in Moscow, in which they gloried, the Emperor of the French was giving the laws, and that their own countrymen had been the bitterest enemies of their country!

Two reports have since been received in this country, one from Lord Cathcart, stating the admirable positions of the Russian armies, and the other from the French, in a bulletin, which merely mentions that they are reposing after their fatigues, and enjoying good quarters in Moscow, where they are daily making discoveries of provisions and clothing, preserved in vaults under ground, and untouched by the flames. We might mention another report, which seemed to us far more credible than any thing advanced by Lord Cathcart, and this was, that the autocrat was deposed, and the nobles of Russia had submitted to Bonaparte. This report was universally scouted in town; but, if it was premature, we cannot anticipate any other result from this war. As soon as the French are in motion again, which will be on the setting in of the frost, we expect nothing else but a continuation of victory on their side, the barbarians making a stout but ineffectual resistance. The march to Petersburgh will not appal him, who has passed an army and cannon over the Alps, and made a winter's campaign on the shores of the Baltic. To add to the misfortunes of Russia, the Persians are pressing upon them on the south, where, with the assistance of the English, the arms of the Asiatics have been successful. But as peace has been made between Turkey and Russia, hopes are entertained that the Ottomans will turn their arms against the French; and, in fact, nothing is too absurd to be advanced to check the progress of the conqueror, whose plans are formed and executed on very different principles from those of his enemies.

Much has been said of the co-operation of Sweden, whose forty thousand men were to cross the Baltic, and destroy the French in their rear. But whilst the tardy arrangements were going on for this force, Bonaparte was preparing a hundred thousand Poles, ardent to avenge their wrongs, and punish the jacobins that had, in so disgraceful a manner, made the partition of Poland. Here is seen the art of the French emperor, which he has, in common with other great conquerors, that having conquered, he enlists the nations in his own cause, and this is not done without at least some specious argument in his favour. Thus, in Poland, he has rescued a nation from the horrible jacobinical conspiracy under which it has so long groaned, and in Spain destroyed the Inquisition. England makes her boast of attempts for the deliverance of Europe; but the true way of understanding what is meant by this deliverance, is to state, in two columns, the different advantages gained by the subject, by being under his old master, or the new government and laws of Bonaparte. He who who could and would state this fairly, would correct many errors in the manifestos of all parties.

Lord Wellington is the generalissimo of the Spanish as well as the English forces. The Cortes is not, however, removed to Madrid, but its laws are there current against those who have accepted offices under the Gallo-Spanish king. It is not certain that the retort courteous may not be made on those who accept offices under their authority, and the dubious Bourbon, whom they have set up in the life time of his father, the rightful sovereign. The possession of Spain is now divided nearly equally between the contending parties; the French

have the north and the eastern parts, the English the middle and the western. The French army under Soult is strong, and nothing can be effected against it, till the generalissimo has destroyed the army of the north. He has, unfortunately, met with a check at Burgos, for the castle has made a gallant resistance, and put *hors de combat* almost as many assailants as there are soldiers in the defence of the place. This gives time for the organization of Marmont's army, and another battle may be expected. Considerable reinforcements are gone out to Lord Wellington, amongst whom are the life guards, who have not been employed for many years, but whose services in the field will, we have no doubt, restore their ancient reputation.

A glimpse of hope has broken out, of a restoration of obedience to the mother country in part of the old world, but we do not believe that it will eventually be of any consequence. The inhabitants of the Caraccas have suffered under an awful dispensation of Providence, and Miranda's government seems to have been conducted more on the revolutionary principles he learned at Paris, than as became a freeman leading his countrymen to liberty.—In the end he has disgusted all parties; and superstition seizing the minds of the people, they are said to be returning to their ancient yoke. A change may take place for a little time, but we do not apprehend there is either wisdom enough in the Cortes, or firmness in the Americans, to make this change permanent. In other parts of the Spanish colonies the influence of the mother country is nearly annihilated. An effort was made in its favour at Buenos Ayres, which ended in the execution of the principal persons engaged in the conspiracy. Lima, Peru, and Mexico, will, ere long, surprise the world with their new constitutions.

The war with the United States has had a strange beginning. The surrender of an American army to a far inferior force without striking a blow. The Americans entered Upper Canada; the English general mustered what forces he could, consisting of Indians, militia, and regulars, marched to the enemy, and received the terms of capitulation, by which all the American army became prisoners of war. Thus ended the first campaign, which the American general had opened with such pomp of words, and vain-glorious boasts. To balance this victory, the States have destroyed one of our frigates, and taken the crew prisoners; but their privateers have made great inroads on our trade. This is the chief way in which they can annoy us. As to ourselves, we cannot derive any possible good from the conflict. We are gratifying Bonaparte by the war which employs part of our maritime force, is ruinous to our commerce on the Atlantic; prevents the consumption of our manufactures by eight millions of persons, descended from the same stock, and speaking the same language as ourselves; and holds out the strange sight of the deliverers of Europe engaged in hostilities with the only nation in the world that boasts of its liberty. This war, indeed, is the fruit of the unhappy principles maintained in this country, which did not allow to the Americans what we should have insisted upon had we been in their circumstances. The war, however, is not popular in America, and some admirable remonstrances have been made against it; remonstrances, in which the odious nature of war in general is insisted upon, and an appeal is made to what is little known in Europe, our feelings as men, as brethren, and as Christians. May this spirit continue to increase till the beastliness of war is seen in its true colours!

BOOKS PUBLISHED, OCTOBER 1812.

AGRICULTURE.

A TREATISE on the Culture of Wheat, recommending a System of Management, founded upon the successful Experience of the Author. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ARTS, FINE.

Daniell's Oriental Scenery of Hindostan, Part II.; containing twenty-four Views, reduced from the folio edition. 3l. 3s.

BOTANY.

Thornton's Outline of Botany; or, Easy Introduction to the Science.—8vo. 5s.

DRAMA.

Wastell's West Wind; or, Off for London: a musical Farce, in two Acts. 2s.

The Æthiop; or, The Child of the Desert: a romantic Play, as performed at Covent Garden Theatre. 2s. 6d.

Spanish Patriots a Thousand Years Ago; an historical Drama, as performed the Lyceum Theatre. 2s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Duverger's Comparison between the Idioms, Genius, and Phraseology, of the French and English Languages. 12mo. 5s.

A Sketch of the Greek Accidence, arranged in a manner conversant for transcription. 5s.

Letters belonging to a System of Bookkeeping and Accounts. By A. Hodge. 2s.

Bossutt's First French Book. 1s.

GEOMETRY.

Chesswell's Elementary Treatise on the Geometrical and Algebraical Investigation of Maxima and Minima. 8vo. 10s.

HISTORY.

Ashe's Commercial View and Geographical Sketch of the Brazils. 8vo. 7s.

Major Price's Chronological Retrospect; or, Memoirs of the Principal Events of Mahomedan History. Vol. II. 4to. 2l. 10s.

LAW.

Hanging not Punishment Enough. By B. Montague, Esq. 1s.

George's Treatise on the Offence of Libel. Royal 8v

Marshall's Treatise on the British Constitution. 8vo. 7s.

Gabbett's digested Abridgment and comparative View of the Statute Law in England and Ireland, to the year 1811. 3 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Walpole's Essay on the Misrepresentations, Ignorance, and Plagiarism of certain Infidel Writers. 2s. 6d.

The Son of a Genius; a Tale for the Use of Youth. 12mo. 5s.

Otway's Works, consisting of his Plays, Poems, and Letters. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

Letters from the Continent in the Years 1790, 1, 2; to a Friend residing in England. 8vo. 6s.

Longman and Co.'s Catalogue of Rare, Curious, and Valuable Books. Gratis.

MILITARY.

The East India Register and Directory, corrected to August, 1812. 12mo. 8s.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL.

Medical Observations and Inquiries. By a Society of Physicians in London. Vol. VI 8vo. 12s.

Chamberlain's Tyrocinium Medicum; or, a Dissertation on the Duties of Youth apprenticed to the Medical Profession. 12mo. 6s.

NOVELS.

Brewer's Sir Ferdinand of England. A Romance. 4 vols. 22s.

The Daughter-in-Law, her Father, and Family. 2 vols. 10s.

Miss Hamilton's Maiden Wife; or, the Heiress of De Courcy. 4 vols. 20s.

The Dangers of Infidelity. 3 vols. 18s.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Harwood's Advice to Members of Parliament, in a Letter to J. Martin and J. E. Dowdeswell, Esq. 1s.

A dispassionate Enquiry into the Reasons alledged by Mr. Maddison for declaring an offensive and ruinous War against Great Britain. 2s. 6d.

Copies and Extracts of Documents on the Subject of British Impressments of American Seamen. 2s.

Speeches of the Right Hon. H. Grattan. V 8vo. 12s.

Lord Somers' Speech in the House of Lords, on the Catholic Question, Jan. 30, 1812. 2s.

Loyalty and Patriotism; or, Who are Patriots. 1s.

Thoughts on the State of the Country, the late Negociations for a New Ministry, and the Disposition of Parties at the Close of the last Session of Parliament. 5s.

The Letters of Junius, with 12 Portraits. By Mr. E. Bocquit. In 12 Quarto Numbers. 2s. 6d. each.

Hale's Letters on the Religious and Political Tenets of the Roman Heptarchy. 5s.

POETRY.

Rejected Addresses; or, the New Theatrum Poetarum. fc. 4s 6d.

Magness's Tribute to the Memory of Britain's distinguished Hero, the Rt. Hon. Horatio Lord Viscount Nelson. 4to. 2s. 6d.

The Warm Reception; or, the Total Overthrow of Bonaparte and his Legions in England. By the above Author. 4to. 2s. 6d.

The Battle of Salamanca. A Poem. By the same. 4to. 5s.

Freeman's Fancy; or, the Effusions of the Heart. fc. 6s.

The Wrongs of Genius. A Poem. 1s.

Falkland's Iberia; with an Invocation to the Patriots of Spain. A Poem. 2s. 6d.

Variety; a Collection of Poems. By the same Author. 8vo. 10s.

Roche's Salamanca. A Poem. 4to. 5s. 6d.

Anticipation. 4to. 1s. 6d.

RELIGION.

Rudge's Sermons on the Sanctification of the Lord's Day. 1s.

Le Luc's Letter to some Jews, authors of a Memorial addressed to Dr. Teller. 2s. 6d.

Steven's Sermon at the Asylum for Female Orphans, Lambeth, Aug. 30, 1812. 2s.

Carpenter's Proof from Scripture, that God, even the Father, is the only true God, and the only proper Object of religious Worship. 2s.

Cunningham's Observations, designed as a Reply to the Thoughts of Dr. Maltby, on the Dangers of circulating the Whole of the Scriptures among the Lower Orders. 2s. 6d.

Holy Biography; or, the Saint's Calendar. By a Clergyman of the Established Church. 3s.

Sands' Sermon; the Importance of an early Acquaintance with the Scriptures. 1s.

Ettrick's Second Exodus; or, Reflections on the Prophecies of the Last Times. Vol. III. 8vo. 7s.

Dr. Collyer's Hymns; designed as a Supplement to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns. 24mo. 5s. fine paper 6s. 18mo. 6s. fine ditto 7s. post 8vo. 16s.

Angus's Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. 12mo. 2s.

Brown on the Book of Revelations. 8vo. 8s.

Owen's Treatise on the Nature and Beauty of Gospel Worship. 1s. 6d.

Robertson's Rise of the Reformation, containing the Grounds of Protestantism. 2s. 6d.

Appeal against the Claims of the Roman Catholics. 1s.

Frizell's Exposition and Sunday Family Instructor; a Periodical Work; being an Illustration of the Liturgy of the United Churches of England and Ireland. Demy 8vo. 19s. 6d. fine paper 29s. or royal 8vo. 58s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The Lowestoft Guide; containing a descriptive Account of Lowestoft and its Environs. 12mo. 4s. 6d. or cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Pinkerton's general Collection of the best and most interesting Voyages and Travels in all parts of the World. Vols. XII. and XIII. containing North America. 4to. 4l. 4s.

The Beauties of England and Wales Vol XVI. Containing Yorkshire, 1l. 10s. or royal paper, 2l. 8s.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

THE following letters have passed between the Committee appointed to conduct the election for this city and their representatives. The resolutions of the General Meeting on the 5th inst. at the Crown and Anchor, had been previously transmitted to Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Cochrane:—

To Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, *Bart. M.P. for the City of Westminster.*

SIR,—In announcing to you that you have been again returned to Parliament for the city of Westminster, we cannot suppress the satisfaction we feel in observing the steady, though slow advance of public opinion, manifested in the disposition of the electors of Westminster to do their duty

to themselves and their country—to the utter dismay of all parties, and the destruction of the formerly overwhelming influence of base, corrupt, and infamous administrations, who have merely regarded the ruling, not the benefiting the nation:—who have considered power as every thing—the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the people as nothing.

We would willingly "spare you the mortification of passing a painful life in undignified efforts to stem the torrent of corruption." But when we contemplate the effects produced in this great city, exemplified as they now are, in the return of yourself and your late worthy colleague, without expense, or personal trouble; without communication with either, and without a struggle—when we hear from various places, that the people, rousing from their apathy, are endeavouring to imitate the example of Westminster, we cannot but indulge the hope, that at the next election, better informed by precept, by example, and by experience, they will so exert themselves, that the "torrent of corruption" may no longer be irresistible, nor your honourable and manly efforts be "unavailing" in promoting the happiness of your country.

By order of the committee for conducting the election for the city and liberty of Westminster, appointed at a public meeting of electors, friends to purity of election, on Monday, the 6th of October, 1812.

S. Brooks, Chairman.

Committee Room, 38, *King-street, Covent-garden, 9th Oct.* 1812.

[A letter to the same effect was written to Lord Cochrane.]

Oxford Oct. 19, 1812.

Dear Sir,—I found your very flattering letter on my return here from Tiverton. The noble behaviour of the electors of Westminster towards me, makes it impossible for me to refuse any exertion in my power which they may think advantageous. The enclosed answer you will have the goodness to communicate.

Your's very sincerely,

F. Burdett.

To Mr. Samuel Brooks.

To the Electors of Westminster.

Gentlemen,—It is impossible for me to be insensible to the extraordinary mark of confidence with which you have recently honoured me. And although I am thereby again placed in an arduous and difficult situation, from which I should gladly have withdrawn, I cannot, under such auspices, refuse to undertake the forlorn hope of combating that wide-spreading corruption, which seems almost to pervert the severity of satire, "that not to be corrupted is the shame," into mere matter of fact; or, at least, to give room to suppose such to be the prevailing opinion. Nothing, therefore, remains for the friends of their country, but to stand it out as long as they can, prepared, at all times, to make as decent an exit as their enemies will permit.

Gentlemen,—The small portion which remains of the real representation of the people (the sole constitutional guardian of our liberty and property) is now confined to the counties and great towns; and even in them, for the most part, government patronage, places, pensions, promises, threats, and the various methods practised at elections, render an uncorrupt body of electors no more to be expected than an uncorrupt Parliament.

I may, however, Gentlemen, be allowed to say, without incurring the suspicion of flattery, that your conduct forms a shining exception; a conduct unparalleled in the annals of this, or, perhaps, any other country; proving to demonstration the falsehood of those malignant asserions of unprincipled men for traitorous ends, that the great mass of the nation is corrupt, and that reform is, therefore, neither desirable nor attainable. This outrageous doctrine, invented by knavery to palliate plunder, you have nobly confuted, and furnished a practical and unanswerable argument in favour of freedom of election.

Gentlemen, at the revolution one honest line securing to the people freedom of election, would have been worth more than all that tedious ostentatious display of principles and objects set forth, but never really provided for, by the Bill of Rights.

I would fain hope, that the example given by the electors of Westminster, might encourage other places still to contend for that small portion of independence which yet remains in the country; and thereby keep alive, at least in the remembrance of their countrymen, their ancient constitutional right to full, fair, and free representation of the people in Parliament, their only quiet and peaceable security at all times for their rights and property, against the despotism and plunder of the few.

For these purposes you shall always find me, either in or out of Parliament ready to lay down my life.

Gentlemen,—I have received the highest honour I can receive, and the best reward—the approbation of those who trusted me, on the expiration of the trust.

That I should have, and that the electors of Westminster should think, that I have conducted myself in it with honour and integrity, will be a never failing source of satisfaction to me, as long as the powers of recollection shall remain to,

Gentlemen, your most affectionate and devoted servant,

FRANCIS BURDETT.

Oxford, 16th Oct. 1812.

12, *Portman-square, Oct.* 14, 1812.

Dear Sir,—You will oblige me by handing the inclosed to the committee for conducting the election for Westminster.

Believe me, sincerely your's,

COCHRANE.

To Mr. Samuel Brooks.

To the Electors of Westminster.

Gentlemen,—Being unable to convey in words the sensations I experience in reflecting on the manner in which you have returned me to Parliament, I shall leave it to you who are capable of such acts, to estimate my feelings.

Permit me, however, in acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 10th instant, and transmitted to me through your committee, to trespass a little on your attention, to offer my congratulations on the effect which has already been produced by the example set by you, on a former occasion, to the electors of the United Kingdom, and to anticipate, that on every future recurrence to the elective franchise, the noble principle for which you are contending will be felt more strongly, and that "the people, rousing from their apathy," will imitate the city of Westminster in the purity of their elections.

In this view of the subject, Gentlemen, I cannot but congratulate you on the recent exercise of the Royal prerogative by the Prince Regent: and being fully convinced that dissolutions of Parliament contribute to the emancipation of the crown, even more (in the present state of the representation) than to the liberty of the subject, I confess that I am not one of those who anticipate that the late constitutional measure will be followed by a breach of the law.

Gentlemen, no part of the cant of the times seems to me more absurd and hypocritical, than the declamation by party-men against what they term the "overwhelming influence of the crown," when the fact is notorious to us all, that the ruling faction in Parliament seize the offices of state, and share them amongst themselves. If a doubt as to this truth is entertained by any one, let them reflect on the language of the parties themselves, "Such an administration cannot stand." And why, Gentlemen? not because the Royal protection has been withdrawn, but because a sufficient number do not agree as to the division of the spoil. What motive has the crown for supporting scandalous abuses that are hostile to the interests of the public? As far as the question regards those who fatten on the plunder of their country, it is needless for me to put it. Our liberties in these days are not in danger from the violent and open exercise of regal authority; such acts being free from the deception practised by the meek representatives of the people, would not be tolerated for an instant. No, Gentlemen, it is by the House of Commons alone that the constitution is subverted, the prerogatives of the crown usurped, the rights of the people trampled upon.

Gentlemen,—I shall not attempt to enumerate the decisions of the late House of Commons, that will stamp indelible disgrace on the memory of

the principal actors, who cannot escape from the contempt and execration of posterity, like the nameless individuals who composed those corrupt majorities. The effects, however, of the system of corruption can be more briefly stated—the prolongation of the war—the increase of the national debt—the depreciation of our currency—the disappearance of our coin—the stagnation of our commerce, and the consequent unexampled embarrassment of our manufacturers.

These are the results—for all which evils, Gentlemen, there is no remedy but in the controul that would be exercised over the public expenditure, by an honest House of Commons, and in the attention that such a House would pay to the interest of the state. Without a change in the principle on which members are returned to Parliament, these objects cannot be attained; nor would a peace, in the present state of things, produce the benefits anticipated by those who are not aware that the manufacturers of France undersell those of England wherever they come in competition. Even at Malta, our commercial depot, for which we commenced a war that costs us five hundred millions sterling, (a sum that would have annihilated the national debt) when I was there, about two years ago, French goods imported under licences, were thence distributed, not only to the neighbouring States of Barbary, but to Spain, and even to Gibraltar! Glass for the use of the British fleet in the Mediterranean, was brought from the dominions of Bonaparte, because it was cheaper! I am in possession of official documents to prove these facts. The stores were full of English goods, which afforded profit to the merchant, not by the course of trade that is beneficial to a country, but by taking the dollars collected to the Commissary General, who furnished them with bills at 30 per cent. premium, paid out of your pockets;—such was the course of exchange caused by the demand for specie for the Sicilian subsidy, and for the pay and maintenance of an army of 16,000 men, to prolong the oppressions of a people, who were able and willing to defend themselves, but not to uphold the tyranny of a wicked government, whose abominable despotism had made a desert of the most fertile soil in the world. A spot which was once the granary of Rome.

To return, however, to our own folly, and to the cause of the ruin of our trade, which the abolition of the orders in council cannot restore, although their promulgation contributed to destroy it—let me call your attention to the total neglect of ministers to the principle of the navigation laws, which were the foundation of the commercial greatness of this country, and of its naval superiority; and in doing so now, you will remember that I have more than once noticed the subject, and that I stated to you more than three years ago, from the documents presented to the House of Commons, that there were then actually 27,000 foreign seamen (the greatest part of whom belonged to countries subject to France) employed in the trade of the Thames.—Yes, Gentlemen, of the river Thames! Whilst in the same year there were only 16,000 British sailors occupied in its commerce to and from all parts of the continent! although the market of Spain had been opened. This was one of the effects of the virtual abandonment of the orders in council, whilst they were nominally upheld as of vital importance. Perhaps, as it is the nature of corruption to spread, in order to increase the patronage of ministers, by the profits arising to individuals from a monopoly of trade, and the sale of licences—a disgraceful traffic—derogatory to the character of the nation, thus are we involved in war with America.

Hurtful, however, as the measures we have pursued have been, our total neglect of others has proved still more beneficial; for whilst France has inflicted the evils of war, or intimidated surrounding States, into a compliance with her views, we, who have possessed the facilities to direct every portion of our force to unknown points within the extensive range of two thousand miles of unprotected shore, have never even made a demonstration with intention to disturb the enemy's projects, and force him to keep his legions at home, where they must be paid and maintained by the treasury of France; but have left him at full liberty to

prosecute his plans at the expense of our allies, or in the way most conducive to his interests; and, surely, nothing could suit him better than to fix the little army of England in the centre of the Peninsula, where its movements are not of a desultory nature, and where, admitting the great ability of its commander, a comparatively small portion of the enemy's force is fully adequate to counteract its known movements! "Just as barbarians engage at boxing, so you make war with Philip; for when one of these receives a blow, that blow engages him: if struck in another part, to that part his hands are shifted; but to ward off the blow, or to watch his antagonist, for this he has neither skill nor spirit. Even so, if you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you send forces thither; if in Thermopyle, thither; if in any other place, you hunt up and down, you follow his standard. But no useful scheme for carrying on the war, no wise provisions are ever thought of, until you hear of some enterprise in execution, or already crowned with success. They who conduct a war with prudence, are not to follow, but to direct events. But you, Athenians! though possessed of the greatest power of all kinds, ships, infantry, cavalry, treasure; yet to this day have never employed any of them seasonably." "It is not in our power to provide a force able to meet him in the open field, but we must harrass him by depredations; thus the war must be carried on."

Gentlemen, as the duration of war, by increasing the taxes, will occasion the permanent decay of our commerce, you will forgive my transcribing these observations, delivered by one of the ablest men of former times, as they are very applicable to our situation. What part of those kingdoms would be secure from attacks if the French possessed a naval superiority, with only 20,000 troops at their disposal—it is obvious that there must be in every district a force equal to that which the enemy could bring against it? I shall abstain from directing your attention to particular objects in illustration of the fact, for the reasons given in the first letter which I had the honour to address to your committee.

Gentlemen, I cannot avoid stating a fact to you which I have often offered to prove at the bar of the late House of Commons; namely, that whilst our commerce has decreased, that kind of trade which is most beneficial to a State, has augmented on the shores of the enemy, in a prodigious ratio, and the produce of the northern and southern provinces is freely interchanged under the protection of the abuses in our Admiralty Courts, which afforded it better security than all the batteries of France; the plain reason for which is, that each of the numerous coasting vessels must, for the benefit of the Court, be separately condemned, at an expense greater than was formerly demanded for the adjudication of an Indiaman! Gentlemen, the rapacity of the Courts is frequently not satisfied by appropriating the whole proceeds to themselves, but the captors are compelled to pay an additional sum for thus performing a service to their country. Gentlemen, that you may have a correct notion of a Proctor's bill, I take the liberty of enclosing one for your inspection, which, I assure you, may be considered very moderate, being only 6 fathoms and a quarter long, or 37 feet 9—whereas I now possess others that extend to 50 feet; but I prefer sending this to your Committee, as it is the one produced by myself in the House of Commons, and by the venerable Earl of Suffolk in the House of Lords—the exhibition of which was pronounced, by the present Lord Chancellor (the brother of the Judge of the Admiralty Court) to be "a species of MUMMERY never before witnessed within those walls, and altogether unbecoming the gravity of that branch of the Legislature."—Whether the attempt to expose abuses, which paralyse the efforts of the British navy, deserve the stigma thus cast upon it, by so grave a character, I leave you, Gentlemen, to determine.

I beg that the items may not pass unobserved, where the Proctor notes his pecuniary reward for attending, feeing, consulting, and admonishing himself, in his other capacity as Marshall, of all which he makes an affidavit, for which also he charges a fee!

I am aware that I have trespassed longer already on your attention than I ought to have done, had the pure

principles on which you conduct the election allowed me to address you personally: however, as this opportunity did not occur, you will, I trust, forgive my adding an extract from a statement which I made two years ago in the House of Commons, on the subject of the Navy Estimate, with a view to contrast the rewards granted for different kinds of services.

Gentlemen, it appears on the Pension List of the Navy, for the year 1810, that "thirty-one commissioners, commissioners' wives and clerks, have 3899*l.* more amongst them than is paid to all the wounded officers of the navy of England! Thirteen daughters of Admirals and Captains, some of whom fell in the service of the country, have amongst them all, from the gratitude of the nation, a sum less than a commissioner's widow! viz.

4 Daughters of the gallant Capt. Courtney 10*l.* 10s. each per annum
1 Daughter of Admiral Sir A. Mitchell, 25*l.* per annum
2 ditto of Admiral Epworth, 25*l.* ditto each
1 ditto of Admiral Kepple, 25*l.* ditto
4 ditto of Admiral Moriarte, 25*l.* ditto each
1 ditto of Captain Mann, 25*l.* ditto.

"Captain Johnson receives 45*l.* a year for the loss of an arm; and poor Lieut. Chamber, who lost both his legs, gets 80*l.* whilst the clerk of the Ticket Office retires on 700*l.*

"To speak less in detail: 32 flag officers, 22 captains, 50 lieutenants, 180 masters, 36 surgeons, 23 pursers, 91 boatswains, 97 gunners, 202 carpenters, 41 cooks, cost the country 4028*l.* less than the net proceeds of the sinecures of Lords Arden, Camden, and Buckingham!—All the superannuated admirals, captains, and lieutenants, have but 1012*l.* more amongst them than Earl Camden's sinecure alone!—All that is paid to the wounded officers of the British Navy, and to the wives and children of those dead or killed in action, does not amount, by 214*l.* to as much as Lord Arden's sinecure!—The Marquis of Buckingham's sinecure will maintain the whole victualling departments at Chatham, Dover, Gibraltar, the Downs, Heligoland, Malta, Cape of Good Hope, and Rio Janeiro, and leave 5,466*l.* in the Treasury. Three of these comfortable sinecures would maintain the dock-yard establishments at Portsmouth and Plymouth; and the sinecures and offices executed wholly by deputy, would more than maintain the ordinary establishment of all the royal dock-yards in the kingdom.—Calculating at the rate of allowance made for Capt. Johnson's arm, Lord Arden's sinecures are equal to the value of 1022 Captains' arms, or, by poor Lieutenant Chambers' pension, to 488 pair of Lieutenants' legs!!!"

Comment is unnecessary: such, Gentlemen, is the reward for long and faithful services, that for exertion I have already shewn you.

Thus the war lingers on, the supplies for which are voted by those who are interested in its continuance: nor will it ever be terminated successfully in pitched battles by the military force of England against the resources of France. Even on the supposition of perfect equality, more men would perish before the contest could be decided, than England now maintains on the continent—could we supply the deficiency?

Gentlemen, to show you that there is no hope from a change of party, unless a Reform in the Commons House of Parliament shall previously take place, "the pensions given by the late Whig Administration to commissioners, clerks, and others, whom they forced out of place to made room for their friends, amounted in thirteen months to 1508*l.* more than the present Administration have given away in the three years that have elapsed since,"—i. e. up to the year 1810.

The example of the industrious bee demonstrates by the law of Nature, that the drone is not to live at the expense of the community—notwithstanding what the Whigs have said of sinecures being held by tenure, equal to that of freehold property.

I have the honour to be, &c.

COCHRANE.

12, *Portman Square*, 14*th Oct.*

FOREIGN EVENTS.

CANADA.

A writer from Lake Ontario, in an American paper, says, "in Canada they make great calculations on the opposition in the United States; but it is the opinion of a person who has lately

passed through Canada, and seen the eagerness with which the Sedition Bill is put in force, 'that there may be a much greater dependence placed on the true republican spirit of Canada.' The suppression of several newspapers, and the prosecutions, may explain that Canada is not without its cautions, whatever it may expect from the domestic enemies of the United States. In regard to Canada, the latest traveller we have seen, Mr. Lambert, assures us, that they represent their population to have trebled in 40 years, and that allowing the whole population to be 200,000, of which Upper Canada does not contain one third, yet not one-fifth of Lower Canada understands English. The English language is not taught in the seminaries, and the little industry and less ambition of the French Canadians in their present state, has occasioned a general deficiency of education.—That the exports of Canada into the United States, had not been in 1807, half the value of their imports. The distance from Quebec to the eastern part of Lake Ontario, at Kingstown, was 385 English miles; and to Fort Erie 560 miles; to Niagara 522 miles; and to Detroit 790 miles; to Montreal 184 miles; and Michilimacanac, 1107 miles. The distance from Quebec to New York is given at 588. The press has been feared, and since newspapers have been printed in Quebec and Montreal, opposition papers have appeared, which have excited the attention of the Government. The domesticated Indians of Canada have been reduced from 16 to 2000. The care taken to publish and execute the Sedition Bill, speaks the caution of this Government, and some resistance to the military arrangements in Upper Canada, Kingston, justify the apprehensions of the governor. Fort Erie is upon the entrance of the lake of that name: after passing the Niagara river, as by the above table, is 35 miles from Niagara, and 175 from Kingston. Ontario lays between 43 and 44 degrees of north latitude, and its eastern end is one degree east of the longitude of Washington, and one degree of Philadelphia. The western part is about two degrees west of Washington, and its greatest breadth about two-thirds of a degree. In York they have their wharfs and vessels, which have regularly cleared out for the southern side of the lake, which is included in that part of New York State, usually called the Genessee country. It is with this lake the great canal is to communicate, which has lately passed the two houses of New York legislature, with permission to borrow for its aid five millions of dollars for 15 years, at 6 per cent.

GERMANY.

On the 20th of August, the Director, Seffer, at Munich, observed the new comet with an instrument of a Ramsden's and a Dollond four-foot telescope, which magnified 275 times. He found it had a tail a degree and a half long, and could distinctly discern the nucleus surrounded by a nebulous atmosphere similar, like that of the last comet, to the zodiacal light, but somewhat more luminous and dense, which seems to confirm the conjecture, that comets are the elements of planets.

A fire broke out on the 6th of August, in an hospital for casualties at Munich. The building contained, at the time of the conflagration, 102 patients, the greater part of whom must have perished, had not a high wind, at the period of the greatest danger, blown down the roof, and suddenly extinguished the flames. The shrieks and groans of the half-buried patients were so appalling, that four females died of fright. By incredible exertions, however, all the patients, except nine, were dug out alive; but several have since died, and others are deemed irrecoverable.

A fire broke out at Baden, in the Austrian States, last month, which consumed 136 houses, and several small vessels. The damage is estimated at 1,574,000 florins.

PALESTINE.

The Gathering of the Jews, or the Approach of the Millenium.

Letters from various parts of Germany state, that great sensations have been excited among various classes of the inhabitants of Germany, by several preachers having held forth to their congregations that the approach of the time of the Millenium had arrived, and this doctrine has been illustrated from the departure of a great

number of Jewish families from different parts of Germany, on their way to the Holy Land. The following letter from Mr. Niety, a merchant in Riga, has been published on this subject:—

"My son was last summer in the Crimea, and returning towards the end of autumn, by way of Odessa, he heard a report that many Jewish families emigrated through that town. During his journey through Poland, he met himself many travelling Jews. —When he afterwards lodged in a town inhabited by Jews, and met there with a German Jew, he entered into conversation with him, and asked him, to what country the emigrating Jewish families went? He replied, to Palestine, to settle in the country of their Fathers, having a presentiment that the Messiah would now soon come. The rich of the nation, scattered in different parts of the world, made collections for the journey expenses of the poor.—This account of my son excited my attention. I wrote to one of our friends at Wilna, as Poland is the chief seat of these people, and asked him concerning these movements, and the probable causes of them, to which I received, within these few days, the following answer:"

'I have also received interesting accounts concerning the Jews. There is among them a general desire to return to the land of their Fathers. Many of them are probably impelled by need, as there is a stagnation of all trade here; but many are moved by the expectation of the coming of the Messiah in about eight years. The same persons, from whom I accidentally heard this, told me, on another occasion, that fifteen years hence probably no Jew would be left in this country. In the present times of confusion, this memorable people, scattered in all the world, is little noticed; but if the above information is confirmed in process of time, and more generally, that impulse among them is certainly one of the remarkable signs of the times,'—Thus far from this letter.

"This intelligence excited my attention; and as I undertook another journey to the German colonies in Poland, in the months of May and June of 1811, I resolved to ascertain the foundation of these facts. In two towns, which are inhabited by many Jews, I received from their leaders the following account: That it was certainly true, that for two years, some hundred Jewish families had emigrated from Poland into Palestine. Enquiring into the purpose of their emigration, I was answered, that they hoped the promises of the Prophets would now soon be accomplished, that the Lord would gather the people of Israel from all parts of the earth, where they were scattered, into the lands of their Fathers, and that they would there wait for the appearance of the Messiah; for after their Rabbies had often been mistaken in fixing the time of his coming, they now were persuaded that he would come at length. When I replied that they might again be mistaken, they said—No matter; if those who now go to Palestine should not live to see the coming of the Messiah, they, however, are gathered in the Holy land with their Fathers, and whenever the Messiah comes, they will be raised from their graves. The places from whence these emigrations are most frequent, they said to be Brody in Volhinia, and Wilna in Lithuania. Though I was led to many observations by this statement, yet the proper aim of my journey did not permit me to pursue the subject."

SPAIN.

The two parties of Spaniards, who call each other *Liberales* and *Serviles*, continue in an active state of political hostility, and the Inquisition still forms a principal topic in their discussions. It appears, that when the French abandon any place, there are always a number of the latter, whose only anxiety appears to be, to re-introduce the most objectionable forms and practices of the old government, and in particular to restore the Sanguinary Tribunal. An instance of this kind is thus noticed in a paper of the 10th:—"It is said, that the *dead* Inquisition of Seville has given signs of *revivification* since the French disappeared, and that preparations were even making for the brotherhood to celebrate, in a body, a solemn church service.—General Cruz, however, opposed this, declaring that he had no orders for re-establishing any

corporation, and still less those which, far from being included among the tribunals authorised by the constitution, are in direct contradiction to its salutary principles."

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

[*Continued from p.* 258.]

The *Eighteenth*, dated Mojaisk, Sept. 20, after mentioning the taking a strong redoubt on the left of the enemy, reckoning their force at 120 or 130,000 men, proceeds thus:—On the 7th, at two in the morning, the Emperor was surrounded by the Marshals in the position taken the evening before. At half past five o'clock, the sun rose without clouds: it had rained the preceding evening. "This is the sun of Austerlitz," said the Emperor. Though but the month of September, it was as cold as December in Moravia. —The army received the omen: the drum beat, and the following order of the day was read:—

"Soldiers! behold the field of battle you have so much desired! henceforth victory depends on you: it is necessary to us! it will give us plenty, good quarters for the winter, and a speedy return to your country. Behave yourselves as you did at Austerlitz, at Fredland, Vitepsk, at Smolensk; and that the latest posterity may speak of your conduct this day with pride—that it may say of you. 'He was at that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'"

"At the imperial Camp on the heights of Borodino, 7th Sept: Three o'clock A.M."

The army answered with reiterated acclamations. The ground on which the army stood was spread with the dead bodies of the Russians killed the preceding day. Prince Poniatowsky, who was on the right, put himself in motion to turn the forest, on which the enemy rested his left. The Prince of Eckmuhl marched on the skirt of the forest, the division Compans at the head. Two batteries of 60 cannon each, commanding the enemy's position, had been constructed in the night. —At six o'clock, General Count Sorbier, who had armed the battery on the right with the artillery of the reserve of the guard, commenced the fire. General Pernetty, with thirty pieces of cannon, put himself at the head of the division Compans (4th of the 1st corps), who skirted the wood, turning the head of the enemy's position. At half past six General Compans was wounded; at seven the Prince of Eckmuhl had his horse killed. The attack advanced: the musketry commenced. The Vice-Roy, who formed our left, attacks and carries the village of Borodino, which the enemy could not defend; that village being on the left bank of the Kologha. At seven the Marshal Duke of Elchingen put himself in motion, and under the protection of sixty pieces of cannon, which General Foucher had placed the evening before against the enemy's centre, bore upon the centre. A thousand pieces of cannon spread death on all sides. At eight o'clock the positions of the enemy were carried, his redoubts taken, and our artillery crowned his heights. The advantage of position which the enemy's batteries had enjoyed for two hours, now belonged to us. The parapets which had been occupied against us during the attack, were now to our advantage. The enemy saw the battle lost, which he thought had only commenced. A part of his artillery was taken; the rest was withdrawn to his lines in the rear. In this extremity he attempted to restore the combat, and to attack with all his masses those strong positions which he was unable to protect. Three hundred pieces of French cannon placed on these heights, thundered upon his masses, and his soldiers died at the foot of those parapets which they had raised with so much labour, and as a protecting shelter. The King of Naples with the cavalry, made various charges. The Duke of Elchingen covered himself with glory, and displayed as much intrepidity as coolness. The Emperor ordered a charge of the front, the right in advance; this movement made us masters of three parts of the field of battle. Prince Poniatowsky fought in the wood with various success. There still remained to the enemy his redoubts to the right. General Count Morand marched thither, and carried them; but at nine in the morning, attacked on all sides, he could not maintain himself there. The enemy,

encouraged by this advantage, made his reserve and his last troops advance to try his fortune again. The Imperial Guards formed a part of them. He attacked our centre, which formed the pivot to our right. For a moment it was feared that he might carry the village which was burnt; the division Friant advanced thither 80 pieces of French cannon immediately arrest, and then annihilate the enemy's columns, which stood for two hours in close order, under the chain-shot, not daring to advance, unwilling to retire, and renouncing the hope of victory. The King of Naples decided their uncertainty. He caused the 4th corps of cavalry to make a charge, who penetrated through the breaches which our cannon shot had made in the condensed masses of the Russians, and the squadrons of their Cuirassiers; they dispersed on all sides. The General of Division Count Caulaincourt, Governor of the Emperor's Pages, advanced at the head of the 5th regiment of Cuirassiers, overthrew every thing, and entered the redoubt on the left by its gorge. From this moment there was no longer any uncertainty. The battle was gained. He turned upon the enemy the 21 pieces of cannon which were found in the redoubt. Count Caulaincourt, who had distinguished himself in this fine charge, has terminated his career. He fell dead, struck by a bullet; a glorious death, and worthy to be envied. It was now two in the afternoon; the enemy had lost all hope; the battle was ended, the cannonade still continued; the enemy fought for retreat and safety, but no longer for victory. The loss of the enemy is enormous; from 12 to 13,000 men, and from 8 to 9000 Russian horses, have been counted on the field of battle: 60 pieces of cannon and 5000 prisoners have remained in our power. We have had 2500 killed, and thrice that number wounded. Our total loss may be estimated at 10,000 men; that of the enemy, at from 40 to 50,000. Never was there seen such a field of battle. Out of six dead bodies, there were five Russians for one Frenchman. Forty Russian Generals were killed, wounded, or taken: General Bagration was wounded. We have lost the General of Division Montbrun, killed by a cannon ball; General Count Caulaincourt, who was sent to occupy his place, was killed by a shot of the same kind, an hour afterwards. The Generals of brigade Compere, Flauzanne, Marion, Huart, were killed; seven or eight Generals were wounded, the most of them slightly. The Prince of Eckmuhl has received no injury. The French troops covered themselves with glory, and displayed their great superiority to the Russian troops. Such, in a few words, is a sketch of the battle of Moskwa. We fired 60,000 cannon-shot, which are already replaced by the arrival of 800 artillery-carts, which passed Smolensko previous to the battle. All the woods and villages from the field of battle to this place are covered with dead and wounded. We have found here 9000 killed or amputated Russians. A number of Generals and Colonels are prisoners. The Emperor was never exposed; neither the foot nor horse guards were engaged, or lost a single man. The victory was never uncertain. Had the enemy, when driven from his entrenchments, not endeavoured to retake them, our loss would have been greater than his; but he destroyed his army by keeping it, from eight o'clock til two, under the fire of our batteries, and in obstinately attempting to regain that which was lost. This was the cause of his immense loss.

The *Nineteenth* bulletin is dated Moscow, Sept. 16th.—After the battle of the Moskwa the French army pursued the enemy upon Moscow, by the three routes, Mojaisk, Sevenigorod, and Kalouga. The King of Naples was on the 9th at Koubinskoe, the Viceroy at Rouza, and Prince Poniatowski at Feminskoe. The head-quarters were on the 12th transferred from Mojaisk to Peselina; on the 13th they were at the castle Berwska; on the 14th, at mid-day, we entered Moscow. The enemy had raised on the Sparrow Mountain, two wersts from the city, some redoubts, which he abandoned. —The city of Moscow is as large as Paris; it is an extremely rich city, full of palaces of all the nobles of the Empire. The Russian Governor, Rostopchin, wished to ruin this fine city when he saw it abandoned by the Russian army. He had armed 3000 malefactors, whom he had taken from

the dungeons; he also summoned together 6000 satellites, and distributed arms among them from the arsenal. —Our advanced guard, asrrived in the centre of the city, was received by a fire of musketry, which issued from the Kremlin. The King of Naples ordered a battery of a few pieces of cannon to be opened, dispersed this rabble, and took possession of the Kremlin. We have found in the arsenal 60,000 new muskets, and 120 pieces of cannon, on their carriages. The most complete anarchy reigned in the city; some drunken madmen ran through its different quarters, and every where set fire to them. The Governor Rostopchin had caused all the merchants and shopkeepers to be carried off, through whose instrumentality order might have been re-established. More than 400 French and Germans were arrested by his orders; in fine, he had taken the precaution of carrying off the firemen with the fire-engines; so that the most complete anarchy has desolated this great and fine city, and the flames are devouring it. We have found in it considerable resources of every kind. The Emperor is lodged in the Kremlin, which is in the centre of the city, like a kind of citadel, surrounded by high walls. Thirty thou and wounded or sick Russians are in the hospitals, abandoned, without succour, and without nourishment.

The *Twentieth* bulletin is dated Moscow, Sept. 17th.—The Russians have celebrated *Te Deum* for the battle of Polotzk. *Te Deums* have been sung for the battles of Riga, for the battle of Ostrowno, and for that of Smolensk. According to the Russian accounts they were every where conquerors, and they drove the French to a great distance from the field of battle. It was then amidst the strains of the Russian *Te Deums* that the army arrived at Moscow. There they thought themselves conquerors, at least the populace thought so for well-informed persons knew what was passing. Moscow is the *entrepot* of Asia and Europe. Its warehouses were immense; every house was provided for eight months with necessaries of every description. It was only the evening before, and the day of our entrance, that the danger became known. We found in the house of the miserable Rostopchin some papers, and a letter half written; he fled without finishing it.—Moscow, one of the finest and richest cities in the world, is no more. On the 14th, the Russians set fire to the Exchange, to the Bazar, and the Hospital. On the 16th, a violent wind arose—Three or four hundred ruffians set fire to the city in 500 different places at the same moment, by order of the Governor Rostopchin. Five sixths of the houses were built of wood; the fire spread with a prodigious rapidity; it was an ocean of flame.—Churches, of which there were a 1000, —above 1000 palaces, immense magazines, nearly all have fallen a prey to the flames. The Kremlin has been preserved.—Their loss is incalculable for Russia, for her commerce, and for her nobility, who had left all there. It is not over-rating its value to state it at many milliards. About 160 of these incendiaries have been apprehended and shot: all of them declared that they acted under the orders of Rostopchin, and the Director of the Police.—Thirty thousand sick and wounded Russians have been burnt. The richest commercial houses in Russia have been ruined. The shock must be considerable. The clothing, the magazines, and the equipments of the Russian army have been consumed. They have thus lost every thing; they would remove nothing, because they always thought it impossible for us to reach Moscow, and because they were willing to deceive the people. When they saw all in the hands of the French, they conceived the horrible project of destroying by fire this first capital, this holy city, the centre of the empire; and they have reduced to beggary 200,000 respectable inhabitants. This is the crime of Rostopchin, executed by felons liberated from the prisons—The resources which the army had found are consequently much diminished; however, we have collected, and are still collecting, a number of necessaries. All the cellars are untouched by the fire, and the inhabitants, during the last 24 hours, had saved many articles. They endeavoured to stop the progress of the flames, but the Governor had taken the horrid precaution to carry off or destroy all the engines. The army is reco-

vering from its fatigues; it has abundance of bread, potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables, meat, salted provisions, wine, brandy, sugar, coffee, and in short, provisions of all sorts. The advanced guard is twenty wersts on the road to Kassau, by which the enemy is retreating. Another French advanced guard is on the road to St. Petersbourgh, where the enemy have not a single soldier. The temperature is still that of autumn, the soldiers have found, and continue to find, a number of pelisses and furs for the winter. Moscow was the depot of those articles.

The *Twenty-first* bulletin is dated Moscow, Sept. 20th.—Three hundred incendiaries have been arrested and shot; they were provided with fuses six inches long, which they had between two pieces of wood; they had also squibs, which they threw upon the roofs of the houses. The wretch Rostopchin had these prepared on the pretence that he wished to send a balloon full of combustible matter amidst the French army. He thus got together the squibs and other materials necessary for the execution of his project. The fires subsided on the 19th and 20th; three quarters of the city are burned; among other palaces that beautiful one of Catharine, which had been newly furnished; not above a quarter of the houses remain. While Rostopchin was taking away the fire engines of the city, he left behind him 60,000 muskets, 150 pieces of cannon, more than 100,000 balls and shells, 1,500,000 cartridges, 400,000lbs. of gunpowder, 400,000lbs. of salpetre and sulphur, were discovered at a fine establishment, half a league from the city; this is a matter of importance: we are now supplied with ammunition for two compaigns.—We every day discover cellars full of wine and brandy.—The conflagration of this capital will throw Russia 100 years back. The weather is becoming rainy; the greatest part of the army is in barracks, in Moscow.

The *Twenty-second* bulletin is dated Moscow, Sept. 27th.—The Consul-General Lesseps, has been appointed Intendant of the Province of Moscow. He has organized a municipality and several commissions, all composed of inhabitants of the country. The fires have entirely ceased. We every day discover magazines of sugar, fur, clothes, &c. The enemy's army appears to retire upon Kalouga and Toula. —Toula contains the greatest manufactory of arms in all Russia.

Our advanced guard is upon the Pakra. The Emperor is lodged in the Imperial Palace of the Kremlin. We have found in the Kremlin several of the ornaments used at the coronation of the Emperors, and all the flags taken from the Turks for upwards of 100 years. The weather is nearly the same as at the end of October at Paris. It rains a little and we have had some white frosts. We are assured that the Moskwa, and the rivers of the country do not freeze before the middle of November. The greater-part of the army is cantoned at Moscow, where it rests from its fatigues.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

TUESDAY night, the 22d ult. a haystack belonging to one Tyler, in the parish of Great Marlow, was discovered by a neighbour to be in flames. By this fortunate discovery the fire was prevented from communicating to the dwelling-house, which was contiguous, and where the family were in bed and asleep. Tyler is a game-keeper, and supposed to be obnoxious to some persons, owing to his making a deal of money by the sale of rabbits. These animals being now protected by the Game Laws, has added to the oppressive operation of those laws, and hence Tyler has, in consequence, been subject to various other malicious depredations. About fourteen months ago, some valuable dogs under his care were poisoned, and last spring a hut in the woods, where the keepers took shelter in bad weather, and deposited their dog-spears and rabbit traps, was fired, and burnt to the ground: fifty guineas reward were offered for the discovery of those who poisoned the dogs, but no detection followed, nor did it prevent Tyler from afterwards having his house sto-

len. Doubtless the Game Laws are a great grievance: since they have been extended to rabbits, they have been the ruin of many an industrious man; but this is not the way in which they ought to be opposed. It is the duty of Parliament to hear and redress all popular grievances: to it let application be made. Such acts as those above recited are a disgrace to society, and every good man must desire that the authors of them may be detected, and punished with all the rigour of the law.

CHESHIRE.

Annual Meeting of the Wirral and Western Cheshire Agricultural Society at Carlet Ferry.—The ploughing match excited considerable interest, and was well contested. Three Judges were selected to decide on the merits of the respective Candidates; and they unanimously adjudged the first premium to the ploughman of Mr. Sudworth, of Blacon Point, with two horses-abreast, without a driver. The second premium was awarded to the ploughman of Mr. Ashurst, of Puddington, with two horses in length, without a driver, and the third to the ploughman of Mr. Murry, of Blacon, with two horses-abreast, without a driver. The shew of cattle, &c. followed, after which the secretary announced the adjudication of the premiums in general. The company then retired to dinner.

In the course of the afternoon was presented Benjamin Much, a labourer in husbandry, of Saughall Massie, whose judicious management of a But of natural ground, twenty yards lon , by two yards broad obtained for him in 1811, a return of 18*l.* 0s. 6d. by the produce sold. This drew forth the highest commendations of the Society. The same person likewise claimed and received the premium for having maintained eleven children, born in wedlock, without parochial relief.

DEVONSHIRE.

On the 17th inst. a farmer's wife, near King's-bridge, Devon, was found murdered in the kitchen, on the return of her husband from labour. The clothes of the murderer were found in the kitchen, he having, with great coolness, put on those of the master of the house. A close pursuit was instantly commenced by Mr. Lane and others, from Kings-bridge; and as it was judged probable that the villain had taken a route westward, they proceeded to Plymouth. The constables of Plymouth and of Plymouth dock were soon on the alert, and vigilantly examined the whole of the public-houses, &c. on Sunday, without effect.

On Monday morning, although it blew a most tremendous gale, Mr. Lane determined to cross the New Passage, near Plymouth-dock, and seized the murderer in the passage-house, on the opposite side, at Torpoint, preparing to go into Cornwall. He had then on the clothes of the husband of the deceased, instantly confessed the fact, and was recognized as a well-known pedestrian who had been in the habit of supplying the counties of Devon and Cornwall with ballads, &c. He said he approached the house in which the deceased lived, and having ascertained the absence of the owner, he entered the kitchen, found the woman busily employed about dinner, knocked her down with a broom-stick, took up a bill-hook which he stuck into her neck, and finished the business by cutting her throat with a pruning knife. That he then took 4*l.* out of her pocket, and opening a drawer, took out the clothes of her husband and put them on, leaving his own on the ground. Being strongly suspected of the horrible murder of Margaret Huxtable, of Dadbrook, he declined answering the questions put to him; said, that he knew he should be hung, and that, if he had any confessions to make, he had time on the road, and should have some conversation with the officers.—Before he quitted Plymouth-dock, he was recognized by an officer, as having been sentenced to two years imprisonment at Exeter, in the year 1809, for attempting to violate and murder a child. The similarity of this latter case, with the horrible circumstances attendant on the rape and murder of the unfortunate infant, Huxtable, render it a matter of considerable probability, that this wretch is the vile perpetrator of the latter deed—a deed which, if considered in all its circumstances, is perhaps unparalleled, even in the annals of atrocity.

Farther Account.——Wednesday morning was committed to Exeter goal,

by the Rev. E. Edmonds, Thomas Liscombe, labourer, charged with the wilful murder of Margaret Huxtable, at Dadbrook, a child about nine years of age, in January last; also with the murder of Sarah Ford, aged 60, at North Huish, on Saturday the 17th inst. When taken near Plymouth, he confessed the murder of the said Sarah Ford, which he effected in a most barbarous manner, by first beating her with a broom-stick, and cutting her neck with a wood hook; he then took from her person twenty-two-shillings and six-pence, threw a bag over her head, closed the window curtain, went up stairs, broke open a box, took an entire suit of clothes belonging to the husband of the deceased, in which he dressed himself, left the house after locking the door, and throwing away the key; he then went to the river, where he sunk the whole of his own clothes, except his hat, which he left near the corpse of the woman. On being interrogated respecting the murder of the child, he made the following confession—that about six o'clock in the evening of the 20th of January last, he met the child between Bell Cross and the houses; that he entreated her to shew him the way to Sentry-gate, and he would give her a penny: she complied with his request, and proceeded over the stone steps and stile leading to it, that in the second field, he took her out of the path, went across that field into the next, where he attempted to violate her person, but could not effect it, in consequence of her cries and resistance; he then took a stick from the hedge, struck her twice on the head, which he supposed to have stunned her, as she made no more noise, afterwards dashed her head to pieces by large stones, and it being dark, he says, to be quite certain she was dead, he felt with his hand, and found her brains were beaten out; he stript her of all her clothes but her stockings, which he intended to have taken away, but thinking them of little value, left them in the same field, except the shift; he then went to a pool, near Sentry-gate, washed his trowsers and his hands, and wiped them with the shift, which he threw into the hedge; he returned to his lodgings at Moreleigh, at about half past nine o'clock. For this murder he was taken up in January last, and after four examinations discharged. He is a short man, of a most forbidding appearance.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

An affray unfortunately took place in the beginning of this month, in Holbeach marsh, when a labourer in the service of Mr. Wilders, was killed by a servant of Mr. Cooper.—The following are more authentic particulars of this affair, as stated before the Coroner:—An inquest was held on Wednesday, the 7th instant, by S. Edwards, jun. Gent. on the body of John Delmore, labourer, a native of King's County, Ireland, whose death was thus occasioned. The witnesses examined on this occasion were two women who were present at the time the scuffle happened. Their evidences were pretty much alike, both stating that Mr. W. Wilders came into the field to call his labourers to go and assist him in getting his waggons along the road, to the creek where he was delivering his corn; upon which occasion he desired them to take their sickles with them, but to take a stick a piece, in case Mr. Cooper's labourer should attack them, but Mr. W. begged of them not to hurt any body. The deceased was passing alongside a waggon which Mr. C. had placed across the road, close to a gate, to prevent Mr. Wilders' teams from getting forward, when one Alderman, a labourer in the employ of Mr. C. struck the unfortunate man over the head with a hodding spade, which made him stagger, and knocked his hat off. Alderman immediately repeated his blow, by chopping Delmore on his naked head with his weapon, upon which, the women declare, they saw the blood, instantly following the blow, drop from the spade, and the unhappy victim of Alderman's fury fell on the ground. The jury adjourned until Monday the 12th, that the evidence of some other persons might be produced, when they again met, and returned a verdict of *Wilful Murder* against Alderman, who has since been committed to Lincoln Castle to take his trial.

YORKSHIRE.

At Brompton, in the parish of Northallerton, the poor have been supplied with wheat of the best quality during the present distressing scarcity,

PRICE OF STOCKS, from SEPTEMBER 28, to OCTOBER 27, 1812, both inclusive.

Day. 1812	Bank Stock.	India Stock	S. S. Sto	3 p. Cent Reduc.	3 p. Cent Consols.	4 pCet. Annu.	5 p Cent Navy.	Irish 5p.C	Loyalt. 5 p. C.	Imperial 3 p Cent.	Imperial Anns.	Long Anns.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	New S. Sea Anns.	Omnium.	Old S. Sea Anns.	Cons. forNov.
Sep.																		
28	Shut			Shut	56⅞ 7½	Shut	88	Shut	Shut			Shut	5s.dis.	2s.pm		3¼ pm.	Shut	58
29	Do.			Do.	57⅛ ¼	Do.	88⅛	Do.	Do.			Do.	7s.dis.	2s.pm		3½ pm.	Do.	58
30	Do.	167		Do.	57½ 8⅝	Do.	88¼	Do.	Do.	56⅞	5 1-16th	Do.	6s.dis.	2s.pm		4⅛ pm.	Do.	58¼
Oct.																		
1	Do.	165½		Do.	57⅞ 8⅛	Do.	88½	Do.	Do.			Do.	6s.dis.	3s.pm	58⅛	4¼ pm.	Do.	58¼
2	Do.			Do.	57⅝ 8	Do.	88¼	Do.	Do.	57⅛		Do.	6s.dis.	4s.pm		4¼ pm.	Do.	58¼
3	Do.			Do.	57½ ⅞	Do.	88	Do.	Do.	Shut		Do.	6s dis.	4s.pm		3⅝ pm.	Do.	58
5	Do.			Do.	57⅝ 8	Do.	88⅛	Do.	Do.	Do.	Shut	Do.	7s.dis.	3s.pm		3⅞ pm.	Do.	58⅛
6	Do.			Do.	57⅞ ⅝	Do.	88	Do.	Do.	Do.	Do.	Do.	9s.dis.	2s.pm		4⅛ pm.	Do.	58¼
7	Do.	164¼		Do.	57⅞ 8½	Do.	88¼	Do.	Do.	Do.	Do.	Do.	8s.d.s.	1s.pm	58⅛	4½ pm.	Do.	58¾
8	Do.	164		Do.	58¼ ½	Do.	88½	Do.	Do.	Do.	Do.	Do.	7s.dis.	3s.pm		4⅞ pm.	Do.	58⅝
9	Do.			Do.	58¼ ⅜	Do.	88¾	Do.	Do.	Do.	Do.	Do.	3s.dis.	4s.pm		5 pm.	Do.	
10	Do.	164½	62¼	Do.	58¼ ½	Do.	89		Do.	Do.	Do.	Do.	2s.dis.	5s pm		4¾ pm.	Do.	59
12	216¾			57⅛ ¼	58¼ ½		72¾		89⅛	85½	Do.	Do.	1s.dis.	5s.pm		4¼ pm.	Do.	58⅞
13	216¾			57¼ 56⅞	58⅜		72¾		89⅛		Do.	Do.	2s.dis.	5s.pm		4⅜ pm.	Do.	58⅝
14			62⅝	57¼ ⅛	58½ ⅜		72¾		89¼		Do.	Do.	1s.dis.	6s.pm		4⅜ pm.	Do.	58⅞
15	216	163½		57⅛ ¼	58¼ ½		73		89⅜		Do.	Do.	1s.dis.	6s.pm		4⅜ pm.	Do	58⅞
16	215			57⅛ ⅛	58⅜ ½		73		89½			Do.	1s.dis.	7s.pm		4⅜ pm.	56⅞	58⅞
17			62	57⅛ 7	58⅛ ⅛		73		89⅝			Do.	2s.dis.	6s.pm		4⅜ pm.		58⅝
19			62	57⅛	58⅛ ¼		73		89½			Do.	3s.dis.	6s.pm		4¼ pm.		58⅝
20	215	163½		57⅛ 7	58⅛ ¼		73⅛		89⅝			Do.	3s.dis.	5s.pm		4⅛ pm.		58⅝
21				57⅛ ⅜	58¼ ⅜		73¼		89¾			Do.	3s.dis.	4s.pm		4⅜ pm.	57	58¾
22	213	162½		57⅛ ¼	58¼ ⅜		73¼		89⅞			Do.	5s.dis	5s.pm		4½ pm.		58¾
23	214	163½		57⅜ ⅜	58¾		73⅜		90¼			Do.	3s.dis.	5s.pm		4¾ pm.		59⅛
24				57⅜ ⅜	59 8¾		73⅜		90¼			Do.	3s.dis.	5s.pm		5⅛ pm.		59⅜
26	holida.																	
27	214¾			57¼ ⅜	58⅜ ⅜		73⅜		90⅛			Do.	3s.dis.	4s.pm		5⅛ pm.		59¼

N. B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols, the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks, the *highest* only.

J. M. RICHARDSON, STOCK BROKER, No. 23, Cornhill.

THE
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N° CVIII.—Vol. XVIII.] *For* NOVEMBER, 1812. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On the various Opinions concerning *the* Nature *of* Christianity; *shewing that a wrong conception of its nature leads to the production of improper and deceptious evidence to prove its reality; and then examining what is Christianity, and what evidence it offers to make it credible to Man.*

Sir,

VARIOUS are the opinions on what is Christianity? So various indeed, and so indecisive, that I know not any *two persons*, I will not say sects, who, separated into two different rooms would give an exactly similar definition, was the question to be suddenly proposed to them. Some state *Christianity* to be *the Kingdom of truth*, in which *the Christ*, by the force of *truth*, brings persons to be obedient to *the truth*, and that as a kingdom, it is necessarily supported by *a Government*. Others consider what they call the doctrines of Christianity to be Christianity itself. Others seem, by their assiduity to defend the authenticity of the writings of the New Testament, to think that those writings are Christianity itself. Others seem to consider Christianity to be a system of morality, and that virtue, morality, and Christianity are one. There are others, like the Calvinists, who make Christianity appear to be a peculiar sentiment, such as Predestination, &c. as also the Methodists do with universal redemption. Who is right? Can a man be a Christian and not know the meaning of the Christian name? Few persons acquaint others of their mental anxieties; but I knew one, an ingenious young man, by birth an Israelite, by education a member of the church of England. He was arrived at the age at which the establishment requires of its members, that they should be confirmed by the Bishop. It is an age, that serious impressions begin to take hold of the mind; he felt their force with anxiety, and in consequence, stated to his guardian, that he did not know how to act; a confirmation was about to take place in his parish church, and his friends expected him to be there; but he could not, without self condemnation, for he had constantly attended the church for six years, he had heard many excellent moral truths, but he had never heard, or never understood what was Christianity: how can I, said he, without hypocrisy be confirmed unless I am to be confirmed in my ignorance? The case of this young man will, I think, be found to be the case of the major part of those who call themselves Christians. They bear the name of some sect, they sometimes may possibly know the tenets of some particular party; but though they are ready to die in defence of Christianity, they know not any thing concerning it.

If a man considers the resurrection of Jesus as Christianity, he will endeavour to substantiate Christianity, by proving the resurrection of Jesus. If Christianity is true, there must be unanswerable and omnipresent evidence demonstrative of its truth; but the resurrection of Jesus has been believed, 1 Cor. xv. and, even, its consequences, our future resurrection denied. This therefore, is not an unanswerable evidence. Neither is it omnipresent, for it, itself, to be believed as a fact by conviction, and not by hearsay, requires close and steady examination; on conviction

I firmly believe it to be true, but can freely exonerate that man from censure, who on examination rejects it, because I am acquainted with its difficulties.

Truly excellent, pleasing, and instructive, are the evidences of Christianity, arising from the moral excellence it inculcates, and the benign and admirable dispositions it implants in the mind of man; equally so are those evidences of the truth of Scriptrue produced by comparison, and history; but still they lay, if possible, under greater disadvantages of a similar nature to the resurrection of Jesus. There may have been men of great minds, who have received the scriptures as truth, on such examination, and have walked blamelessly and usefully before God; but is such intricate evidence adapted to the meanest understanding, and the most uneducated mind? Or, are such to receive this religion from the evidence of most learned men? And, are they to be saved or condemned, according to the strength or weakness of their credibility in human testimony?

For a moment, suppose we admit that the resurrection of Jesus is proved to be true; does it follow that Christianity is true? The amiable, virtuous, useful life of Jesus, concluded by a voluntary submission to death, being in obedience to the divine command, was honoured by the divine power, by raising him from the dead, and therefore it behoves me to obey the commands of Jesus, that I may be raised as he was. The first part I allow, there is a rationality in my faith, for Jesus acted upon positive evidence; he commanded, and the dead were raised, the sick were healed, the maimed restored; he had evidences of divine power accompanying his teaching. But if my life is, like his, to be contradictory to the lives of all mankind, and I am to become, like him, a sacrifice to *my supposed* obedience, I must have, as he had, from God, sufficient evidence that such are his commands, and that obedience to them will have his similar approbation; and know, like him, that if exact obedience leads me to the fire, the gallows, or the cross, I shall by losing my life gain a better, and a more glorious life. Till therefore I have received, I will not say the same evidence; but similar *miraculous divine* evidence, I may believe, but am not compelled to believe the evidence of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus; much less can I be called to obey God from such hopes, unless the commands can be stated, the same divine approbation given, and the like promises are offered to me, that induced him to act.

In addition to the admission of the resurrection of Jesus, let me, for a moment, also admit, that the writings of the New Testament are true, that the facts recorded were really performed, and that the persons who wrote the various histories and epistles, were the persons who are in general said to have written them. Still I say, and I think unanswerably, there is much addressed to my understanding; much addressed to my moral capacity; I may find many beautiful laws, but there is not in it a system to regulate *my faith*, as divine command for *my action*, evidence to condemn my non reception of its precepts, and not acting upon them unto death. Those to whom these histories were addressed, those to whom the epistles were sent, if the histories and epistles were true, had confirmatory evidence; they are said to have seen Jesus perform miracles, and his apostles do wonders; nay more, they did wonders themselves. Convince me of my duty, set before me my inducement, then, like them, I ought to obey. The Deity cannot be a hard master, he cannot require to act, where he has not made his will known. On this ground I believe the Old Testament, I see all I want and ought to expect, in the divine dealings to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David, all the Prophets, and Israel at large, and I behold till the time of the captivity, the knowledge of the divine will and obedience to it, in a general way free from schism. I see this divine miraculous power cease from the captivity, or rather, from the time just prior to the age of the Maccabees to that of John the Baptist. 'And in this period, I see the religions of Israel split into parties similar to the Christian, every one adoring his own Shibboleth, and condemning his neigh-

bour to divine judgment. As I read with pity the history, so I look with the same pity at the divisions of Christians. I ask, why did not Israel define the œconomy of God by Moses? and I, say now, alas! for the world! alas for Christians! why do not Christians define what is Christianity? why do they not hold up for an inducement, the *exact commands* of God, and the *exact promises of* God for obedience, and the *ever present* and *undeniable* evidence that God has given those commands, and made those promises? why not! Because Christians, like Jews, seek for truth; but do not reject whatever bears not divine evidence.

Christ signifies the anointed, alluding to the Mosaic appointment of separating the priestly or legal, and royal representatives of duty, by pouring oil upon them. God foretold by his prophets that he would anoint a son of David to be the King of Israel, by pouring out his spirit upon him without limitation; Saul, David, and all the prophets had portions of this divine power; but they were all limited in their possession. But Jesus appears to have had power without limitation; nature was at his command; his will, the alone controller of his power; and his reverential obedience to God, the alone controller of his will. To proclaim Jesus, therefore, to be the Christ, is to proclaim him to be divinely anointed, as having been separated and placed by God at the head of all power; over all the visible power of this world, and over the unseen powers of Heaven* and the Grave. Now if this is the meaning of the word Christ, the meaning of the word Christianity must be the result, or doctrines, or instructions, or consequences that follow this admission of the anointing of Jesus to be the head, chief, first-born, or Ruler of man.

To examine this subject, it will be necessary, precisely, to state what the Apostles taught, and what Israelites and Gentiles were called Christians at Antioch, (first) for believing.

Acts ii. 32—36. This Jesus God hath raised, of which "*resurrection* we all are witnesses, therefore he is exalted to the right hand of God, and having received the promised holy spirit of the father, he hath effused this, which we now see and hear. For it was not David *who* ascended into the heavens, for he himself hath said, the ruler said unto my Ruler, *Sit thou upon my right hand, till I have made thy foes the footstool of thy feet.* Therefore know assuredly, all of the house of Israel, that God hath made him the Ruler, even the anointed."

It is evident, that Peter's knowledge of Jesus is but a foundation for his reasoning to prove, that Christianity is not a cunningly devised fable, but a fact; that he who was Jesus, is now exalted to the first place of power; that he *now* sits in glory ineffable; that it is he who received of his father the promised gifts of the spirit, and having received these gifts disposed of them in gifts on his immediate disciples, and on such as they saw fit to lay their hands upon, for that purpose; Christianity is therefore the exaltation of Jesus to be the promised King, whom God hath anointed, and by his resurrection and ascension, brought forth to all the princes and rulers of this world, and commanded them to cast their crowns before him, that is, to homage him by making their obedience to his laws, to be the sole foundation of their temporal rule.

In the iii. Acts, having healed the lame man at the gate of the temple, Peter shews to the people, that it was God who had healed the man; that he by this miracle, might cast a divine radiance on the name of Jesus; by proving, that though they had murdered him, yet God had raised him from death, and exalted him to power: he continues the same reasoning through the 4th chapter. His whole aim is to establish Christianity, by proving the present and increasing

* I do not mean the sun, moon, or stars, or Milton's Heaven, &c. by the word *Heaven*; but mean by it the place mentioned in what is called the Lord's prayer. Our father who art *in heaven*, thy will be done as *in heaven*; and by Paul when he looks for the coming of Jesus from *heaven*; and of Peter when he says, that the *heavens* must retain him, with fixing the place.

power of Jesus. He no where attempts to prove the miracles Jesus had performed, or to confirm his friends in what they believed of Jesus whom they had seen; but before friends and enemies, he shews by undeniable facts, his present mighty power, and draws from those facts these demonstrative conclusions; that they (ignorant fishermen) had in an instant learned foreign languages; that they who had tremblingly left the teacher to be crucified, dared now to tell those wicked men, clothed in all their temporal authorities, that they were murderers; and that the judgments of God were about to destroy them; they also by miracles demonstrated, that their wisdom and their courage was from God; and their miraculous powers, were the seal of God, to confirm men in their faith in the high exaltation of Jesus their martyr. Their Christianity was therefore no longer Jesus after the flesh; but an acknowledging him as the great emperor of the empire of man. It is not to be wondered, that with such views of the glorious power of Jesus, Stephen should look like a divine messenger, full of serenity and glory, while his murderers gnashed at him with their teeth; being cut to the heart, he saw him, in whom he had believed, exalted to the right hand of divine power; he saw him alive, and crowned with ability to raise him from death to life. They stone him; but he calls to his exalted master, not to protect him from their murderous hands, but to make the road of a cruel death, the high way to life and immortality, whilst he proves his mental fitness for this exalted state, by his freedom from the baser passions of rancour and revenge; and his confidence in Jesus being the judge of mankind, by entreating that judge with all the fervor of humble submission, and all the confidence of a Christian, "*Ruler, lay not this sin to their charge.*"

The next place to which I turn, to shew what the Apostles considered to be Christianity, is the instruction given by Philip to the Queen of Ethiopia's treasurer, Acts viii. It is said that the Eunuch was reading the 53d of Isaiah, and from it Philip embraced the opportunity to proclaim the past humiliation and present dignity of Jesus; from this instruction the Eunuch declared his faith, "*I believe Jesus is the anointed, the son of God.*" This short declaration proves, that to be a Christian, it is not requisite to believe the 39 articles of the Church of England, or the doctrines of Calvin, or those of Arminius, or of any other either honest man or hypocrite; but that it is requisite that the convert should believe on the high exaltation of Jesus; that he sitteth now at the right hand of divine power, surrounded by obedient subjects, and having continually increasing dominion, and waiting till all are subjected to him.

That Jesus possesses active dominion, is evident from the miraculous conversion of Paul, as well as from his visible appearance to the dying Stephen. Paul saw Jesus, and from him he received the command; "Arise, go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." We find, that, in like manner, Annanias received all his directions, how to act by Paul, from Jesus; and in consequence Annanias tells Paul, that *the Lord, even Jesus, who appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me.* Peter, also, when he went up to the top of the house to pray, and then saw the vision, speaks, as considering Jesus to be personally present, saying, *not so Lord,* and afterwards, when Peter teaches Cornelius the divine precepts, he opens his discourse by saying that God the Creator of all, looks upon all whom he has created with an equal eye, paying no peculiar respect to Jews, in Christianity, more than he does to Gentiles. He then declares the substance of Christianity to be, "*the word which was sent unto the children of Israel, proclaiming peace by Jesus the anointed, he is Lord of all.*" Then after progressively describing his ministry, death, and resurrection, he declares the Christianity he was commanded to proclaim, it was *to testify, that he* who was slain by crucifixion, *was ordained of God, the judge of the living and the dead.* The same language is addressed by Paul to the Athenians, xvii. 31. In like manner, when he strikes Elymas with blindness, Paul imputes it to the

power of Jesus, "*the hand,*" says he to Elymas, "*of the Lord is upon thee.*" In the same Chapter xiii. Paul in his address to the Synagogue at Antioch in Pisidia, shews that the exaltation of Jesus is *the sure mercies of David.* He speaks the same language also to Agrippa, xxvi declaring that he witnessed to all, small and great, only what the prophets and Moses foretold should come to pass; *That the Messiah, or* anointed *should suffer, and should be the first who should arise from the dead, and should announce light* to the people, and to the Gentiles. Here then are those things which concern the ruler Jesus, the anointed, or Christianity. It is the present ruling power of Jesus over his church, wheresoever they be, who acknowledge him to be the judge of the quick and the dead, and live a life of expectation of his passing sentence upon their actions after their death, according to the doctrines, taught by Paul and Peter, and all the other messengers of Jesus.

These elevated ideas of the dignity of Christ may be further seen in the respectful language used by the Apostles, when they speak concerning Jesus. *Paul the slave of Jesus,* Rom. i. 1. Phil. i. 1. Titus i. 1. *James the slave of God and of the Ruler, Jesus the anointed,* Ja. i. 1. *Simon Peter, a slave, and a messenger of Jesus the anointed,* II Pet. i. 1. *Jude the slave of Jesus,* Jude i. *John his slave,* Rev. i. 1. What language can more strongly express the absolute devotedness of their whole mind, person, and faculties to Jesus, as a really existing and ruling character; this idea of the exaltation of Jesus appears to be the including article of the whole of Christianity. If not, how is it that whenever Paul speaks of his ministry, he should speak of it, *as having received it of the Lord?* How is it that he commends Christians *to the favor of Jesus,* Rom. i. 7. I Cor. i. 3. xvi. 2—3. 2 Cor. i. 2, xiii. 14. Gala. i. 3, vi. 18. Eph. i. 2. vi. 34. Phil. i. 2, iv. 23. Coloss. i. 2, iv. 18. 1 Thess. i. 2, v. 28. 2 Thess. i. 2. iii. 18. 1 Tim. vi. 21. 2 Tim. iv. 22. Titus iii. 15. Philemon 25. It must be surely unnecessary to pick out more passages, the whole apostolic language, when speaking of Jesus, is that of the most affectionate and obsequious of slaves, to the most kind and affectionate of masters. They came determined to know not any thing of self, interest, ambition, or honour; then whole life and language is to the glory of Jesus, even the crucified: him who loved them; he who voluntarily gave himself to death to acquire their services But, surely, such language is expressive of his being a master *now* ruling them; not of a master who is to rule them some ages hence, when God the father has put all authority beneath his feet; but that of the consciousness of a master that now rules them, whose favor is a present blessing, and the continuance of whose favor ensures the sentence, of well done my good and faithful slave I feel, whilst writing, the ticklish ears of some may not approve of the word slave; but it is expressive of the idea the apostle intends to convey, and is in consonance with the whole of the New Testament; and shews to every Christian what ought to be his character; he is not his own, he is his, who hath rescued him from the sentence of condemnation unto death; he is bound therefore to devote himself, his passions, his life, his property, his all, and to have over every action the anointed Jesus, under God, for his ruler.

I mean by these evidences to prove, that Christianity is that firm conviction of mind, that will at all times produce a consequent action. From this principle, that Jesus *now* sits on the *governing* seat of God, and that this, and this alone, is the foundation stone on which Christianity is erected. That all others are but secondary principals; but that this principle has been lost among mankind, either by the deification of Jesus, or the considering his throne rather honorary than active; but if this principle is true, Christianity may be easily restored in all its purity, its force, its harmony, and its all subduing power, by bringing forward its proper and divine testimony, or evidence, in its favour. Before I adduce this evidence, I shall endeavour a little farther to establish this exalted situation of Jesus, from the scriptures.

John, writing concerning things to come to pass, calls it, *The Revelation of Jesus the anointed which God gave unto him, to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass*; and he sent, and *signified them by his messengers unto his servant John*. Nothing can be clearer than John's idea of the active administration of Jesus in his church; he beheld the government of God in his church, made known through the ministration of Jesus. In like manner he had manifested unto him, by vision, the active administration of Jesus through all the succeeding dispensations of Christianity, as the high priest of God in the temple of his church, walking in his priestly robes, with the golden snuffers in his hands, amidst the lamps or churches, trimming them to cause them to burn more brilliantly. To me all this appears rational, that Jesus should be the head of his church and people, that he should set as the representative of deity upon the divine throne; that the raised saints should surround that throne, and be th ministers of his will, and his messengers to man.

In this manner to me it appears, that Jesus is by vision described to John in the iv. Chap. we must consider the time; it is that period when by the rejection and murder of Jesus, the covenant made between Israel and Deity at Mount Sinai was passed away. The army of God is, therefore, in this scene, represented as being out of Palestine, the land of rest, encamped in the wilderness of the world, and marching on to that promised rest prepared for the people of God. And instead of Moses, who was king in Jeshurun, is represented Jesus, sitting on his throne, (as in the tabernacle, see Isai. vi Eze. 1.26–28.) The priests and Levites are encamped next to the tabernacle, whilst the 24 elders, as representatives of the 24 courses of priests, sit on lower thrones surrounding the throne, or oracle, or most holy place; on which, in place of the Shechinah of Moses, and from which Moses received auricular instruction, Jesus himself sits covered with the divine glory. That the 24 elders are human beings, or the figurative representation of such, appears evident from their *white raiment*, which is *the righteousness of the saints*; and their crowns of gold, denote *their regal priesthood*, v. 10. 1 Pet. ii. 9. Whilst the lightnings, thunderings, and voices, are the concomitant attendants of the divine presence, Exod. xix. 18—19. Psal. xviii. 12. l. 3. &c. and the 7 burning lamps, continually shining before the throne, shew that the church of God, in its every succeeding dispensations, are at all times, as present before the eye of divine governments, as though they were all included in one; and yet one, at every moment, immediately before him Generations succeed each other, but there is no futurity with God; all is according to his own determined will, and beheld in the burning splendour of divine light as though it were now. Before the throne was a sea of glass, spotlessly transparent, and answering to the Molten Sea in which the priests bathed; and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, i. e. before, behind, and on each side, were 4 living creatures, resembling the Cherubim and Seraphim of Ezek. i. 10, x. 14. Isai. vi. 2—3, the standards and standard bearers of God's church in warfare in the wilderness of the world; as it was under Moses, Numb. ii. when encamped in the wilderness,

Judah a Lion on the East.
Ephraim a Calf or Ox on the West.
Reuben a Man on the South.
Dan a flying Eagle on the North.

Here then I behold Jesus, *not to be crowned*, but *now crowned*. Enthroned on the mercy seat, and giving directions to conquer all his enemies, subduing Judaism and Heathenism. And as the language of the soldiers of Gideon was, the sword of Jehovah and the sword of Gideon, so the language of the warriors of Jesus is "Worthy art thou, O Ruler! even by God set apart, to accept authority, and honour, and power, for the whole is created for thee, and according to thy desire they are, and shall be created."

If this view of Christianity is a just view, then ought the Christian to have, at least, as good evidence to confirm his faith, as had the Israelite of old, or any believer in any former

Revelation. Prophecy has from the earliest ages of man been the criterion for the truth of Revelation. Noah for 120 years before it came to pass, prophecied of the flood, and by it proved to the early generations of men after the flood, that the deluge was not an accident, but a mighty judgment of God for the sins of man; and his building the ark, ought to have been evidence, to the Antideluvians, that he must have had good grounds for such a tremendous undertaking. Abraham's faith led him to obedience, and the providence of God, enriching and preserving him in all his travels, established his faith, and caused the prophecies given by God, through him to his descendants, to be respected, and became instrumental to their own fulfillment. The history of Israel is the history of God's foretelling events before they came to pass, and calling on the present generation to believe in the mission of Moses, and the authority of God's prophets, because of the accomplishment of those things which God had foretold. In the days of ancient times, when printing not being known, it was necessary to bring forward together those recorded facts; but now, as knowledge is so much increased, and the Bible in almost every man's hand, it is so common a fact in the Bible, that it would betray a bad opinion of the knowledge of Christians, to suppose it necessary to produce from them further evidence of this fact.

To prophecy, Jesus appeals for the truth of his mission. *Search the scriptures, for it is they that testify concerning me. If ye believed on Moses, and the prophets, ye would also believe on me. Ye discern the signs of the weather, how is it ye discern not the signs of the times?* John expressly says, that the revelation of that which was to come to pass, was designated to him, that he might shew it to the servants of Jesus; and to shew us, that it was made known, not for the gratification of our curiosity, but for the fixing our faith, the messenger of Jesus, one of those who had by his prophecies bore testimony to Jesus being the anointed of God, tells John, xix. 10. *That the Spirit of Prophecy is the testimony of Jesus.* What can this declaration possibly mean, but that a firm belief of the glorious exaltation of Jesus, and his present government in the church, *is Christianity?* and that as no man is called upon to believe without evidence, the passing events, if they are an accomplishment of prophecy, then, and only then, are they the evidence of Christianity being true. On this ground I shall attempt to prove, that Christianity must be true; that if Jesus is thus exalted, he could make known to John that which John declares he did. That if these things have taken place as John foretold, Jesus must be the highly exalted one, and the divine representative; but that if the things foretold have not come to pass, Christianity must be a forgery.

Many sensible men have rejected the Scriptures, solely on the ground of the abundant miracles, with which Christianity pretends to have been established by; they reason that if Jews and Gentiles were but few, comparatively, convinced by such numerous evidence, surely it is not just, that they should be convinced by equivocal traditionary evidence. Surely this reasoning is just. If evidence is necessary to establish one Christian, it is necessary for all. The Jewish religion was local, and the evidence it offered to prove its truth was local: every tribe, and every city, town and village, every hill, and every valley, had its local evidence, in addition to its prophetic; and shall, or rather can, Christianity be without plain, positive, and direct evidence of its truth? If Christianity, in the exaltation and dominion of Jesus alone, prove, that the state of the world is according to the phophecies of Jesus and have continued so for 18 centuries, then is Christianity established upon an unshaken basis. Let us prove afterwards, that all that is now acting upon the religious and political theatre, was foretold by Jesus, we shall then indeed believe, that he walks among his churches, that he does trim the lamps that enlighten mankind. Let us go beyond this to the coming age; let us behold the consequences of the present suffering state of humbled man, and we shall then not only believe in the governing hand of the anointed of God,

but rejoice, that he who hath suffered by the ruling hand of human oppression, has now the dominion; with his saints we shall be proud to be his slaves, and ascribe to him glory and dominion.

To establish this view of Christianity, it is my intention to examine the duration, religious and political, of the seven churches of the Revelations, and by them, I hope, without any far fetched deductions, to prove that Jesus has reigned, does reign, and will continue to reign, till he has obtained universal dominion. And that the whole church and world, shall unitedly ascribe to him, homage without resistance, glory without regret, and dominion without bounds, over the whole earth.

The ADVANTAGES *of* CONFINEMENT *in a* PRISON.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR,

MANY writers have expatiated upon the pleasures of liberty and freedom; but no one has ventured to exalt those of thraldom and confinement. Rousseau, indeed, has said that if he wished to write an animated eulogy upon liberty, he could have done it best in one of the dungeons of the Bastile; but as he never happened to be a tenant of that happy place, we have consequently lost the most enthusiastic and spirit-warming description of freedom, that, perhaps, the world had ever seen.

Without, however, wishing to be incarcerated in a prison, in order to be poetical upon personal liberty, I certainly am of opinion that confinement, the inability to go whither we list, nay the necessity of remaining in one place, produces the most beneficial effects upon the human mind. In the first place it teaches submission to our fate, and by accustoming us to restraint, wholesome and regulated restraint, it fits us the better for the enjoyment of liberty when we get it. If we are held in confinement by the malice or unkindness of man, we have an opportunity of practising the most sublime and exalted of Christian virtues, by praying incessantly for the welfare of our enemy, and forgiving him, every moment we live, the thraldom he has inflicted upon us. Is this no advantage? How many men pass this life, and have cause to regret that no opportunity, perhaps, has occurred to them for the exercise of the noblest duties of Christianity? And how much ought the prisoner to rejoice, that the wicked machinations of his neighbour, or his friend have placed him in a much more enviable condition, where he can fulfil the law of the gospel, and hope for the mercy of his creator by discharging one of the hardest duties which he has imposed upon his creatures in this world.

Another advantage arising from confinement is, that it is commonly accompanied with more or less of solitude, and solitude, we all know, is the cradle of virtue. It is in solitude, in the hours of retirement from the noise and distraction of the world, that we have an opportunity of communing with our own hearts, of reviewing our past conduct, of repenting our acted sins, of dismissing our meditated ones, and of forming the most vigorous resolutions of future piety and virtue. These happy effects may always be expected from solitude in whatever place enjoyed; but more especially may they be expected from the solitude of a prison, which has a remarkable tendency to concentrate our ideas and mortify our affections. Solitude also produces other effects; it accustoms us to habits of meditation and reflection, and thus a gay and dissipated character may be transformed into a solid and contemplative one. When the mind is denied food from without, it naturally reverts upon itself for subsistence, and happy then is he who has intellectual maintenance for it.—Hence the superiority of an author in confinement over most other men; because his reading naturally furnishes him with materials for thinking, and he can combine those materials with redoubled energy and effect when he has nothing else to distract his thoughts. A poet has a great advantage over an ordinary author, (such as myself for example,) on those occasions, because he is

occupied solely with his imagination, and the imagination is allowed both by philosophers and poets themselves, to be in full vigour and harmony, like the nightingale's voice, in the absence of light and all external objects. Hence Milton wrote with such sublimity, for his natural blindness operated the same as artificial darkness, and created a solitude around him; and I should think if some of our modern epic poets were confined in one of the condemned cells in Newgate, one night expect much better poems than they produce at present. Young is another instance of the efficacy of artificial solitude and darkness, for we know that he wrote most of his Night Thoughts, by the dim light of a lamp, excluding the day light, and in order to be perfectly abstracted from every thing of this world, he placed before him skulls and dry human bones.

Every thing connected with deep and abstract meditation is best performed in solitude, and therefore I think if all our projectors for paying the national debt, if all our philosophers who believe in the perfectibility of the human species, if all our statesmen who think it easier to govern by compelling men's consciences than by leaving them free, and if all our libellers who believe that fortunes may be made by infamy, were kindly put in a state of moderate confinement by their friends, we should receive from them schemes and projects far superior to what they now send forth.

But there is one species of confinement peculiarly pleasant, and with the mention of which I shall conclude this letter. It is where you are locked in a room, (your own for example—and of course have locked yourself in) and in that state of voluntary confinement are keeping a sheriff's officer at defiance. It is very amusing to hear the ingenious endeavours of the gentleman on the wrong side of the door, using all his eloquence to persuade the gentleman on the other side of the door to come out and have a little conversation with him; like the wolf persuading the kid to descend from the brow of the mountain and enter into a discourse with him. To complete the picture, the gentleman on the right side keeps his post, and his friend on the wrong walks away.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
X.

Ludgate Hill, Nov. 12th, 1812.

Continuation of Coxe's Travels in Switzerland. *Translated from the French, by* W. H. Reid.

[Continued from p. 190.]

AMONG the different routes that lead to the upper part of the country of Hasly, we ought to distinguish that of the Engstelberg, which I undertook to traverse at a time when the snows were extremely deep, and at a time of the year when no small risk was run by traversing the highest mountains in Switzerland.

I was at Lucerne where M. de Pyffer had received me with that prepossessing kindness, consistent with his object in making his house one of the most interesting in the country.—I had seen his magnificent charts, in which I had retraced with astonishment all that the interior of Switzerland had already exhibited of the wonderful, and which still afforded me a world to run over. M. de Pyffer knowing my manner of travelling, did not think me unworthy of seeing the Upper Alps, and therefore presented me with an itinerary, in which the country of Hasly was the first station.

My companion and myself set out from Lucerne, without a guide and without valets; our baggage had been sent forward to Berne, we retained nothing that was not of the first necessity. Our pockets could very well contain our travelling wardrobe, and with our sticks in our hands we set out with all the courage and carelessness which accompanies those who have neither servants nor equipage. M. de Pyffer, who had encouraged us in this undertaking, could say more than I have said upon the advantage of travelling in this way, if one would wish to know Switzerland, or to be intimately acquainted with its brave, but simple republicans.

We traversed the Lake of Lucerne; I shall add nothing to the description Mr. Coxe has given of this superb

mass of water; but I believe many persons would find themselves rather uneasy when the wind blows fresh, and particularly if, like us, they had been compelled to navigate the lake in one of those little fishing boats which are called *eichbaum*, being hollowed out of the trunks of the oak. If the lake be agitated ever so little, it is impossible to be safe in one of these barks, otherwise than by lying down at full length; we then feel all the consequence of keeping the most exact equilibrium.

We landed at Stanzstad; we passed Stanz, the principal place in Underwald, and continued our route along a rich valley strewed with cottages, encircled with parks and meadows, and shaded with trees. The cattle, waiting for the season for mounting the Upper Alps, were spread all over this vast surface. Here land and men, all seemed created for the animals, and subordinate to their wants and comforts! Even the stables here are large and commodious, while the houses are rather small, as if men were a second order of beings. To separate the different domains of the cattle, thick hedges are planted, which traverse the roads in every direction, so that the unfortunate traveller is every moment obliged to leap over them. Though out of some compasion for human beings, great stones are placed on each side of these hedges to help them to climb over, which incessant labour is, however, excessively fatiguing.

At a league and a half from Stanz we begin to ascend in an oblique direction towards the mountains which are at the left of the valley, whose surface is covered with a fine forest of firs. We suffered much from the heat which is concentrated in these defiles, though the road is not more than two leagues. The view of the precipice which terminates the road is singular; its descent is exceedingly steep; however, firs take root there, and rise from the top to the bottom, so that one may, in some degree, measure the depth of the valley, by reckoning according to the number of the firs.

From the summit of the mountain we descend by a very crooked way into the valley of Engelberg; and scarcely have we entered this valley when we find it closed, and nothing more offered to our view but a sombrous mass of mountains clothed with firs, presenting an aspect truly wild. Beyond us appear a chain of mountains much higher still; this is rather a long succession of crags, enormously high, bristled with others of smaller dimensions, and both nearly covered with snow. This majestic chain encloses a cordon of charming little hills, partly covered with pastures, and partly with woods, that surround the valley of Engelberg, and protect it against the lavanges or falls of snow, which are incessantly precipitated from the highest of the mountains.

One cannot imagine any place more solitary, or more agreeable than this valley. It is a retreat that nature seems to have left by chance in the midst of the rocks which she has accumulated in this region, about three quarters of a league in length, and one quarter broad.

The hamlet of Engelberg and the Abbey are in the centre; two torrents, one of them very impetuous, roll at the foot of the hills, while between the two torrents and parallel with them, a small and tranquil river runs, which has its source near the Abbey, without any of the appearances of any thing of this nature.

The Abbey of Engelberg is inhabited by the Benedictines, and the Abbot is a Prince of the Holy Empire, and Sovereign of the valley under the protection of the Cantons of Uri, Underwald, and Berne, which surround it. The Abbey and the Church belonging to it are edifices simple in their construction, but yet very striking by a singularity which decorates them; a fine black marble there supplies the place of stone, and forms a charming contrast with the shining white of the rest of these buildings. The arches, the pavement, the steps of the Church, and the cloisters, are of this marble.

The riches of this Abbey is in its pasturages, and the whole plain is divided into parks, to each of which a house and a flock are attached. During summer the cattle go in search of pastures more aromatic in the Alps, and return into the valley as

soon as the snows begin to incommode them in the mountains. The cheeses made here are very large and good, and large quantities of them are sent into Italy by way of Altdorf and St. Gothard.

We passed away two days in wandering about this part of the country, before we visited the abbey, where, recommended by M. de Pyffer, we were cordially received and splendidly treated according to the manner of the country. On the following day they provided us with a sure man, a hunter of the Chamois, to conduct us across the chain of mountains which we still had to traverse. The winter of 1776 had been one of the longest and hardest known for a long time; all the ways were obstructed by enormous quanties of snow, which stubbornly resisted the sun, even in the spring. Some people thought we had been the first who had dared to undertake the route from Hasly; but we knew that, two days before, three peasants from Berne had traversed the mountain with the same design as ourselves. It is true we did not know what had become of them; however, fortified with a good breakfast, we left the Abbey at three in the morning, in hopes of getting up to the highest snows before they began to melt. As we knew we should sink pretty deep into them, we had furnished ourselves with good gaiters and long staves. Our guides also carried our provisions, consisting of a loaf, a quarter of a cheese, and two pints of excellent wine of Italy, the whole well fixed upon the hooks he had with him; thus we merrily proceeded through the valley, and gained the first mountains.

The day now began to appear, and though the bottom was still in darkness the surrounding summits were tinctured with a fine rosy colour; we left behind us the naked peak of the Engelberg, which has the shape of a sharp cone, and from which it has been said, angels having been heard to sing, it derived the name of Engelberg, or the Angel's hill. When I first heard this extravagant story, I inspected the place very narrowly, and I was convinced that common fame had not given the angels a theatre unworthy of them.

We now began to ascend rapidly; the valley we had quitted appeared like a deep ravine or pit, on the borders of which we seemed suspended. The sun rose, and the vapours of the earth, repelled by its first rays, rolled beneath us like an irritated sea. Very soon we entered a labyrinth, creeping between the arches formed by the second range of hills; all was covered with a short grass, without any mixture of aromatic plants.

Our ascent being extremely fatiguing, after a weary walk of two hours we reached the first snows, and we enjoyed a view perfectly corresponding with that we had just lost. The little green valleys we had passed were beneath us, and before us another labyrinth appeared, which it was necessary we should explore. One sheet of white snow uniformly presented itself to our eyes, crowned with summits of such a prodigious height, presenting the same aspect as the terrible deserts of Greenland or Spitsberg. Before us was the Dittlisberg, whose summit, hollowed into the form of a saddle, occasioned it to be called by the name of Sattel, and by this distinguished from the summits that surround it. This mountain, in particular, may be seen from several places in Alsace, and especially from the tower of Strasbourg. The monks of the Abbey of Engelberg have assured me, that in the month of August, when the top of the mountain is accessible, they can distinguish the steeple of Strasbourg very plainly with their glasses, when it happens to be a clear day; from Strasbourg to Dittlisberg, it is about fifty leagues, and I believe this relation of the Benedictines is subject to some doubt.

After a march of an hour and a half in deep snows, suspended upon the steep declivity of the mountains, we attained the highest range next the summit, when, turning suddenly to our right, we left this mountain to the left, separated from us by a precipice.

The sun had now attained the horizon, and the snows began to melt so fast that we never slipped into them less at one time than up to the thigh, and sometimes up to the waist; especially when we were near any of those rocks of granite, which pierce

the snows and reflect the heat of the sun upon those that encircle them. At this height we experienced a subject of affright sufficiently well founded, and which held us for some minutes in the most dreadful uncertainty: the sheet of snow upon which we walked was suspended upon the declivity of the mountain; this was extremely loose, and at every step we took seemed disposed to slip over into the precipice. Some parts of it we saw separating from the mass every moment, and drawing others after them, forming beneath us such petty falls or *lavanges*, which would have amused us much by the noise which they made, if we had not been alarmed at what was forming over our heads. All at once the falling became general, and we saw a current formed from the top to the bottom; our guide was about a hundred paces before us, when he found himself suddenly carried away by this torrent of snow, and was instantly half swallowed up. Judge of our situation; lost in the midst of eternal snows, in a labyrinth of mountains heaped upon each other, the passage from whence we were ignorant of, and under the impossibility of returning; all these ideas occurred to us, when the falling snows suddenly coming in contact with some points of granite rock, which separated the mass and opposed its descent, discovered our guide much benumbed, but yet so little deranged that he had not even lost our provisions, which fortunately for us were well secured; it, however, took nearly a quarter of an hour to get him up to us again.

In this region we met with two torrents, which embarrassed us a little upon these heights: nothing is more troublesome than the waters that frequently break out accidentally, and which as to their course and volume, however well we may know the country, nothing can be foreseen. One of these torrents that we had traced for a long time, led us at length to a bridge of ice, the solidity of which, as it was necessary to pass it, we had much reason to doubt. Compulsion, however, here admitted of no evasion; it carried us over in safety, because the sun as yet had not reached it; one hour later, and perhaps we should have risked the most imminent danger in passing this singular arch.

At length, we arrived to the part most elevated of any in the course of our journey: we marched upon a ridge which separated two precipices; the one between us and the Dittlisberg was the most frightful. Here we found ourselves so much exhausted with hunger and fatigue, as to have occasion for our provisions; we therefore chose a flat rock for our place of repose. The guide and myself had the precaution to mount on the shady side, while my companion, who would get up on the other, where the snow was softened by the sun, slipped into it up to his neck, and we had some trouble to extricate him from his situation.

From the summit of this rock we had one of those views which are peculiar to the most elevated of the Alps. In the course of a long and deep valley, covered with spotless snow, we saw here and there some rocks of granite, appearing like so many islands emerged from the frozen ocean.

The frightful summits on the borders of this valley, equally covered with ice and snow, reflected the rays of the sun under all the shades between white and azure; the summits diminish by degrees according to their distance from us, and form a long succession of streaks, the least of which appeared to be of the same colour as the azure heavens in which they were lost. Nothing can appear more majestic than the heavens seen from these heights during the night. The brilliant light of the stars does not experience that twinkling here which commonly distinguishes them from the planets; the moon, our sister and companion in these celestial tourbillions, appeared nearer to us than ordinary, though its diameter was much diminished, and it offers some rest to the eye, long wandering in immensity of space. It is clear that it is a globe which travels in the neighbourhood of our planet. The sun likewise affords us a new spectacle; small and almost deprived of rays, it shines, nevertheless, with incredible splendour, and its light is of the most dazzling whiteness; one is astonished

to see its disk plainly divided, and contrasting it with the profound obscurity of a heaven, whose deep blue seems to retire far off: that star affords us an imposing idea of the immensity in which our orb revolves.

One may say that during summer there is no night on these mountains: from the bottom of the plain they may be seen tinged with purple long after the setting of the sun, when the vallies are already involved in obscurity; and a long time before day-break they announce its return by a fine red, admirably shaded upon the ices of silver and azure which crown their summits.

After a plentiful breakfast we continued our route: very soon the precipices on our right gave place to enormous piles of mountains belonging to the chain of Breenig, and we marched upon the declivity of these mountains without discovering the least trace of a road, always suspended over the deep valley which separated us from the Dittlisberg. Here we were surprised at finding no snow, while all around us was covered; this we attributed to the reverberation of the chain of Dittlisberg, the ices of which reflected the heat of the sun in a manner almost intolerable. Nothing in nature could be more delightful than the enamelled ground on which we trod; scarcely had we left the snows than the flowers we trod on, and the odour they breathed, delighted every sense. Every thing of the kind here, even to the bear's ear, is indigenous, while the aromatics, the serpolet, and the thyme are so rich in essence, that every step we took we found the atmosphere impregnated with perfumes the most delicious.

From the precipice along which we were proceeding, we saw in succession the two lakes of Troublisee and the Engstlersee; their diameter appeared very small. Soon after we again entered into the snows, and sometimes sunk up to our knees; the cold was troublesome; but on the other hand the heat was insupportable. Our faces were scorched and blistered; at length, after four hours march, we began to descend, and we found ourselves in a large forest of firs, the deep verdure of which appeared to us more gloomy than ordinary; we were even obliged to take some repose, less from fatigue than from the weakness of our eyes, which were so dazzled, that to us every thing appeared black; we could not even distinguish the ground upon which we trod. We also experienced hunger, which in the Alps is always the most poignant, and against which it is necessary to take good precautions when we have long marches to make. Having arrived at this forest, and just ready to descend, I felt a kind of melancholy, which I have ever since experienced whenever I have descended from the Alps into the plain. Upon their summits one respires so freely, the circulation is so easy, and all the organs transmit the impressions of the senses with such felicity to the soul, that the most stubborn labour appears easy, and we support inconveniences with courage and even with gaiety.

We continued to descend while traversing this forest of firs, finding in our way an infinite number of trees lying upon the ground, having been torn up by winds, torrents, or falls of snow, or fallen by the weight of years. Rocks, detached from the neighbouring mountains, seem scattered about in this wilderness; here under the shadow of one of them a young tree shoots up, another divides a torrent, a third threatens the trees which surrounds it with its fall. In this desert near a considerable torrent, called Sentlebach, which continues to the river Aar, is a fountain of very clear water which springs from a rock; this is called Engstlerbrunnen, and Metzgerbrunnen. The peasants attribute miracles to it; the most credible and simple of these prodigies is, that it never begins to run but when the cattle enter the Alps, and that it ceases to run when they leave them. Nay, it even carries its sympathy so far, as to be as sparing of its waters in the night, as it is liberal in the day, when the cattle are feeding in full liberty.—In fact, this is a fountain which flows by fits, being fed by the neighbouring snows, which melt in summer only, and then alone during the day.

Leaving this forest we found ourselves in a narrow valley, strangled,

as it were, between mountains of the living rock, and of prodigious height. Those on the left form a wall almost perpendicular, of an elevation not less than two thousand feet, throwing out numerous torrents, which sometimes freezing along this wall, makes it appear in a manner as if it were corded. All these torrents concentrate in the Gentelbach, which at some distance from hence is reunited to the Aar. Here we experienced a degree of heat almost intolerable, such as might be expected at noonday at the bottom of a defile which concentrates the sun's rays; and we soon had the mortification of seeing that our gaiters were torn all to pieces, the common effect of the snow, which according to the phrase used by the country people, "burns every thing."

At length, we entered some of the inhabited vallies, and here we saw cottages for the first time since we left Engelberg; it is to be observed there are habitations and summer villages in the country we were traversing; but hitherto all was buried under the snows. Even the glaciers as yet were not to be seen. We left the mountains without regret, and after a fatiguing journey during eleven hours and a half, arrived at Meyringen. In the room of entering the place, each of us chose an isolated cottage for our lodging, there to pass in peace some days in this charming country. Two young people newly married, and not very rich, received me with pleasure; and I very much preferred their lodging to any of the public-houses, where one sees what is to be seen every where; peasants spoiled by the commerce of strangers.

In the mountains the houses are commonly only one story and very low; in the plains they add another stage to them. In large houses the rooms are convenient; but among the poorest peasants so low, that it is impossible for a person of a middling size to stand upright in them.

That which I occupied near Meyringen was of this kind, and in spite of the experience I had of this inconvenience, I seldom rose from my seat without striking my head against the ceiling.

My host and his wife occupied the lower apartment where I was, and at one corner of which was a stove, built of stone about three feet high; over this a square opening had been made in the ceiling, which was the entrance to my apartment, through this I crept, first mounting upon the stove as if it had been a ladder. My bed was a sack filled with dried leaves, upon which I slept most luxuriantly, lulled by the continual sound of the distant cataracts of mount Hously. On one side I had a window, through which I could see the Scheideck, and the enormous conical summits of the Wetterhorn and the Wellhorn, with the glaciers with which their summits were silvered.

I have thus described my lodging, in order that the reader should form a just idea of the habitations of this singular country; presently I may say something of the manners of the people. The common food of the peasants of the Alps is milk, or rather the decompositions of this fluid, cheese and seret forms their solid food, and their drink is made of skimmed milk. Seret is the serous part of the milk precipitated; it is very plentiful here, and very compact, and is eaten in great quantities; it serves for bread, though sometimes potatoes are taken for a substitute. The bill of fare in the Alps the greater part of the year runs thus: first, a considerable quantity of milk, cold or warm; afterwards, boiled potatoes or seret; and last of all, new cheese; to which, when they would appear extremely luxurious, they add that which is very old; in eating of which to temper its acidity, they drink butter milk. Bread is very rare, and in a great part of the Alps the people are entirely strangers to it. It is mostly in winter when they indulge themselves; a season when it is requisite they should procure a portion of every thing that will keep; however, what is then called bread, is more properly a species of hard cake.

Who would imagine that in Europe close to nations that enjoy every luxury, a people should exist, into whose habitations one may say, bread, wine, or water, never enters? Yet, what is most extraordinary, the use of coffee has found its way into these mountains, and is drank with a degree of intemperance.

Every morning my companion com-

ing to see me, we passed the day in the midst of the peasants, who assembled from different cottages in the neighbourhood. The women sat round us in circles with their children, while the men played at quills, or amused themselves with wrestling. We often admired their strength and skill in these exercises, though their forms are by no means so imposing as those of the inhabitants of Uri, nor even of those of Bern; it is still infinitely more elegant, and their mode of walking and carrying themselves is very agreeable, though rather grave. I have generally remarked that the legs of the Swiss mountaineers are extremely well made, and that they tread with firmness and grace. The Swiss troops are so attached to their country, that they are never retained with so much ease and pleasure to themselves as in Holland, where they find many things analagous to their taste. They are sure to pine away in France or Spain.

The dress of the females of Hasly bears a striking resemblance to that of the modern Greeks, in some of the islands; their head dress has the same analogy, the widows in this part wear a bonnet exactly corresponding with the mitres of the women in the Archipelago, only much higher. The language of Hasly is, beyond contradiction, the most corrupt German, and at the same time the most sweet and agreable to the Swiss; it abounds in open vowels, and conceals a number of hard consonants.

Hasly is divided into Upper and Lower; Meyringen, the chief place, is vulgarly called Gassen; for in the mountainous part of Switzerland, the boroughs have very often two names; one which is found upon maps and charts, and which is used in the public acts; and another, which is a kind of epithet, expressing the form or situation of the place to which it belongs.

A valley more fertile and picturesque than Upper Hasly can scarcely be conceived; there the plants most agreeable to cattle are found in their native soil, and the neighbouring Alps are covered with the richest and most lofty pasturages in Switzerland.

The numerous habitations strewed about these heights receive the shepherds who ascend them with their families in proportion as the snows return towards the grand region of ice. The emigration of the inhabitants in search of elevated pasturages are common in Switzerland, and resemble each other pretty much all through the country. These elevated plains are divided into portions appropriated to each cottage; the latter generally in the centre, at least in parts where they are not formed like a continued village or town. Each proprietor has a right to keep as many cattle as he can support during the winter, upon the hay which his pasturage affords him at the end of the season. The part of the country to which the Swiss gives the name of Alps, applies less to that chain of mountains to which we affix that name, than to the fertile part. The term *Alp* is certainly indigenous; it is found in many of the Celtic dialects, and its proper signification is the *pasturage of the mountain*. The barren parts of these mountains are distinguished by different names, the rocky parts are commonly designated by the word *Fluhe*; the frozen by that of *Gletcher*, in Glaris excepted, where this is called *Firnen*, and among the Grisons they give them the name of *Wadrer* or *Wadrez*. In fine, the lofty conical mountains which elevate themselves upon the backs of the fertile Alps, have the generical name of *horn* or *stock*, monosyllables which are equivalent to our word *peak*. The most fertile of the Alps are divided into first and second mountains, where very often a shepherd has three habitations; one for winter, one for spring and autumn, and one for summer. The first is the métropolis; this he quits in the month of May with his family, to take possession of his spring residence which the snow has left, placed upon the croupe or brow of the first mountains or Lower Alps; there he remains till the month of July, during that interval he descends into the plains to make his hay, dry, and house it for the winter. In July the second mountains or Upper Alps are disengaged from their snows, and the peasant and his family go to reside in their summer house, where they remain till the middle of August, and being then driven from it by the

cold they descend and occupy their spring cabins; in this quarter the cattle find a second crop, which yields a further addition to the winter stock. About the end of Autumn the cattle descend into the vallies, where they remain till the severity of the weather forces the shepherds to confine them in the stables.

During the summer they make a great quantity of cheese of the best quality upon the loftiest mountains: the cows are milked twice a day; the produce of one cow is from six to twelve pots a day; the pot here is equivalent to two pints. This milk is so thick and rich, that when skimmed, it is equal in consistence to our cream; the cream is of the tenacity of a cake. In Underwall the mode of trying it is by throwing a knife upon the surface, which always swims when the cream is not mixed with the milk.

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANEA SELECTA.

The BRITISH SPY *in* AMERICA.

LETTER VII.

[Continued from p. 291.]

Richmond, October 10.

I HAVE been, my dear S——! on an excursion through the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. A general description of that country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure which I met with in the course of the tour.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind!

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But, ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the Passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed!

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold and my whole frame shiver!

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate: his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes! We saw the very faces of the Jews:

the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage! We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched!

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew to the life his blessed eyes streamed in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable: the whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation!

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic!

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau. "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar cries in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher: his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few minutes of portentous deathlike silence which reigned throughout the house: the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence: "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe: a kind of shuddering delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation, to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility, and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Saviour as a fellow-creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as—"a God!"

If this description give you the impression, that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen in any other orator such an union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and at the same time too dignified to

stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style, and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short yet beautiful character which he drew of our learned and amiable countryman, Sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him, as if "his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh;" and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, "a pure intelligence; the link between men and angels."

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau: a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men. As I recal, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide, with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his Bard:

"On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air:)
And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre"

Guess my surprise, when, on my arrival at Richmond, and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever before heard of *James Waddell!* Is it not strange, that such a genius as this, so accomplished a scholar, so divine an orator, should be permitted to languish and die in obscurity within eighty miles of the metropolis of Virginia? To me it is a conclusive argument, either that the Virginians have no taste for the highest strains of the most sublime oratory, or that they are destitute of a much more important quality, the love of genuine and exalted religion.

Indeed, it is too clear, my friend, that this soil abounds more in weeds of foreign birth than in good and salubrious fruits. Among others, the noxious weed of infidelity has struck a deep, a fatal root, and spread its pestilential branches far around. I fear that our eccentric and fanciful countryman, Godwin, has contributed not a little to water and cherish this pernicious exotic. There is a novelty, a splendour, a boldness in his scheme of morals, peculiarly fitted to captivate a youthful and an ardent mind. A young man feels his delicacy flattered in the idea of being emancipated from the old, obsolete, and vulgar motives of moral conduct; and acting correctly from motives quite new, refined, and sublimated in the crucible of pure abstracted reason. Unfortunately, however, in this attempt to change the motives of his conduct, he loses the old ones, while the new, either from being too ethereal and sublime, or from some other want of congeniality, refuse to mix and lay hold of the gross materials of his nature. Thus he becomes emancipated indeed; discharged not only from ancient and vulgar shackles, but also from the modern, finespun, tinselled restraints of his divine Godwin. Having imbibed the high spirit of literary adventure, he disdains the limits of the moral world; and advancing boldly to the throne of God, he questions him on his dispensations, and demands the reasons of his laws. But the counsels of heaven are *above* the kent, *not contrary to* the voice, of human reason; and the unfortunate youth, unable to reach and measure them, recoils from the attempt, with melancholy rashness, into infidelity and deism. Godwin's glittering theories are on his lips. Utopia or Mezorania boast not of a purer moralist *in words* than the young Godwinian; but the unbridled licentiousness of *his conduct* makes it manifest, that if Godwin's principles be true in the abstract, they are not

fit for this system of things, whatever they might be in the republic of Plato.

From a life of inglorious indolence, by far too prevalent among the young men of this country, the transition is easy and natural to immortality and dissipation. It is at this giddy period of life, when a series of dissolute courses have debauched the purity and innocence of the heart, shaken the pillars of the understanding, and converted her sound and wholesome operations into little more than a set of feverish starts and incoherent and delirious dreams; it is in such a situation that a new-fangled theory is welcome as an amusing guest, and deism is embraced as a balmy comforter against the pangs of an offended conscience. This coalition once formed and habitually consolidated, "farewell, a long farewell," to honour, genius, and glory! From such a gulf of complicated ruin few have the energy even to attempt an escape. The moment of cool reflection, which should save them, is too big with horror to be endured. Every plunge is deeper and deeper, until the tragedy is finally wound up by a pistol or a halter. Do not believe that I am drawing from fancy: the picture is unfortunately true. Few dreamers, indeed, have yet reached their catastrophe; but too many are in a rapid progress towards it.

These thoughts are affecting and oppressive: I am glad to retreat from them by bidding you adieu; and offering my prayers to heaven, that you may never lose the pure, the genial consolation of unshaken faith and an approving conscience. Once more, my dear S———, adieu!

[*To be continued.*]

Curious Anecdotes *of the* Czar Peter the Great.

[From the Memoirs of the Margravine of Bareith.]

I FORGOT to mention, in the preceding year, the arrival of the Czar Peter the Great at Berlin. The anecdote is curious enough to deserve a place in these memoirs. The Czar, who was uncommonly fond of travelling, was coming from Holland. He had been obliged to stop in the Duchy of Cleves, where the Czarina had miscarried. As he disliked magnificence and society, he requested the King to lodge him in a summer house which the Queen had in one of the suburbs of Berlin. Her Majesty was extremely sorry for this: she had erected a very pretty building, which she had decorated in a style of great splendour. The porcelain gallery was superb, and all the rooms were adorned with beautiful glasses. As this charming retreat was really a jewel, it was called *Mon-Bijou*. A very pretty garden on the banks of the river heightened its beauty.

In order to prevent the mischief which the Russian gentlemen had done in other places where they had lodged, the Queen ordered the principal furniture, and whatever was most brittle, to be removed. The Czar, his spouse, and their court, arrived some days after by water at Mon-Bijou. The King and the Queen received them on their landing; and the King handed the Czarina from the boat. The Czar was no sooner landed, than he held out his hand to the King, and said: *I am glad to see you, brother Frederic.* He afterwards approached the Queen with the intention to salute her; but she pushed him back. The Czarina first kissed the Queen's hands several times; and afterwards introduced to her the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburgh, who had accompanied them, and four-hundred pretended ladies of their suite. These were mostly German servant-girls, who officiated as maids of honour, waiting-maids, cooks, and washer-women. Almost every one of these creatures carried in her arms a richly dressed infant: and when they were asked whether these children were their own? they answered prostrating themselves in the Russian fashion: *the Czar has done me the honour to make me the mother of this child.* The Queen would not speak to these creatures: and the Czarina, to be revenged, treated the Princesses of the blood with much haughtiness; and it was with very great difficulty that the King prevailed with the Queen to notice the Russian ladies. I saw the whole of this Court, the next day, when the Czar and Czarina

came to visit the Queen. Her Majesty received them in the state-rooms of the palace, and went to meet them in the hall of the guards. The Queen gave her hand to the Czarina, placing her at the right and conducted her into the audience hall.

The King and the Czar followed. As soon as the latter saw me, he knew me again, having seen me five years before He took me up in his arms, and rubbed the very skin off my face with his rude kisses. I boxed his ears, and struggled as much as I could, saying that I would not allow any such familiarities; and that he was dishonouring me. He laughed very much at this idea, and amused himself a long time at my expence. I had previously been instructed what to say: and I spoke to him of his fleet and his conquests; which delighted him so much, that he several times told the Czarina, that if he could have a child like me, he would willingly give up one of his provinces. The Czarina also tenderly caressed me. She and the Queen placed themselves under the canopy, each in an arm-chair: I was by the side of the Queen, and the Princess of the blood opposite to her Majesty.

The Czarina was short and stout, very tawny, and her figure was altogether destitute of gracefulness. Its appearance sufficiently betrayed her low origin. To have judged by her attire, one would have taken her for a German stage-actress. Her robe had been purchased at an old-clothes broker: it was made in the antique fashion, and heavily laden with silver and grease. The front of her stays was adorned with jewels, singularly placed: they represented a double eagle, badly set, the wings of which were of small stones. She wore a dozen orders and as many portraits of saints and relics, fastened to the facing of her gown: so that when she walked, the jumbling of all these orders and portraits one against the other made a tinkling noise like a mule in harness.

The Czar, on the contrary, was very tall, and pretty well made: his face was handsome, but his countenance had something savage about it, which inspired fear. He was dressed as a naval-officer, and wore a plain coat. The Czarina, who spoke very bad German, and did not well understand what was spoken to her by the Queen, beckoned to her fool, and conversed with her in Russian. This poor creature was a Princess Galitzin, who had been necessitated to fulfil that office in order to save her life: having been implicated in a conspiracy against the Czar, she had twice undergone the punishment of the *knout*. I do not know what she said to the Czarina, but the latter every now and then laughed aloud.

At length we sat down to table; where the Czar placed himself near the Queen. It is well known, that this Prince had been poisoned in his youth: a very subtile venom had attacked his nerves, whence he was frequently subject to certain involuntary convulsions. He was seized with a fit whilst at table: he made many contortions; and as he was violently gesticulating with a knife in his hand near the Queen, the latter was afraid, and wanted several times to rise from her seat. The Czar begged her to be easy, protesting that he should not do her any harm; and at the same time seized her hand, which he squeezed so violently that the Queen screamed for mercy, which made him laugh heartily; and he observed that the bones of her Majesty were more delicate than those of his Catharine. Every thing was prepared for a ball after supper; but he ran away as soon as he rose from table, and went back alone on foot to Mon Bijou.

The next day every thing worth seeing at Berlin was shown to him; and among the rest, the cabinet of medals and antique statues. There was among the latter, as I have been told, one that represented a heathen divinity in a very indecent attitude: it was with the ancient Romans an ornament of their nuptial chambers. It was considered as a very great rarity, and passed for one of the finest that was ever found. The Czar admired it much, and ordered the Czarina to kiss it. She wished to excuse herself: but he grew angry, and said to her, in broken German, *kopf ab*; which signifies: "I shall have your head cut off, if you do not obey." The Czarina was so alarmed at this, that she submitted to whatever

he required. He, without ceremony, asked for this statue and several others, which the King could not refuse. He did the same with a cabinet lined with amber: it was unique in its kind, and had cost immense sums to Frederick I.: and this too had the misfortune to be taken to Petersburgh to the great regret of every one.

Two days afterwards this court of barbarians at length set out on their journey back. The Queen immediately hastened to Mon Bijou; and what desolation was there visible, I never beheld any thing like it: indeed, I think Jerusalem, after its siege and capture, could not have presented such another scene. This elegant palace was left by them in so ruinous a state, that the Queen was absolutely obliged to rebuild nearly the whole of it.

On Female Literature. *By* Madame de Staël-Holstein.

"Misfortune resembles the black mountain of Bember, situated at the extremity of the burning kingdom of Lahor. while we ascend it, we see before us only barren rocks; but no sooner do we reach the summit, than we perceive the heavens over our head, and the kingdom of Cachemire at our feet."—*The Indian Cottage, by Bernardin de St. Pierre.*

THE rank which women hold in society is still, in many respects, indeterminate; a desire to please draws forth their natural understanding, while reason advises them to remain unknown, and their success is as absolute as their failure.

I cannot but think, that a period will arrive, when philosophical legislators will bestow a serious attention upon the education of women, upon the civil laws by which they are protected, the duties incumbent upon them, and the happiness which may be secured to them; but, in the present state of things, they are placed neither in the order of nature, nor in the order of society; what some succeed in, proves the destruction of others; their good qualities are sometimes prejudicial to them, while their faults befriend them: one moment they are every thing, the next perhaps they are nothing. Their destiny is, in some respects, similar to that of freedmen in a monarchy; if they attempt to acquire any ascendancy,—a power which the laws have not given them, it is imputed to them as a crime; if they remain slaves, they are persecuted and oppressed.

Generally speaking, it would certainly be far better if women would devote themselves wholly to domestic virtues: but a strange caprice in the judgment of men with respect to women is, that they esteem a total inattention to essential duties more pardonable in a female, than the crime of attracting attention by distinguished talents; even an abasement of the heart is tolerated in favour of an inferior understanding, whilst the most unsullied integrity can scarcely obtain forgiveness for real superiority.

Let us lay open to view the divers causes of this eccentricity. I shall begin by considering what is the fate of literary women in a monarchy, and also what awaits them in a republic. My first object must be to characterise the principal differences which may arise from these two political situations in the destiny of such females as may aspire to literary fame; and afterwards to consider at large, what degree of happiness those women who pretend to celebrity may reasonably expect from it.

In a monarchy they have ridicule to fear, and in a republic hatred.

It is to be expected from the nature of things, that in a monarchy where a strict conformity to fashion and prejudice prevails, every extraordinary action, every attempt to move out of the sphere in which you are placed, must at first appear ridiculous. What is required of you by your situation in life, or by any peculiar circumstances in which you may be placed, meets with general approbation; but inventions that are not necessary, or to which you are not compelled, are even anticipated by the severest censure. The jealousy natural to all men is not to be appeased, unless you apologize (if I may so speak) for your success, by representing it as the result of necessity; but if you will not veil the reputation you have acquired under the pretence of amending your situation in life and promoting your welfare; if, in fact, you are suspected of only

wishing to distinguish yourself, you will inevitably become an annoyance to those whose ambition is directed to similar views.

Indeed, men may always disguise their self-love, and their desire of applause, under the mask or the reality of the most energetic and noble passions: but when women take up the pen; as their first motive is generally supposed to be a wish to display their abilities, the public is not easily persuaded to grant them its approbation, and, knowing this approbation to be essential to them, feels still more inclined to withhold it. In every situation of life it may be observed, that no sooner does a man perceive himself to be eminently necessary to you, than his conduct is changed into a cold reserve. Thus it is when a woman publishes any work; she puts herself so entirely in the power of opinion, that the dispensers of that opinion fail not to make her painfully sensible of her dependence.

To these general causes, which are common to all countries, may be added various circumstances peculiar to the French monarchy. A spirit of knight-errantry which still existed, was in some instances an obstacle to the too assiduous cultivation of literature amongst men. This same spirit must also inspire increased disgust towards those women who suffered themselves to be so exclusively engaged by literary pursuits, as to divert their attention from their first interest, the sentiments of the heart. An honourable delicacy may occasion even men to feel some repugnance to submit to all those criticisms which public notice must draw upon them: how much greater reason, therefore, have they to be displeased at seeing those beings whom it is their duty to protect, their wives, their sisters, or their daughters, expose themselves to the public judgment, and boldly render themselves the general topic of conversation?

Great talents, undoubtedly, would triumph over all these objections; but, nevertheless, a woman must find it extremely difficult to carry off with credit to herself the reputation of an authoress; to unite it with the independence of elevated rank, and to lose nothing, in consequence of such reputation, of that dignity, that grace, that ease, and those unaffected manners, which ought to characterise her habitual manners and conduct.

Women are readily allowed to sacrifice their domestic pursuits to fashion and dissipation, but every serious study is treated in them as pedantry; and if they do not from the first rise superior to the pleasantries levelled at them from all sides, those very pleasantries will in the end discourage genius, and check the course of well-grounded confidence and elevation of mind.

Some of these disadvantages will not be met with in any republic, and particularly in that where the general aim is to promote the progress of mental improvement. Perhaps it may be natural to expect, that, in such a state, literature, properly so called, may fall entirely to the lot of women; while men devote themselves solely to the higher branches of philosophy.

The education of women has, in all free countries, been adapted to the peculiar constitution established in each: at Sparta they were accustomed to the exercise of war; at Rome, austere and patriotic virtues were required of them. If, therefore, it is wished that the principal object of the French republic should be emulation in mental improvement and philosophy, it would surely be a rational plan to promote the cultivation of the female mind, in order that men may find companions with whom they may converse on subjects the most interesting to themselves.

Nevertheless, since the revolution, men have thought it politically and morally desirable to reduce the female mind to the most absurd mediocrity: the conversation they have addressed to women, has been in a language as devoid of delicacy as of sense; and consequently the latter have had no inducement to excite the powers of their understanding. We do not, however, find that all this has tended to the improvement of manners. It is not by contracting the sphere of ideas, that the simplicity of the primitive ages can be restored; and the only result of such a system is, that less understanding has produced less delicacy, less respect for public opinion, and fewer means of supporting

solitude. What is applicable to every thing that regards the understanding, has in this instance come to pass. It has always been thought, that to enlighten the mind has been productive of evil consequences; to repair which, reason has been made to take a retrograde course: whereas, the evil arising from mental improvement can be corrected only by a still further progress in that very improvement. Either morality is a fable, or the more enlightened we are, the more attached to it we become.

If, indeed, the French could inspire their women with all the virtues of the English women, with their modest manners, and their taste for solitude; they would do well to prefer such qualities to all the gifts of shining abilities: but probably all they could obtain from their countrywomen would be, to read nothing and to know nothing; in conversation, to be totally incapable of an interesting idea, a happy expression, or an elegant diction; and, far from being more domesticated by this charming scheme of ignorance, their children would become less dear to them in proportion as themselves were less able to superintend their education.

The world would become at once more necessary and more dangerous to them, as love would be the only subject of conversation that could be addressed to them; and this subject could no longer be treated with that sort of delicacy which has hitherto been a substitute for morality.

Many advantages highly important to the morality and happiness of a country would be at once lost, if women should ever be rendered totally insipid or frivolous: they would possess fewer means to soften the irritable passions of men; they would no longer, as formerly, maintain a useful ascendancy over matters of opinion, which they have ever animated in every thing that respects humanity, generosity, and delicacy. Women, only apart from the interests of politics, and the pursuits of ambition, cast an odium upon all base actions, contemn ingratitude, and honour misfortunes when noble sentiments have brought them on. If in France there no longer existed women sufficiently enlightened to have their judgment attended to, and sufficiently dignified in their manners to inspire real respect, the opinion of society would no longer have any influence over the actions of men.

I believe firmly, that in the ancient government, where opinion held so salutary an authority, that authority was the work of women distinguished by their sense and good character; women who were quoted as examples of eloquence, when inspired by some generous resolution, when pleading in the cause of misfortune, or when boldly expressing some sentiment which required the courage to offend against power.

During the course of the revolution, those same women have given the most numerous and convincing proofs of energy and intrepidity.—Frenchmen can never become such absolute republicans, as wholly to annihilate the independence and pride natural to the female character. Women had undoubtedly, under the ancient government, too much ascendancy in public affairs; but will they become less dangerous, when destitute of all mental improvement, and consequently of reason? From their influence would then arise an immoderate rage for wealth; preferences without discernment, and affection without delicacy; and instead of ennobling, they would degrade the objects of their attachment. Will the state be a gainer by this? The rarely experienced danger of finding a woman whose superiority is out of protection to the lot of her sex in general; ought it to deprive the republic of that celebrity which France enjoyed by the art of pleasing and of living in society? Now, without women, society can be neither agreeable nor interesting; but if they be devoid of sense, or destitute of that grace in conversation which pre-supposes a distinguished and elegant education, such women are a nuisance instead of an ornament to society; they introduce a sort of foolery, a party-spirit of slander, a tiresome insipid gaiety, which must eventually banish all sensible men from their meetings; and thus the once-brilliant assemblies of Paris would be reduced to young men who have nothing to do, and young women who have nothing to say.

It is true, that inconveniences will arise in all human affairs; some undoubtedly may be found in the superiority of women, and even in that of men, in the self love of people of understanding, in the ambition of heroes, the imprudence of superior minds, the irritability of independent characters, the impetuosity of courage, and in many other cases. And must we for these reasons resist with all our power the natural bent of the mind, and direct all our institutions to discourage genius and talents? Indeed it is hardly certain, that such discouragement would be favourable either to domestic authority. Those women who are destitute of conversible powers, and unversed in literature, have generally the most art in fleeing from their duty; and unenlightened nations know not how to be free, and therefore perpetually change their governors.

To enlighten, to instruct, to perfect the education of women as well as that of men, of nations as well as that of individuals; such is still the best secret to attain all reasonable ends, all social and political relations, which we wish to be founded on a durable basis.

The mental improvement of women can surely become an object of fear only through a delicate concern for their happiness. It is possible, that to enlighten their reason may be to give them an insight into the calamities which so frequently fall to their lot: but the same argument would be equally applicable to the general effect of mental improvement upon the happiness of the human race; and for my part, I entertain not a doubt upon the subject.

If the condition of the female world in the civil order of things is very defective; surely, to alleviate their situation and not to degrade their mind, is the object most desirable. Assiduously to call forth female sense and reason, is useful both to mental improvement and the happiness of society: only one serious misfortune can accrue from the cultivated education which they may have received; and this would be (if by chance any should acquire such distinguished talents) an eager desire of fame: but even this once would not be prejudical to society at large, as it could affect only that small number of women whom nature might devote to the worst of torments,—an importunate thirst for superiority.

Let us suppose some female existing, who seduced by the celebrity of talents, would ardently endeavour to obtain it: how easy would it be to dissuade her, if she had not already advanced too far, to recede? Let her only see how formidable is the destiny she was preparing for herself. Look but into social order, some one might say; and you will soon perceive it is armed at all points against a woman who dares aspire to raise herself to a reputation on a level with that of men.

No sooner is a woman pointed out as a distinguished person, than the public is, in general, prejudiced against her. The vulgar can never judge but after certain rules, which may be adhered to without danger. Every thing which is out of the common course of events, is at first displeasing to those who consider the beaten track of life as the protection for mediocrity: even a man of superior talents somewhat startles them; but a woman of shining abilities, being a still greater phenomenon, astonishes, and consequently incommodes them much more. Nevertheless, a distinguished man being almost always destined to pursue some important career, his talents may become useful to those very persons who annex but a trifling value to the charms of reflection. A man of genius may become a man of power; and from this consideration the envious and the weak pay court to him: but a woman of talents can only offer them what they feel no interest about,—new ideas or elevated sentiments; the sound of her praise, therefore, only fatigues them.

Fame itself may be even a reproach to a woman; because fame is the reverse of what nature intended for her. Severe virtue condemns celebrity even in what is really praiseworthy in itself, as being in some measure inimical to perfect modesty.

Men of sense, astonished to find rivals amongst the fair-sex, can neither judge them with the generosity of an adversary, nor with the indul-

gence of a protector: and in this new conflict they adhere neither to the laws of honour, nor to those of good-nature.

If, as the greatest misfortune that could befal her, a woman chanced to acquire remarkable celebrity in a time of political dissention, her influence would be thought boundless, even when she attempted not to exert any; the actions of her friends would be all attributed to her; she would be hated for whatever she loved, and this poor defenceless object would be attacked before those who are really formidable were even thought of.

Nothing gives greater scope to vague conjectures, than the uncertain existence of a woman whose name is celebrated, and whose life has been obscure. If the vanity of one man excites derision; if the abhorred character of another makes him sink under the burden of public contempt, if a man of inferior talents fails of some desired success; all are ready to attribute these events to the invisible agency of female power. The ancients persuaded themselves, that fate had thwarted their designs, when they could not accomplish them; in our days, self-love, in like manner, wishes to attribute its failures to some secret cause, and not to itself; and the supposed influence of celebrated women might, in cases of necessity, be a substitute for fatality.

Women have no means of manifesting the truth, nor of explaining the particulars of their life: if any calumny is spread concerning them, the public hears it; but their intimate friends alone can judge of the truth. What authentic means can a woman have to prove the falsity of scandalous reports? A calumniated man replies by his actions to an accusing world, and may justly say,

"Let the tenor of my life speak for me."

But of what service is such a testimony to a woman? Some private virtues; some good deeds, scarcely known; some sentiments confined to the narrow circle in which she was destined to move; some writings which may render her name celebrated in countries of which she is not an inhabitant, and at a time when, perhaps, she has ceased to exist.

A man may, even in his works, refute the calumnies of which he is become the object: but as to women, to defend themselves is an additional disadvantage, to justify themselves a new alarm. They are conscious of a purity and delicacy in their nature, which the notice even of the public will tarnish; sense, talents, an impassioned mind, may induce them to emerge from the cloud in which they ought always to be enveloped; but they never cease to recur to it with regret as their safest asylum.

Women, however distinguished they may be, tremble at the aspect of malevolence; and although courageous in adversity, enmity intimidates them: they are exalted by reflection, but weakness and sensibility must ever be the leading features of their character. The generality of those whose superior talents have inspired them with a desire of fame, resemble Herminius clothed in a coat of mail; the warriors perceive the helmet, the lance, and the dazzling plume; they expect to meet with equal force; they begin the onset with violence, and the first wound cuts to the heart.

Injustice may not only destroy female happiness and peace, but it may detach the heart from the first object of its affections; who knows whether the effects produced by slander may not sometimes obliterate truth from the memory? Who can tell whether the authors of this calumny, having already embittered life, may not even after death deprive an amiable woman of those regrets which are universally due to her memory?

In this description I have hitherto pourtrayed only the injustice of men towards any distinguished female:—is not that of her own sex equally to be feared? Do they not secretly endeavour to awaken the ill-will of men against her? Will they ever unite, in order to aid, to defend, and support her in her path of difficulty?

Nor is this all: opinion seems to exempt men from all those attentions usually paid to the sex in all that concerns an individual whose superior abilities are generally allowed; towards such, men may be ungrateful, deceitful, and ill designing, without being called to account by the public.—"Is she not an extraordinary wo-

man ?" Every thing is comprised in these words; she is left to the strength of her own mind, to struggle as she can with her afflictions. The interest usually inspired by females, the power which is the safeguard of men, all fail her at once: she drags on her isolated existence like the Parias of India, amongst all those distinct classes, into none of which she can never be admitted, and who consider her as fit only to live by herself, as an object of curiosity, perhaps of envy, although, in fact, deserving of the utmost commiseration.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

The very conspicuous wit and humour which characterise this little volume warrant us in selecting from its pages some extracts for the entertainment of our readers. The imitations of the respective authors are very happily executed, as the following specimens will testify, being exquisite parodies of the manner *of Mr Southey, Mr. Lewis, and Walter Scott.*

THE REBUILDING.

By R. S.

... ... per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis *Horace.*

Spoken by a Glendoveer.

I AM a blessed Glendoveer;
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.

—

Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower-hill to Piccadilly snor'd!
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose!
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends
the walls of Drury;
The tops of houses, blue with lead,
Bend beneath the landlord's tread;
Master and 'prentice, serving man and lord,
Nailor and tailor,
Grazier and brazier,
Thro' streets and alleys pour'd,
All, all abroad to gaze,
And wonder at the blaze.
Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee,
Mounted on roof and chimney,
The mighty roast, the mighty stew
To see;
As if the dismal view
Were but to them a Brentford jubilee.
Vainly, all radiant Surya, sire of Phaeton,
(By Greeks called Apollo)
Hollow
Sounds from thy harp proceed;
Combustible as reed,
The tongue of Vulcan licks thy wooden legs:
From Drury's top, dissever'd from thy pegs,
Thou tumblest,
Humblest,
Where late thy bright effulgence shone on high:
While, by thy Somerset excited, fly
Ten million,
Billion
Sparks from the pit to gem the sable sky.

Now come the men of fire to quench the fires,
To Russel-street see Globe and Atlas flock,
Hope gallops first, and second Rock;
On flying heel,
See Hand in Hand
O'ertake the band;
View with what glowing wheel
He nicks
Phœnix;
While Albion scampers from Bridge-street Blackfriars,
Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
They shout, and they bellow again and again.
All, all in vain!
Water turns steam;
Each blazing beam
Hisses defiance to the eddying spout;
It seems but too plain that nothing can put it out;
Drury Lane! Drury Lane!
See, Drury Lane expires!

Pent in by smoke-dried beams, twelve moons or more,
Shorn of his ray,
Surya in durance lay:
The workmen heard him shout,
But thought it would not pay
To dig him out.
When lo! terrific Yamen, lord of hell,
Solemn as lead,
Judge of the dead,
Sworn foe to wittiesm,
By men called criticism,
Came passing by that way:
Rise! cried the fiend, behold a sight of gladness,
Behold the rival theatre,
I've set O. P. at her,
Who, like a bull-dog bold,
Growls and fastens on his hold;
The many headed rabble roar in madness

Thy rival staggers; come and spy her
Deep in the mud as thou art in the mire.

So saying, in his arms he caught the beaming one,
And crossing Russel-street
He placed him on his feet,
'Neath Covent-garden dome. Sudden a sound
As of the bricklayers of Babel rose:
Horns, rattles, drums, tin trumpets, sheets of copper,
Punches and slaps, thwacks of all sorts and sizes,
From the knobb'd bludgeon to the taper switch,
Ran echoing round the walls: paper placards
Blotted the lamps, boots brown with mud the benches:
A sea of heads roll'd roaring in the pit;
On paper wings O. P.'s
Reclin'd in letter'd ease;
While shout and scoff,
Ya! ya! off! off!
Like thunderbolt on Surya's eardrum fell,
And seem'd to paint
The savage oddities of Saint
Bartholomew in hell.

Tears dimm'd the god of light;
Bear me back, Yamen, from this hideous sight,
Bear me back, Yamen, I grow sick,
Oh! bury me again in brick;
Shall I on New Drury tremble,
To be O. P.'d like Kemble?
No,
Better remain by rubbish guarded,
Than this hubbubish groan placarded:
Bear me back, Yamen, bear me quick,
And bury me again in brick
Obedient Yamen
Answer'd, Amen,
And did
As he was bid.

There lay the buried god, and Time
Seem'd to decree eternity of lime;
But pity, like a dew-drop, gently prest
Almighty Veshnoo's adamantine breast:
He, the preserver, ardent still
To do whate'er he says he will,
From South-hill urged his way,
To raise the drooping lord of day.
All earthly spells the busy one o'erpower'd;
He treats with men of all conditions,
Poets and players, tradesmen and musicians;
Nay, even ventures
To attack the renters,
Old and new:
A list he gets
Of claims and debts,
And deems nought done while aught remains to do.
Yamen beheld and wither'd at the sight;
Long had he aim'd the sun-beam to controul,
For light was hateful to his soul:
Go on, cried the hellish one, yellow with spite,
Go on, cried the hellish one, yellow with spleen,
Thy toils of the morning, like Ithaca's queen,
I'll toil to undo every night.

Ye sons of song, rejoice!
Veshnoo has still'd the jarring elements,
The spheres hymn music;
Again the god of day
Peeps forth with trembling ray,
And pours at intervals a strain divine.
I have an iron yet in the fire, cried Yamen:
The vollied flame rides in my breath,
My blast is elemental death;
This hand shall tear their paper bonds to pieces;
Ingross your deeds, assignments, leases,
My breath shall every line erase
Soon as I blow the blaze.

The lawyers are met at the Crown and Anchor,
And Yamen's visage grows blanker and blanker.
The lawyers are met at the Anchor and Crown,
And Yamen's cheek is a russety brown.
Veshnoo, now thy work proceeds;
The solicitor reads,
And, merit of merit!
Red wax and green ferret
Are fix'd at the foot of the deeds!

Yamen beheld and shiver'd;
His finger and thumb were crampel;
His ear by the flea in't was bitten,
When he saw by the lawyer's clerk written,
Seal'd and deliver'd,
Being first duly stamp'd.

Now for my turn, the demon cries, and blows
A blast of sulphur from his mouth and nose;
Ah! bootless aim! the critic fiend,
Sagacious Yamen, judge of hell,
Is judged in his turn;
Parchment won't burn!
His schemes of vengeance are dissolv'd in air,
Parchment won't tear!!

Is it not written in the Himakoot book,
(That mighty Baly from Kchama took)

"Who blows on pounce.
"Must the Swerga renounce?"
It is! it is! Yamen, thine hour is nigh:
Like as an eagle claws an asp,
Veshnoo has caught him in his mighty grasp,
And hurl'd him, in spite of his shrieks and his squalls,
Whizzing aloft like the Temple fountain,
Three times as high as Meru mountain,
Which is
Ninety-nine times as high as St. Paul's.
Descending, he twisted like Levi the Jew,
Who a durable grave meant
To dig in the pavement
Of Monument-yard;
To earth by the laws of attraction he flew,
And he fell, and he fell,
To the regions of hell;
Nine centuries bounced he from cavern to rock,
And his head, as he tumbled, went nickety nock,
Like a pebble in Carisbrook well.

Now Veshnoo turn'd round to a capering varlet,
Array'd in blue and white and scarlet,
And cried, Oh! brown of slipper as of hat,
Lend me, Harlequin, thy bat:
He seiz'd the wooden sword, and smote the earth,
When lo! upstarting into birth,
A fabric, gorgeous to behold,
Outshone in elegance the old,
And Veshnoo saw, and cried, Hail, play-house mine,
Then bending his head, to Surya he said,
Go mount yon edifice,
And shew thy steady face
In renovated pride,
More bright, more glorious than before!
But ah! coy Surya still felt a twinge,
Still smarted from his former singe,
And to Veshnoo replied,
In a tone rather gruff,
No, thank you! one tumble's enough!

A TALE OF DRURY LANE.

By W. S.

Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, and imitating as near as he could their very phrase. *Don Quixote.*

To be spoken by Mr. Kemble, in a suit of the Black Prince's armour, borrowed from the Tower.

SURVEY this shield all bossy bright;
These cuisses twain behold;
Look on my form in armour dight
Of steel inlaid with gold.
My knees are stiff in iron buckles,
Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles.
These once belong'd to sable prince,
Who never did in battle wince;
With valour tart as pungent quince,
He slew the vaunting Gaul;
Rest there awhile, my bearded lance,
While from green curtain I advance
To yon foot lights, no trivial dance,
And tell the town what sad mischance
Did Drury Lane befal.

THE NIGHT.

On fair Augusta's towers and trees
Flitted the silent midnight breeze,
Curling the foliage as it past,
Which from the moon-tipp'd plumage cast
A spangled light like dancing spray;
Then reassum'd its still array:
When as night's lamp unclouded hung,
And down its full effulgence flung,
It shed such soft and balmy power,
That cot and castle, hall and bower,
And spire and dome, and turret height,
Appear'd to slumber in the light.
From Henry's chapel, Rufus' hall,
To Savoy, Temple, and St. Paul,
From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden Town,
To Redriff, Shadwell, Horselydown,
No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,
But all in deepest sleep reposed.
They might have thought, who gazed around,
Amid a silence so profound
It made the senses thrill,
That 'twas no place inhabited,
But some vast city of the dead,
All was so hush'd and still.

THE BURNING.

As chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flash'd upon her eyes:
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bedgown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
"The play-house is in flames."
And lo! where Catherine-street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
To every window pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport,
A bright ensanguin'd drain,
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons'-hall,
The ticket-porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster-shop withal,
And Richardson's hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise;
It seem'd that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!

The summon'd firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson died,
His nether bulk embraced;
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thunder'd thro' the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing-cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had his men to bang,
Show'd foreman of the British gang.
His name was Higginbottom; now
'Tis meet that I should tell you how
The others came in view:
The Hand in Hand the race begun,
Then came the Phœnix and the Sun,
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,
The Eagle, where the new;
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
Crump from St. Giles's Pound:
Whitford and Mitford join the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick-lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.
Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound!

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo "heads below!"
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from the astonish'd crowd.
At length, the mist awhile was clear'd,
When lo! amid the wreck uprear'd,
Gradual a moving head appear'd,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name rever'd,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"
And pour'd the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He totter'd, sunk, and died!

Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they lov'd so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire,)
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Serv'd but to share his grave!
Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Thro' fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight o'erwhelm'd him quite,
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he brav'd,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

THE REVIVAL.

Peace to his soul; new prospects bloom,
And toil rebuilds what fire consume!
Eat we and drink we, be our ditty,
"Joy to the managing committee."
Eat we and drink we, join to rum
Roast beef and pudding of the plum;
Forth from thy nook John Horner come,
With bread of ginger brown thy thumb,
For this is Drury's gay day:
Roll, roll thy hoop, and twirl thy tops,
And buy, to glad thy smiling chops,
Crisp parliament with lollypops,
And fingers of the lady.

Didst mark, how toil'd the busy train
From morn to eve, till Drury-lane

Leap'd like a roebuck from the plain?
Ropes rose and sunk, and rose again,
And nimble workmen trod;
To realise bold Wyatt's plan
Rush'd many a howling Irishman,
Loud clatter'd many a porter can,
And many a ragamuffin clan,
With trowel and with hod.

Drury revives! her rounded pate
Is blue, is heavenly blue with slate;
She "wings the midway air" elate,
As magpie, crow, or chough;
White paint her modish visage smears,
Yellow and pointed are her ears,
No pendent portico appears
Dangling beneath, for Whitbread's shears
Have cut the bauble off.

Yes, she exalts her stately head,
And, but that solid bulk outspread,
Oppos'd you on your onward tread,
And posts and pillars warranted
That all was true that Wyatt said,
You might have deem'd her walls so thick,
Were not compos'd of stone or brick,
But all a phantom, all a trick,
Of brain disturb'd and fancy sick,
So high she soars, so vast, so quick.

FIRE AND ALE.

By M. G. L.

Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum.
Virgil.

My palate is parch'd with Pierian thirst,
Away to Parnassus I'm beckon'd:
List, warriors and dames, while my lay is rehears'd,
I sing of the singe of Miss Drury the first,
And the birth of Miss Drury the second.

The fire king one day rather amorous felt;
He mounted his hot copper filley;
His breeches and boots were of tin, and the belt
Was made of cast iron, for fear it should melt
With the heat of the copper colt's belly.

Sure never was skin half so scalding as his!
'Vhen an infant, 'twas equally horrid,
For the water when he was baptiz'd gave a fizz,
And bubbled and simmer'd, and started off, whizz!
As soon as it sprinkled his forehead.

Oh! then there was glitter and fire in each eye,
For two living coals were the symbols;
His teeth were calcin'd, and his tongue was so dry,
It rattled against them as though you should try
To play the piano in thimbles.

From his nostrils a lava sulphureous flows,
Which scorches wherever it lingers,
A snivelling fellow he's call'd by his foes,
For he can't raise his paw up to blow his red nose,
For fear it should blister his fingers.

His wig is of flames curling over his head,
Well powder'd with white smoking ashes;
He drinks gunpowder tea, melted sugar of lead,
Cream of tartar, and dines on hot spice gingerbread,
Which black from the oven he gnashes.

Each fire nymph his kiss from her countenance shields,
'Twould soon set her cheekbone a frying:
He spit in the tenter ground near Spital-fields,
And the hole that it burnt and the chalk that it yields
Make a capital lime-kiln for drying.

When he open'd his mouth, out there issued a blast,
(Nota bene, I do not mean swearing),
But the noise that it made, and the heat that it cast,
I've heard it from those who have seen it, surpass'd
A shot manufactory flaring.

He blaz'd and he blaz'd as he gallop'd to snatch
His bride, little dreaming of danger;
His whip was a torch, and his spur was a match,
And over the horse's left eye was a patch
To keep it from burning the manger.

And who is the house-maid he means to enthral
In his cinder-producing alliance?
'Tis Drury-lane playhouse, so wide, and so tall,
Who, like other combustible ladies, must fall
If she cannot set sparks at defiance.

On his warming-pan knee-pan he clattering roll'd,
And the house-maid his hand would have taken,
But his hand, like his passion, was too hot to hold,
And she soon let it go, but her new ring of gold
All melted, like butter or bacon!

Oh! then she look'd sour, and indeed well she might,
For vinegar-yard was before her,

But, spite of her shrieks, the ignipotent knight,
Enrobing the maid in a flame of gas light,
To the skies in a sky-rocket bore her.

Look, look! 'tis the ale king, so stately and starch,
Whose votaries scorn to be sober;
He pops from his vat, like a cedar or larch;
Brown stout is his doublet, he hops in his march,
And froths at the mouth in October.

His spear is a spigot, his shield is a bung;
He taps where the housemaid no more is,
When lo! at his magical bidding, up-sprung
A second Miss Drury, tall, tidy, and young,
And sported *in loco sororis*.

Back, lurid in air, for a second regale,
The cinder king, hot with desire,
To Brydges-street hied; but the monarch of ale,
With uplifted spigot and faucet, and pail,
Thus chided the monarch of fire:

Vile tyrant, beware of the ferment I brew,
I rule the roast, here, dash the wig o' woe!
If, spite of your marriage with old Drury, you
Come here with your tinderbox, courting the new,
I'll have you indicted for bigamy!"

Account *of some* Moravian Missionaries *in* Southern Africa.

[From Lichtenstein's Travels.]

WE now quitted the valley of the Breede-river, taking a southerly direction. The country through which we travelled is a part of the district called the Bosjesveld, extending to the right bank of the Breede-river. Our road lay through a broad ravine of easy ascent, inclosed between two rows of hills running almost parallel; here are several very pretty looking places. After having passed a considerable eminence, from which we could see to a great distance southwards, we arrived at our quarters for the night.

Here we were received by a venerable aged couple with four unmarried daughters; none of the latter were now young, and both parents and children were of almost colossal size and stature. The name of this veteran was Van der Merwe: he had twelve children now living, all of the same gigantic figure as the four *young ladies* whom we first saw. Indeed, as far as I could learn, the whole family of the Van der Merwes, in all its branches, are equally colossal. The good man prides himself not a little upon his family being one of the oldest in the colony. Schalk Willem Van der Merwe, the founder of it, was sent hither from Holland soon after the establishment of the colony as an able agriculturist, and in 1675 married Anne Prevot, one of a number of orphan girls also sent by the then government to promote the population of the colony. They had ten sons and six daughters, who were all married, and all had large families. Our host was grandson to Schalk. The father of our host, one of Schalk's ten sons, had been dead only twelve years; he died at the Cape Town, being then a hundred and eight years old. Not very long before we were here, one of the Van der Merwe family had celebrated his golden wedding-day (the fiftieth), to which the nearest of kin, with their children and grand-children, were invited, and the number of guests amounted to a hundred and seventy.

At noon on the following day we reached the end of the valley, and stopped till the heat was over at the house of one of the Du Toit family, where we were very kindly received. We did not find the houses here either so good or so well furnished as those at Roodezand; the lands are less fertile, and could not be made much more profitable, even if the difficulty of transport offered no impediment to the industry of the inhabitants. A person on horseback can go in two days from hence to the Cape town, passing through Hottentots-Holland, but with a loaded waggon the road by Roodezand is preferred, as being much better, though more circuitous. Du Toit gave us an excellent sort of wine, called here Pontac, a sweet deep-red wine, which is sold at the Cape at thirty dollars the hogshead.

The road from hence to Baviansk-loof runs along the declivity of a hill, and is not passable for loaded waggons. Ours were therefore sent round by another road through the

Zoetemelks-valley, while Du Toit put his horses to a small waggon of his own, in which he himself drove our ladies the hilly road. From the heights we saw the stream which goes by the name of the River-Zonder-end (the River without end); a name given by the persons who first discovered it, because they found it a very great labour to trace it to its source. We likewise saw to the south the country through which lies the most frequented road from the Cape Town to Zwellendam. Towards evening we descended the hill, and coasted for some way the bank of the River-Zonder-end. Here we met two of the respectable members of the Society of United Brethren at Baviaanskloof, dressed according to the custom of the place in short jackets. Having heard of the commissary-general's arrival in the country, they had come hither to receive and welcome him.

Those who have read Mr. Barrow's Travels know already something of the institution formed in this district by the Herrenhuters, or Society of United Brethren:* it has now been established for a considerable number of years, and deserves every thing that can be said in its commendation. Sparmann mentions a pious German of the name of George Schmidt, as the first of the Society who undertook to come out in quality of missionary to Southern Africa. He settled there about the year 1737, and soon collected some Hottentots together for the purpose of converting them to Christianity. After his departure† a small number of his disciples remained together in a society, and the reports concerning them, which reached Europe, induced three of the United Brethren in Holland and Germany, of the names of Marsveld, Kuhnel, and Schwin, to remove hither in the year 1791: the first was from Zeist, in the province of Utrecht, the other two were Germans. By order of the East-India Company in Holland this spot was granted them for the establishment of a little colony, and the boundaries between the lands awarded to them, and those of the neighbouring colonists, were accurately defined. In a short time they collected together a tolerable number of Bastards and Hottentots, whom they instructed in their religion, at the same time endeavouring to inspire them with habits of industry.

In the mean time, that is in the year 1794, those unfortunate dissentions broke out among the colonists, the destructive consequences of which were fortunately superseded by the English invasion; but the sad effects of their discords spread even to this peaceful vale. The whole institution was a subject of offence to the surrounding colonists, partly because they did not see their own strong calvinistic doctrines taught in it, but still more, because they found themselves restrained in extending their lands, and

* The Herrenhuters, or United Brethren, better known in this country by the apellation of Moravians, are a religious society, whose principles approach nearly to those of the Quakers. The sect was founded early in the eighteenth century by a Count Zinzendorf, of Herrenhut, or Herrnhut, a town in Upper Lusatia, whence they had the name of Herrenhuters.—*Translator.*

† It does not appear how long this missionary remained among the Hottentots; Sparman says he was information that he was banished the country for having illegally made himself a chief among the Hottentots, that he might enrich himself by their labour, and the presents of cattle which they made him; and the acquisition, by any means, of the cattle belonging to the Hottentots was strictly prohibited." It is to be supposed that this prohibition, as well as the banishment of the missionary, were acts of the Dutch government, though this is not particularly specified: he certainly remained five years in the country; but whether *only* that time is not clear. In the original of the present work, Schmidt is stated to have settled in Africa in 1750; but on referring to Sparman a mistake seems to have been made in this date, since a letter of Schmidt's, cited by Sparman, wherein he mentions having been there five years, is dated in 1742.—*Translator.*

were in some measure deprived of the services of the Hottentots, for the latter preferred leading a quiet life among the Harrenhuters, to attending the sheep and oxen of the farmers. It was to these causes that the enmity of the colonists towards the brethren mentioned by Mr. Barrow is to be ascribed; but this gentleman suffers his zeal against the colonists to get too great an ascendancy over him, when he represents their enmity as having been carried to such lengths that a conspiracy was formed among them to murder the missionaries. I have myself been assured by the missionaries themselves that they never heard of such a thing: they only, by way of precaution, petitioned Sir James Craig, in the year 1796, to grant them a confirmation of their rights, and security against the encroachments with which they were menaced. Since that time, excepting some trifling disputes about the boundaries of their lands, they have lived upon very good terms with the colonists. They are universally esteemed, and I have myself more than once seen a considerable number of colonists attending at the religious assemblies of the brethren.

In the year 1799, at the request of the three original missionaries, two others, of the name of Rose and Korhammer, were sent from Germany to join them: the former has now in Marsveld's place the direction of the whole institution. Both brought their wives with them, and brought over also wives for the brethren already established, women of their own persuasion, who made no hesitation in crossing the seas to unite themselves in wedlock with persons wholly unknown to them. Since that time, the society has increased exceedingly both in numbers and importance. The same year the brethren built a very neat church, from remittances sent them by the society in Europe, and the number of their disciples now amounted to nearly eleven hundred. Two hundred houses and huts, with gardens annexed to them, and built in regular rows, give this place the appearance of an European village; a sight which surprised me exceedingly, and for the first time brought in a lively manner to my mind the idea of my native country. Excepting this place, I never saw any thing in the whole colony bearing the least resemblance to a German village.

The five brethren, with their wives, received us at the door of a house where they live all together. One of them made a short speech to welcome us, after which, a chorus of perhaps a hundred Hottentots, men and women, ranged in two rows before the door, the women on the right hand, the men on the left, sung a hymn, which was truly affecting and elevating to the heart. At first the whole number of voices sang the simple melody in slow time, then the verses were sung three voices together, by the men and the women alternately, and the melody was sung by two voices only till the last verse, when again they all joined in chorus. I could not help remarking, that among all the men's voices there was not a counter-bass, much less a bass. The natural tone of voice of the Hottentots has a roughness, which makes it little adapted to singing, yet it was by the low tones of their not overstrained tenor, that the principal effect of the chorus was produced. In the full chorus the voices of the women were not to be distinguished above those of the men so much by their fulness as by their clearness and shrillness, but the strongest effect was produced when the men's voices predominated.

The Hottentots have a strong feeling of music, and are soon impressed with the harmony of our intervals;* yet hitherto I had never supposed that with these thin, and often sharp female voices, and these hoarse mens' voices, so much effect could be produced.

After we had rested a short time in the house, we were carried to a table extremely well set out, and all prepared by the good wives themselves, every one in her different department. Instead of a prayer before the meal, the five couple sang a verse of a hymn, and then with the utmost cheerfulness, and in a style equally removed from studied seriousness and from frivolity, entered into conversation with us.

* In what respects the intervals proper to the Hottentots differ from our's will be shewn in another place.

This was carried on in a manner which showed so much correctness of thinking, and soundness of understanding, that our good opinion of them was increased at every moment: we were so well entertained that we did not break up the party till near midnight.

The next morning every different part of the institution was shewn to us; the church in the first place. It is a simple, neat quadrangular edifice, but the roof is too steep, and carried up to too sharp a ridge: this was done to give height to the building, and render it more conspicuous. Within are two rows of benches, and a simple pulpit; the utmost simplicity is, indeed, observable in every part of the building, but at the same time the due proportions are exceedingly well observed, and the workmanship is extremely neat. The timbers are all of sumach wood, the yellow tint and polish of which gives a sort of simple elegance to the appearance of the whole. The English government gave the brethren permission to cut down as much timber as they wanted from the woods belonging to the company, free of expense.

By the side of the church is the garden of the pastors, in the midst of which stands the large old pear-tree, planted by Schmidt himself, the original founder of the institution: benches are standing under its shade, and this is a favourite place of resort among the brethren. The garden is two hundred paces long, and about a hundred and fifty broad; it is well stored with all kinds of kitchen vegetables and pulse, and intersected all over with little channels, by which it is constantly well watered. Brother Schwin, who is an excellent gardener, has the management of it. The church-yard is directly behind it, and is laid out exactly in the manner of the Herrenhuters in Germany: a walk divides it in two, on the right hand of which lie the men, on the left the women. The graves follow each other in regular rows, and the utmost care is taken of them: each has over it a little wooden cross, on which is inscribed the name of the deceased, his age, and the day of his death. The graves of two children of the brethren have tomb-stones, and those of the Hottentots that had been baptised are distinguished from the rest.

The house inhabited by the brethren has, besides the hall in which they assemble, and where they take their meals, two chambers for two of the couples, and various household conveniences; the other three couple lodge in small houses close by. Another house is appropriated to the manufacture of knives, of which Kuhnel is the director, and which begins already to be very profitable. Four Hottentots were employed in it, who, when first they began learning had no pay; they are now paid wages by the day, and when they are perfect in their work are to be paid by the piece. The knives are strong and well made, and are much sought after at the Cape Town though they are dear: pocket knives sell from a dollar to a dollar and a half. Kuhnel complained much of the want of tools, and the difficulty of getting them from Europe, so that he is obliged to make them almost all himself. Marsveld is the miller, and has built a water-mill after the European manner, in which he grinds not only all the corn for the household and the Hottentots, but a great deal for the neighbouring colonists.

The church, with the nearest houses, lie in the deepest recess of the valley, at the foot of the Baviansklooof, from which, in winter, the water sometimes rushes with great force, so that it has more than once overflowed the whole valley. The channel has, therefore, been lately enclosed between two strong walls, and several bridges have been made over it; a work of no small labour, and affording an additional proof of the industry and activity of these people. The brethren proposed carrying this canal on as a benefit to the lands lying without the valley, and when two years after I visited this spot, for the last time, it was already extended six hundred paces farther.

But in order to form a just estimate of the worth of these excellent men, their manner of conducting themselves towards the Hottentots must be seen: the mildness, yet dignity with which they instruct them, and the effect which has already been produced in

improving the condition of their uncivilized brethren is truly admirable. It is the more astonishing, since all has been accomplished by persuasion and exhortation, no violence, or even harshness, has ever been employed. No other punishment is known but being prohibited from attending divine service, or being banished the society; but it is very rarely that they are obliged to have recourse to these things, only when repeated exhortations and remonstrances have failed, and a determined perverseness of disposition appears, which cannot otherwise be subdued. The highest reward of industry, and good behaviour, is to be baptised and received into the society. Of this, however, they are so sparing, that the whole number of the baptized scarcely yet amounts to fifty. To the most distinguished among these, the still higher honours are granted of being appointed to little offices in the church, such as elders and deacons. The latter are also, very naturally, from their diligence and industy, in the best circumstances of any of the community, and have houses built by themselves, not at all inferior to those of the colonists on the borders. The men are clothed like the peasants, in linen jackets, and leather small-clothes, and wear hats the women have woollen petticoats, cotton jackets, with long sleeves, and caps: the lower classes are still clothed in skins, but they are made to keep themselves and their clothing clean, and no nakedness is permitted.

Every family of Hottentots has a garden behind the house, planted with vegetables, pulse, and fruit-trees, with a portion of land, according to the number of persons to be fed from it: this they cultivate themselves, under the direction of the father, as he is called, and they have the implements of agriculture and the seed-corn given them. Industry is rewarded by an occasional addition to the portion of land, negligence by being deprived of a part; but the brethren still find a disposition to indolence, the greatest subject of complaint they have against their disciples: many of them will only gain their slender sustenance by the same occasional labours to which they have been accustomed in the service of the colonists, by assisting in the harvest, for example, by attending upon their cattle, or by working at their buildings. The women and children are left behind when they go out to work in this way, a burden upon the community, and are not without difficulty incited to gain a trifle, by working in the gardens of the brethren, or of their more substantial fellow-countrymen. Those who are baptised are all bastards, since among the pure Hottentots exhortation alone cannot produce a sufficient effect to induce them to throw aside their careless and indolent ways.

How much superior is such an institution to those that have been established in other parts of Southern Africa, by English and Dutch missionaries. While the Herrenhuters, wherever they have gone, have excited universal respect, and have endeavoured to inspire a spirit of industsy, with a sense of true religion, while they have sought to make the savages men before they thought of making them Christians, the missionaries abovementioned, with few exceptions, have shewn themselves idle vagabonds, or senseless fanatics, beginning their task of conversion by teaching the doctrine of the Trinity, and baptising their disciples, and have concerned themselves little with seeking to give them habits of industry, to inspire them with the feelings of men: they have commenced with the superstructure, without thinking of laying the proper foundation by which it was to be supported. As all the communities of brethren over the whole earth, at the same hour, morning and evening, are united in singing the hymn appointed for that day, so are they all inspired with an equal ardour, in seeking to arrive at the same goal, it is not among them single men that labour; it is the united strength of many thousands working together, and the fruits of their diligence and savings goes all into the common stock; the remotest branch is supported and nourished from the trunk. According to the testimony of the brethren here, the little branch of which they have the care, notwithstanding the favours shewn it on the part of the govern-

ment, has received in the eleven years that have elapsed since its establishment no less than twenty-five thousand dollars from Europe, and the yearly expences seem rather to increase than diminish.

Assurances of countenance and support on the part of the goverment were reiterated by the commissary-general; he gave them besides much friendly advice, and presented the establishment with a handsome sum of money from the government treasury. We stayed to take our dinner here, and then departed amid the blessing of these worthy people, and their prayers for our happiness: two of the brethren even accompanied us a part of the way.

COWLEY:—*of his* MELANCHOLY.

[From the "Calamities of Authors."]

THE mind of Cowley was beautiful, but a querulous tenderness in his nature breathes not only through his works, but influenced his habits and his views of human affairs. His temper and his genius would have opened to us, had not the strange decision of Sprat and Clifford withdrew that full correspondence of his heart which he had carried on many years. These letters were suppressed because, as they acknowledge, "in this kind of prose Mr. Cowley was excellent! They had a domestical plainness, and a peculiar kind of familiarity." And then the florid writer runs off, that, "in letters, where the souls of men should appear undressed, in that negligent habit they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad into the streets." A false criticism, which not only since their time appears by Mason's Memoirs of Gray, but might have occurred to these friends of Cowley, in recollecting that the Letters of Cicero to Atticus formed the most delightful chronicles of the heart—and the most authentic memorials of genius. Peck obtained one letter of Cowley's preserved by Johnson, and it exhibits a remarkable picture of the miseries of his poetical solitude. Is is, perhaps, not too late to inquire, whether this correspondence was destroyed, as well as suppressed? Would Sprat and Clifford have burnt what they have told us they so much admired*?

* My researches could never obtain more than one letter of Cowley's—it is but an elegant trifle—returning thanks to his friend Evelyn, for some seeds and plants. "The Garden" of Evelyn is immortalized in a delightful Ode of Cowley's, as well as by Evelyn himself. Even in this small note, we may discover the touch of Cowley. I presume it has never been printed. The original was in Astle's Collection.

"Mr. Abraham Cowley, to John Evelyn, Esq.

"*Barn Elms, March* 23, 1663.

"SIR,

"There is nothing more pleasant than to see kindness in a person, for whom we have great esteem and respect: no, not the sight of your garden in May, or even the having such an one; which makes me more obliged to return you my most humble thanks for the testimonies I have lately received of you, both by your letter and your presents. I have already sowed such of your seeds as I thought most proper, upon a hot-bed; but cannot find in all my books a catalogue of these plants which require that culture, nor of such as must be set in pots; which defects, and all others, I hope shortly to see supplied, as I hope shortly to see your work of Horticulture finished and published; and long to be in all things your disciple, as I am in all things now,

Sir, your most humble,
and most obedient Servant,
A. COWLEY."

Such were the ordinary letters which passed between two men whom it would be difficult to parallel, for their elegant tastes and gentle dispositions. Evelyn's beautiful retreat at Sayes Court, at Deptford, is described by a contemporary for "a garden exquisite and most boscaresque, and, as it were, an exemplar of his book of Forest-trees." It was the entertainment and wonder of the greatest men of those times, and inspired the following lines of Cowley, to Evelyn and his lady, who excelled in the arts her husband loved; for she designed

Fortunately for our literary sympathy, the fatal error of these fastidious critics has been in some degree repaired by the admirable genius himself, whom they have injured. When Cowley retreated from society, he determined to draw up an apology for conduct—and to have dedicated it to his patron, Lord St. Alban's. His death interrupted the entire design—but his essays, which Pope so finely calls "the language of his heart," are evidently parts of these precious Confessions. All of Cowley's tenderest and undisguised feelings have therefore not perished. These Essays now form a species of composition in our language, a mixture of prose and verse—the man with the poet—the self-painter has sat to himself, and, with the utmost simplicity, has copied out the image of his soul.

Why has this poet twice called himself *The melancholy Cowley?* He employed no poetical *cheville** for the metre of a verse which his own feelings inspired.

Cowley, at the beginning of the civil war, joined the Royalists at Oxford; followed the Queen to Paris; yielded his days and his nights to an employment of the highest confidence, that of decyphering the royal correspondence; he transacted their business, and, almost divorcing himself from his neglected muse, he yielded up for them the tranquillity so necessary to the existence of a poet. From his earliest days he tells us how the poetic affections had stamped themselves on his heart, "like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, will grow proportionably."

He describes his feelings at the Court:

"I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it—that beauty which I did not fall in love with when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired. I was in a crowd of good company, in business of great and honourable trust; I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences that ought to be desired by a man of my condition; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish; in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well then! I now do plainly see,
This busie world and I shall ne'er agree!"

After several years' absence from his native country, at a most critical period, he was sent over to mix with that trusty band of loyalists, who, in secrecy and in silence, were devoting themselves to the royal cause. Cowley was seized on by the ruling powers. At this moment he published a preface to his works, which some of his party interpreted as a relaxation of his loyalty. He has been fully defended. Cowley, with all his delicacy of temper, wished sincerely to retire from all parties; and saw enough among the fiery zealots of his own, to grow disgusted even with royalists.

His wish for retirement has been half censured as cowardice by Johnson; but there was a tenderness of feeling which had ill formed Cowley for the cunning of party intriguers, and the company of little villains. About this time he might have truly distinguished himself as "The melancholy Cowley."

I am only tracing his literary history for the purpose of this work: but I cannot pass without noticing the fact, that this abused man, whom his enemies were calumniating, was at this moment, under the disguise of a doctor of physic, occupied by the novel studies of botany and medicine; and as all science in the mind of the poet

the frontispiece to his version of Lucretius.

"In Books and Gardens, thou hast plac'd aright
(Things well which thou dost understand,
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refined and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."

* A term the French apply to those *botches* which bad poets use to make out their metre.

naturally becomes poetry, he composed his books on plants in Latin verse.

At length came the restoration—which the poet zealously celebrated in his "Ode" on that occasion. Both Charles the First and Second had promised to reward his fidelity with the Mastership of the Savoy—but, Wood says, "he lost it by certain persons enemies of the muses." Wood has said no more; and none of Cowley's biographers have thrown any light on the circumstance: perhaps we may discover this literary calamity.

That Cowley caught no warmth from that promised sunshine which the new monarch was to scatter in prodigal gaiety, has been distinctly told by the poet himself; his muse, in "The Complaint," having reproached him thus,

"Thou young prodigal, who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years, the good estate—
Thou changling then, bewitch'd with noise and show,
Wouldst into courts and cities from me go—
Go, renegado, cast up thy account—
Behold the public storm is spent at last;
The sovereign is toss'd at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore—
But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,
All march'd up to possess the promis'd land;
Thou still alone (alas!) dost gaping stand
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand."

But neglect was not all Cowley had to endure; the royal party seemed disposed to calumniate him. When Cowley was young, he had hastily composed the comedy of "The Guardian;" a piece which served the cause of loyalty. After the Restoration, he re-wrote it under the title of "Cutter of Coleman-Street; a comedy which may still be read with equal curiosity and interest: a spirited picture of the peculiar characters which appeared at the Revolution. It was not only ill received by a faction, but by those vermin of a new court who, without merit themselves, put in their claims, by crying down those who, with great merit, are not in favour. All these, to a man, accused the author of having written a satire against the king's party. And this wretched party prevailed, too long for the author's repose, but not for his fame. Many years afterwards this comedy became popular. Dryden, who was present at the representation, tells us, that Cowley "received the news of his ill success, not with so much firmness, as might have been expected from so great a man."—Cowley was in truth a great man, and a greatly injured man. His sensibility, and delicacy of temper, were of another texture than Dryden's. What, at that moment, did Cowley experience, when he beheld himself neglected, calumniated, and, in his last appeal to public favour, found himself still a victim to a vile faction; who, to court their common master, were trampling on their honest brother?

Now we shall find an unbroken chain of evidence, clearly demonstrating the agony of his literary feelings. The cynical Wood tells us, that, "not finding that preferment he expected, while others for their money carried away most places, he retired discontented into Surrey." And his panegyrist, Sprat, describes him as "weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition—he had been perplexed with a long compliance with foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of a court, which sort of life, though his virtue made it innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to follow the violent inclination of his own mind," &c. I doubt if either the sarcastic antiquary, or the flowery panegyrist, have developed the simple truth of Cowley's "violent inclination of his own mind." He does it himself more openly in that beautiful picture of an injured poet, in "The Complaint," an ode warm with individual feeling, but which Johnson coldly passes over, by telling us that, it met the usual fortune of complaints, and seems to have excited more contempt than pity."

Thus the biographers of Cowley have told us nothing—and the poet himself has probably not told us all. To those calumnies respecting Cowley's comedy, raised up by those whom Wood designates as "Enemies

of the Muses," it would appear that others were added of a deeper dye, and in malignant whispers distilled into the ear of royalty. Cowley, in an ode, has commemorated the genius of Brutus, with all the enthusiasm of a votary of liberty. After the King's return, when Cowley solicited some reward for his sufferings and services in the royal cause, the chancellor is said to have turned on him with a severe countenance, saying, "Mr. Cowley, your pardon is your reward!" It seems that ode was then considered to be of a dangerous tendency among half the nation; Brutus would be the model of enthusiasts, who were sullenly bending their neck under the yoke of royalty. Charles II. feared the attempt of desperate men; and he might have forgiven Rochester a loose pasquinade, but not Cowley a solemn invocation. This fact then is said to have been the true cause of the despondence so prevalent in the latter poetry of "the melancholy Cowley." And hence the indiscretion of the muse, in a single flight, condemned her to a painful, rather than a voluntary solitude: and made the poet complain of "barren praise" and "neglected verse."*

While this anecdote harmonises with better known facts, it throws some light on the violent cry raised against the comedy, that was but an echo of some preceding one. Cowley retreated into solitude, where he found none of the agrestic charms of the landscapes of his muse. When in the world, Sprat says "he had never wanted for constant health and strength of body;" but, thrown into solitude, he carried with him a wounded spirit—the Ode of Brutus, and the condemnation of his comedy, were the dark spirits that haunted his cottage. Ill health soon succeeded low spirits—he pined in dejection, and perished a victim of the finest and most injured feelings.

But before we leave "the melancholy Cowley," he shall speak the feelings, which here are not exaggerated. In this chronicle of literary calamity, no passage ought to be more memorable than the solemn confession of one of the most amiable of men and poets.

Thus he expresses himself in the preface to his "Cutter of Coleman-street:"

"We are, therefore, wonderful wise men, and have a fine business of it; we, who spend our time in poetry. I do sometimes laugh, and am often angry with myself, when I think on it; and if I had a son inclined by nature to the same folly, I believe I should bind him from it by the strictest conjurations of a paternal blessing. For what can be more ridiculous than to labour to give men delight, whilst they labour, on their part, most earnestly, to take offence."

And thus he closes the preface, in all the solemn expression of injured feelings:—This I do affirm, that *from all which I have written*, I never *received the least benefit, or the least advantage; but, on the contrary, have felt sometimes the effects of malice and misfortune!*"

Cowley's ashes were deposited between those of his own Chaucer and Spenser; a marble monument was erected by a duke: and his eulogy was pronounced, on the day of his death, from the lips of royalty. The learned wrote, and the tuneful wept—well might the neglected bard, in his retirement, compose an epitaph on himself, living there "entombed, though not dead."

To this ambiguous state of existence, he applies a conceit, not inelegant, from the tenderness of its imagery:

Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus;
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

IMITATED.

Here scatter flow'rs, and short-lived roses bring,
For life, tho' dead, enjoys the flow'rs of spring;
With breathing wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn
The yet warm embers in the poet's urn.

* The anecdote I have noticed is probably little known. It may be found in "The judgment of Dr. Prideaux in condemning the Murder of Julius Cæsar by the Conspirators as a most villainous act, maintained, 1721," p. 41.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

The ADVENTURES *of a* DRAMATIST, *on a* JOURNEY *to* LONDON. 2 vols. 1813.

FROM the dedication of these volumes to Mr. Whitbread, we learn that the author's name is Frere; and the name of his hero (Ererf) is merely an anagram of his own.—Whether, however, the adventures which are here narrated be real or fictitious; whether they happened to himself or to any other; or whether Mr. Frere ever wrote a play which was rejected by the managers, we pretend not to know. The volumes themselves are written with some merit. They do not weary in the reading. The events follow rapidly, and the composition is lively and easy. There is nothing in them like a connected story; they consist merely of a series of adventures, unconnected with each other, which are supposed to have happened to an author in his journey to London, with the view of offering his play to the managers for representation. They do not excite much interest, and yet it must be allowed that the effect of the whole is rather to amuse than disgust. Some parts, however, are capable of improvement, as his grammar, for example; "thrusted," (p. 40, vol. i.) for the preterite of thrust, making it a regular verb: "our real wants are but few, the rest *is* merely ideal," 98—"slided," p. 194—"neither my inclination *nor* talents lead me that way,", 15, vol. ii.

Other faults struck us. The discourse, at p. 108, vol. i. addressed to the young seamstress, we think just the reverse of what ought to be uttered to a modest female.

The scene between the author and the London prostitute, p. 49, vol. ii. is drawn by a man who evidently has little knowledge of their manners. This is a tender point, however, upon which to display our superiority of information, and therefore the less we say about it the better.

The political vision, in the second volume, seems to have been written from the same motive as the conclusion of the introductory chapter—to eke out the work. We are sorry to find the author a follower of Burdett. Yet he has good sense enough to expose the methodists! Strange inconsistency!

If the specimens of the drama, which are contained in vol. ii. be really part of that which was offered to our managers, who shall wonder that it was rejected?

Let not the author imagine that these opinions are expressed, because he has not fee'd us with those "guineas" he talks of in his introduction, as capable of purchasing praise from a reviewer. We have so little suspicion of authors having any money to fool away in luxuries, (and praise *is* an author's luxury) that we have never given any credit to the improbable tales of bribing critics. These innendoes on paper are even more depreciated than our paper currency.

To show, however, that we can be just, we will extract what we consider as a very favourable specimen of the author's manner of narration:

"Ross.—*The Tap-Room.*

"'Have the goodness, Sir, to direct me to the man of Ross,' said I, addressing myself to a jolly, portly-looking man, whose pimpled face, as the light from a shop shone upon it, declared that its owner was fully able to satisfy me.

"Now, though there are several other decent inns in the town, such as the Golden Lion, Blue Boar, Red Horse, &c. it cannot be supposed that a worshipper of the tuneful nine should not prefer to these vulgar signs the effigy of the man, whose active benevolence has been recorded in the lasting verse of Pope.

'The toper assured me with a smile, that no one was more able than himself to give me that information.

"'How! cried I, eagerly, my thoughts rambling from the sign to the prototype, 'are you really in possession of any facts respecting Mr. Kyrl, which the public is, as yet, unacquainted with?'

"'I do not know what you mean by this Mr. Kyrl, said the fellow. The landlord's name of the Ross is not

Kyrl, but Griffiths, and as worthy a man as ever broke bread. He keeps an excellent tap, to my certain knowledge, and there is always good accommodation for man and horse.'

"With this recommendation I was satisfied. I soon found out the inn, and went in, intending to take up my quarters for the night. My first call was supper, which I enjoyed like a true pedestrian. Having eaten *quantum sufficit*, I repaired for company to a tap room, in which several tradesmen of the place were assembled. On my entrance, a short silence prevailed; a distant reserve succeeded the freedom of conversation, and, as a stranger, I was complimented with a seat in the corner. To do away this reserve, (of which I judged myself the cause) I determined to start some topic interesting to all, and turning towards mine host, asked him, (as I conceived myself in his house at the fountain head of information) whether he could furnish me with any new anecdotes respecting the Man of Ross.

"Griffiths having made me twice repeat the question, took his pipe from his mouth, and gravely told me, that it was ten years ago and upwards since he entered upon the premises with its fixtures, and that he also took to the furniture and stock of liquors at a fair valuation; but, as to the matter of *that there*, he never knew any thing at all about it, as it was no concern of his, having heard no manner of talk of that sort in these parts.

"'Well, landlord, said I, gaily, if that be the case, I can afford some little information myself, which, with the company's leave, I will impart to you.'

"Being encouraged to proceed by several assenting nods, I began a pompous enumeration of Mr. Kyrl's virtues, detailing the many benefits he had conferred on the town, and concluding with Pope's verses, which I delivered with all the emphasis in my power.

"I was heard throughout in perfect silence, the company composedly smoking their pipes all the time.

"'My service to you, Sir,' said the landlord, taking up his jug, which was the signal for the rest of the company to compliment me in the like manner. I, in return, politely drank all their healths. A short pause ensued, which my vanity induced me to believe was employed in silent wonder at my learning and elocution.

"The silence was broken by this question put to mine host;

"'Well, Master Griffiths, when do you intend to kill your pig?'

"To this a suitable reply being made, a noisy and very animated debate succeeded, respecting the breed, size, and weight of the animal: then followed learned discussions on the various tit-bits of a pig, each warmly contending for his own favourite morsel. It was obvious that the carcase of a hog was to them a topic of conversation much more interesting, than any biographical sketches of the Man of Ross.

"I sat swelling in my chair, looking with contempt upon these soulless bipeds, whom, in the insolence of pride, I considered as nearly a-kin to their favourite animal. Ashamed of the company, and seeing no end of the debate, I loudly rung the bell, and, with an air of great importance, ordered a pan of coals. At the summons of the chamber maid, I arose and haughtily strode out of the room. It was some time before returning reason could persuade me, that these men, compelled by education, habit, and their various professions, to attend solely to objects of the first necessity and of daily occurrences, could not easily bend their minds to topics of mere curiosity, and in which they neither perceived use nor profit, and that, had my education and circumstances been like theirs, I should have most likely cut no better figure in literary discussions.

"This remark reconciled me to these vulgar beings, and so much the more readily, as vanity, by taking another direction, now highly complimented me on the *candour* and *liberality* I thus evinced towards them. In this soothing disposition, I went to bed, and soon sunk into a deep repose: and thus ended the first day of my expedition."

We will conclude with assuring the author, that we have read many a worse novel than this, though popular with the million.

MEMOIRS *of* FREDERICA SOPHIA WILHELMINA, PRINCESS ROYAL *of* PRUSSIA, MARGRAVINE *of* BAREITH, SISTER *of* FREDERIC *the* GREAT. *Written by herself Translated from the original French.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1812.

WE have read these volumes, and particularly the first, with very great pleasure and amusement. They carry with them the most satisfactory internal evidence of their authenticity, and exhibit some highly curious pictures of the Prussian court. The second volume possesses less interest, for it is chiefly occupied with details of what passes at the court of her husband; and who now cares, or who ever cared, about the intrigues and state policy of a Margrave of Bareith? There is cause to regret, however, that these Memoirs terminate so abruptly, for the Margravine states her intention of recording the most memorable events of the reign of her brother; but that part of her MS. has never yet been found.

Voltaire, in his Memoirs, has given the world a sufficiently unfavourable account of the character of Frederic William II. father of Frederic the Great; but these Memoirs shew him in a light truly odious and disgusting. Perhaps, indeed, it had been as well if a daughter's hand had not been the one that held the pencil to pourtray this dark and gloomy picture: but being so pourtrayed, there can be but one opinion as to its qualities and composition. It is impossible to give any idea, by mere invective, of the barbarities which this king delighted to inflict upon his queen and children, especially the princess and her brother; but a few extracts will satisfy the reader that it would not be easy to parallel his wanton cruelties, except, perhaps, in a Tartar country, or among the savages of New Holland, where even love itself is made with the assistance of a club.

The amiable and affectionate father is pleasingly exhibited in the following scene:

"One morning, when we entered his room to pay him our respects, he sent us all back. 'Get you all gone,' said he, in a passion to the queen, 'with your confounded brats; I wish to be alone.' The queen would have replied, but he bade her be silent, and ordered dinner to be served up in her room. My mother was vexed, but we were delighted; for my brother and myself were actually as meagre as jades through the want of food. But we had scarcely sat down to dinner, when one of the king's valets came running, quite out of breath, calling out to the queen: 'For heaven's sake, madam! come quickly; the king is about strangling himself.' The queen immediately ran to his assistance. She found the king with a rope about his neck, and on the point of suffocation, if she had not timely saved him. His brain was affected; the heat of his fever, however, abated towards night, when he found himself somewhat better. We were all exceedingly rejoiced at it, hoping that his humour would be less violent: but we were disappointed. At table he told the queen that he had received letters from Anspach, informing him that the young Margrave intended to be at Berlin in May, to marry my sister; and that he should send M. de Bremer his governor, to carry to him the betrothing ring. He asked my sister whether she was pleased; and how she would regulate her house when married? My sister was in the habit of speaking her sentiments freely, and even telling him his own faults, without his being offended. She therefore told him, with her usual frankness, 'that she would keep a good table, well provided with all sorts of delicacies, which,' added she, 'will be superior to yours: and if I have children, I shall not use them ill as you do, nor force them to eat food that disagrees with them.'— 'What do you mean?' replied the king: 'what fault is there in my table?'—'The fault is,' said she, 'that there is not enough to satisfy one's hunger; and that the little there is consists of coarse vegetables, which we cannot digest.' The king had already begun to be angry at her first answer; the last put him into a furious rage: but his passion vented itself upon my brother and me. He first threw a plate at the head of my brother, who avoided the blow; he then threw one at me, which I also avoided. A pelting storm of abuse followed. He flew into a rage at the queen,

scolding her for the bad education she gave to her offspring: and turning to my brother, 'you ought to curse your mother,' said he; 'she is the cause of your being so ill-bred.' I had a tutor,' added he, 'who was an honest man. I shall never forget a story which he told me when I was very young. 'There was,' said he, 'a man at Carthage, who had been condemned to death for several crimes he had committed. When he was led to execution, he asked leave to speak to his mother, who was instantly sent for. He approached her, as if he wanted to whisper something to her, and bit off part of her ear with his teeth. I do this,' said he to his mother, 'to set you up as an example to all parents who neglect bringing their children up in the practice of virtue.' You may make the application;' continued the king, still addressing my brother: and as the latter did not return any answer, he went on abusing us till he was no longer able to speak.

'We arose from table; and as we were obliged to pass close by him, he aimed a blow at me with one of his crutches, which I luckily avoided; else it would have felled me to the ground. He pursued me for some time in his rolling car; but those who dragged it gave me time to fly to the room of the queen, which was at a great distance. I reached it half dead with fear, and in such a tremble, that I sunk on a chair unable to support myself any longer. The queen had followed me; she did all she could to comfort me, and to persuade me to go back to the king. His plates and crutches had so alarmed me, that I could scarcely be induced to return. When we went back, we found him conversing calmly with his officers. But scarcely had I entered the room, when I was taken ill and forced to return to the queen's apartment, where I had two fainting fits. I stayed there for some time. The waiting woman of the queen, after having considered me attentively, exclaimed: 'Good heavens! madam! what ails you? What a plight you are in!' It is horrible?'—'I do not know what I ail,' said I; 'but I am very ill.' She brought me a looking-glass, and I was very much surprised to see my face and breast covered with red spots. I ascribed it to the violent emotion into which I had been thrown, and thought no more of it: but as soon as I returned to the king's room, the rash disappeared, and I again fell into a swoon. It proceeded from my having to cross a long suite of excessively cold rooms. In the night I had a violent fever; and the next day I was so ill, that I let the queen know I could not stir out. She sent me word that I must come to her, dead or alive. My reply was, that a rash with which I was covered rendered my compliance impossible. Her commands to move were, however, repeated. I was accordingly dragged to her room, where I had a succession of fainting fits; and in the same state I was carried to the king. My sister seeing me so very ill, and supposing me on the point of death, pointed me out to the king, who had not taken any notice of me. 'What ails you?' said he to me: 'you are very much altered; but I shall soon cure you.' At the same time he made me empty a large goblet of very old hock, of great strength. Scarcely had I swallowed it, when my fever increased, and I began to be delirious. The queen saw that it was necessary to send me to my room: I was therefore carried to my bed, and laid upon it in full dress, being strictly ordered to re-appear at night. But I was not long there, before I had a dreadful paroxysm. Dr. Stahl, the physician, took my illness for a violent fever, and ordered me several remedies quite contrary to my case. I continued delirious all that day and the next. When I recovered my senses, I prepared for death. In my short lucid intervals, I ardently wished to die: but when I saw Madam de Sonsfeld and my good Mermann weeping near my bed, I endeavoured to console them by telling them that I was weaned from the world, and that I was going to enjoy a repose which no one could disturb. 'I am,' said I, 'the cause of both the queen's and my brother's sorrows. If I am to die, tell the king that I have always loved and respected him, that I have no fault to reproach myself with towards him; that therefore I hope he will give me his blessing before I quit this world. Tell him that I beseech him to treat the queen and my brother more gently, and to bury

all discontents and animosities against them in my grave. It is the only boon I wish him to grant me; and my only cause of uneasiness in my present state.'

"I lingered forty-eight hours between life and death, at the end of which the small-pox manifested itself. The king had not inquired after me all the time I had been ill. When he was informed that I had the small-pox, he sent Holtzendorff, his surgeon, to see how I was. This brutal fellow repeated to me a hundred harsh things from the king, and added some of his own. I was so ill, that I paid no attention to what he said. He confirmed, however, the account which had been given to the king of my health. His apprehension that my sister might be attacked by this infectious malady, suggested to him all possible precautions to prevent it, but in a manner extremely harsh towards me. I was immediately treated as a prisoner of state; every approach to my chamber was sealed up, except a single communication. The queen, her domestics, and my brother, had strict orders not to visit me. No one was left with me but my governess and my poor nurse Mermann, who was pregnant, and, notwithstanding that, attended me night and day with unparalleled zeal and attachment. My bed was in an excessively cold chamber. The broth I had served up to me was nothing but water and salt; and when something better was asked for me, the answer was, that the king had said, 'it was good enough for me.' When I slumbered a little towards morning, I was suddenly awakened by the noise of drums: the king would rather have witnessed my death than have ordered the drums to cease. To complete my misfortune, my good Mermann fell ill. As the pains she suffered prognosticated a miscarriage, she was transported to Berlin. My second waiting-woman was sent for; who being every day inebriated, was unable to attend me. My brother, who had already had the small-pox, did not forsake me: he came, by stealth, twice a day to see me. As the queen did not dare to visit me, she was every moment secretly sending to hear how I was. For nine successive days I continued in great danger; all the symptoms of my disorder appeared to prognosticate death; and all who saw me thought that if I escaped with life I should be horribly disfigured: but my career was not yet run; I was reserved to experience all the adversities which will be detailed in the sequel of these memoirs. I had the small-pox three times over; as soon as it was dry, it began afresh. Yet I was not marked, and my complexion grew much finer than it had been."

Here is another specimen of his gentle and tender nature:

"As the arrival of the Margrave of Anspach was drawing near, and this prince had not had the small-pox, the king and queen thought proper to send me back to Berlin. But before I set out, I went to the king. He received me as usual, that is, extremely ill, and abused me without pity. The queen fearing lest he should proceed to greater extremities, shortened the visit, and reconducted me herself to my room. I returned the next day to Berlin, where Countess Amelia had just been betrothed to M. de Vieréck, a minister of state; death having carried off M. de Wallenroth, her former admirer. The intelligence had been conveyed to her some time before, while she was on duty with the queen on a drawing-room day. As the countess did not even know of Wallenroth's being indisposed, she was so shocked at his sudden death, that she fainted before the whole court; which betrayed her intrigue with him. This accident had greatly impaired her credit with the queen, who was not sorry to be rid of her. The king and queen arrived at Berlin a few days after me. The nuptials of my sister were solemnized with great pomp; and she left us a fortnight after her marriage. Upon this I escaped from my solitude, and shortly after attended the queen to Wusterhausen, where the quarrels respecting my marriage were renewed: we had no other topic from morning till night. The king starved my brother and myself: as he himself performed the office of carver, he helped every one at table except us; and when by chance there was a bit left in any dish, he spit in it to prevent our tasting of it. We lived on nothing but coffee and milk, and dried

cherries, which entirely vitiated my stomach. My share of insult and invectives, on the contrary, was extremely liberal: the most abusive language was used towards me all the day, and that in presence of every one. The displeasure of the king was even carried to so great a length, that he ordered both my brother and myself never to appear in his presence but at the times of dinner and supper. The queen used to send for us secretly, when the king was amusing himself with hunting: she posted her spies in the fields, who came to inform her whenever the king was seen at a distance, that she might have time to send us back. Owing to the negligence of some of these intelligencers, the king, one day, was very near catching us with the queen. There was but one door in the room, and he came so suddenly that to avoid him was not in our power. Fear armed us with resolution: my brother hid himself in a corner where there was a certain convenience; and as for me, I crept under the bed of the queen, which was so low that it required great efforts to get under it, and I was forced to recline in a very irksome posture. We had scarcely got to our retreats, when the king entered. As he was very much fatigued with the chace, he cast himself on the bed, and slept for two hours. I was just ready to be suffocated under the bed, and could not help advancing my head sometimes to breathe. The scene must have been truly comical to any disinterested spectator: at length the king left the room; and we quickly crept out of our holes, intreating her majesty not to expose us any more to such dilemmas."

Two more extracts shall finish this display of the character of Frederic William, and they both relate to his son.

"My brother was even again exposed to his customary *endearments* with his fist and cane: we, however, concealed our sufferings from the queen. My brother at length grew more and more impatient, and repeatedly told me, 'that he was determined to make his escape, and only waited for an opportunity.' His mind was so exasperated, that he would not listen to my exhortations, and vented his passion against me. One day, when I was using all my efforts to appease him, he said, 'you are always preaching patience, but you will not put yourself in my place; I am the most unfortunate being: surrounded from morn to night with spies, who put malicious constructions upon my words and actions. I am forbidden the most innocent recreations. I dare not read, I dare not touch an instrument, and I enjoy those pleasures but by stealth and trembling. But what has driven me to despair, is the adventure which I lately had at Potsdam, of which I have given no account to the queen, that I might not alarm her. As I was entering the room of the king in the morning, he instantly seized me by the hair, and threw me on the ground; and after having tried the vigour of his arms upon my poor body, he dragged me, in spite of my resistance, to a window, and was going to perform the office of the mutes of the seraglio; for seizing the cord with which the curtain is fastened, he drew it round my neck. Fortunately I had time to get up from the ground; I laid hold of his hands, and screamed as loudly as I could. A valet immediately came to my assistance, and snatched me from his gripe. Every day I am exposed to the same perils; my situation is so desperate, that nothing but desperate remedies will cure it. Katt is in my interest: he is attached to me, and will follow me to the farthest corner of the globe, if I chuse. Keith will also join me. These two friends will facilitate my flight; I am concerting every thing with them for the execution of my plan. I shall not mention it to the queen: she would infallibly tell it to Mrs. Ramen, and I should be undone. I shall secretly inform you of what is going on, and find means to get my letters safely conveyed into your hands."

This scheme he afterwards attempted to fulfil with the assistance of the unfortunate Katt; but he was detected: and the following is an account of the interview that took place between the father and son afterwards:

"The king continued all the day at Francfort, and did not embark till the

following morning. As soon as he saw my brother, he flew upon him, and would have strangled him, had not General Valdo came to his assistance. He dragged him by the hair, and threw him into such a pitiful plight, that these gentlemen being afraid of the consequences, intreated permission to take the prince to another vessel; which they at last obtained. His sword was taken from him, and from that instant he was treated as a state criminal. The king seized his effects and clothes; my brother's valet secured his papers. He made amends for his former faults by throwing them into the fire in the presence of his master; whereby he rendered us all a very great service. The king all this while was in such a rage, that he harboured the most fatal designs. My brother, on his part, appeared tolerably calm, hoping still to elude the vigilance of his guards.

"With these dispositions he reached Gueldres. The king went before, and my brother followed him with his two guards. He intreated them so much, that they allowed him to enter Wesel at night. On coming to the floating bridge at the entrance of the town, he besought those gentlemen to permit him to walk in on foot, that he might not be known. They granted him this trifling favour, supposing it of no consequence: but as soon as he was out of the chaise, he made a second effort to escape, and began running with all his might. A strong guard commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Borck, sent by the king to meet the prince, overtook him, and conducted him to a house in the town close to the residence of the king: who was carefully kept ignorant of this last attempt. The king himself examined the prince the next day. There was no one with his majesty but General Mosel, an officer of fortune, whom his valour and merit had raised to that rank. The king's first question, and which he proposed in a furious tone, was this: 'Why have you attempted to desert?' (These were his very words.) 'Because,' answered the prince in a firm tone, 'you have not treated me as your son, but as a worthless slave.'—'Then you are,' replied the king, 'nothing but a base deserter, without honour.'—'I have as much honour as you,' said the prince: 'I have only attempted what you told me a hundred times you would do, if you were in my place.' Vexed at this last answer, the king, in a transport of rage, drew his sword, and was going to run him through. General Mosel perceived his intentions and placed himself between them, to parry the blow. 'Run me through, Sire,' exclaimed he; but spare your son' These words arrested the king's fury. He ordered my brother to be reconducted to his house. The general remonstrated strongly with the king, and represented to him, 'that he would always be master of the person of his son; that he ought not to condemn him without hearing him; and finally, that he would commit an irremissible crime, if he became his executioner. He intreated his majesty, at the same time, to have him examined by honourable and loyal men, and not to see him any more, since he could not sufficiently master his passion to bear his presence.' The king approved of these suggestions, and complied with them."

When we couple these anecdotes with those which Voltaire has related, will it be easy to find expressions of adequate indignation to apply to him? Happy had it been for his family had he confined his follies to his regiment of giants, and continued content to 'propagate procerity,' as Johnson termed it.

The Margravine was a woman of considerable talents. Many of the observations exhibit strong powers of mind, and an acute knowledge of life: the original also is written with an easy elegance of style, which is thoroughly lost in the translation, of which we can say not a word in commendation. Sometimes, however, she relates events, and tells anecdotes, which seem hardly consistent with our notions of female propriety. One instance will suffice:

"The court of Saxony having always been in strict alliance with that of Austria, they turned their views to that quarter, and persuaded him to take a journey to Dresden: and as one idea commonly brings another in its train, this project gave birth to

that of marrying me to Augustus King of Poland.

"This monarch was then forty-nine years old. He had always been famous for his gallantry: he possessed shining qualities, but they were tarnished by great faults. His excessive love of pleasure made him neglect the happiness of his people, and his attachment to the bottle betrayed him, when intoxicated, into indignities which will for ever be an indelible stain upon his memory.

"Sekendorff, in his younger days, had been in the Saxon service, and, as I have already observed, Grumkow was on very good terms with the King of Poland. They both applied to Count Flemming, a favourite of the Polish monarch, to endeavour to open a negociation on that subject. Count Flemming was a man of superior merit; he had frequently been at Berlin, and knew me very well. He was delighted with the proposal, and sounded the King of Poland upon it. The monarch appeared favourably inclined to the alliance, and sent the Count to Berlin to invite the King of Prussia to pass the Carnival at Dresden. Grumkow and his Pylades imparted their designs to the King.—Charmed to meet with so brilliant an establishment for me, he gladly assented to their wishes: he returned a very obliging answer to Count Flemming, and set out for Dresden in the month of January, 1728.

"My brother was extremely chagrined at not being of the party. He was to remain at Potsdam during the absence of the king; which did not at all please him. He acquainted me with his disappointment: and as I delighted in nothing so much as in promoting his pleasure, I promised to contrive it so that he might follow the king.—We returned to Berlin, where the Queen held her drawing-rooms as usual. I saw at court the Saxon minister, M. de Summ, whom I knew extremely well, and who was friendly to my brother. I delivered the Prince Royal's compliments to him, and mentioned to him the regret of the prince at not having been invived to Dresden. 'If you wish to do him a favour, (added I) contrive it so that the Polish monarch may prevail with the King of Prussia to send for him.' Summ immediately dispatched an express to his court to acquaint the king his master with my wishes. The latter did not fail to induce my father to send for my brother, who received orders to join him; which he did with uncommon pleasure.

"The reception given to the King of Prussia was worthy of the two monarchs. As the Prussian monarch was not fond of ceremonies, every thing was regulated according to his inclinations. He had requested to be lodged at the house of Count Wakerbart, for whom he entertained a high esteem. The mansion of this general was superb; the king found an apartment truly royal. Unfortunately, it was consumed by fire the second night after his arrival. The conflagration was so sudden and violent, that it was not without extreme difficulty that the king was saved. The beautiful mansion was reduced to ashes. The loss would have been very considerable to Count Wakerbart, had not the Polish monarch presented him with the Pirna palace which still excelled in sumptuousness.

"The court of Dresden was then the most brilliant in Germany. Its magnificence was carried to excess. As it was the seat of all pleasures, it might justly be styled the island of Cytherea. The women were all lovely, and the courtiers uncommonly polite. The monarch kept a kind of seraglio of the most beautiful females of his dominions. At his death it was calculated that he had three hundred and fifty-four children by his mistresses. The whole court was modelled after his example: luxury there had its throne, and the two presiding divinities were Bacchus and Venus. The King of Prussia was not long there before he forgot his devotion; the debauches of the table and the wines of Hungary, soon revived his good humour. The obliging manners of the Polish monarch made him contract an intimate friendship with that prince. Grumkow, who did not forget his interest in the midst of pleasure, wished to avail himself of these good dispositions to inspire the king with a taste for mistresses: he

imparted his design to the monarch of Poland, who undertook its execution.

"One evening when they had sacrificed to Bacchus, the King of Poland insensibly led the King of Prussia to a very richly decorated room, the furniture and ornaments of which were of exquisite taste. The King of Prussia, delighted with what he saw, stopped to contemplate all its beauties; when on a sudden a tapestry was rolled up, which procured him a very novel sight. It was a lovely female in a state of nudity, carelessly reclined on a couch. Her beauty excelled that of the finest pictures of Venus and the Graces; her body seemed of ivory, whiter than snow, and better shaped than that of the Venus de Medicis at Florence. The closet which contained this treasure, was illuminated with so many wax tapers that their dazzling light added a new splendour to the beauty of the nymph.

"The authors of this comedy had no doubt but this object would make some impression upon the heart of the Prussian monarch; they were however disappointed. Scarcely had the king cast his eyes on the fair one, than he turned about with indignation; and seeing my brother behind him, he rudely pushed him out of the room, and left it immediately after in a violent irritation against the trick they had attempted to practise upon him. He mentioned it to Grumkow in very angry terms that evening, and declared that if such scenes were repeated, he would leave Dresden instantly. The case was different with my brother. In spite of the king's vigilance, he had had time to contemplate the Venus of the closet, who did not cause him so much horror as she had done to his father. He obtained her in a singular manner of the Polish monarch."

Some curious anecdotes are contained in the first volume, of George the First and Second, and of the intrigues to negociate a marriage between the latter and the princess.

The second volume, as we have already hinted, is much less interesting than the first. It consists chiefly of an account of what happened to the princess after her marriage with the Margrave of Bareith, of all the little jealousies of a little court, precedencies, suspicions, intrigues, dissembling, and knavery: in short, a very accurate epitome of a great court. We were considerably amused, however, with her account of the *Hermitage*, a sort of country residence near Bareith, which the princess had decorated and arranged according to her own fancy. The following is an admirable specimen of German taste a century ago:—"At the entrance of the hermitage appears Mount Parnassus, a vault supported by four columns, on the top of which Apollo and the nine Muses are placed, from every one of whom a *jet d'eau* proceeds." A few leaden cupids, dispersed up and down the hill, would have been in admirable unison with the water spouts of these ladies.

We will conclude our notice of this work, with the account of the king's death.

"He had been very ill the whole night through. At seven in the morning he caused himself to be drawn in his rolling chair to the apartment of the queen, who was still asleep, not believing him so dangerously ill.—'*Rise*,' said he to her, '*I have but a few hours to live: I wish to have, at least, the satisfaction of dying in your arms.*' He ordered himself next to be conveyed to my brother's, of whom he took a tender leave, with the exception of the prince royal, whom he ordered to follow him into his apartment. On getting there he sent for the two prime ministers, the Prince of Anholt, and all the generals and colonels who were then at Potsdam. After a short discourse, in which he thanked them for their past services, and exhorted them to preserve towards the prince-royal, as his only heir, the same fidelity which they had always shown to him, he went through the ceremony of abdication, and gave over all his authority to his son, to whom he delivered a very noble exhortation on the duties of princes towards their subjects, and recommended particularly to him the care of the army, and especially of the generals and officers

present; then turning towards the Prince of Anholt, '*You are the oldest of my generals*,' said he, '*and you deserve my best horse.*' He ordered it immediately to be brought, and seeing the prince-royal affected, '*It is the lot of man*,' he said: '*we must all pay the tribute to nature.*' But apprehensive lest his firmness might be shaken by the tears and lamentations of those who were present, he signified to them to withdraw, and gave orders to all his servants to wear a new livery which he had caused to be made for them, and that his regiment should wear a new uniform. The queen then entered: she had scarcely been a quarter of an hour in the room when the king fainted away: he was immediately put to bed, when by means of the efforts employed he was restored to his senses. Looking around him, and seeing the servants in their new dresses; '*Vanity of vanities*,' said he, '*all is vanity.*' Then addressing his first physician, he asked him if his end was near: the physician having informed him that he had still a half hour to live, he asked for a looking-glass, and having looked at himself in it, he smiled and said, '*I am very much changed, I shall cut a very ugly appearance when dying.*' He reiterated his question to the physicians, and on their telling him that a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and that his pulse was ascending, '*So much the better*,' he answered; '*I shall soon return to nothing.*' They then wished that two clergymen might enter to pray with him, but he told them that he knew all that they had to say, and that they might therefore withdraw. He became weaker and weaker, and at last expired at midday. The new king immediately conducted the queen to her apartment, where many tears were shed, but whether false or sincere I know not."

We shall only observe, in conclusion, that whoever reads these volumes, will find in them much that is curious and amusing with respect to the court of Prussia, and many interesting anecdotes of distinguished persons connected with it.

TIROCINIUM MEDICUM; *or, a Dissertation on the Duties of Youth apprenticed to the Medical Profession.* *By* WILLIAM CHAMBERLAINE. 1 vol. 1812.

THIS is really a very sensible and useful work, and we are glad to see, from the numerous subscribers to it, that most gentlemen of the profession in London, have provided their young people with it. The observations are evidently the result of long knowledge of the evils they are intended to obviate, and they are such as only a medical man could make. We will venture to say that a judicious adoption of Mr. Chamberlaine's suggestions would prove highly beneficial not only to those for whom they are intended, but also to their employers.

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

LINES EXTEMPORE,

In the Grounds of Cannons, October 31st.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

FAREWEL! lovely month, ere thou passeth away,
And as now o'er the woods shines thy last golden ray,
Take the tribute the muse must in gratitude pay.
I have worshipp'd thy beauties for many a year,
My joys thou hast known, and oft witness'd my tear;
I have dwelt on thy charms with a lover's fond eye,
Ah! in happier days, when a lover was I,
I have seen thee on seas, and in lands far awny,
And never enough of thy splendours could say;
And as lately I wander'd the Derwent along,
I gave thee, a poet's poor offering—a song.
Ah! dear to my soul are thy rich golden hues,
As thy forests Arabian perfumes diffuse.
I have rang'd o'er thy beauties on Avon's dear stream,
And caught on the banks of the Seine thy last beam;
Ador'd thee, where Thames winds majestic his way,
And have watch'd on the Severn thy lingering ray.

I have stray'd Catalonia's high mountains with pride,
And hail'd thee, on Ouse's delectable tide.
Delicious October! there once was a time,
Ah! these moments can now only live in my rhime,
When not lonely I rov'd to applaud at thy shrine,
When to all thou couldst give me, each blessing was mine
Past for ever away! are the years I once knew,
With them fled my JANE, and felicity flew;
Yet still on October, I drop the fond tear,
Tho' fallen like its leaves, are all that was dear;
And Remembrance alone is left to renew,
How belov'd, how ador'd, thou once wast to my view!

THE PLUMIAN PROFESSOR.

An Epigram.

AN astronomer once—whose name you may guess, Sir,
Receiv'd a letter address'd "To the *Plumian* Professor."
His eye caught the word, and it entered his head,
That *Plumbian for Plumian* had allusion to *lead*.
Stung with mortified pride he exclaim'd to one present,
"Did you ever know any thing half so indecent?
Here's a fellow—but look," and he handed the letter,
"And then you'll be able to understand better—
Observe what he calls me—a professor of lead!"
"Aye, so you interpret," his friend coolly said.
"Thus brim-full of vanity is each learned elf!
You think it a sarcasm aim'd at your self!
Look again, and the error you'll very soon see,
Yet its plain you've been dreadfully stung by the *B*"

W. M.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

LONDON PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. NIGHTINGALE, one of the curators, delivered a lecture on Stenography. He began by remarking that to those wholly ignorant of the art, he feared his best efforts would prove dull and uninteresting; but if he should fail to amuse and instruct, he begged the Society would not attribute it to any real want of interest in the subject itself; adding, that it would be his endeavour to excite in the members, a desire for attaining a knowledge of an art which the lecturer knew they would derive great advantage from when its merits should be duly appreciated.

"Nor," said the lecturer, "is this method of recommending the art of short-hand writing, chargeable with novelty. The well-known Dr. Byrom gave lectures on this subject before some of the most eminent and celebrated men of the day. The Right Hon. the Earl of Morton, F.R.S. the Lord Chancellor Pratt, the Earl of Chesterfield, his grace the Duke of Queensberry, Dr. J. Taylor, Chancellor of Lincoln; and numerous members of Parliament, were among his auditors and pupils.

After this prefatory apology, the lecturer proceeded to trace the origin and history of the art; commencing with a view of the Rabbinical abbreviations, of which M. Buxtorf has written an interesting history.

It was the opinion of Nicolai, that this art was introduced among the Greeks, by Xenophon; and this is confirmed by Laertius, who particularly notices two modes of short-writing, by contracted words, and arbitrary characters or symbols.

The Romans practised the art of short writing at a very early period; and Ennius, the poet, is mentioned as the first person who invented a system of writing, by which the scribes or Notarii were enabled to follow the most rapid speakers.

This method was improved upon by Tyro, Cicero's freed man, and still more by Seneca. Suetonius, speaking of Caligula, expresses his surprise that an emperor, in so many other respects so expert, should be ignorant of short-hand; and Titus Vespasian is mentioned as being remarkably attached to the art. The lecturer then remarked, that the various modes of short writing, formerly used, were composed, for the most part, of a set of arbitrary characters,

known only to the persons who invented them. The art was consequently much neglected. This neglect is apparent, from a book of short-hand, mentioned by Trithemius. It was a Stenographical Dictionary, belonging to an abbot, who gladly ordered the characters to be erased, for the sake of the parchment on which they were written. Some other books of short-hand are mentioned as meeting with a similar fate. There is, however, said the lecturer, a short-hand psalter in the library of St. Germains, at Paris, carefully preserved as a stenographical curiosity. Numerous other specimens were mentioned; and several commendatory epigrams were alluded to from Ausonius, Martial, Manilius, and others. One of the most antient methods of short writing still extant, is a Latin MS. entitled "Ars Scribendi Characteris," which was printed about the year 1512.

Ledwich's "Antiquities of Ireland," contains a specimen of stenographic writing among the Irish, called babeloth. It has a curious resemblance to some methods now practised. The state of Stenography in France, both before and since the Revolution, the lecturer described principally by a reference to the Researches upon Printing, by M. Lambinet. He then described the attempt of Bishop Wilkins to establish an universal language, and also alluded to the curious writing of the ancient Welsh, as given by the ingenious Mr. Owen.

The history of the art in this country, commences with the Treatise of Dr. Timothy Bright, who published his "Characterie" in 1588. From this period the lecturer proceeded to trace the art in a regular chronological order to the invention of the late Mr. or, as he is now called, Dr. Byrom, who introduced a new taste and method in short writing, which, as the present Dr. Mavor observes, must form the basis of every future rational system.

Having descanted on the various methods in use, prior to Byrom's invention; as also upon some other schemes, Mr. N. proceeded to describe, by appropriate diagrams, figures, and letters, the peculiar merits of and character of Byrom's plan; observing, as he passed along, that being himself neither an inventor, a publisher, nor a teacher, otherwise than *con amore* of short-hand, he could have no partial or local interests to serve in the recommendation of this method, as superior to every other plan hitherto invented.

On a large sheet the lecturer had delineated the various powers and simple combinations of the straight line, and the circle; shewing, that from these two figures every used character might easily be derived and that in most cases, by simply changing the position of the same figure.

Another sheet, No. 2, contained an easy and apt delineation of the use of the vowels; and this was further illustrated by sheet No. 3.

From several curious mathematical diagrams, the lecturer demonstrated on geometrical principles, the true proportions and curvature of the short-hand characters from the size of the loop, chiefly as they are separately made; and also fixed the proper angle of inclination of certain oblique characters, both curved and rectilinear.

Having described as distinctly as the nature of the subject, and the character of a popular lecture would admit, the elementary principles of Byrom's method, the lecturer next proceeded to recommend the system and the art in general, by the exhibition round the Society's Hall, of a great variety of short-hand specimens, exhibiting, perhaps, some of the most curious and interesting examples of the beauty, legibility, and practical brevity of the art ever produced.

Among these specimens there is one marked C, which may fairly be considered as one of the most curious specimens of short writing extant. It is a correct fac-simile of Dr. Byrom's own hand-writing, from an original MS. in the possession of the Doctor's niece, at Bageley, in Cheshire. This specimen is rendered more curious by an ornamental head-piece, containing an exact sketch of Byrom himself, taken from an original painting, being the only likeness of the Doctor in existence. The words of the specimen are, St. Pachomius's soliloquy to the various members of his body, exhorting them respectively

to perform their various duties with cheerfulness, obedience, and promptitude.

This interesting lecture was concluded by a recommendation of Byrom's method to the study of the learned professions; to public reporters, to literary men in general, and particularly to the respectable members of the London Philosophical Society. At the same time the lecturer guarded his auditory against the common delusions of many shorthand teachers, who pretend to convey a perfect knowledge of the art to their pupils, in a few lessons, a few hours, or a few days. If any system yet published could do this, Byrom's is certainly that system,—especially when that method is practised with the latest improvements by Mr. Molineux, of Macclesfield.

The Society will be singularly benefited by Mr. N.'s lecture, particularly by the diagrams, &c. which he has given them; these being deposited in the Archives, may be referred to on any future occasion, as requisite auxiliaries in the study of Mr. Byrom's Universal English Stenography.

It is the intention of the London Philosophical Society to hold a *Conversatione* during the winter months, which will afford the members an opportunity of discussing subjects which cannot so well be done at the the general and more public meetings.

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

Report on the Boiling of Potatoes.

WE have been now so long acquainted with the good qualities of this invaluable root, that it will perhaps excite some surprise, if we should assert that the inhabitants of the southern parts of England are in general still ignorant of the best method of cooking it: indeed, the influence which different methods of cooking have upon this vegetable, is scarcely credible to those who have not made the experiment. The following extract from a report of the Board of Agriculture, on the boiling of potatoes so as to render them fit to be eaten as bread, is of considerable importance:—"There is nothing that would tend more to promote the consumption of potatoes, than to have the proper mode of preparing them as food generally known. In London this is little attended to; whereas, in Lancashire and Ireland, the boiling of potatoes is brought to great perfection. The potatoes should be as much as possible of the same size, and the large and small ones boiled separately: they must be washed clean; and, without paring, put into a pot with cold water, not sufficient to cover them, as they will themselves produce a considerable quantity of fluid before they boil; they do not admit of being put into a vessel of boiling water, like greens. If the potatoes are tolerably large, it will be necessary, as soon as they begin to boil, to throw in some cold water, and occasionally to repeat it till the potatoes are boiled to the heart (which will take from half an hour to an hour and a quarter, according to their size) they will otherwise crack, and burst to pieces on the outside, whilst the inside will be nearly in a crude state. During the boiling, throwing in a little salt occasionally is found a great improvement, and it is certain the slower they are cooked the better: when boiled, pour off the water, and evaporate the moisture, by replacing the vessels in which the potatoes were boiled once more over the fire: this makes them remarkably dry and mealy."

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE members of this Institution have held their first meeting after the recess, in their great rooms in the Adelphi. Soon after seven o'clock the Hon. Robert Crifford, one of the vice-presidents, took the chair. The secretary (Dr. Taylor) then commenced the routine of business necessary on such occasions, and after reading to the Society the Reports of the different committees which had met during the vacation, he informed the meeting of such new matter as had been sent for their investigation, which, (and it must afford no small gratification to the members) will call on their labourers in no limited degree. A variety of communications have been made, indeed, which refer

to every branch of the Society's object; but those which gave us the greatest satisfaction to hear were in the class of mechanics, and particularly which respect an easier and improved method of navigation.

A better arrangement of the model room, which has for several years engrossed the attention of the Society, has at length been effected. Till lately, the repository, which certainly contains a great variety of specimens of art and talent than any other Museum in the kingdom, has been considered the grave of ingenuity: it is, however, now so well arranged, the models, &c. being all labelled, that every one who has permission to view them, cannot but admire the improvement. Great credit is due to Miss Cockings, the house-keeper, for this alteration in placing the Society's property, who has had the whole management of it: an alteration which cannot but add to the thriving state of the Institution.

In addition to other persons proposed as members, the following noblemen, as is customary, being peers of the realm, were immediately balloted for and elected, viz: His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, Lord Viscount Falmouth, Lord Alvanley, the Earl of Dartmouth, his Grace the Duke of Portland, and the Earl of Bristol.

VARIETIES, LITERARY & PHILOSOPHICAL,

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MR. DALLAS has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a new edition of the Novels of Percival, Aubrey, and Morland, closely printed, in small 12mo, two volumes of the original publications, making one; the novels are preceded by a volume of his Miscellaneous Works.

Mr. Brown, of the Inner Temple, has in the press, an Historical Account of the Laws enacted against the Catholics, of the ameliorations which they have undergone during the present reign, and of their existing state: to which is added, a short account of the laws for the punishment of heresy in general; a brief review of the Catholic question; and copious notes, tending principally to illustrate the views and conduct of the church of England, the Presbyterians, and Sectarians, with regard to toleration, when in the enjoyment of power.

The eighth volume of the General Biography, in quarto, by Dr. Aikin, the Rev. T. Morgan, and others, is going to press, and the remainder to complete the work will follow with all convenient speed.

A new Philosophical Journal, by Dr. Thomas Thomson, author of the System of Chemistry, &c. will be commenced with the ensuing year, and continued monthly, under the title of Annals of Mechanical Philosophy, Chemistry, Agriculture, and the Arts.

Mr. Milburn's book, on Oriental Commerce, in two vols. 4to. is in a state of forwardness, and is expected to appear early in January, to be illustrated with numerous charts, by Arrowsmith.

Mr. Woodhouse has in the press, a second edition of his Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, enlarged and improved.

Mr. G. Townsend, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has finished his poem of Armageddon, in twelve books.

Mr. Parry is preparing for the press, the whole of his Ballads, Epigrams, and other fugitive pieces of poetry, to be published in one vol. 8vo.

A translation of Michaelis, on the Mosaic Law, is preparing for publication, by the Rev. A. Smith.

In the press, Fauna Orcadensis, or the Natural History of the Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes, of Orkney and Shetland, by the Rev. G. Low, minister of Bursa and Haray.

A new Review, or Monthly Analysis of General Literature, is announced. The plan is to analize every publication, by giving a view of the contents; the preface, when it explains the subject, and extracts of prominent and striking parts of the book; thus enabling the reader to exercise a judg-

ment unprejudiced, by the sentiments of the reviewer.

A new edition of the Life and Prophecies of Ambrosius Merlin, are in the press.

Dr. Pritchard, of Bristol, will shortly publish the first volume of Researches into the History of the Human Kind, and the Nature of its Physical Diversities.

The learned M. Fea, is employed on a new edition of Horace, the text to be corrected by a copy hitherto unknown, preserved in the library of the Vatican.

M. De Humboldt has just completed the astronomical part of his celebrated Voyage; his last number contains an explanation of all the means he used for making his observations. Another discourse, by M. Ottmannus, states all the modes of calculation which he adopted for obtaining from M. Humboldt, and astronomers in general, the most accurate and important results for this discourse; the latter obtained the Lalande medal from the French Institute.

M. De Humboldt has completed his Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain, which contains all that is in his large edition, with the exception of the Atlas, of which he only gives the large and fine map, numbered 2. Amongst the plates, in this third portion of his work, are views of the Cordilleras, and a relief in Basalt of the Mexican calendar, with an essay containing interesting comparisons and observations.

M. Adelung, counsellor of the College of Paulowsk, has published a work, on the similarity between the Sanscrit and the Russian Language, dedicated to the Imperial Academy at Petersburgh.

A volume of sermons on important subjects, by the Bishop of Meath, is in the press.

Speedily will be published, a short Treatise on the Errors of Universalism, or the Doctrine of the Non-eternity of Future Punishments.

A gentleman of the University of Oxford, intends to publish, a splendid edition of Martyn's Eclogues of Virgil, with thirty-seven coloured plates of botanical subjects.

Mr. Newham, of Hackney, intends publishing, the ensuing Christmas, his Geographical Institutes, or Scientific Introduction to Geography, combining the use and application of maps, charts, and globes, on a plan, calculated to familiarise the subject to every class of learners and readers, and to facilitate the means of accumulating and consolidating correct geographic information, for the illustration of ancient and modern history, or the passing events of the times; to assist the student in preparing himself for public life, or lead the general reader, who has not previously studied the subject, to new and vast sources of knowledge: but formed and chiefly designed, as an introduction to the scientific and classical systems of geography now in use.

Mr. Grant, of Crouch-End, is about to publish a Grammar of the English Language; with critical and explanatory notes, questions for examination, appropriate exercises, a system of derivation, an ample elucidation of the different species of figurative language, the principles of composition, and a complete course of grammatical instruction, affording superior facilities to teachers, and practically adapted to every class of learners.

Mr. Friend continues his astronomical work, entitled Evening Amusements, and in the volume for the ensuing year, 1813, discusses more at large, the doctrine of attraction, which he conceives not to take place between the heavenly bodies, whose motions on the contrary he attributes to the effect of impulse.

Fitz-Gwarine, a Metrical Romance, and other ballads of the Welsh Border, with poems, legendary, incidental, and humourous, are in the press, by John F. M. Dovaston, Esq A.M.

Aphorisms, from Shakspeare, are on the eve of publication, containing upwards of 4000 clear, concise, and pithy sentences, on nearly every subject incident to human life.

Mr. Robert Huish has just published his poem of the Peruvians, in ten cantos; and the Romance of my Life, or the Brothers, by the same author, is in great forwardness for publication.

A Translation of Boully's Conseils a ma Fille, will appear in the course of the present month.

In the press, a Sermon in behalf of the Refuge for the Destitute, by the

Rev. James Rudge, A. B. lecturer of Limehouse.

The second edition of the Rev. Mr. Powlett's Farther Reasons for being a Christian is nearly ready.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Mr. Bakewell will commence a course of lectures on Geology and Mineralogy, at the Surrey Institution in January 1813.

The right of the Universities to a copy of every published book, through the medium of the Stationers' Company, has been confirmed in the Court of King's Bench, in the case of the University of Cambridge against the printer of Mr. Fox's Historical Work. —Mr. Brougham, however, obtained leave to appeal to the Exchequer Court against this decision.

The lovers of Grecian sculpture, must be pleased to hear, that this country will receive a great and important accession to its stores, in a frize of alto relievo, 100 feet long, found by Messrs. Legh, Cockerell, Foster, Baron Haller, and Monsieur Linkt, at the Temple of Apollo Epicurus, Phigalia, evidently one of the works of Phidias. From the unconnected state in which the different parts were found, the gentlemen who have examined it have not yet been able to unite it sufficiently well to form an idea of the subject; but, from every opinion formed at present, it appears to contain the two subjects of the quarrel which arose at the marriage of Pirithous with Hippodamia, and the battle between the Amazons and Athenians. Of the former there can be no doubt, since many of the events which there occurred are too remarkable to be mistaken, particularly where the Centaur, Eurythion, endeavours to carry away Hippodamia, and is prevented by Theseus; also the two Centaurs, who are seen forcibly carring away the virgin, and the youth, her lover. The latter subject is more difficult of divination; and the suggestion of its being the above-mentioned, arises only from the persons of Antiope and Theseus being very conspicuous in the group. The whole formed the frize of the interior of the Cella, which was of the Ionic order, and the relievo is even higher than that of the Temple of Theseus. The opinion of its being the work of Phidias, independently of the style of sculpture, is also strengthened by the circumstance of the temple being built by Ictinus, who generally gave the preference to the above sculptor.

The Russian circumnavigator, Krusenstern, in the relation of his voyage round the world, (recently published in Russ and German) gives a faithful account of the failure of the principal object of his expedition, which was to establish commercial relations between Japan and Russia. "The Emperor of Japan," he says, "caused it to be notified to the commissioners, whom I carried, that his subjects traded only with the Dutch and Chinese. As to the Russians, he begged them to return to their country, and, if they valued their lives, never to come back." The two vessels in which Captain Krusenstern performed his voyage were called the *Neva* and the *Nadessa (Hope)*: they were English built, and all the equipments of the sailors were purchased in this country.

The *Lord Eldon* East Indiaman has brought over to England, a heifer, eighteen months old, of the Braminico or true Bengal breed, which was put on board at the Isle of France, by directions of the governor of that island, by order of Lord Minto, as a present to the Prince Regent. It has a hump on the shoulders like a camel; the horns are nearly upright.—The same ship has brought over a bull, nine months old, of the same breed, as a present for Colonel Herriot. A white cow, of the same breed, died on the passage.

The Highgate arch-way is now in a state of manifest progression. The first stone was laid by Edward Smith, Esq.—Here the horse will no longer have to labour up hill, nor the passenger to go through a dark and subterraneous passage. This arch, which will form the principal entrance to the metropolis, from the northern roads, is to be thirty-six feet high, and eighteen feet wide, surmounted by a bridge traversing the valley,

over which the Hornsey road is to pass, is now dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and is to have an inscription in brass letters to that effect. The valley is to be planted on each side, and the costs of the work being no longer doubtful, its advantages to the proprietors may be appreciated. These, notwithstanding the failure of the tunnel, are now more promising, than they would have been had the tunnel succeeded; for the expence of finishing the tunnel would have been nearly as great as the present work, and the land on on each side the valley will be infinitely more valuable.

A letter from the German traveller, Routgen, whom we mentioned in our last, has been received by his brother, and published at Neuwied, in Germany. It is dated the 21st July, 1811. In it he states, that he had fortunately found a most excellent companion for his travels in the person of a German, who had turned Mussulman, at Tetuan. Since, he had traversed the Barbary States in all directions, and had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He had lived at Jamba, in Africa, as a coffee-house-keeper, and at Jauni as a physician.—At Constantinople he had superintended the gardens of a Pacha. He acted as gardener to a merchant at Mogadore, where Routgen found him, and took him into his service, but treated him rather as a friend than a servant. Routgen, saw at Morocco, preparations making for the setting out of a caravan, which was to reach Tombuctoo by Tafilet and Tunt, and immediately formed a resolution to join it. He caused it to be reported at Mogadore, that disgusted with the bad treatment he had received at Morocco, he ment to repair to Tangiers, and from thence embark for Gibraltar.—This furnished him with a pretext for purchasing a mule and every other necessary, and he secretly procured some Moorish garments; for he observes, it is impossible to convey an idea of the violent hatred of the Moors against Christians, which arises in a great degree from the difference of dress. When his preparations were finished, he went with some Christians on a party of pleasure, to a mountain about six miles off, and they, at their return, would give out that he was on his way to Tangiers; but as soon as he was with his companion, he meant to clothe himself in his Moorish garb, and enter the great road, which leads from Tafilet to Morocco, whence he would reach Deminit, and join a caravan, which passes there about that time. With it, he would cross Mount Atlas, and the burning plains of Tafilet. At Tafilet he meant to reside with a German Renegado, for there are many Germans there.—He also expected to meet with a German at Tombuctoo, where he proposed to remain six months. It was his intention to penetrate towards the south, and if possible, to reach Wesemb, or the Cape.

M. Zambeccari, accompanied by a friend, ascended in a balloon, from Bologna on the 21st of September. On his descent the balloon became entangled in the branches of a high tree, and, before it could be disengaged, caught fire. The two aeronauts leaped out. M. Zambeccari was killed upon the spot; but M. Bonoga, his friend, survived, though some of his limbs were broken.

The ascension of the mechanician, Bittorf, from Manheim, was equally disastrous. When he had risen to a considerable height, he perceived, too late, that his balloon was damaged, and had no other resource than to open the valve. The balloon descended with extreme velocity; and the imflammable matter which it contained, took fire; the shreds of the balloon fell upon M. Bittorf's head and breast, which were much burnt. On a sudden his crazy vehicle struck upon the roof of a house, two stories high, from which he was precipitated, and died the next day in great agony.

A very curious circumstance occupies, at present, the principal conversation of the faculty. A gentleman, it is said, has discovered a complete cure for insanity. It is mentioned, that a few days ago, he took under his care a musician, belonging to one of our regiments, who had been insane two years, and pronounced incurable and in the course of forty-eight hours he rendered his cure com-

plete, and the man has since returned to his duty.

M. George Hodson, of Edinburgh, ash manufacturer, has obtained a patent for a method of separating the alcaline salt from the acid, as it exists in kelp, black ashes, soaper's salt, spent leys, soda, natron, rock salt, common salt, brine, sea water, caput mortuum of aquafortis, caput mortuum of oil of vitriol, and caput mortuum of salt used by bleachers.

Some brilliant discoveries have been lately made in the Morea and the Isle of Angina by Mr. Forster and some German artists, in a variety of sculptures attached to a temple of Jupiter, done in the very infancy of the arts in Greece. They were sent to Malta for sale, and it is not yet known whether the British Museum or the French Emperor will possess them. After discovering the top of the temple in the Isle of Angina, it required nearly two months to remove the rubbish. This temple, profuse in ornament, is about 100 feet in length. The frieze in perfect alto relievo, about two feet high, is supposed to represent the battles of the Centaurs in the very best stile of Phidias. The German artists are employed by their respective courts, so that there is still a doubt of the ultimate disposal of these curiosities.

A letter from Barbadoes, dated September 20, says:—"This island never saw so disastrous a year as the present. The volcanic powder, which fell on us on the 1st of May, is supposed, in conjunction with the long drought, to have generated swarms of worms, which have spread devastation over the face of the island."

At the missionary stations in India, the scriptures are printing in almost all the dialects of that Continent: at Canton Mr. Morrison has printed the Acts of the Apostles in Chinese, which is to be followed by the book of Genesis, &c. and numerous copies of the scriptures have lately been sent, from this country, to Sicily, Tunis, Smyrna, Constantinople, and the Greek islands.

Salmon Oats.—Mr. John Cormack, of Foire, in the county of Caithness, has this season reared a few seeds of this singular grain. Five grains were planted at the distance of six inches from each other; the product of which were 150 full grown stalks, besides a good many which did not arrive at maturity; the full grown stalks not bearing less than 2,550 grains.

Mr. Caron, an eminent French surgeon and author of several treatises on Croup, has offered a prize of 1000 franks for the best answer to the following question: "Is it probable that tracheotomy can cure the croup;" or, "What are the symptoms which require this operation in the treatment of croup."

Two chemists of Paris have recently made two curious specimens of prepared writing paper, thus: Take gall nuts and sulphate of iron (copperas) well pulverized; rub them dry on paper, which is not smooth or hot-pressed. The paper will assume a greyish tinge owing to the powder which is attached to it, and which will adhere sufficiently to bear folding, &c. To trace characters on this paper it is only necessary to use a pen dipped in water, or in the mouth, or even a pointed stick, and the characters will become black and legible. The second process is different from the first, only as the paper is washed in the materials of which ink is made, and then dried. It is of a yellowish colour, and the characters are written on it in the same way. Paper, books, or albums of this description, are now manufactured in great abundance at Paris, and are in considerable request.

In order to obtain all the local intelligence that can possibly be gained of the modern Greek history and manners, the members of the institution, lately formed in the Seven Islands, have proposed the following questions to the learned throughout Europe: 1, What schools, libraries, and other institutions for the encouragement of learning, were founded in the different provinces of Greece, between the period of the downfall of the Empire of the East (1453) and the present time? 2, What establishments were founded by the Greeks out of Greece, for the education of their countrymen? 3, Were the printing houses at Moscopolis, Jassi, and Bucharest, the only establishments of their kind? Is it true that there was a printing establishment in the Fanal, at Constantinople? How long did

that continue in existence which was begun in the Patriarchal at Constantinople, during the war between France and Turkey?—A biographical account of the life and works of the learned Greeks, who have flourished since the fall of the Empire of the East to the present time, is also requested; and the memoirs, &c. are to be addressed to the secretary of the Ionian Academy, under cover, to the English or French *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople.

Mr. Baker, of Butler's Green, Sussex, has obtained a patent for kneading dough by means of machinery: his kneading dough consists of a vertical mill-stone made to revolve in a circular trough, by having its axis attached to an upright shaft turning on a pivot in the center of the trough, in the same manner as in the common mills for crushing bark. This mill is to be turned by horizontal arms proceeding from the upright shaft, either by man or horse, and the flour being put into the trough with a due proportion of water, will, it is supposed by the patentee, be kneaded fit for making bread, by the action of the stone revolving in the trough. Small shares are to be fixed to the horizontal arms, so as to run in the trough and act like ploughs to turn up a fresh surface of the dough at every revolution.

Best mode of cultivating Strawberries.—It is somewhat extraordinary that the use of straw should have been overlooked in this business, when the very name of this delicious fruit is a strong indication of its use. As soon as the berries begin to swell, it is recommended to deposit straw under the foliage of the plants to keep that and the fruit from the earth, which, while it defends the fruit from the sun's heat, prevents the evaporation of moisture from the ground. The fruit is also by this means kept free from dirt, and especially in heavy showers buoyed up from the ground. To be managed in the proper way, each bed of strawberries should be nearly five feet broad, and it has been found that one truss of long straw which will be used for this business, will be sufficient for three rows, or a bed of thirty feet in length. After the season is past, the straw may be gathered up, and will be found to be of considerable value as manure.

Captain Flinders has drawn up a statement of his remarks on the magnetic powers of the needle, made during his voyage for examining New Holland and New South Wales. The observations contain the differences noted at the binnacle on changing the head of the ship from east to west, also the result of observations recently made at Sheerness, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, in different ships of war, all which vary materially from those made by the investigator. In the voyage performed by Captain Cook and by Captain Vancouver, the differences appear to have been nearly the same as in the ship Captain Flinders commanded; and also of *a contrary nature in the two hemispheres.* The statement is to be circulated through the navy, with directions for collecting observations on the magnetism of the needle on board every ship, in all situations. The board of longitude, it is said, are to consider the result of these remarks the discovery that led to them being deemed of great importance to navigation.

A Mr. Robertson, known as an aërial traveller in Denmark, has invented a speaking automaton, which he is now exhibiting at Paris. It already articulates distinctly in French, the words papa, mama, and "long live the Emperor!" The flute player invented by Vaucanson, and the chess player of Kemper, were singularities; but this is the first instance upon record of a speaking figure, excepting the head invented by Albertus Magnus, according to the French tradition, but Roger Bacon, according to the English, and another exhibited in London about thirty years ago by a Mr. Denton.

Cure of the Hydrophobia ascertained. Communicated by Dr. Robert Tytler, of Calcutta.—Benjamin Mason, a farrier, aged 34, was seized with violent spasms on the 7th of October; when I saw him, I found him violently agitated and screaming loudly; eight of the strongest men in the regiment were required to keep him on his cot. He clinched his fist at times, and made efforts to seize every thing

he saw. In the midst of the paroxysm he said, carriages and animals of every description were passing before him in the air. He was covered all over with sweat, his eyes at the same time staring, and at other times melancholy. He gnashed his teeth in a manner not to be described; his neck was swelled; pulse very fast; light distressing; pain in his head, and temples increasing; he called for drink, but the instant he heard them pouring water into a tumbler, his wildness increased; he then beckoned for it, when it came nigh him he shook his hands, trembled and shivered. I made enquiries if he had been bitten by a dog at any period; his comrades acknowledged that he had. One hour after I saw him, his ravings and efforts to disengage himself from his keepers became so violent as to render it necessary to tie him to his cot; accordingly he was secured by several coils of bed tape. I discovered he was bit on his left thumb, therefore no obscurity now remained as to the nature of his complaint. I began by bleeding him till *scarcely a pulsation was to be felt in either arm!* During the operation he made several efforts to bite me; but the quantity of blood taken away, naturally reduced his efforts. I now renewed offering the draught, which consisted of 100 drops of laudanum in mint water; he endeavoured to reject it, but I separated his jaws by means of a small piece of wood introduced between them, and poured the draught into his mouth, which he swallowed, by keeping his head in a recumbent posture, notwithstanding the efforts he made to reject it. His condition was so much debilitated from loss of blood, as to enable me to effect it.

In the mean time ordered injections of 300 drops of laudanum, every second hour, and a dram of mercurial ointment to be rubbed in every fourth hour.

P.M. four o'clock.—Is now in a slumber; at half past five he awoke with slight efforts to separate himself from his bindings; pain in his head excruciating; shaved his head; and blistered it all over; mercurial frictions to be continued; still has an aversion to fluids; used the same means as before, draught and glysters to be repeated.

P.M. nine o'clock.—Slept for two hours and appears to be refreshed; complains of a lassitude, and sickness of stomach; speaks rationally; offered him congee water, which he kept in his mouth a short time: swallowed a little and discharged the remainder; pulse rising, repeat the frictions; ordered to take a pill of four grains of calomel, and two grains of James's powders three times, and repeat the injection twice during the night.

8th.—Pain in the head subsided; extremely debilitated, but rational: calls for drink, which with some hesitation he puts to his mouth, and swallows with a slight noise in the throat; pulse low; mercurial frictions as before described, to be continued; a pill of calomel four grains, and of opium and James's power two grains, every second hour; opiate injections to be repeated.

P.M.—Pain in the forehead become excruciating; was tranquil otherwise during the day; pulse 78: a blister to be applied to his forehead; to repeat the pills three times in the night, and to rub in a dram of mercurial ointment every second hour.

9th.—Very easy; relieved from pain and uneasiness in the head: had only one evacuation for the last twenty four hours; castor oil, one ounce, to be taken immediately; frictions to be continued.

P.M.—Gums getting tender; feels no horror at the sight or approach of liquids; pulse rather hurried; to rub in a dram of the ointment thrice in the night; pills to be continued; bathed his feet in warm water.

10th.—Fugitive dislike to fluids; when pressed swallowed congee water, and took one glass of wine; pulse rising and regular; gums tender; continue frictions; repeat pills.

P.M.—Bathed his feet as before.

11th.—No mercurials in any shape; complains of weakness, his countenance is fallen, but appearances of doing well are manifest; spits a great deal; continue pills and frictions.

P.M.—No alteration, repeat pills twice during the night.

12th.—Very easy; gums inflamed.

13th.—Very easy.

14th, very easy; and the same to the 20th; discharged then from the hospital in a perfect state of convalescence, and he has since resumed his duties.

Nov. 1. (Signed) F. TYMON,
Assistant Surgeon, 22d Dragoons.

In the observations upon this case by A. Berry, M. D. he says, "That this was a real cure of hydrophobia cannot be doubted."—Another unsuccessful case is also related in which the same method was partly followed; for, as only fifteen ounces of blood were taken from the arm of the patient, it produced no alteration in his aversion to fluids, and he expired five hours after being admitted into the hospital: while the life of the former patient was evidently saved by the bleeding which diminished violent action, and admitted the effect of medicines that in all former experience had uniformly failed.

Dr. Berry seems to wish for an opportunity of ascertaining whether the poison of a rabid animal is subject to the laws of the inoculated animal poisons, which render any subsequent infection innoxious. The recovery of Benjamin Mason, he says, suggested this idea.

OBITUARY.

LATELY, THOS. EAGLES, Esq. collector of the customs of the port of Bristol. Mr. Eagles was one of the politest scholars of the present age. In that branch of elegant literature, where Addison and Johnson have derived their greatest fame as periodical essayists, Mr. Eagles was eminently successful. The paper, entitled *The Cynic*, which appeared in *The Bristol Journal*, some years since, was the offspring of his pen. The style is purely Addisonian. Mr. Eagles also excelled in painting, poetry, and music. So variously gifted was this classical scholar, and so honoured was the man by the first characters in the kingdom, that the space he filled with such dignity, is, alas! very long likely to remain a void in society. In his religion, he was sincerely and devoutly attached to the church of England; constant and faithful in the discharge of every duty enjoined by her sacred laws.

Dr. JAMES LIND, F. R. S. aged 77 years, a resident of Windsor town above 30 years; whose intimate knowledge of natural philosophy, and unremitting researches in all the various branches of science and literature, have largely contributed to the advancement of human knowledge. Dr. Lind practised as a physician in this town for many years, with honour to himself and advantage to the public; his celebrated *Treatise on Jail Fever*, will furnish the best proof of his philosophical knowledge of his profession. His readiness of communication and agreeable manners rendered his talents no less profitable in private life, than their higher exercise was of eminent utility to the welfare of mankind. The benevolence of his nature would alone have commanded the respect in which he was universally held, and rendered his loss irreparable to all who had opportunities of estimating his worth. He died at the house of his son-in-law, W. Burnie, Esq. of Russel square.

Lately, aged 74, Mr. MILES SWINNEY, nearly 50 years proprietor of the *Birmingham Chronicle*.

At his lodgings, at Brighton, I. SOLOMON, Esq. The deceased possessed a most charitable disposition, as the following particulars will attest — He left 500*l.* to be distributed to the poor on the day of his funeral, and the like sum annually for 15 years. He was the very pattern of economy; nothing in his manner of living, or style of dress, was descriptive of opulence. He gave what might have supported him in splendour to the poor. For several years previous to his death, 125 poor widows received from him, through the agency of a friend, a weekly stipend, and were totally ignorant of the name of their benefactor until the period of his death. Notwithstanding his extensive charities, he died worth nearly 100,000*l.* the greater part of which he has disposed of in charitable bequeathments.

In July last, the celebrated classical

scholar, HEYNE, at Gottingen, in the 83d year of his age. He retained all his literary ardour to the last; and several persons had letters from him, written both in German and Latin, dated on the evening before his death.

On Sept. 26th, at New York, the celebrated tragedian, GEORGE FREDERIC COOKE, Esq. He had just completed his 57th year. The merits and defects of the late Mr. COOKE, as an actor, are too well known to require any particular comment. It may, however, be observed, that altogether his talents were confined. He was very deficient in taste, and wholly devoid of grace; but in characters drawn with energy, and which required bitter sarcasm in the detail, he was eminently successful. He was an original performer. The merit he possessed was founded on observation and experience, and his acting displayed, in parts suitable to his abilities and habits, a vigorous spirit and accuracy that gave the energy of nature to his performances, and it will be a very difficult matter to fill the space which he has left in the theatrical world. After wandering from New York to Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston, he was arrested for debt, and became a vagabond in principle, and a pauper, in fact. Thus this ill-starred unhappy man died, as it is said, in the rules of the debtors' prison in New York, where he had been confined for the penalty of a bond which had been exacted from him in a moment of intemperance, and he paid the forfeit of its fraudful tendency with his life.

At his house, in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, in the 75th year of his age, EDWARD JERNINGHAM, Esq. brother to the late Sir Wm. Jerningham, and uncle to the present Sir George Jerningham, of Costessey, in Norfolk, bart. Mr. Jerningham was the youngest brother of the late Sir Wm. Jerningham. He was sent, in the earlier part of his life, to France; he remained some time in the English college at Douay, and was removed to Paris, where he improved himself in classical attainments till he had nearly reached his twenty-first year. He was a good Latin scholar, and was tolerably well acquainted with the Greek. The French and Italian languages, but particularly the former, were nearly as familiar to him as that of his native country. In his mind, benevolence and poetry had always a mingled operation. His taste was founded upon the best models of literature. The first production which raised him into public notice was a poem in recommendation of the Magdalen Hospital; and Mr. J. Hanway, one of its most active patrons, often declared that its success was very much promoted by this poem. He continued occasionally to afford proofs of his poetical genius, and his works passed through many editions. They are uniformly marked by taste, elegance, and a pensive character that always excites pleasing and tender emotions. In some of his works, however, as in *The Shakspeare Gallery*, *Enthusiasm*, and *The Rise and Fall of Scandinavian Poetry*, he displays great vigour, and even sublimity. The first of these poems had the following elegant and spirited compliment from Mr. Burke, in the following passage: "I have not, for a long time, seen any thing so well finished. He has caught new *fire*, by approaching, in his *perihelium*, so *near* to the *Sun* of our poetical system."—His last work, published a few months ago, and which has reached a second edition, was entitled, *The Old Bard's Farewell.* It is not unworthy of his best days, and it breathes an air of benevolence and grateful piety for the lot in life which Providence had assigned to him, highly honourable to his heart as well as to his talents. His family are all of the Roman Catholic persuasion, but he very early conformed to the Protestant faith, and remained in it till his death, having received the sacrament according to the rites of the church of England. His illness had long continued, and was very severe at times, but he bore it with the firmness of a philosopher, or, rather, with the patience and resignation of a true Christian. He had, for the whole of his life, enjoyed an intimacy with the highest people in this country, and was particularly intimate with the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield and the present Earl of Carlisle. He was for several weeks honoured by having been an inmate with the Prince of Wales, at Brighton, soon after the

marriage of his Royal Highness, and was favoured with the Prince's attention and condescending inquiries during his last illness. It may be finally said, that "his life was gentle," and that very few men have ever passed through the world who have been more deserving of its esteem and respect, within their circle of action, than this gentleman.

In Fludyer-street, Westminster, Mr. Ross, one of his Majesty's messengers. Whilst conveying a letter in the afternoon from the Colonial-Office to the Admiralty, he was suddenly seized, in Downing-street, with a fit of apoplexy, and expired in the course of the same night.

At Teddington, aged 73, J. WALTER, sen. Esq. late principal proprietor of *The Times* newspaper.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Saturday, Nov. 21.

THE *Lord of the Manor* was repeated last night at this theatre. This little piece appears likely to become a greater favourite than ever with the public since its revival; and as it has not much of humour or forcibly depicted character, or indeed any of the more peculiar characteristics of the comic muse to recommend it, though by no means totally deficient in any of them, we may, in some measure, ascribe its present success to the pure and gentle feeling that pervades, and has drawn an influence highly creditable to the hearts of our fellow-citizens.—The excellence, indeed, of the music and singers, both of which are of a very high order, might oblige us to abate somewhat in so pleasant a theory, were it not that the former is in a remarkable manner calculated to give poignancy to the very feelings, the incitement of which forms the grounds of our approbation. Several of the songs were encored, particularly that exquisite melody in which Nature and Burgoyne, and Jackson and Incledon contend for the palm of simplicity and tenderness, we mean—*My Anna's urn.*

Love, Law, and Physic.

This new after-piece succeeded; we understand it is from the pen of Mr. Kenney, of the plot of which the following is a sketch:—A stage-coach arrives at an inn in York, from which descend *Mr. Flexible*, a barrister, (Mathews) a native of Tooley-street, in the Borough; *Mr. Looby Locke*, (Liston) the most prominent features of whose character are avarice, ignorance, and folly; a *Mr. John Browne*, a good citizen of York; and an actress, whom *Mr. Looby* facetiously calls *Lady Macbeth*. *Mr. Looby*'s business to York is to take possession of an estate, which had devolved to him on the death of an uncle in the West Indies, and to marry a young lady with 14,000*l.* the niece or daughter of an apothecary. The young lady, however, has a favourite lover, *Captain Dancers*, who is the friend of *Mr. Flexible*, the barrister, who, having in the coach obtained an insight into *Mr. Looby*'s affairs, conceives the design of frustrating his views on the lady, in favour of the *Captain*, and commences the campaign in the following manner:—He and his friend proceed at night to the house of the *Apothecary*, knocks at the door, and on the old gentleman putting out his head, imitating the accent of a Yorkshire clown, informs him, that *John Browne* had fallen off the stage-coach, broken his leg, and required his immediate assistance. The *Doctor* and his man *Andrew* in consequence issue forth, when *Flexible* knocks the light out of the hand of the latter, and proceeds with the *Doctor* towards the dwelling of the supposed patient. The *Captain* then makes his way into the house, first attempting to bribe *Andrew*, and on the failure of gold, has recourse to the more effectual influence of cold iron, the sight of which is too much for the fidelity of *Andrew* to resist. On the return, however, of the *Doctor*, to whom *John Browne* thinks proper to offer a proof, more convincing than polite, of the soundness of his limbs, by kicking him out, the *Captain* quietly departs, and thus this well-laid stratagem, which is executed by the *Captain*'s running the risk of being hanged for burglary, and which occupies

nearly the whole of the first act, is a purely gratuitous exertion of the author's fancy, not advancing the action of the drama an inch. The barrister, thus learning by the silly loquacity of *Looby*, that his uncle had been married to a Spanish lady, of the name of *Velasco*, by whom he had one child, but who, together with the mother, were said to have died before the uncle, introduces the *Captain* into the *Apothecary*'s house, as this child, alleging the assertion of his death to have been false. This stratagem is defeated by *Looby*'s producing the certificate of the child's baptism, which proves it to have been a female, a circumstance with respect to which the lawyer, in his hurry, had forgotten to inform himself. Here the plottings would have been finally thwarted, had not *Mr. Flexible*, during the course of the visit, contrived, by a brilliant display of forensic eloquence, to ingratiate himself very much with the *Apothecary*, who fortunately then stood very much in need of his assistance. *Mr. Cavil*, another barrister, employed by him, having been rendered incapable, by sudden illness, of managing a defence to an action brought against him by a person who had been wounded in a conjugal fray, of which a difference of opinion with respect to dressing muffins had been the occasion, with the toasting-fork, had lost an eye in consequence, and on application to the *Doctor* received from him a balsam which deprived him of the other. *Mr. Flexible* undertakes the cause, succeeds in it, and becomes such a favourite in consequence with his client, that he persuades him to give his niece to *Captain Dawers*, instead of *Mr. M'Looby*, provided the latter can be induced to free him from the promise he has given him. For this the indefatigable *Mr. Flexible* undertakes, and having engaged the actress above-mentioned to personate the young *Donna Velasco Jenson*, for it appears that the *Velasco* family have a particular faculty of bursting from the precincts of the tomb, by her aid, cheats poor *Mr. Looby* into a solemn renunciation of all womankind save his supposed cousin.

Love, Law, and Physic, is one of those laughable trifles by which that raging appetite for novelty in the public is appeased, which, perhaps, at no time since the flourishing period of the Athenian stage was appeased by genuine dramatic excellence, and which in our own age and nation there appears to be none of that excellence to appease, except what resides in a single individual, we mean the author of *John Bull*. To subject such matters to rigorous examination, unless satisfied that they push better things aside, would be to risk injuring rather than improving the state of scenic representation; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with stating, that *Love, Law, and Physic*, among many blunt jests, has attempts at humour, frequent and successful enough to keep the audience in good humour throughout, the consequence of which was, that it was announced for a second representation, without a single *veto*.

The whole of the performers contributed with due zeal to the success of the piece.

Farquhar's comedy of the *Recruiting Officer* is revived at this theatre. Of a play so well known it is almost needless to speak. Like all the other productions of Farquhar, it abounds in wit, and the three first acts are, perhaps, superior to any thing he ever wrote; his wit, however, is strongly tinctured with indelicacy, and many passages occur in the play which the managers would have done well to have expunged. The wit of Farquhar is brilliant and delightful, but his licentiousness is unsuited to the refinement of this age. Mathews sustained the part of *Serjeant Kite* with considerable ability, but we think we have seen the part in abler hands. *Captain Plume* found a very respectable representative in Charles Kemble; but the best supported character was that of *Captain Brazen*, by Mr. Jones, who reminded us, in some respects, of Mr. Lewis, but without any of the servility of imitation. His performance was perfectly natural and easy, and left nothing to be desired. Liston and Simmons, in *Costar Pearmain* and *Thomas Appletree*, and Emery, in *Bullock*, threw all the humour into their parts which might be expected from them. Mrs. H Johnston played *Sylvia* with great vivacity and effect, and Miss S. Booth made a very charming *Rose*. The other characters were respectably sustained.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE accounts of the last month have been distinguished by the news of two great events: the evacuation of two capitals by the armies that had taken possession of them; that of Russia by the French, that of Spain by the English. The capture of Moscow was attended with circumstances which will form an æra in history. The conflagration of a city by its own inhabitants, to prevent the benefit which the enemy might derive by the capture, is said to be justified on the ground, that any injury is allowable in war, and on the score of policy it is said, that this was a most magnanimous act, as by it Russia was saved. It now appears that nine tenths of the city were actually destroyed; and the conqueror has taken a step in consequence, which is reprobated as an act of inhumanity not to be justified by the laws of war.

What the laws of war are, is by no means clearly ascertained; nor, when men degrade themselves by the miserable employment of force, instead of using the powers by which they are distinguished from the beasts, can it be imagined that they will submit to the exercise of reason in the determination of their actions? War implies murder, rapes, assassinations, robbery, plunder, and every thing that is hateful in the sight of God and man; and our poet describes it in its just colours when, in vision, he anticipated the events of which it has been our destiny to be witnesses:—

> " *O what are these,*
> *Death's ministers, not men? Who thus deal death*
> *Inhumanly to men, and multiply*
> *Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew*
> *His brother: for of whom such massacre*
> *Make they, but of their brethren; men of men?*"

And of our mistaken notions of glory he gives but too just a description, when he represents it, as foretold to our first father, that

> " *In these days might only shall be admired,*
> *And valour and heroic virtue call'd;*
> *To overcome in battle, and subdue*
> *Nations, and bring home spoils, with infinite*
> *Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch*
> *Of human glory; and for glory done*
> *Of triumph, to be stiled great conquerers,*
> *Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,*
> *Destroyers rightlier called, and plagues of men!*"

The great hero, the plague of men, the besom of destruction, the hammer of God's wrath on guilty nations, has met with a check. But, during the time that he was in possession of Moscow, he signalised himself by an action which, if allowed, will make a great change in the history of war. The facts, as given by the enemy, stand thus. Soon after Bonaparte had taken possession of Moscow, he appointed a military tribunal to take cognisance of the crimes alleged against several individuals, for setting divers houses on fire in the city of Moscow. The tribunal sat, and several individuals were tried and found guilty, but some were acquitted. The sentence of death was pronounced against ten, who were carried to execution, and the others were punished in a milder manner.

The acts of the tribunal are not before us, nor the defence of the accused; but we may suppose that the latter would be contained in few words; that what they did was by order of their superiors. The question then is, whether the superiors of any country are justified in ordering a city to be burned down, on the idea that it will soon be taken possession of by the enemy? The answering of this question, which ever side is taken, is not so easy as may generally be imagined; and, if it is simply put to prevent the possession of it by an enemy, we have no hesitation in affirming, that this alone is not a sufficient cause for the destruction of cities.—If it were allowed, the work of desolation would be carried on in a much more detestable mode than it is at present. Let us reflect for a moment on the loss to Europe, if the numerous cities in the Low Countries, which,

during the unhappy wars of the last twenty years, have so often changed masters, had been set on fire by each party, as soon as they quitted the place. Such a mode of warfare belongs only to barbarians, but cannot be admitted by those who have even but feeble ideas of honour, religion, and humanity.

But, is the enemy then to be left in possession of stores, ammunition, and every thing that may administer to his assistance, comfort, and convenience? We do not say that there is an extensive line between the two extremes, and this cannot be divided with mathematical precision. A general rule may be laid down, namely, that the least possible injury is to be done, not only to the unoffending inhabitants of a country attacked, but also to those armed in its defence.—Some noble instances of this kind have been exhibited to the world by the English sailor; who, when his enemy's colours have been struck, has braved as much danger to save the lives of his enemies, as he did before to take them away. This is noble, this is generous, this is manly. All that can be allowed in warfare is to destroy, when the object of that destruction is absolutely necessary. Whether the conflagration of Moscow came under that description or not, may be judged differently by different persons. We are inclined to believe that it did not, and that it was as impolitic as it was barbarous to cause such a devastation.

If the necessity of burning places is granted, then it cannot be doubted that persons, acting under the authority of the sovereign, are justified in obeying those commands, which would, in other cases, involve the detestable crimes of Arson and Murder. But those commands cease to have weight, when the enemy is in possession of a town; and if any of the unhappy men, who have fallen a sacrifice to late events, were found in the act of setting fire to houses, when they had fallen into the conqueror's power, then the crime was upon their own heads. A complete narration of the taking of the place must be given before this question can be decided; and this is one of the extreme cases in modern warfare on which we shall hope never more to be called upon to exercise our judgment. War, in its mildest shape, is a horrid monster; let us not encourage the depravity of mankind, by giving countenance to a savage disposition to increase its horrors.

The great hero did not remain long in the palace of the ancient Czars.—The Kremlin was converted, as soon as possible, into a military fortress, capable of resisting a regular siege. The residence of Bonaparte was in a palace at a little distance from the town, and thence he issued some meagre bulletins, the last of which announced his march from the capital. This was taken possession of by the Russians; but it is singular, that the general who headed the troops in the recapture, was himself taken by the French, when on a reconnoitring party without the town. At this moment of writing a great degree of obscurity hangs over the campaign. If we believe the Russian accounts, some severe battles have been fought, in which the French have suffered such extreme losses, that the retreat of Bonaparte might be almost deemed impossible. He has to encounter the difficulties of a long march in the worst season of the year, just at the time when the change is made to severe cold, and the fall of snow renders the road impassable almost to cannon. On both sides of the road are the Russians hovering with hordes of Cossacks; and to regain a place of security he must traverse at least between three and four hundred miles. Never was the great hero in such peril; and Europe is in suspense, whether he will fall a prey to the modern Scythians, and thus resemble in his fate an ancient conqueror; or by the resources of a mind fertile in expedients, regain Poland with the wrecks of a shattered army, and there place himself in an attitude formidable to the Autocrat.

The plan of Bonaparte is now, in great measure, developed. Great in conceptions, it was, up to a certain point, complete in its execution. All that occurred to the settlement of the French at Wilna may be considered as preparatory only to the great contest; though, if the same power and the same plan had been given to any

other cabinet in Europe, not one of them could have marched such armies to a settled place, and fixed them after such resistance in the places predetermined in their councils. For a long time it was imagined, that Bonaparte was marching to Petersburgh; but, by directing his steps to Moscow, he drew the Russian armies towards the latter capital, and left Petersburgh open to an attack with the force he was capable of sparing for that purpose. This force went to the left, and was to march along the coasts of the Baltic, taking possession, in its way, of the towns on its shores, and thus securing provisions for the army.—This part of the plan has been completely baffled by the unexpected resistance in that quarter, and this may have operated on the general plan, and prevented the march of the great army from Moscow to Petersburgh.

But we are speaking from the documents transmitted by the Russians, and, after all, the defeat of the King of Naples may not have been attended with such fatal consequences to the army as has been imagined. The genius of Bonaparte may have discovered resources, with which, at this distance from the scene of action, we must be unacquainted. Surrounded as he is by barbarians, he may still shew to the world what can be produced by order and discipline. The ten thousand Greeks marched thro' a more inhospitable country, and we may still see the hero proudly pre-eminent in his enterprise. One surmise, however, is not more improbable than many that have been made relative to him, namely, that torn to pieces by the discomfiture of his armies, and defeat of his plans, his mind became distracted, and he was reduced to that state which prognostics have already been given, that rendered him totally incapable of being at the head of his army.

To add to the exultation of the enemies of France, another scene of mortification has been presented to the great hero, which, however, was displayed too soon to produce its effect. Had it been delayed till the reverses in Russia were known, it might have been fatal to the government established at Paris. A conspiracy has been detected, the extent of whose ramifications is not known; but it has been said that some commotions in Hesse Cassel were connected with it, and that in Italy were many favourers of it. Be that as it may, the plot in the capital fell to the ground, without any other effect than that of shewing the great power of the sovereign, and the admirable art with which his government is cemented. Three generals were at the head of the scheme; which was to be brought about by the military, among whom will never be wanting, in a government that depends upon them, hands to execute and heads to contrive schemes for their own aggrandizement. These generals had so laid their plan, that they got possession of several parts of the town, and of the high officers even of administration, before they were discovered; but the activity of the police was such, that in an instant a superior power was collected, the military who had been deceived acknowledged their error, and the chiefs of the conspiracy were taken into custody. Their execution soon followed, and the government went on as usual, strengthened rather than injured by this impotent attack.

The grounds of this conspiracy are not sufficiently known. The leaders are said to be of the Jacobin party; but this may be only the colour cast upon the transaction by those who have subdued them. It is difficult, indeed, to discover upon what chance of success a party could be formed.—Who would be for the restoration of the Bourbons, which involved in it the restoration of a miserable noblesse, an antiquated clergy, a deplorable system of laws? Who could be for the Jacobin party, that might have produced another reign of horror, another Robespierre? Monstrous as may appear the government of Bonaparte, it is far superior to its predecessor; and in point of glory, the great theme of the Frenchmen, it surpasses that of any preceding age. We do not see any hopes for a successful conspiracy against the imperial greatness of the mighty conqueror, though petty plots may be conceived and hatched by the little minds that remain attached to the Bourbons, and have influence in the secondary councils of nations.

From plots at Paris, and the diffi-

culties of the French Emperor in Russia, we turn our eyes to Spain; and there, whatever might have been our exultation on the retreat of Bonaparte, our spirits are lowered by the situation of the gallant Wellington. On this we know not how to speak. The conqueror at the battle of Salamanca is, by his last dispatches before us, retrograding from the French army, of whom, in one day's retreat, he had a full sight, and from the aspect of it, the lion thought it unadviseable to grasp at its prey. We may easily conceive the mortification of our general and his followers; but not so easily the reason why he should have lost so much time at Burgos, and so permitted the beaten army to recruit, and to come down upon him with an overpowering force.

The facts seem to be these:—After the battle of Salamanca, the French retreated in the utmost confusion to the north of Spain. The news of their defeat was soon spread over the Peninsula, and dismay filled the French armies and annihilated all their plans. The intrusive king wandered from his capital, and the siege of Cadiz was raised; and all was in confusion.—Lord Wellington left the pursuit of the shattered remains of the northern army to take Madrid, and, on his return, was stopped by a castle at Burgos, where he lost as many men nearly as the garrison contained. This was a great respite for the northern army, which was recruited not only by the troops in garrison in those quarters, but by the accession of fresh levies from France. As soon as they could be esteemed again an army, they marched to the relief of Burgos, and our commander found it expedient to quit the country. The brave defender of the castle was carried into the city in triumph, with all the enthusiasm of which the French are so susceptible; and they moved forward in pursuit of those by whom they had lately been so completely beaten.

The motions of the northern army were accompanied by similar movements in the south on the part of Soult and Suchet. Madrid was abandoned by the British and German troops after the destruction of the fortifications in the Buen Retiro, and was soon occupied by the French; and thus one fruit of the battle of Salamanca was lost. The recapture of Madrid was of no great consequence in a military point of view. The place is not capable of defence, and will always fall to the superior army in its neighbourhood. But the return of the French to Madrid was, in other respects, very injurious to the common cause. The confidence inspired by the victory at Salamanca had raised the hopes of the prostrate party; and on taking possession of the sovereign authority, under the Cortez, it may justly be apprehended, that they would not exercise it with much regard to the feelings of those who might be considered as rebels. This would naturally impel many to shew that they did not deserve that name; and thus, on the return of the stigmatised party to their former power, they would not only have great reason to triumph, but they would possess the means of annoying all their opponents. They would exclaim on the weakness of confiding to British support; and the intrusive king would have the opportunity of manifesting an ostentatious compassion over his misled subjects.

But the return of the intrusive king to his capital was not the only evil result of the retreat from Burgos.—The English armies called in to rejoin Lord Wellington, left the country open for the southern armies to advance; and thus, however powerful Lord Wellington may be made by the addition of new troops, he will hardly be strong enough to turn upon his pursuers, lest even the gain of a victory should expose him too much to a still more powerful army. All we can hope for is, that our gallant commander may regain, with little loss, his post in Portugal; though it must be a dreadful mortification to him to leave Spain again under the controul of the French, and the more so, if, by any neglect in this country, he has been crippled in his means, and his former achievements rendered useless. It is evident, however, that there must be something fatally wrong in the affairs of Spain, or we must labour under a great deception with respect to that country. If the Cortez had possessed its confidence, surely, when the French were in such con-

fusion, a greater advantage might have been taken of the victory at Salamanca. But we must suspend our judgment, till we possess better materials for forming it.

In Sicily a complete revolution seems to have been effected, and equal to our own in 1688. The constitution of England is frequently referred to, and taken as a model. The government is vested in a king, lords, and commons, of whom the latter have the sole power of beginning a money bill, which the other branches must reject or receive, but cannot modify. The judiciary power is separate from the others, the judges being removeable by application from the commons, and sentence of the the lords. The king may convoke, prorogue, or dissolve parliament, but must convoke it every year. The subject is to be punished and taxed only according to the laws, fixed on by the three estates. The feudal system is abolished in all its branches; but the religion called the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, is established, to the exclusion of every other. We are the most surprised at the last clause, for as the revolution evidently was effected under the auspice of a Protestant power, we are not a little mortified, that some advantage was not given in the change to religious liberty, which is of far more consequence than civil liberty, and which will gradually produce it. Sicily, however, which has, for many centuries, been one of the worst governed countries in the world, may now emerge from its barbarous and degraded state; and this is one of the fruits of the French revolution, without which no amelioration in the state of any country would probably have been produced. When the miseries of the present conflict are over, even Russia may begin to feel that man was not born to be the tyrant or the slave of man; but the anticipation of future benefits may for a moment beguile the horrors which the contemplation of the vices now in fermentation, must excite in every well-regulated mind. We hope that Sicily may act better than the country from which it has taken the model for government; that it may have a true representation of the people, and persons of honour as representatives, who detest a bribe, whether given by the minister of the day to secure a vote, or by a candidate to corrupt the morals of the people.

The war with the United States has not presented any thing of great importance. Ships are captured on both sides, but on land a cessation seems to have taken place of active warfare. The Americans, taught by late experience, are afraid of advancing into the Canadas, but there seems not to be a disposition, or there may not be strength enough on our part to make an inroad into their provinces. The less of blood spilt in this manner the better, a reconciliation will be easier; for of all the wars that have been undertaken amongst men, this seems to be one of the most foolish and absurd, one that might with great ease have been avoided, and one by which neither party can expect any benefit. One scheme is rumoured to be on foot, and for which the American ambassador to the French, has left Paris for an interview with the emperor. This is to negociate with him for some ships of the line, of which the French have many lying uselessly in their ports, and these are, if proper use be made, to be manned by American sailors, and to contest with us for, at least, the sovereignity in their own seas. The idea is by no means extravagant; and though eventually we might become masters of these ships, the injury must be considerable to ourselves. A greater force must be employed than would be necessary merely for the French war, and this against those who ought, as they are nearly so, to be dearly allied to us. We are descended from the same common stock, speak the same language, and have a great community of interest: with whomsoever the fault lies in this wretched war, great is his responsibility before God and man.

Domestic politics afford but little interest, though on one point we have a great cause for satisfaction; in the quiet state of the northern counties, where the lower class of manufacturers, whether made sensible of their errors by a better judgment, or constrained by force, no longer disturb the public peace by

their tumultuous and violent proceedings. To the original cause of them, the improvement of their machinery, they are continually liable; and as these counties owe their importance to the advantages they possess in giving full scope for every improvement, they are more inexcusable in aiming at preventing it. Whether they will or no, improvements will go on, and it is their interest to seize the first advantages from them. The pressure of the times, the convulsed state of their neighbourhoods, the horrors of war, though at so great a distance from them, have produced also another effect on some of these counties, which have expressed their sentiments in a petition, to be presented to parliament, for peace. Their object is good, and their religious and moral arguments better than their political. It is an indelible disgrace to the part of the earth covered by what are called Christian nations, that twenty years have been spent by them in the filthy and odious habit of massacreing each other. With whom the blame lies, it is not so easy to make the guilty parties sensible, as it is certainly difficult to clear any of them from some share in the crime. Twenty years spent in war! and this by nations who hear read in their churches daily, precepts to love and forgive their enemies! Well hath the prophet said of so wicked a race;—Ye approach unto God with your lips, but your hearts are far from him.

The higher circles have had much tittle tattle among them on the appointment of a governor-general to India, which is said to be an act of the Prince himself, without sufficient deference to his ministry, that is, to his servants. The nation, however, approves the choice, and in the Earl Moira contemplates a man, who will not hazard the possession of a country for the roll of a turban, the cut of a whisker, or the colour of a face. The wealth of India is now flowing in its natural channel. As in other cases, what is gotten by the toil of the merchant flows into the reservoirs of the peerage, to make up for the necessary outgoings of that order. But be that as it may, neither ministry nor East India Company could, we apprehend, find a man better suited to the high office, and we shall be glad to hear that the Prince more frequently exercises his judgment in this manner.

The latter end of the month was employed in swearing in the members for the new parliament, and re-electing the former speaker; and the parties are busily engaged in counting their strength. Events are likely to make a deep impression upon them; but the Catholics, it is said, have lost by the change, and as to the reform of parliament, that is a subject completely to be scouted. Sir Francis Burdett remains fixed to his purpose, and whether supported or not will do his duty as a representative, standing in a nobler attitude than that of the majority around him. He is the representative of a city, and speaks the language of honour and freedom. From the advocates of the borough-mongering oligarchy we shall have the usual arguments, that this is not the time, and that our constitution is the best in the world, meaning within themselves, that constitution of boroughs, by which they are able to set at nought all the advantages we ought to derive from the real excellence of our constitution.

The Anti-Catholics have been in motion in several places, but particularly in the two Universities, where they have had decided majorities in their favour, at Oxford much greater than at Cambridge, and in both the advocates for extending liberality and liberty of conscience, were considerable in number and talents. The nation at large has, however, felt little from this dispute. It now understands better what the two sects are, the Catholic and the Church of England; and as they both agree in damning every body who is not of the same opinion with themselves, the discussion of the present dispute between them, will do good to both parties, and perhaps lead the majority of the nation, in a very short time, to let neither possess any other argument than that of reason and the scriptures.

BOOKS PUBLISHED, NOVEMBER 1812.

☞ *As this Department will be of great Importance to* AUTHORS *and* BOOKSELLERS, *as well as to Literature in general, it is requested that* NOTICES *of Works may be forwarded as early as possible (free of Postage), which will be regularly inserted.*

AGRICULTURE.

SEQUEL to the Address from R. Worthington, M.D. to the Practical Farmers of Great Britain. 2s. 6d.

ASTRONOMY.

Frend's Evening Amusements, or the Beauty of the Heavens displayed, for the Year 1813. 12mo. 3s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the late P. Melville, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Clarke's Life of Earl Wellington. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

DRAMA.

Comedies of Aristophanes, translated into English; with Notes. 8vo. 12s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Picquot's Elements of Universal Geography, ancient and modern.—12mo. 5s.

HISTORY.

The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature for the Year 1811. 8vo. 16s.

Malcolm's Sketch of the Sikhs, a singular Nation, who inhabit the Provinces of the Penjab, situated between the Rivers Jumna and Indus. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

LAW.

Hodgson's full and authentic Report of the Trial of Simmonds, Winter, and others, for Stealing on the River Thames. 2s.

Brodie's Reply to the Calumnies and Misrepresentations contained in a Charge, delivered to the Grand Jury at Madras, Jan. 18, 1811, by Sir F. Macnaghten, Knt. 4s.

Dellon's Account of the Inquisition at Goa. 8vo. 6s.

Adams's Treatise on the Principles and Practice of the Action of Ejectment. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Bell's Treatise on the Election Laws, as they relate to the Representation of Scotland in the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. 4to. 2l. 5s.

MATHEMATICS

The Gentleman's Mathematical Companion for the Year 1813; containing Answers to the last Year's Enigmas, &c. &c. 2s. 6d.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL.

Marden's Account of a Case of Recovery, after an extraordinary Accident, by which the Shaft of a Chaise had been forced through the Throat. 3s. 6d.

Hunter's Treatise on the Blood, Inflammation, and Gun-shot Wounds. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Baillie's Engravings, to illustrate his Morbid Anatomy of the Human Body. imp. 4to. 8l. 8s.

A Grammar of Medicine: being a popular and familiar Introduction to the Study of that Science. 18mo. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Week of Instruction and Amusement, or Mrs. Harley's Birth-day Present to her Daughter. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Sandham's Travels of St. Paul; in Letters, supposed to be written from a Mother to her Daughter. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Asiatic Researches, or Transactions of the Society instituted in Bengal Vol. II. 8vo. 18s.—or 4to. 2l. 2s.

An Essay on the Mind, and its moral Education. 12mo. 4s.

Panton's Dissertation on that Portion of Scottish History, termed the Gowry Conspiracy. 8vo. 5s.

A Key to the "Delicate Investigation;" or, a Recipe for all our National Calamities. By Esculapius. 1s.

The Harleian Miscellany, Vol. IX. (being the first supplemental Volume) royal 4to. 4l. 4s.

Morrison's Horæ Sinicæ: Translations from the Popular Literature of the Chinese. 8vo. 3s.

The Spirit of the British Essayists, comprising the most valuable Papers on Life and Manners. 4 vols. 12mo. 20s.

Halliday's present State of Portugal, and of the Portuguese Army. 8vo. 12s.

The Adventures of a Dramatist on a Journey to the London Managers. vols. 12mo. 12s.

Bouilly's Conseils a ma Fille, ou Nouveaux Contes. 12mo. 6s.

A String of British Pearls: a moral Tale. 3 vols. fc. 12s.

The Examiner examined, by Candidus, in Two Letters. 2s.

The Case of T. Clark, M.D. illustrated by a Reference to the Conduct of the Hon. F. North, late Governor of the Island of Ceylon.

Algernon Sidney's Address to the People of the United Kingdom. 3s.

NOVELS.

Plumptre's History of Myself and my Friend. 4 vols. 22s.

Madame Montolieu's Recueil de Nouvelles. 3 vols. 15s.

Stories of the Four Nations. 5 vols. 27s. 6d.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Canning's Speeches, delivered on public Occasions during the Election at Liverpool. 2s. 6d.

Sanderson's Appeal to the Imperial Parliament, upon the Claims of the ceded Colony of Trinidad to be governed by a Legislature and Judicature.

The Letters of Vetus, Part II.; being those that were published between July 1st and Nov. 10th, 1812; with a Preface and Notes. 8vo. 5s.

JUNIUS; including Letters by the same Writer under other Signatures, now first collected. To which are added, his confidential Correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his private Letters addressed to Mr. H. S. Woodfall. 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.—or royal 8vo. 3l. 3s.

POETRY.

The Genuine Rejected Addresses, presented to the Committee of Management for Drury-lane Theatre. 6s.

The Battles of Salamanca and Barrosa, with other Poems. 1s.

The Death of Bonaparte, or One Pound One. 1s.

The State Doctors, or a Tale of the Times. 2s. This and the two preceding are by the same Author.

Southey's Omniana. 2 vols. 12s.

RELIGION.

Four Sermons, delivered in St. Andrew's Chapel, Banff. By the Rev. J. Milne, A.M. 1s. 6d.

Plumptre's Sermon before the University of Cambridge, Nov. 8. 1s.

The Bishop of St. David's Letter to the Clergy of the Diocese of St. David's. 2s.

Trist's Sermon at St. Mary's Church, Truro, Aug. 21. 2s.

The Errors of Universalism, or the Doctrine of the Non-eternity of future Punishments contrary to Scripture, and dangerous to Society. 1s 6d.

Holden's Sermon, preached at Northiam, Oct. 30. 6d.

Cumberland's few plain Reasons why we should believe in Christ, and adhere to his Religion. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Leigh's Visitation Sermon, preached at the Archdeaconry of Stafford, June 25. 1s.

Franck's Guide to the Reading and Study of the Scriptures; translated from the Latin with Notes. By W. Jaques. 8vo. 8s.

Thruston's England safe and triumphant, or Researches into the Prophecies. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

A new Directory for Nonconformist Churches. 8vo. 5s.

Scott's Sermon, at the King's Chapel, Dock-yard, Portsmouth, Oct. 25. 1s. 6d.

The Pulpit, or a Biographical and Literary Account of eminent popular Preachers. Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Nine Sermons, preached in the Years 1718-19, by the late J. Watts, D.D; with a Preface, by J. P. Smith, D.D. 8vo. 6s.

The Parent's Christmas-Box, and New Year's Gift: containing the various Predictions of the Prophets; and proving, by the Conduct and Actions of the Patriarchs, the promised Messiah in the Person of Jesus Christ. 1s. printed on fine wove paper, for the pocket.

A Spiritual and most Preciouse Perle, teachynge all Men to Love and Imbrace the Crosse, as a most swete and necessarye thynge, with Preface, &c. By Edward, Duke of Somerset, uncle to King Edward VI., first printed in 1550, now reprinted with a new historical and biographical preface, price 5s. A very few copies on large paper, at 10s. 6d.

A Sermon preached in York Minster, on the Anniversary of his Majesty's Accession to the Throne, by the

Rev. J. Richardson, A. M. late of Queen's College, Oxford, and one of the Vicars Choral of the Cathedral, 1s.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

Smyth's Practice of the Customs, in the Entry, Examination, and Delivery of Goods and Merchandise. 8vo. 18s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Lichtenstein's Travels in Southern Africa, during the Years 1803, 4, 5, and 6. 4to. 36s.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

GAZETTE INTELLIGENCE.

DISPATCHES FROM THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL.

THE Gazette of Tuesday, Oct. 27, contains a dispatch from the Marquis of Wellington, dated Villa Toro, Oct. 11, of which the following is an extract:

"The enemy have made two sorties on the head of the sap, between the exterior and interior lines of the castle of Burgos, in both of which they materially injured our works, and we suffered some loss. In the last, at three in the morning of the 8th, we had the misfortune to lose the Hon. Major Cocks, of the 79th, who was field officer of the trenches, and was killed in the act of rallying the troops who had been driven in. I have frequently had occasion to draw your lordship's attention to the conduct of Major Cocks, and in one instance very recently, in the attack of the horn-work of the castle of Burgos; and I consider his loss as one of the greatest importance to this army and to his Majesty's service. Notwithstanding the efforts of the enemy, our troops are established within about 100 yards of the enemy's interior line, which we have it in our power to assault; and we have effected a good breach in another part of the same line, and our troops are established close to the breach. We are carrying on our works under-ground, and I hope that I shall have another mine in readiness in a day or two. The enemy have not made any movement to interrupt our operations; they are still upon the Ebro.

"By the accounts which I have from Lieut.-Gen. Sir Rowland Hill of the 7th inst. it appears that Marshal Soult joined Joseph Bonaparte on the frontier of Valencia and Murcia on the 29th September. A detachment of Marshal Soult's army occupied Albacete on the 3d inst. and a small detachment of cavalry was as far forward as Minaya on the 6th inst.

"I have not yet heard of General Ballasteros having passed the Sierra Morena, or at all of his movements since the 17th of Sept. when he entered Grenada; nor have I heard from Major-Gen. Cooke, since he received my directions for the movement of the troops under his command. I have reports, however, that the troops marched from Sevile on the 28th of September."

The loss sustained in this affair, of the British and Portugese army, in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to 437.

Retreat of the British Army.

On Wednesday, Nov. 18, was published a Supplement to the Tuesday's Gazette, containing further dispatches from the Marquis of Wellington, of which the following are extracts:—

Cabecon, 26th Oct. 1812.

I have been so much occupied by the movement and operations of the army since the 18th instant, that I have not been able to write to your lordship.

The operations of the castle of Burgos continued nearly in the state in which they were when I addressed your Lordship on the 11th instant, till the 18th. Having at that time received a supply of musket ammunition from Santander, and having, while waiting for that necessary article, completed a mine under the church of St. Roman, which stood in an outwork of the second line, I determined that the breach which we had effected in the second line should be stormed on that evening, at the moment this mine should explode,

and that at the same time the line should be attacked by escalade.

The mine succeeded, and Lieutenant-Colonel Browne lodged a party of the 9th Cacadores, and a detachment of Spanish troops of the regiment of Asturias in the outwork. A detachment of the King's German Legion, under Major Wurmb, carried the breach, and a detachment of the Guards succeeded in escalading the line; but the enemy brought such a fire upon these two detachments, from the third line, and the body of the castle itself, and they were attacked by numbers so superior, before they could receive the support allotted to them, that they were obliged to retire, suffering considerable loss. Major Wurmb was unfortunately killed.

It is impossible to represent in adequate terms my sense of the conduct of the Guards and German Legion upon this occasion; and I am quite satisfied, that if it had been possible to maintain the posts which they had gained with so much gallantry, these troops would have maintained them. Some of the men stormed even the third line, and one was killed in one of the embrasures of that line; and I had the satisfaction of seeing, that if I could breach the wall of the castle we should carry the place.

Another mine was commenced under the second line from the church of St. Roman, of which we remained in possession.

The enemy had on the 18th moved forward a considerable body of infantry, and six squadrons of cavalry from Briviesca to reconnoitre our outposts at Monasterio. They attacked the piquet at the bridge in front of that town, but were repulsed by the fire of a detachment of the infantry of the Brunswick legion. In this affair Lieut.-Col. the Hon. F. Ponsonby, who commanded at Monasterio, was wounded, but not severely, and I hope I shall soon again have the benefit of his assistance.

I had long heard reports of the enemy's intention to advance for the relief of the castle of Burgos with the army of Portugal, reinforced by troops recently arrived from France, and with that part of the army of the North which was disposable; and they did advance in considerable force against the post at Monasterio on the evening on the 18th. The subaltern of the Brunswick Legion, who commanded a piquet in St. Olalla, disobeyed his orders in remaining in that village upon the approach of the enemy, and he was taken with his piquet. —The enemy consequently obtained possession of the heights which command the town of Monasterio, and our out-post was obliged to retire on the morning of the 19th to the Burgos side of the town.

I assembled the troops, excepting those necessary for carrying on the operations of the siege, as soon as it appeared by the enemy's movement of the 18th, that they entertained serious intentions of endeavouring to raise it, and placed the allied army on the heights, having their right at Ibeas, on the Arlanzon, the centre at Rio Vena and Magaradas, and the left at Pallacio. The enemy's army likewise assembled in the neighbourhood of Monasterio. They moved forward on the evening of the 20th with about 10,000 men to drive in our out-post at Quintana Palla, and Olmos. The former withdrew by order, but the latter was maintained with great spirit by the Chasseurs Britanniques. Seeing a fair opportunity of striking a blow upon the enemy, I requested Lieut. Gen. Sir Edward Paget to move with the 1st and 5th divisions upon the enemy's right flank, which movement having been well executed, drove them back upon Monasterio, and our posts were replaced in Quintana Palla.

On the morning of the 21st, I received a letter from Sir Rowland Hill, of the 17th, in which he acquainted me of the enemy's intention to move towards the Tagus, which was already fordable by individuals in many places, and was likely to become so by an army.

The castle of Chinchilla had surrendered on the 9th instant. The enemy's force in Valencia was supposed to amount to not less than 70,000 men, a very large proportion of which, it was expected, would be disposable for service out of that kingdom.

I had desired Lieut.-Gen. Sir Rowland Hill to retire from his position on the Tagus, if he should find that he

could not maintain himself in it with advantage; and it was necessary that I should near him, in order that the corps under my command might not be insulated, in consequence of the movements which he should find himself under the necessity of making; I therefore raised the siege of Burgos on the night of the 20th, and moved the whole army back towards the Douro.

I felt severely the sacrifice I was thereby obliged to make. Your Lordship is aware that I was never very sanguine in my expectations of success in the siege of Burgos, notwithstanding that I considered success was attainable, even with the means in my power, within a reasonably limited period. If the attack made on the first line on the 22d or the 29th had succeeded, I believe we should have taken the place, notwithstanding the ability with which the Governor conducted the defence, and the gallantry with which it was executed by the garrison. Our means were limited; but it appeared to me, that if we should succeed, the advantage to the cause would be great, and the final success of the campaign would have been certain.

I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the officers and troops during the siege of Burgos, particularly with the brigade of Guards.

During the latter part of the siege the weather was very unfavourable, and the troops suffered much from the rain. The officers at the head of the artillery and engineer departments, Lieutenant-Colonel Robe, and Lieut.-Col. Burgoyne, and Lieut.-Col. Dickson, who commands the reserve artillery, rendered me every assistance; and the failure of success is not to be attributed to them. By their activity we carried off every thing in the course of one night, excepting the three eighteen-pounders destroyed by the enemy's fire, and the eight pieces of cannon which we had taken from the enemy on the night of the 19th ultimo, in the storm of the hornwork. Having sent our cattle to meet the equipment expected from Santander, we had not the means of moving the latter.

The enemy was not aware of our movement, and did not follow us till late on the 22d, when ten thousand men encamped on this side of Burgos.

The British army encamped at Celada del Camino and Hornillos, with the light cavalry at Estepan and Baniel. We continued our march on the following day, the right of the army to Torquemada, the left to Cordevilla, at which places we crossed the Pisuerga.

The enemy followed our movement with their whole army. Our rear-guard consisted of two light battalions of the German Legion, under Col. Halkett, and of Major-Gen. Anson's brigade of cavalry; and Major-Gen. Bock's brigade was halted at the Venta del Pozo to give them support; the whole under the command of Lieut.-General Sir Stapleton Cotton. Don Julian Sanches marched on the left of Arlanzon; and the party of Guerillas, heretofore commanded by the late Martinez, on the hills on the left of our rear-guard.

Major-Gen. Anson's brigade charged twice with great success, in front of Celada del Camino, and the enemy was detained above three hours by the troops under Lieutenant-Gen. Sir S. Cotton, in the passage of the Hormaza, in front of that village.

The rear-guard continued to fall back in the best order, till the Guerillas on the left having been driven in, they rode towards the flank of the rear-guard of Major-General Anson's brigade, and four or five squadrons of the enemy mixed with them. These were mistaken for Spaniards, and they fell upon the flank rear of our troops. We sustained some loss, and Lieut.-Col. Pelly, of the 16th dragoons, having had his horse shot, was taken prisoner.

The delay occasioned by this misfortune, enabled the enemy to bring up a very superior body of cavalry, which was charged by Major-General Bock's and Major-General Anson's brigades, near the Venta del Pozo, but unsuccessfully, and our rear-guard was hardly pressed. The enemy made their charges upon the two light battalions of the King's German Legion, formed in squares, but were always repulsed with considerable loss by the steadiness of these two battalions. They suffered no loss, and I

cannot sufficiently applaud their conduct and that of Col. Halkett, who commanded them.

The exertions and conduct of Lieutenant-General Sir S. Cotton, and of the officers and staff attached to him, throughout this day, were highly meritorious, and although the charge made by the cavalry was not successful, I had the satisfaction of observing great steadiness in their movements. Major Ball's troop of horse artillery, under Major Downman and Captain Ramsay, distinguished themselves.

The army continued its march on the 24th, and took up its ground on the Carrion, with its right at Duenas, and its left at Villa Muriel, and the 1st battalion First Guards, joined us from Corunna.

I halted here on the 25th, and the enemy attacked our left at Villa Muriel. They were repulsed, however, by the 5th division of infantry, under the command of Major-General Oswald, in the absence of Lieutenant-General Leith, on account of indisposition.

I had directed the 3d battalion of the Royals to march to Palencia, to protect the destruction of the bridges over the Carrion at that place, but it appears that the enemy assembled in such force at that point, that Lieut.-Colonel Campbell thought it necessary to retire upon Villa Muriel, and the enemy passed the Carrion at Palencia. This rendered it necessary to change our front, and I directed Major-Gen. Oswald throw back our left, and the Spanish troops upon the heights, and to maintain the Carrion with the right of the 5th division. The bridge of Villa Muriel was destroyed, but the enemy discovered a ford, and passed over a considerable body of infantry and cavalry. I made Major-General Pringle and Major-General Barnes attack these troops under the orders of Major-General Oswald; in which attack the Spanish troops co-operated, and they were driven across the river with considerable loss. The fire upon the left had been very severe throughout the day, from which we suffered a great deal; and Major-General Don Miguel Alava was unfortunately wounded, while urging on the Spanish infantry in the pursuit of the enemy.

I broke up this morning from the Carrion, and marched upon Cabecon del Campo, where I have crossed the Pisuerga.

The enemy appear to be moving in this direction from Duenas. I propose to halt here to-morrow.

Cabecon, Oct. 2, 1812.

Since I wrote to your lordship upon the 26th, I have had an opportunity of seeing the enemy's whole army, as they placed themselves opposite to us, on the Pisuerga, yesterday. They are certainly in very great strength. The army of Portugal has received a reinforcement of ten thousand men, including cavalry, from France; and I have reason to believe there are two divisions of infantry now with this army belonging to the army of the North. The cavalry of the army of the North is certainly with the army of Portugal, and they have at least five thousand good cavalry.

No event of importance has occurred since I addressed your lordship on the 26th. The enemy formed their army in the plain in our front yesterday. They have cannonaded different parts of our line without doing us any injury, excepting that Lieut.-Colonel Robe, of the royal artillery, was wounded severely, but not dangerously, yesterday.

Rueda, Oct. 31, 1812.

The enemy crossed the Carrion on the 26th and 27th, and formed their army on the heights near Cijales, on the last of those days, opposite our position on the left of the Pisuerga, and their advanced guard about two miles in front of their main body, and half that distance from Cabecon.

On the 28th they extended their right, and endeavoured to force the bridges of Simancas and Valladolid, the former of which was defended by Colonel Halkett, with his brigade of the 7th division, and the latter by Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dalhousie, with the remainder of the 7th division. At length Colonel Halkett being hard pressed, blew up the bridge. He at the same time detached the Brunswick Oels' regiment to Tordesillas, towards which quarter the enemy detached troops on the evening of the 28th. As soon as I

found that this was the case, I thought it proper to break up from the Pisuerga and to cross the Douro, which object was effected without difficulty on the 29th instant, by the bridges of Puente Douro and Tudela.

The bridge of Tordesillas was destroyed on the enemy's approach to that town, on the evening of the 28th, and I had sent orders to the regiment of Brunswick Oels to take post on its ruins, in such a manner as to prevent the enemy from repairing the bridge. I had the mortification, however, of learning, on the night of the 29th, that this regiment had been obliged to abandon its post, and as I had seen the enemy's whole army in march towards Tordesillas on that evening, it was obvious that no time was to be lost. I therefore marched the army at an early hour yesterday morning to their left, and posted the troops on the heights between Rueda and Tordesillas, immediately opposite, and near the bridge of Tordesillas. We found the bridge nearly repaired on our arrival, but the enemy had made no no attempt to pass it, and they have now no large assembly of troops in this neighbourhood.

I learn that some of them marched last night towards Valladolid, and others towards Toro.

I have received letters from Lieut.-General Sir Rowland Hill, of the 29th.

The Tagus was every where fordable, and the enemy had passed a small body of troops over at Fuente Duenas.

Sir Rowland Hill had collected his troops on the Jacamah. He was likely to receive my orders to move upon Anvalo on the 29th.

Rueda, Nov. 3, 1812.

I take the opportunity of the return of the messenger Myers, to Corunna, to inform you that the army have continued in the position in which I placed them on the 30th of October; and the enemy have made no attempt to pass the Douro. The bridge of Tordesillas is repaired, and they are employed in the repair of that Toro. Their troops are extended along the Douro, from the latter place to Valladolid.

In the meantime, the troops under Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill will arrive this day and to-morrow, on the Adaja. The General received my orders to break up from his position on the Jacamah, on the 29th, and he intended to carry them into execution on the morning of the 30th. He had intended to destroy the Puenta Larga, but the mine failed; and the enemy having collected a large body of troops between the bridge and Aranjuez, they immediately attacked our post on the bridge, but were repulsed, with considerable loss, by the 2d battalion of the 47th regiment, and a detachment of the 95th, under the command of Colonel Skerrett. I have not received the return of our loss upon this occasion, but I understand it is about forty men. No officer was touched. Lieut.-General Sir Rowland Hill mentions, in high terms, the conduct of the troops. These circumstances delayed the march from the right of Lieut.-General Sir Rowland Hill's position till the evening of the 30th, and he has since continued it without being at all molested by the enemy.

The building called La China, in the Retiro, and all the guns, stores, &c. which that work contained, which had not been carried away, were destroyed before the troops were withdrawn from Madrid.

The Spanish divisions of Don Carlos d'Espana and Comte de Penne Villemur are with Lieut.-Gen. Sir Rowland Hill.

A small body of the enemy's troops were at Val de Moro on the 31st, and entered Madrid at ten o'clock on the morning of the 1st inst.

I have accounts from the North, stating that Longa has taken a convoy escorted by 300 men, near Vittoria.

Defeat of the French near Moscow.

On Wednesday, the 11th inst. a Gazette Extraordinary was published, containing the following dispatch from his Excellency Gen. Viscount Cathcart, his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. Petersburgh, addressed to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State:—

"*St. Petersburgh, Oct. 27, 1812.*

"MY LORD,—I have the pleasure to acquaint your Lordship that the

guns are now firing, and *Te Deum* is to be sung to-morrow in the cathedral, for a most brilliant affair on the 18th between the advanced guards of the French and Russian armies near Moscow, in which the former, under Murat, were defeated with great loss; and for the deliverance of Moscow by Gen. Winzingerode on the 22d Oct. The bulletin is not yet published, but I have the honour to enclose a copy of the note I have this moment received, by the Emperor's command.

"I have also enclosed a translation of the official account of the defeat of Marshal St. Cyr by Count Wittgenstein, and of the storming of Polotsk on the 20th October, as also that of the repulse of Marshal Macdonald's corps by General Steinheil. Lieut.-Gen. Count Wittgenstein has been promoted to the rank of General of Cavalry, and *Te Deum* for his victory was sung yesterday.

"It appears that Prince Schwartzenberg has retired to the westward, leaving some corps which have been cut off; that the province of Volhynia is entirely cleared of the enemy, and that Admiral Tchichagoff may probably have reached Minsk about or soon after the 21st October.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) "CATHCART."

From these inclosures, it appears, that in the battle of the 18th ult. between General Kutusow and Murat, Prince Poniatowsky, who commanded the 5th corps of the French army, was killed, and Generals Joinville, Moncey, and Daru made prisoners. The loss of the French cannon was in great measure owing to the weather's being uncommonly bad, and the roads so cut up, as to be almost impassable. The horses of the French cavalry, from want of forage, and not being inured to the climate, were feeble, and scarcely fit for service; whilst the Russian horses were in their usual good condition. General Platow, with fifteen regiments of calvary, had been dispatched towards Smolensko, to act against Victor. General Count Winzingerode was taken prisoner, with part of his staff, by a French detachment, whilst reconnoitring at a distance from Moscow.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

GREAT STORM.—During the high wind on Tuesday night, Oct. 27, a lamplighter, named Burke, while lighting the lamps on the east side of Blackfriars-bridge, was, by a sudden gust, blown into the river, in presence of his son, a child of ten years old, and before assistance could be procured, sunk to rise no more! Part of the roof of a villa at Putney, inhabited by Madame Chery, was unroofed by the wind: several persons were enveloped in the ruins, but no lives were lost.—In town several buildings sustained material damage. The neighbourhood of Downing-street was greatly alarmed, from its influence on the uninhabited remains of a house there, the bricks and tiles of which were forced into the street, to the terror of the passengers, and the dread of the dwellings contiguous to the desolated fabric.—About seven o'clock, the large iron pipe affixed on the chimney of Col. Calvert's apartment in the Horse Guards, was blown down into the front of the building in Whitehall, fortunately doing no injury. Several other accidents happened of a similar description.

STREET ROBBERIES.—The following extract from Mr. Mainwaring's last charge to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, is respectfully submitted to to the consideration of the Magistrat —"Gentlemen, another matter to which I shall call your attention, is, the state in which the metropolis now is, in regard to *street robberies*. To what cause this increased attack upon the comfort and security of the public is so be attributed, I shall not conjecture, but certainly so the fact is to a very alarming degree. We must hope that it is not from a wilful neglect, or relaxation of necessary vigilance, yet, surely, if the existing laws were properly enforced, some stop might be put to the daring robberies daily and nightly committed. An act was passed in the 32d year of his present majesty, authorising the apprehending suspected persons and *reputed thieves*, in their perambulations about the streets and places of public resort, in quest of their prey, before they had the opportunity of carrying

their felonious designs into execution. It was made at a time when bands of robbers associated in such numbers as to set the civil power at defiance; and immediately after the passing it had a very visible effect; many disappeared, and many were taken into custody; much good was done, and many robberies prevented; and I think, that if that wholesome law was now acted upon with vigour and perseverance, it would be found one of the best securities, provided in the whole code of our criminal laws, for the protection of our persons from felonious assaults and depredations. *Many years experience and attentive observation satisfy me, that no pains ought to be spared to give this law its full effect.* I am at a loss to point out a more effectual means of obtaining this most desirable object. The severities of punishment ordained for particular crimes, act very feebly on the minds of *hardened thieves*; the chance of acquittal upon trial, arising from various circumstances, render the severity of consequent punishment of little avail. *Prevention is the great desideratum.* But now, when we meet a gang of thieves in the streets, as we frequently do in mid-day, insultingly staring us in the face as they pass, and the populace gazing at them with fear and wonder, one is pointed out to us as the first pickpocket and hustler on the town—another as a famous house-breaker, that has been so many times tried and always got off—and so on of others according to their adroitness in the different lines of their profession. A stranger to these matters would suppose that such well known characters must be *licensed robbers!*"

The Recorder and Common Serjeant very properly order all pickpockets and hustlers, of any notoriety, to be *transported for life.* We hope in time this will have a tendency to reduce their present alarming number.

FIRES.—On the 12th inst. about one in the morning, a fire broke out at a tin-shop in the New-cut, Lambeth. By the active exertions of a great number of firemen and their engines (who promptly arrived on the spot) aided by a very copious supply of water, the destructive element was confined to the premises in which it broke out, leaving a mere shell. The fire originated in the underground premises, occupied as a workshop.—Scarcely was the above fire suppressed, when the attention of the surrounding multitude was drawn to a very vivid illumination of the atmosphere in the direction of Blackfriars-bridge, occasioned by another and a more serious fire in Newgate-street. Thither the firemen made every exertion to transport their engines; but notwithstanding every exertion, the premises and clothes' warehouse of Messrs. Smith and Wright, with their contents, were entirely consumed. We are happy to learn that no lives were lost.

Westminster Club for promoting Parliamentary Reform.

It is intended to return members to Parliament for this city, free from expence or personal trouble to them,—and to defray such charges as the faithful exercise of their duty may occasion them.

Plan.—Any elector may become a member, upon payment of not less than 6*d.* at his admission, and not less than 2*d.* per week so long as he continues a member.—No person, three months in arrear, is to be considered a member; members may pay any portion of their subscription in advance.—A payment of 20*s.* constitutes an annual member.—Persons not electors, who desire to promote the objects of this club, are invited to become subscribers.—Every subscriber, and every member at his admission, is to have a copy of these regulations given him.

Parish Committees.—Each of the seven parishes is to have a committee of three electors, and the liberty of St. Martin's-le-Grand a committee of two electors.—One of the members is to be the treasurer; he is to receive the cash from the secretary and others; he must pay it to the general treasurer as often as it amounts to 5*l.* and the balance at every quarterly meeting.—Another member must either act as secretary, or a person not of the committee may be appointed to that office.—The secretary receives the weekly contributions of the members, &c. whose names and addresses are to be entered in an alphabetical ruled book.—The secretary must pay all the mo-

ney in his hands to the treasurer every time the committee meets, or sooner if it amounts to 5*l.* and the members are at every meeting to sign his book.—The committee must meet on the first Monday in every month, and as much oftener as they chuse.—Each of the committees must transmit a monthly account of the cash received, the name and residence of every member, and notice of the removal or withdrawing of old members, to the general secretary.—Every member, one month in arrear, is to have a printed notice sent by the post.—The committe may call a meeting of the parish, club, as may appear necessary.—It must call a meeting of the parish club by summons on the second Monday in June each year:—it must lay the accounts before this meeting:—the meeting will then elect six members, three of whom are to form the new committee, and the other three to supply any vacancies that may happen; they take precedence according to the number of hands for each.—All books, papers, cash, &c. are the property of the existing committee in trust for the members of the club.—Any one of the parish committees may order the general secretary to summon the general committee.

The *General Committee* consists of of the members of all the parish committees.—It assembles every three months, on the third Monday in the month, and as much oftener as it deems necessary.—It appoints a general secretary to keep the minutes, the accounts, the particulars furnished by the parish committees, &c.—It appoints a treasurer, who is likewise the chairman of the general committee; he is a member of all committees, but he has no vote, excepting the casting vote in the general committee.—All monies must be paid to him.—No money can be disbursed but through him by order of the general committee.—The treasurer must lay his accounts before the committee at every quarterly meeting.—The committee must see that all accounts are fully posted every time it meets.—It must appoint two trustees, who, with the treasurer, are to lay the funds out at interest, under the direction of the committee.—It may remove any of its officers.—It cannot dispose of the funds, nor of any part thereof, (except as before directed, and for its current expences of rooms, stationary, messengers, &c.) without an order from the club at a general meeting.—It may call a general meeting of the club at any time it thinks proper.

General Meetings.—The general committe must call a meeting of the whole club, by public advertisement, on the 2d Monday in the month of December in each year.—It must report to the meeting whatever it thinks worth of being communicated.—It must lay the accounts before the meeting, which will appoint one or more persons to audit and sign them; abstracts of which must be sent to the parish committees within three weeks from the date of the meeting; and the parish committee must send a copy to every member and subscriber within the next ten days.—Upon the eve of an election for this city, the general committee shall call a meeting of the club by public advertisement, at least three days before the meeting is to be held.—The meeting will decide who are proper persons to represent them in parliament.—A general meeting of the electors, friends to parliamentary reform, may thus be called to carry the nomination into full effect.—These regulations can be altered or amended only at a general meeting of the club, summoned for the purpose at least four days before the meeting, and the intended alteration must be inserted at full length in the summons.

It is only necessary to remark, that the plan can, with very trifling alterations, be adapted to any city, borough, or county.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

DENMARK.

A traveller lately arrived from Denmark states, that from the powerful influence of the French minister, Alquier, the king is now little better than a French Prefect. French decrees, authorized by the king, continue to regulate the course of exchange; and no persons are allowed to trade but such as can obtain particular privileges. Thus the old men seem to have lost all their energy. Many of the inhabitants who think

reasonably, blame the English, not so much for coming to attack them, as not remaining when they were there. The state of persecution against the merchants is encouraged by a numerous nobility, who are jealous that some of the merchants are still able to live and support a higher style than some of them; yet, in Denmark, there is no tax upon horses, carriages, servants, and dogs, but the taxes are principally levied upon articles of the first necessity. However, the last tax, the hardest, is a kind of conscription, which has raised the land force of Denmark to nearly 100,000 men.

FRANCE.

Gradual Suppression of Festivals.

The Archbishop of Paris, John Suffrien Maury, has published an ordinance respecting the suppression of festivals, which is an indirect innovation of his holiness's authority. The following are the principal heads of it:—

Having considered the decrees of his Eminence, the Cardinal Legate, published by the order of government, respecting the suppressed festivals of the French empire, as well as the explanatory instructions which were added to it in the month of July, 1806: having also considered the circular letter addressed, agreeable to the order of his majesty the emperor and king, to all the archbishops and bishops of France on the same subject, on the 23d of June, 1808, by his excellence the minister of public worship, who demands at this moment the fulfilment of the regulations which it contains; and wishing to establish an uniformity of worship in all the churches of the city and archdiocese of Paris, relative to the orders which have thus emanated with the greatest harmony between the spiritual and temporal authority:

"1st. We forbid to be announced in the sermon, or in any other manner, whether at the celebration of the mass or in the pulpit, or by bills posted up, the suppressed festivals. We, however, ordain, that this divine service shall be henceforth performed without any extraordinary ringing of bells, which assimilates it to that of Sundays.

"2d. Every species of invitation, given by any members of the church to the superintendants of manufactures, or to any other person, to assist at the aforesaid offices, will be considered, according to the tenor of the letter of his excellency the minister of public worship, as 'a kind of an indirect mode of evading the law for the suppression of the aforesaid festivals —a disorder which would lead to a diversity of opinion or discipline in matters of religion, and which would become a source of division and scandal.'

"Given at Paris, &c. &c. the 18th August, 1812.

"SUF. CARDINAL MAURY."

GERMANY.

The annals of literature of Vienna lately contained a proposition to the rabbes of that country, to shew from their traditions what became of the Ark of the Covenant at the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem. M. Benoit Jeitteles, a learned Jew of Prague, said the Ark remained at Babylon with the tables of the law, and was not restored at the re-building of the Temple. This tradition, it seems, is strongly opposed; for the Ark is said to have been hid in a vault, by order of King Josiah, by way of prevention from the ravages of some future conqueror. This vault was afterwards used under the second temple for receiving the wood destined to the altar. Many writers speak of the holiness of the place, and affirm, that the vault was originally prepared by Solomon; however, the prevailing opinion is, "that the Ark was safe before the destruction of the Temple, and that it did not fall into the hands of the conqueror; and that it was not in the second Temple.

Prince Rodolphus Colloredo Mansfield has caused his gallery of pictures to be transported to Prague, to be opened in that city to all artists. The pictures are very numerous, and they occupy the whole of the third story of the Prince's Palace at Prague. There are also separate rooms in which artists are allowed to copy the pictures and engravings.

The celebrated musical composer Beethoven, the rival of Joseph Haydn, has had 4000 florins annually assigned to him by the Archduke Rodolphus, Prince Lobkowitz, and Prince Kinsky,

upon condition that M. Beethoven shall fix his residence, either in Vienna, or some other city in the Austrian dominions: this step is said to have been taken in order to prevent the professor from listening to the seducing offers made him by a foreign government.

A female at Darmstadt lately poisoned her own brother, through a principle of humanity and filial piety. He was ill, and his recovery was despaired of by the physicians. The girl, seeing that her parents, who doated on him, were exhausting themselves by their attendance and nightly watchings, believed that it was meritorious to save them, and put the young man out of pain by administering opium to him. The mother, on discovering that he had been poisoned by his sister, died in a state of distraction, the father took to his bed, never spoke again, and survived only a few days. The daughter was convicted upon her own confession, and executed.

The following curious phenomena were witnessed at Giessen, in the circle of the Upper Rhine.—On the 18th of August, after continued sultry weather, a pit of woody ground, comprising twelve English acres, suddenly sunk about five feet; on the 20th it fell two feet more; on the 21th it sunk another foot, and continued giving way, almost imperceptibly, until, by the 4th September, it had sunk 15 feet. This frightful chasm remained near a week, and was visited by thousands. On the 12th, the surface of the land became marshy; since which water was observed to rise, and by the 19th, it had entirely filled the vicinity, and presented a level sheet of water.

INDIA.

By a recent letter from Bengal, it appears that the troops at Bombay had marched to Cutch, to quell some disturbance in that quarter. A scarcity of grain had been experienced in almost every part of the Madras territory. An earthquake had been felt over a very large portion of Hindostan. The consequences were not supposed to have been serious. The Pindarre Chieftain, Kurreem Khan, and his family, having sought refuge in Holkar's camp, were given up to his enemies, and thrown into confinement. Several freebooters had appeared in the neighbourhood of Wirzapone and Benares, plundering in the vicinity of the former city, and retreating to the hills. Troops were moving to the frontiers. Lieutenant Locket had returned to Bussora, after a survey of Hilla, and the ruins of Babylon. He had collected many scarce and valuable Arabic and Persian manuscripts. Scindia's detachments had been uniformly successful in Hindostan. Cavalry had moved in the rear of the banditti from Pertaubghur Bundlecund, and every precaution taken to protect the European and native inhabitants.

RUSSIA.

A writer who has navigated the river Niester in 1804 has proved, that the supposed impossibility of navigating that stream upwards is erroneous. From the point where it becomes navigable, he descended it, to its issue in the Black Sea. The boat in which he was had a freight of 4,800 pounds: in this he ascended and descended the river. He employed eleven days in accomplishing a voyage of 400 wersts from Mayak to Czabinez, labouring against the current: he, therefore, proposes to avoid this impediment by a canal from Mayak to Odessa. One of the most remarkable things in his voyage was to find the islands in the Niester covered with apple, pear, and cherry-trees, while along the sides of the river not a trace of them was visible!

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

[*Continued from p.* 347.]

The *Twenty-third*, dated Moscow, Oct. 9.—The advanced guard, commanded by the King of Naples, is upon the Naia, 20 leagues from Moscow. The enemy's army is upon the Kalouga. Some skirmishes have taken place for the last three days. The King of Naples has had all the advantage, and always driven the enemy from their positions. The Cossacks hover upon our flanks. A patrole of 150 dragoons of the guard, commanded by Major Marthod, has fallen into an ambuscade of the Cossacks be-

tween the road of Moscow and Kalouga. The dragoons sabered 300 of them, and opened themselves a passage, but they left 20 men upon the field of battle, who were taken; amongst them is the Major, dangerously wounded.—The Duke of Elchingen is at Boghorodock. The advanced guard of the Vice-Roy is at Troitza, upon the road to Dmitrow. The colours taken by the Russians from the Turks in different wars, and several curious things found in the Kremlin, have been sent off for Paris We found a Madona, enriched with diamonds; it has also been sent to Paris. We add here a statistical account of Moscow, which was found among the papers of the police.—It appears that Rostopchin has emigrated. At Voronovo he set fire to his castle, and left the followin writing attached to a post:—

"I have for eight years embellished this country house, and I have lived happy in it in the bosom of my family. The inhabitants of this estate, to the number of 1720, quit it at your approach, and I set fire to my house that it may not be polluted by your presence.

"Frenchmen,—I have abandoned to you my two Moscow houses, with the furniture, worth half a million of rubles; here you will only find ashes.

(Signed)

Count F. ROSTOPCHIN."

The palace of Prince Kurakin, is one of those which have been saved from the fire. General Count Nansouty is lodged in it.—We succeeded, with great difficulty, in withdrawing from the hospitals and houses on fire a part of the Russian sick. There remain about four thousand of these wretched men. The number of those who perished in the fire is extremely great.—We have had for the last eight days a warmer sun than is experienced at Paris at this season. We do not perceive that we are in the north.—The Duke of Reggio, who is at Wilna, has entirely recovered.—The enemy's General in Chief, Bagration, is dead of the wound which he received in the battle of Moskwa. The Russian army disavows the fire of Moscow. The authors of this attempt are held in detestation among the Russians. They consider Rostopchin as a sort of Marat. He has been able to console himself in the society of the English Commissary Wilson.—The Staff-major will cause the details of the battles of Smolensko and Moskwa to be printed, and point out those who distinguished themselves. We have just armed the Kremlin with thirty pieces of cannon, and construct ed a cheveaux de frize at all the entrances of it. It forms a fortress. Bake-houses and magazines are established in it.

The *Twenty-Fourth*, dated Moscow, Oct 14.—"Gen. Baron Delzons has marched upon Dmetrow. The King of Naples is with the advanced guard upon the Naia, in presence of the enemy, who are occupied in recruiting their army, by completing it from the militia.—The weather is very fine; the first snow fe yesterday. In twenty days it will be necessary we should be in winter quarters. The forces which Russia had in Moldavia, have joined General Tormassow; those from Finland have disembarked at Riga. They marched out and attacked the first corps. They have been beaten; 3000 men have been made prisoners. We have not yet received the official relation of this brilliant combat, ch does so much honour to General D'York. All our wounded have proceeded to Smolenko, Minsk, and Mohilow. A great many have recovered, and rejoined their corps. Much private correspondence between St. Petersburgh and Moscow, make us acquainted with the situation of that empire.—The project of burning Moscow having been kept secret, the greater part of the nobles and private individuals had removed nothing. The engineers have taken a plan of the city by marking the houses which have been saved from the fire. It results, that we did not succeed in saving more than a tenth part of the town. The nine-tenths no longer remain.

Twenty-Fifth, dated Nocisko, Oct. 20.—"All the sick who were in the hospitals of Moscow left them on the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th instant, for Mojaisk and Smolensko. The artille caissons, the ammunition taken, a great quantity of articles of curiosity, and trophies, were packed up and sent off on the 15th. The army

received orders to bake biscuit for 20 days, and hold itself in readiness to march. In fact, the emperor left Moscow on the 19th. The head quarters were on the same day at Disna. On the one side, the Kremlin has been armed and fortified; at the same time, it has been mined in order to blow it up. Some think the Emperor will march upon Toula and Kalouga, to pass the winter in these provinces, and occupy Moscow, by a garrison in the Kremlin. Others suppose the emperor will blow up the Kremlin and burn the public establishments which remain, and that he will approach within an hundred leagues of Poland, to establish his winter-quarters in a friendly country, and sufficiently near to admit of receiving every thing there is in the magazines of Dantzic, Kowno, Wilna, and Minsk, and to recover the army from the fatigues of war. The latter observe, that Moscow is distant from St. Petersburgh 180 leagues of bad road, whilst Witepsk is only 130 from Petersburgh; that from Moscow to Kiow is 218 leagues, whilst from Smolensko to Kiow is but 112 leagues; from whence they conclude, that Moscow is not a military position, or that Moscow possesses no longar political importance, since that town is burned and ruined for 100 years. The enemy showed many Cossacks, who annoyed our cavalry; the advanced-guard of cavalry placed in advance of Vinkovo, were surprised by a horde of Cossacks. They were in the camp before they could mount on horseback. They took a park of Gen. Sebastiani's of 100 baggage waggons, and made about 100 prisoners. The King of Naples mounted on horseback, with the cuirassiers and carabineers, and pursuing a column of light infantry of four battalions, which the enemy sent to support the Cossacks, he charged it, broke it, and cut it in pieces. General Dezi, Aide-de-Camp to the King, a brave officer, was killed in this charge, which honours the carabineers. The Viceroy has arrived at Fomenskoi. All the army is in march. Marshal the Duke of Treviso has remained at Moscow with a garrison. "The weather is very fine, like France during October, perhaps a little warmer; but in the first days of November we may expect cold weather. Every thing indicates that we must think of winter quarters—our cavalry particularly requires it. The infantry refreshed themselves at Moscow, and are very well."

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

THE corporation of Windsor lately met in their hall, for the purpose of electing boys to be put apprentices, and for rewarding those who had served their apprenticeships faithfully, according to the wills of Archbishop Laud, and Theodore Randue, Esq. A slight sketch of these excellent charities, may not be unacceptable to our readers. William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, by his last will, in 1644, directed that fifty pounds per annum should be bought, and the revenues thereof employed for the binding poor boys of this parish apprentices, and for the marrying poor maidens, born in the town of Windsor. Sir John Robinson, and other executors of the Archbishop, purchased several fee-farm rents to the amount of fifty pounds, settling the same to the aforesaid uses, by a deed, dated Oct. 2, 1672. By this charity, five boys were directed to be apprenticed in each of two succeeding years, and every third year, the same annual income to be equally divided between three maidens, born in the town of Windsor, that have lived three entire years in one service.—This last donation, is styled in the will of the donor, the Maiden's Marriage Portion. Theodore Randue, Esq. by his will, in 1724, gave to the corporation one thousand pounds, as an addition, to, or as stated in the will, in 'aid of Archbishop Laud's charity.' To this his executors, Richard Topham, Esq. and the Rev. Dr. Jones, Canon of Windsor, by a discretionary power given to them in the said will, added two hundred and fifty pounds more. With this 1250*l.* the corporation purchased

lands in the parishes of Winkfield and Bray. The annual income of these estates, has usually been applied in the following manner:—viz. to five boys that were put apprentices by Archbishop Laud's charity, and have duly served their respective times ten pounds each; and every third year, the same yearly income, which was formerly about fifty pounds, was given to three maidens, born in Windsor, that had faithfully served their respective masters or mistresses three years. On the expiration of the old leases, these lands being let by tender, the rents have been so much increased as to enable the corporation to increase the premium given to the boys from ten to fifteen pounds each, and also from the falling of timber, occasionally to augment the number, as was done at the last meeting, the number then elected was nine, and to three young men who had served their apprenticeship to the satisfaction of their respective masters, was given fifteen pounds each. The maidens' portion is increased in an equal proportion.

Lately, was interred Mr. Brookman, of London-street, Reading, Gent. and, according to his desire, was buried in an inch and half oak shell, which he had caused to be made four years previous to his death. About five days before his decease, he called on an undertaker, and went with him to the church yard, and pointed out the spot he meant to be laid under. On his return home, he removed his old coffin from its obscurity, and having inspected the proper cleansing of of his *memento mori*, took to his bed, and died in the ensuing week.

CUMBERLAND.

A dreadful accident took place lately in Arkengarthdale, which is so famous for its mines of lead ore. By some means, wind and water got vent into a long level, and drove the men, boys, waggons, and horses, that were in it, for nearly a mile. The shrieks of the men and boys were dreadful; and the roaring of the wind and water was louder than the noise of the loudest thunder. The scene may be more easily conceived than described. Three persons were killed on the spot, some others are not expected to recover, and a great number escaped almost miraculously.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

An old man, aged 70, and a boy, 12 years old, servants of W. Northey, Esq. of Haselbury fair, near Box, lately went to a field to fetch two bulls and a cow, to drive to a neighbouring farm; one of the bulls being of a very vicious disposition, and having been provoked on the preceding afternoon by some mischievous boys, immediately made at the lad, and succeeded in tossing and goring him most dreadfully. On the old man running to his assistance, the bull instantly left the first object of attack, and ran furiously at the other, whom he also gored and threw to an amazing height, and afterwards beat and mangled his head so shockingly, that no trace of features remained, and the poor sufferer expired before any rescue could be afforded him. The enraged animal was then about to renew his attack upon the boy, but was prevented by the efforts of a third person, who had come to his help, but who would most likely have suffered severely for his interposition had he not providentially escaped by ascending a wall, whence he defended the boy by throwing stones at the bull until the timely arrival of a forth person, armed with a gun, who shot the desperate creature dead on the spot. Hopes, however, are entertained of the boy's recovery.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

On the 9th instant, at Stamford, a very likely horse was exposed for sale, which soon caught the eye of a dealer, who immediately bought it. He took the horse he had purchased away with him, telling the vender he was going to take it to some others which he had in the fair, and that if he would ride his pony to the Sun public-house, in St Martin's, he would meet him there in about a quarter of an hour to pay for the horse. This proposition was agreed to; but, unluckily, the supposed dealer never afterwards made his appearance, and has thus left the owner of the horse in possession of a pony worth about 5*l.* in exchange for a horse worth nearly 40*l.*

On the 10th inst. wheat fell 20s. per quarter in price, at Spalding market.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

A neat marble drapery tablet, executed by Mr. King, of Bath, has lately been erected in the north west aisle of the Abbey Church (at the sole expense of Madame Storace and Mr. Braham), to the memory of Rauzzini, with a few notes from his own Requiem, and the following inscription:—

Near this place rests the remains of Venanzio Rauzzini, a native of Rome, distinguished as a vocal performer on the continent and in England; whose judicious abilities for 36 years, in conducting the musical department of Bath, amply gratified the applauding public; and whose ever gracious deportment conciliated their zealous affection. This tributary memorial was erected by his affectionate pupils, Anna Selina Storace and John Braham, prompted by their friendship and grateful respect for professional merit and liberality of sentiment."

SUFFOLK.

As some labourers were lately digging gravel at Stoke Ash, in this county, they discovered, at about ten feet below the surface of the earth, some animal bones, of a magnitude considerably greater than any quadrupeds they had ever seen; on their taking them up, and exposing them to the rays of the sun, they crumbled away, except six portions, of a firmer texture, which remain in nearly a perfect state; these prove to be two grinders and four of the cutting teeth of an elephant: they are quite in a mineralised state, and were found with their masticating surfaces in contact parallel with each other, as if the upper and lower jaw-bones had mouldered and fallen away from them; the grinders are very massy, one weighing 6lb. the other 12lb. These mineralised remains are now in the possession of two gentlemen of Eye; with one there is a lamina of a third grinder preserved.

SUSSEX.

Singular case.—At the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the western division of the County of Sussex, held at Petworth, came on to be tried an appeal of the Guardian of the parish of Clapham, against C. Goring, Esq. Magistrate, and J. Rolie pauper, and as it refers to a point of the law not generally understood, we give a particular report of it, for the information of the Magistracy. The pauper had applied to the Magistrate for relief, on oath that he had a sickly wife and three small children. The Magistrate had issued his summons to the guardian. The guardian would not attend to answer it; whereupon an order of relief was served upon him; he refused to obey it, and was convicted in the penalty of 5*l.* according to the Act of the 22d of Geo. III. cap. 83. He appealed against the order and the conviction, and gave the magistrate notice to produce the information, the order, and the conviction; which he accordingly produced at the sessions when the counsel objected to them being read, unless *evidence was adduced of the information having been made before him.* Upon which the pauper was called up to prove it; but his evidence was objected to, because he was a party concerned, his name standing in the notice of appeal. Hence the purpose for which the appeal was extended to the pauper became evident; but the right and legality of appealing against the pauper, seems liable to some objection, when, by the above act, an appeal lies against the justice only. The Magistrate then requested that the trial might be put off till the next Sessions, that he might avail himself of the evidence of the constable, who with him, came to make return of the summons for that he did not know it would be necessary to bring any other evidence of the information having been made before him, than the information itself, which carried on the face of it the signatures of himself and the pauper, in the manner directed by Burn. His request, however, could not be admitted; and as he had no other evidence of a fact which had passed at his own house, between himself, and the pauper only, his conviction was quashed, not for any defect or impropriety, but merely *for want of proof that the information and complaint of the pauper had ever been laid before him,* when the only evidence that he could be supposed to have to prove the transaction, had, by the above artifice, been taken from him.

An enormous fish, believed to be a grampus, has been lately caught off Brighton. The havoc which this stupendous sea monster (which measures in length upwards of 81 feet, and is nearly 16 feet in girth) made in the herring nets that entangled it, cannot be repaired for a sum so moderate as 50*l.*; but already triple that amount has been made from its exhibition, at 6d. per head. The weight of the animal is computed to be from five to six tons; and the oil of it, if properly extracted, it is imagined will be worth from 100l. to 150*l.*

This fish is believed to be the basking shark. It has been sold by the proprietors in the usual way of their disposing of other fish (commonly known by the name of Dutch auction); it was put up at 150*l.* and kept reducing 5*l.* at a time, till it came to 70*l.* when it was purchased by Mr. Weller. The fishermen made between 200*l.* and 300*l.* by exhibiting it. Upon opening the fish on Tuesday, the company present were much surprised at the enormous size of the liver, which consisted of two lobes, measuring in length upwards of 11 feet, each being 16 inches thick. An oilman subsequently bought the liver of the purchaser, which weighed one ton sixty-seven pounds, at the price of 22*l.*

STAFFORDSHIRE.

On the 20th of Oct was buried, at Leek, M. Le Courbe, a French naval officer, who was on parole at that place. About ten days previous to his decease, he was out beyond the hour when prisoners ought to return to their lodgings, and on this account the boys collected about, and pelted him with stones. His behaviour on this occasion, made one of his brother officers observe "that he was soft—that he would faint at the sight of his own blood." Le Courbe gave him the lie; the other struck him, and the consequence was a challenge. Each party had his second; but as they could only procure one pistol, they cast lots who should have the first fire! It fell on Le Courbe. Ten yards was the distance measured out by the seconds. Le Courbe fired, and his ball went through both the thighs of his antagonist, who fell on the ground, declaring, that as Le Courbe had now got satisfaction, he should not take his chance. The seconds, however, insisted on his firing, and, helping him up, and supporting him, he, in this shocking situation, (the blood streaming from his wounds) took his fire, and his ball went through Le Courbe's neck. Le Courbe died on the 17th of October, and on the 20th a coroner's inquest was held on the body; and strange as it may appear, the jury brought in their verdict—"Died by the visitation of God!" The officer who was wounded in the thighs is recovering.

The fasting woman, Mrs. Ann Moore, at Tetbury, is yet in existence, though she has neither eat nor drank upwards of four years and two months past.

SCOTLAND.

New Reaping Machine.—The Committee of the Dalkeith Farming Club, and a numerous concourse of spectators, assembled at the farm of Smeaton, near Dalkeith, to witness the competition for the premium of 500*l.* offered by the Club, to any inventor of a reaping machine, capable of cutting down two acres of corn in the period of five hours, with one or two horses, and two men. Several competitors were expected, but only one appeared, Mr. Smith, of the Deanstoun Works, near Doune, Perthshire, who exhibited a machine of great elegance and simplicity, impelled by one horse moving behind, while the action of the axle puts in rapid motion, at the opposite end of the machine, a drum, with a circular cutter affixed to it. By the movement of the drum, the cut grain is laid in a row, and the machine is so constructed that the drum can, at pleasure, revolve towards the one or the other side, so as both are going and returning along the ridge to throw the grain towards the open side of the field.—The machine possesses great force, cutting a breadth of four feet at a time. The cutter can at pleasure be placed nearer to or farther from the ground, and on a smooth and level field it can be made to cut at any degree of closeness to the ground which may be desired.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Nov. 14, 1812.

INLAND COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	135	6	66	1	63	5	51	5
Surrey	132		65	4	67	8	52	0
Hertford	125	4	69	0	63	10	52	2
Bedford	124	8	76	0	59	6	47	2
Huntin.	126	10			64	4	44	8
Northa.	123	4	90	0	69	10	51	4
Rutland	129	9			75	9	——	
Leicest.	124	4			72	3	51	6
Notting.	128		77	9	78	6	57	0
Derby	134	0			68	9	56	6
Stafford	134				69	11	53	10
Salop	130	11	94	2	68	0	42	5
Herefor.	123	7	70	5	64	6	35	1
Wor'st.	136	11	65	8	71	11	54	10
Warwic.	136	4			77	1	55	6
Wilts	125	0			71	4	51	10
Berks	139		80	0	66	5	51	
Oxford	122	6			67	9	51	
Bucks	130	8			62	0	52	4
Brecon	111	5	88	6	63	5	32	0
Montgo.	108	0			59	2	39	8
Radnor.	118	11			61		36	1

MARITIME COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	131	0			67	6	49	6
Kent	123	8	67	3	63	8	49	4
Sussex	121	8			59	6	44	4
Suffolk	121	9	64	6	61	2	44	5
Cambridge	127	1			60		42	9
Norfolk	117	3	63	6	62	0	46	3
Lincoln	123	5	73	9	72	8	44	8
York	123	7	94		70	0	50	1
Durham	117	5					42	10
Northumberlan.	100	4	88	0			43	1
Cumberland	113	1	102	0	62	1	42	1
Westmorland	122	0	100	0	60	9	51	2
Lancaster	123	11					46	8
Chester	122	8			69	9	45	8
Flint	137	9			82	3	45	10
Denbigh	132	10			74	10	44	9
Anglesea					56	0	35	6
Carnarvon	106	8			56	8	35	0
Merioneth	120	5			60	0	41	6
Cardigan	103	11			51		24	0
Pembroke	87	11			50		24	4
Carmarthen	103	5			55	10	25	7
Glamorgan	106	10			53	0	28	0
Gloucester	126	8			72	0	52	6
Somerset	130	4			64	10	41	6
Monmouth	131	11			64	0		
Devon	119	10			59	1		
Cornwall	107				54	3	32	10
Dorset	126	6			62	7	40	0
Hants	125	10			62		45	3

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 122s. 8d.; Rye 78s. 8d.; Barley 64s. 7d.; Oats 44s. 5d.; Beans 91s. 11d.; Pease 82s. 7d.; Oatmeal 48s. 7d.

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Nov. 23, 1812.

DOCKS.

Commercial, 135*l.* per share
East-Country, 65*l.* ditto
East-India, 106*l.* per cent.
London, 103*l.* ditto
West-India, 146*l.* ditto

CANALS.

Grand Junction, 206*l.* per share
Grand Surrey, 107*l.* ditto
Grand Union, 23*l.* per share disc.
Huddersfield, 19*l.* per share
Kennet and Avon, 21*l.* ditto
Leicester Union, 95*l.* ditto
Regents, par.

INSURANCE-OFFICES.

Globe, 105*l.* per share
Imperial, 50*l.* ditto

BRIDGES.

Strand Bridge, 45*l.* per share disc.
Vauxhall, 46*l.* ditto.
Beeralstone Lead and Silver Mine, 50*l.* per share premium.
London Institution, 55*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, 14*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFF and Co. *Canal, Dock, and Stock Brokers.*

BILL of MORTALITY, from OCT. 28, to NOV. 24, 1812.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males	758	1487	Males	855	1682
Females	729		Females	827	

Whereof have died under two years old 562

Between			
2 and 5	181	60 and 70	126
5 and 10	59	70 and 80	119
10 and 20	53	80 and 90	56
20 and 30	108	90 and 100	7
30 and 40	157		
40 and 50	148		
50 and 60	146		

Peck Loaf, 6s.2d. 6s.2d. 6s.2d. 6s.2d. 6s 2d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from OCTOBER 28, to NOVEMBER 27, 1812, both inclusive.

Day. 1812	Bank Stock.	3 p. Cent Reduc.	3 p. Cent Consols.	4 p Cet. Annu.	5 p Cent Navy.	5 p. C. 1797.	Irish 5p.C	Long Anns.	Imperial 3 p Cent.	Imperial Anns.	Om-nium.	India Stock	India Bonds.	S. S. Stk.	Old S. Sea Anns.	New S. Sea Anns.	Exche. Bills.	Cons. for Nov. 25.
Oct.																		
28	holida.																	
29	215	57⅝ ⅞	58⅛ ⅞	73¾	90⅜			15	Shut	Shut	5¼ pm.	163¼	Par	63			7s pm	59⅛
30	215	57¾ ⅝	58⅜ ⅝	73¾	90⅝			15	Do.	Do.	5⅜ pm.		Par		57½	58¾	5s.pm	59⅛
31		57⅞ ¾	58⅜ ¾	73¾	90⅝			15 1-16th	Do.	Do.	5⅛ pm.		1s.dis				6s.pm	59⅛
Nov.																		
2		57⅞ ⅞	58⅜ 9	74	90⅞			15⅛		4 11-16th	5⅛ pm		1s.dis.		57¾		5 pm	59⅛
3	215	57⅞ ⅞	58⅜ 9	74	91			15 1-16th		4⅝	5⅝ pm		1s.dis				5s.pm	59¼
4		58	58⅜ 9	74	91						5⅛ pm.		1s.dis.				5s.pm	59¼
5	holida.																	
6	216	58⅛ ¼	59⅛ ⅜	74¼	91⅜			15⅛	56⅝	4⅝	6 pm.	164	Par	62⅞			5s.pm	59½
7		58⅛	59⅛	74⅛	91⅜			15 1-16th			5¾ pm.		Par		57¾		6s pm	59¼
9	holida.																	
10	215¾	58⅛ ⅜	59¼ ⅜	74¼	91⅜		28½	15⅛	56¾		6⅛ pm.	163¼	Par			58¾	5s.pm	59½
11	216¼	58⅜ ⅛	59⅜ ¼	74⅜	91½			15⅜	56¾		6⅛ pm.	163½	Do.	63¼	58⅛		6s.pm	59½
12	216½	58¼ ⅛	59⅜ ¼	74¼	91½			15⅛			6⅛ pm.		Do.				7s pm	59½
13	216	58⅛ 7⅞	59¼ ⅛	74¼	91⅜			15 1-16th	56⅝	4 1-16th	5¼ pm.		Do.		57⅞		7s.pm	59¼
14		58	59⅛	74⅛	91¼			15 1-16th		4⅛	5⅜ pm.		Do.				7s.pm	59⅛
16	216	58 7⅞	59⅛ 8⅞	74⅛	91⅜			15 1-16th					Do.	63			5s.pm	59⅛
17	215¾	58 7¾	58⅞ 91⅜	74	91			15			5⅛ pm.		Do.		57⅝	58¾	5s.pm	59⅛
18	215¾	57⅝ ⅞	58¾ 9	73½	90½			15			5¼ pm.	163	1s.dis.	62⅞			5s pm	59
19	215¼	57⅞ ⅞	58⅞ 91⅜	73⅝	90½		28½	15			5⅜ pm.	163	1s dis.				6s pm	59⅛
20		57⅜ ⅞	58⅞ 9	73⅝	90½			15	56⅛	4⅝	5¼ pm.		1s.dis.				6s.pm	59⅛
21	216	57⅞ ⅞	59 8⅞	73⅝	90½			15			5¼ pm.	163½	1s.dis.				5s.pm	59
23	216	57⅞ ⅞	58⅞ 9	73⅝	90⅜			15			5¼ pm.	163	2s.dis.				5s.pm	59
24	216½	57¾ ⅞	58⅞ 9	73⅝	90⅝			15	56⅜		5¼ pm.		2s.dis.			58¾	5s.pm	59
25	216	57¾ ⅞	59 8¾	73⅝	90⅜			15				163	2s.dis.				6s.pm	59⅝ Ja.19
26	216½	57⅞ ⅞	59 8⅞	73⅝	90¼			15		4⅝	5¼ pm.	163	2s dis.				5s.pm	59⅝
27	217	57¾ ⅛	58⅞ ⅝	73½	90½	96⅛		14 15-16ths		4⅝	5⅛ pm.		2s.dis.				5s.pm	59½

N. B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols, the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks, the *highest* only.

J. M. RICHARDSON, STOCK BROKER, No. 23, Cornhill.

THE
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N° CIX.—Vol. XVIII.] *For* DECEMBER, 1812. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Prophetic Evidences *of* Christianity.

In my essay on the various opinions concerning what was Christianity, I endeavoured to shew that it was a firm belief in the exaltation and *present* government of Jesus; and that the scriptural evidences of its truth are the accomplishments of prophecy; and that these evidences are distinct, complete, and adapted to every age. —I consider the Book of the Revelations, in the New Testament, as this book of prophecies; and before I enter on a brief investigation of those which peculiarly regard the church of God, I shall endeavour to give a short account, or evidence, from the late Mr. Lardner's writings, of the authenticity of this book

This book has been ascribed to John the apostle, to John a presbyter, and to Corinthus, and by some it has been rejected without knowing to whom it should be ascribed.

Hermas is supposed to have written about A.D. 100, being less than twenty years from the destruction of Jerusalem, and he quotes or imitates i. 11, 19, ii. 1, xii. xix. 9, xxi. 2, 14, 19, iii. 5, xxvii. 8, xx. 15, vii. 9, v. 14, iii. 5, vi. 11, ii. 17, iii. 12.

The epistle of the churches of Vienne and Caxons, A.D. 177, in the reign of Marcus Antonine, also quotes this book, Rev. xiv. 4, saying of one, that he was indeed a genuine disciple of the Christ, *following the lamb whithersoever he goes.*

There is reason also to think that Paphias quotes, or at least alludes to this book; he wrote about A.D. 116, and Andrew of Cesurea, who wrote about A.D. 500, in his preface, says, "We judge it needless to enlarge on the divine inspiration of this book, to which so many blessed men bear so credible a testimony, as Gregory and Cyril, and others more ancient than they; I mean Paphias, Irenæus, Methodius, and Hippolitus.

Justin Martyr, who lived about the year A.D. 140, received this book as written by John the apostle, and says so expressly in his dialogue with Trypho, "a man from among us, by name John, one of the apostles of Christ, in a revelation made to him, has prophecied," &c.

Eusebius, who wrote A.D. 340, says that Melito of Jardis wrote about A.D. 177, and that among his works was one entitled 'Of the Revelation of John.' Irenæus of Lyons, A.D. 178, who in his younger days was acquainted with Polycarp, often quotes this book, as *the revelation of John the disciple of the Lord.*

Theophilus of Antioch also quoted it about A.D. 181, and Clement of Alexandria, A.D. 191. As also does Tertullion about A.D. 200, frequently quotes it as written by John the apostle. Apollonius, A.D. 211, quotes it: Hippolitus, A.D. 220. Origen, A.D. 230, says expressly, "John the son of Zebedee says in his Revelation." Dionysius of Alexandria, A.D. 247, allows the book to have been written by John, a *holy and divinely* inspired man, *but doubts if he was the apostle.* It was received also as John the apostle's writing by Cyprian, and also by the church of Rome, A.D. 248.

It is true, that Caius, in the year 212, supposed that the Revelations were written by Corinthus, and the critical remark of Dionysius might have some influence upon Eusebius, who seems to have hesitated about it; but the earliest and most general tes-

timony is, clearly, in favour of its apostolical origin; I shall therefore now proceed to examine.

Its internal evidence. Chap. i. 1, gives John the title of *servant* of Christ, a title by which the apostles generally call themselves, see Rom. i. 1, Jas. i. 1, 2 Pet. i. 1, Jude v. 1; so Moses is called the *servant* of God, Numb. xii. 7, Heb. iii. 2.

2. v. *Bore testimony concerning the word of God, and Jesus Christ.* This may mean an apostolic testimony, or it may be the testimony he has borne in this prophecy, or his testimony in the history of the actions and death of Jesus.

Verbal coincidences with the other works of John sometimes occur, John xvi. 33, 'I have overcome the world;' see also 1 John ii. 13, 14, iv. 4, v. 1, 5, and this language is in the New Testament only to be found in John's writings. Compare this with Rev. iii. 21, 'To him who overcometh, even as I also overcame' Compare ii. 7, ii. 17, 26, iii. 5, 12, 21, xxi. 7.

Jesus is called Rev. xix. 13, 'the word of God;' so also John i. 1, and 1 John i. 1, 'the word of life.'—Rev. v. 6, 12, 'the lamb of God;' so also John i. 24, 36.—Rev. iii. 7, 'he that is true;' xix. 11, 'he that is faithful and true;' and in John i. 14, 'full of truth;' and John xiv. 6, 'the truth,' as also 1 John v. 20.—Rev. ii. 7, *manna* is applied to spiritual food; so also John vi. 32. Rev. i 7, it is said, 'Every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him;' John xix. 37, 'they shall look on him whom they pierced.' Rev. iii. 20, 'If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.' John xiv. 23, Christ says, 'If a man love me he will keep my words; and my father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.' Rev. i. 5, 'Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.' So also 1 John i. 7, 'And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.'

There are also two particular instances of construction and acceptation of words. Rev. ii. 26, 'he that keepeth my works unto the end:' here *works* is put for *words*, which is no where else to be found but in John xiv. 10, 'The words which I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but my father that dwelleth in me, he doth the works.' This opposition of sense cannot be made out, but by supposing the words spoke, and the works done, are the same, and this agrees with v. 24, viii. 28.

Keeping the word or words is an expression not uncommon in the Rev. iii. 8, 10, xxii. 7, 9, but not elsewhere in the New Testament, excepting in John's gospel, and first epistle, John viii. 51, 52, 55, xiv. 23, 24, xv. 20, xvii. 6, 1 John ii. 5.

'So far I have thought proper to extract from much other matter in Lardner, to whom I refer those who would wish for further evidence for and against. There is however another argument that to my mind carries with it strong evidence, that it was, as it professes to be, written by one who had the spirit, and that is, its general accordancy with the general prophetic declarations and language of the New Testament. Mat. x. 28, Jesus tells his apostles not to fear the persecutors who could slay their body, but could not destroy their *sensual person*, but to fear God, who could destroy their *sensual person in the grave.* Jesus gives to the apostolic church the promise, Rev. ii 11, 'he who overcometh shall not be injured by the second death.' Again, i. 7, John says, 'Behold he is coming with the clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they who pierced him; and all the tribes of the land shall mourn because of him.' This has been generally applied to the personal coming of Jesus to a millenial reign, but how could they who nailed him to the cross then see him? To me it appears perfectly to accord with his first coming, by the Roman armies, to pour vengeance on the Jewish nation; agreeing with Mat. xxiv. 28, 'As the lightning cometh from the east, and flashes to the west, in like manner will be the coming of the Son of Man;' 30 v. 'All the tribes of the land will utter lamentation, and see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.' See also Dan. vii. 13, Mark xiii. 26, Luke xxi. 27, 1 Thes. ii. 16, iii. 13, 2 Thes. i. 8, &c. &c.

Our Lord frequently uses the word *fire* figuratively, as for instance, Mat. xiii. 42, 'The Son of Man shall send forth his messengers, and they shall gather out of the kingdom all things that offend, and them who do iniquity, and shall cast them into a fire of furnace; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.' By comparing this passage with v. 9, it is evident that this furnace of fire is the severe and awful judgment which took place on the Jewish nation at the destruction of the Jewish economy. In a similar manner Jesus cautions his disciples, Mat. xviii. 7—10, Mark ix. 43—49; rather to sacrifice a leading member who continued in sin, than to permit the whole church to be destroyed with the Jewish nation in the fire of Geenha: compare with these passages, Eccles. vii. 17, Judith xvi. 17. This figurative use of fire, to signify complete and total destruction, is used also by the writer of the Rev. xi 1, 'fire proceedeth out of their mouths;' temporal judgments produced by the doctrines the witnesses taught: xiv. 10, those who worship the beast and his image *shall be tormented with fire and brimstone, in the presence of the holy messengers, and in the presence of the Lamb,* i. e. during the continuance of the Germanic Roman empire, and after its dissolution during the existence of the present Frenchified representation of it, temporal judgments shall continue succeeding each other, so as to give to the nations, that compose the Roman empire and its image, or resemblance, no rest, day or night, till the ages of ages; or that great age of the Restoration of the Jewish nation foretold by all the prophets, as also by the messengers of Jesus: see also xvi. 9, xix. 4, &c.

Dan. ii. represents the four great and successive idolatrous monarchies as being partly distinct from each other, yet more or less continuing after their establishment to exist together till their complete and final destruction, and that this destruction should take place by other than human means: 34 v. 'a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet, that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces; then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floors, and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them; and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.' This same subject is represented by our Lord, Mat. xiii. 31—33, in the parables of the mustard seed and the three measures of meal leavened; and Paul, the messenger of Jesus, speaks of it in nearly all his epistles: now this also is the subject of the whole of the prophecies of the Revelations, the first part is the gradual enlargement of this stone, the doctrine of the cross held by the church of God. The second part is the sapping and undermining, and final overthrow of all the four opposing kingdoms, and the full and final establishment of the kingdom of God.

There is another great and important subject, to which indeed all the other past scenes are but preliminary; Paul speaks of it, 1 Cor. xv. 26, 'the last enemy, *Death*, will be destroyed.' The word *Death* is here evidently put for the works of Death. Purvis has justly observed on Revelations, that Death and Hades are put for them who had been in those states, as the earth is sometimes named for its inhabitants. The apostle was writing concerning a period when God shall have *abolished all dominion, all authority, and power.* This period of universal subjection cannot, on any occasion, require that great corrector, *Death*; yet Death is spoken of as still existing in a state of enmity to God, for it is said, 'For, he must reign till he hath put all under his feet; the last enemy, DEATH, shall be destroyed.' Seeing, therefore, though all is subdued, yet Death, who cannot be a person, is not, but must be destroyed before all the enemies of God are subjected to Jesus; it will follow, that it must mean those who are held by Death, those whom Jesus says, Mat. x. 28, 'Rational faculties that God can and will destroy in the grave.' Death, or that state of insensibility in which these have long lain, shall be destroyed by their restoration to animation and consciousness, when 'Death shall be swallowed up in victory.' This also agrees with the

spirit and language of the Rev. xx. 14, for those who are found in immorality and rebellion against God, in the state of death in the grave, are cast into the lake of fire, where they undergo the second death, or a total extinction of life; yet we find, Rev. xxii. 3, that *every curse shall cease*, and consequently *Death must be destroyed*, all the effects must cease, that *Death may be swallowed up in victory*.

I should hope what has been said is sufficient to obtain an attentive consideration to the contents of this book, and a serious and steady examination of the matter that will be produced: it is my intention to say as little as possible, but sufficient, I hope, to give a clue to the understanding of the book. After all that has been said, as evidence for its being written by John the apostle, or by some other inspired prophet of the name of John, its best evidence, if true, must be its contents. If Providence confirms it; if the state of the churches in succession have been as foretold; if the political states professing to be Christian have been and are now under the circumstances described; then, and only then, is this book a Revelation from God, and it is not merely our duty, but also our interest to obey its directions.

With regard to the time when it appears to have been written, I should think it must have been very early in Christianity, even before the writing of any of the epistles. The grand argument of Dionysius, for its not being wrote by John the apostle, whilst he allows it to have been written by a *holy and divinely inspired man*, is, that the language of John's history and his first epistle, which are his genuine and undoubted writings, are pure Greek; whereas, the book of Revelations is full of Hebraisms. This observation of Dionysius has a very different effect on my mind; it is, rather, testimony for its antiquity, that it was written very early after the dispersion of the first Christians from Jerusalem by the murder of James. At that time the language of John, the fisherman of Galilee, the student under Jesus of the ancient prophecies of the Hebrew writers, must have been filled with all their figures, and with their subjects bore a close resemblance of style and manner; but when near forty years residence in Greece had given him ease and intimacy with the Greek language, and his subject was historical, or epistolatory, his language would of course have dropt most of its Hebraisms, and have become more elegant from being more pure.

CONTINUATION *of* COXE'S TRAVELS *in* SWITZERLAND. *Translated from the French, by* W. H. REID.

[Continued from p. 368.]

THOUGH plants of a noxious kind which infect the pastures of the Alps are few in number, they are not less dangerous to the young cattle that have not learned to distinguish them: those that have passed a summer upon the mountains know and [illegible] them. The most remarkable among these plants is what the peasants call *Eiser-hutli*, which is a species of the aconite, extremely vigorous, and which upon these fertile mountains, partakes of the favours of nature, and there acquires a quality so venomous as in its effects to imitate the mancanillier of America. The aconite, with a white flower, contains a poison so subtle that it will operate only by coming in contact with the exterior skin, particularly when moistened with the perspiration of the body. M. de Pyffer mentions two young persons promised to each other in marriage, who having danced a whole evening, according to the custom of the country, without changing partners, died within a few hours, in consequence of the young man having a bouquet of the aconite flower in his bosom.—M. de Pyffer himself having one day gathered some of the flowers of this perfidious plant, soon after perceived that his wrist and a part of his arm were getting benumbed, and was well convinced that worse consequences would have followed, if he had not immediately got rid of the flowers that occasioned it.

Cheese of the best quality in all the Upper Alps is made without salt: the fermentation alone being sufficient to give it a saline taste, and in which the aromatic odour of the

mountain plants sensibly predominates. That which is made upon the most elevated of the pastures, in July and August, may be kept to almost any period; but there are various kinds of cheese in Switzerland. That of Underwald is fat and mild, no salt being used in it; that of the Upper Cantons of Berne and Uri, is dry and aromatic, without being salt; that of the Lower Canton of Berne is putrid and salt, and cannot be preserved without frequent aspersions of wine, whilst that which belongs to the Upper Alps will not bear to be moistened.

Upper Hasly, besides kine, nourishes a great number of horses reared in the parks of the plain upon the Alps, to be sold every six months at an average of about four louis per head.—This canton is enclosed on the east, west, and south, by some of the most lofty and pecked mountains in Switzerland. A long series of conical rocks of dreadful elevation, compose the highest elevations of that enormous mass of mountains which separate the canton of Berne from the Valais, and forms the centre of all the Alps in Switzerland. From these one may descend into the plains of Germany, France, and Italy.—Savoy alone, to this mass, opposes another equally respectable. Of the latter Mont Blanc forms the centre, as the Schreekhorn, or *pike of terror*, forms that of the other mass.—From the summits of these we descry their humbler satellites, surrounding the two elevations which seem to dispute the empire of the highest in the world. Mont Blanc, the most considerable, throws about it a deluge of ice, which ruins all the nearest vallies. The Schreekhorn, less in volume and somewhat inferior in height, though it has less ice about it than its rival, is still more difficult of access, as the precipices which encumber its avenues, hang over abysses more profound; besides, its summit is so steep, that even the snow cannot rest upon it. Like Mont Blanc, also, it forms a point of attraction for the clouds, and is the parent of several rivers, the most considerable of which rise in its domains, viz. the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Po, at least in part. Let us add, in favour of the Schreekhorn, that it opposed a boundary to the conquest of the masters of the universe, and that the indefatigable Romans, who with arms in their hands, overran the mountains of the Allobroges; and the Rhetian Alps, give to the mountains about the Schreekhorn the exclusive name of the Upper Alps.—Against their inhabitants, the Romans were reduced to the necessity of carrying on a war purely defensive, of which the famous wall raised in the Valais, between the Rhone and the Burberg, appears to be a monument.

The Schreekhorn, or pike of terror, is also called the Nadel, or Needle. Its principal acolytes are, 1st, the Wetterhorn, 2d, the Wellhorn, and 3d, the Jungfrauhorn; these are three cones of naked rock, of little less elevation than itself.—Wetterhorn signifies the pike of storms, a name belonging with a very just title to a mountain, the summit of which is constantly enveloped in clouds.—Situate north east of the Schreekhorn, from this it receives the tempest which come from that part of the heavens. The Jungfrauhorn, or Virgins' pike, owes its denomination to the common opinion, that though the foot of it is accessible, it cannot be ascended. However, about sixty years since, two Chamois hunters have successfully dared this perilous enterprize; the first deposited his knife under a stone, and the second followed him, and substituted his knife in the room of that which the other had left upon the summit of this mountain.

Between the Wetterhorn and the Wellhorn there is a glacier, which is seen from Meyringen, called Schwartz-wald Gletscher, or the glacier of the Black Forest. It is one of the loftiest of the glaciers in Switzerland, and is literally inaccessible.

It is in this desert and desolate region that the greatest and most terrible of birds is seen, the eagle of the Alps, which in strength and size surpasses the royal eagle, and is only an inhabitant of the highest mountains of our hemisphere, or is only found in one place besides, viz. in that which corresponds with it in South America. M. Buffon classes this bird in the species of the golden

vulture.—M. Bomare places it at the head of the eagles; the inhabitants of the country call it the lemmer geyer, or lamb vulture. This bird however, answers to the condor of the new world, like as the Alps answer to the cordillieras. Of all kinds of eagles, says M. de Bomare, the most surprising is that of the Swiss Alps, called the lemmer geyer, or lamb vulture. There are three kinds of them; the first, the largest and strongest, is yellow all over the body, with white circles about the neck; but the condor is black and white, and has a sort of tuft upon its head.

The lemmer geyer is a bird of prey, of prodigious strength, corresponding with its shape; for the wings of this bird are fourteen feet from one extremity to the other. This tyrant of the air, which they have not yet been able to destroy in Switzerland, carries on a cruel war against the sheep, the goat, and the chamois, together with the hare and the marmotte.—Whenever it observes any animal upon a steep rock, which is too large to carry away, it contrives to wheel its flight in such a manner as to throw it down the precipice into the valley, where it can more conveniently contend with its prey. Only a few years since a lemmer geyer of the largest kind, seized a child about three years of age; and if the cries of the child had not brought its father, armed with a large club, it would certainly have carried it off. After a desperate resistance, it was killed on the spot.

I have seen at Berne, in the collection of M. Spranglin, two lemmer geyer, not of the yellow species, said to be the strongest, as their wings did not extend above ten feet. As to the former, the country people always assured me his wings were eighteen feet bernois, viz. about sixteen French. I shall add to their testimony, that of M. Voltaire, who had one of these birds in his living collection, whose wings extended fifteen feet. Some years since, a lemmer geyer had one of his wings broken by a musquet shot, and yielded, after a long conflict with three sturdy peasants, armed with short clubs; and this they took alive and sold at Berne.

The states of Berne giving no more than one louis per head for the destruction of these birds, renders the country people very indifferent about taking or destroying them. The harm they do the country people is trifling; they kill a number of crows, which swarm in this quarter of the world. In the wars between the crows and these vultures, the former range themselves in a line, and divide themselves in detached corps. After this, each battalion advances in its turn; and their enemy attacked on one side is very soon assailed on the other; the success of these combatants, when the enemy is very young, generally terminates in favour of the crows.

Bears are to be met with in all parts of this country; but, if any where, they abound in the valleys. There are two species; the largest live upon fruits, &c. and sleep during the greatest part of the winter; the smallest kind is more cruel and more dangerous, particularly in winter. I have been at a bear hunt, between the mounts Furca and Grimsel; these animals are not very dangerous, but their antipathy against bulls, and their fights with them, frequently afford singular examples of the hatred and ferocity of these terrible creatures. It is impossible to retain a bull after he has once smelt a bear in the neighbourhood; he immediately seeks out his enemy, and they meet and fight every day till one or the other is killed. In the plains, the advantages are on the side of the bear; but among the rocks, the bull is generally the conqueror. The bull, belonging to a herd in Uri, went in chace of a bear, and not returning after the lapse of three days, several persons being employed in the search, found him in the position of pressing his enemy against a rock, who was quite dead, and the body squeezed almost flat; the bull had made such violent efforts, that his feet were buried several inches deep in the ground.

Wild as it is, there are no wolves in this region, but there is a kind of wild cat, which sometimes makes terrible ravages among the sheep.—A number of lives are lost in hunting the chamois, occasioned by the thick

fogs, which rising suddenly, cover the whole country with an impenetrable veil, and make the hunters lose their way among the glaciers, where they often perish with cold and hunger. Sometimes sudden falls of mist or rain, suddenly freezing, render the rocks so slippery, that the human foot, though ever so well secured with irons, cannot possibly keep its hold. Sometimes excessive heat drys the burning surface of the rocks, and covers them with such an impalpable powder, that the unhappy hunter, not wishing to lose his way, voluntarily cuts the calves of his legs and the soles of his feet merely to trace out a path by which he may return in safety.

It is remarkable in the Rhine, that it owes its rise to the greatest part of the water that flow from Switzerland. Its three first branches have their origin in the same mass of mountains. The Aar and the Limmat, which soon increase the waters of this river, also rise in the same neighbourhood, and are themselves increased by the springs belonging to the same chain of mountains.

The Romans occupied the best part of Northern Helvetia, but they never penetrated to its centre. On one side, they made their passage through the Grecian Alps, and on the other through the eastern part of the mountains of Adula. It does not appear that they ever penetrated through the intermediate chain, which was inhabited by that portion of the Helvetians who were never conquered. The wall built by the Romans in the Valais, seems to have been intended as a check to the irruptions of the inhabitants of the western parts of mount Adula, who were driven upon the Roman provinces, by the Barbarians in the environs of the Schreekhorn.—How awful and sublime is the picture which this country affords! What a study is that of these mountains, differing in their age and origin! but all which prove the great revolutions of nature; its tardy operations, its sudden caprices, and its terrible disasters. What annals for an observer are these rocks, which thirty ages have formed or destroyed, as well as these carcases of mountains thrown down into the abysses, over which they have been in a manner suspended, and buried, as it were, under those accumulations of ice, which are here attached to the old age of all existence.

Mr. Coxe speaks of the Roman colonies of "Minnodunum, Aventicum, and Rhetia." The Sedunes, the Viberians, and the Lepontians, inhabited what we call the Valais; the two former, with the Nantuates, occupied the lower part; the Lepontians the upper part; and in the vallies of the Pennine Alps, towards the east.—Lake *Lemon* is now that of Geneva; *Minnodunum* is Moudon; *Averticum*, Avenches; and *Rhetia*, the country of the Grisons.

Mr. Coxe has said that the best bulwark to oppose to the *avalanches*, or falls of snow in this country, is a forest; but these forests do not oppose an efficacious resistance, unless they are sufficiently elevated to break the current of snow, in its first discharge from the mountains, otherwise they run the risk of being carried away themselves. Besides, in most of the Swiss villages, the houses towards the mountains are defended by a kind of stone bastion, with an acute angle sufficient to separate the masses of snow, and thus preserve the habitation from entire destruction, even though it should be buried under the avalanche.

Mr. Coxe, mentioning the Jungfrauhorn, objects to the derivation given to it by the country people, from the circumstance of its being inaccessible. It is true there are several elevations of the same kind, equally inaccessible, or reputed to be such, which make for the propriety of the opinion commonly received. However, even some of these which were accessible a century ago, are not so at present; and from changes sudden or gradual it is to be supposed others are accessible at present, which in times past were not. So that many have been, and are still called virgin mountains, which are not, strictly speaking, entitled to that distinction.

The manner in which the hunters of the chamois leap from rock to rock with the assistance of a long staff, is truly surprising. Even from the

Gemmi, which is a height almost perpendicular, and a naked rock, they will by this means descend in ten minutes, and clear a greater space of ground, than they could go over in a full hour by the common direct foot-path. A good curate once told me, when he saw any person come down in that manner, one might be certain it was a protestant: Catholics, added he, take more care of their souls. I shall now venture to express an idea which struck me the last time I traversed the valley of Lauterbrunnen. This valley, which is about five leagues in depth, is extremely narrow, and offers the appearance of a deep cleft, formed in a mass of mountains, or as if it was shut in with two vertical walls. The enormous mass of rocks to the right exceed those on the left in steepness and height. All the torrents that fall into this valley, come from the mountains on the left: but what I meant to say was, that from the exact correspondence of the sides of this cleft, the division must have been first made by some convulsion of nature. From the bottom of this valley, the road used to run directly to the Valais, passing between two mountains, the intermediate space of which has long been choaked up with ice. Two natives of the Valais, terrified and pursued during the religious persecution of 1712, were the last that ventured this way. However, in 1778, the indefatigable M. Bourrit discovered a lateral issue running along the mountains, which divide the part of the canton of Berne from the Valais, and falls, in a manner, almost perpendicular upon the passage of Kandersteg; so that travellers as enterprising as himself, may arrive at the Gemmi, without making the long detour which Mr. Coxe speaks of in his eighteenth letter.

In this passage M. Bourrit found a fine large reservoir of water, placed in one of the most dismal solitudes. At that time, however, I had quitted the Alps, and had not the pleasure of enjoying this interesting discovery. The summit of the Staubach affords a phenomenon equally difficult in description, either by writing or painting; the torrent that falls from this mountain is often seized by the wind, and the lightest particles of the water are suspended, exhibiting a variety of forms before they are dispersed in rain. Thus torrents, in a manner, floating in the air, are peculiar to Switzerland. In fact, the greatest portion of the water called the Staubach, is distributed in a kind of fog, which moistens the meadows to a considerable distance, and in clouds which rise in its atmosphere. During the winter, the torrent for some time resists the frost; but when the cold is most severe, the water first frozen into drops, condense like hail, and descends with a terrible noise, announcing the congelation of the whole mass, which soon appears like an enormous piece of ice, suspended on the brink of its channel: here the weight increases, till it becomes too heavy; it is at length precipitated with a noise, scarcely equalled by that of *avalanches*, or that of thunder united, by which these masses of snow are sometimes dislocated and detached.

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANEA SELECTA.

The BRITISH SPY *in* AMERICA.

[Continued from p. 371.]

LETTER VIII.

Richmond, October 15.

MEN of talents in this country, my dear S....., have been generally bred to the profession of the law; and, indeed, throughout the United States I have met with few persons of exalted intellect whose powers have been directed to any other pursuit. The bar in America is the road to honour; and hence, although the profession is graced by the most shining geniuses on the continent, it is encumbered also by a

melancholy group of young men, who hang on the rear of the bar, like Goethe's sable clouds in the western horizon. I have been told that the bar of Virginia was, a few years ago, pronounced by the supreme court of the United States to be the most enlightened and able on the continent. I am very incompetent to decide on the merit of their legal acquirements; but, putting aside the partiality of a Briton, I do not think either of the gentlemen by any means so eloquent or so erudite as our countryman Erskine. With your permission, however, I will make you better acquainted with the few characters who lead the van of the profession.

Mr..... has great personal advantages. A figure large and portly; his features uncommonly fine; his dark eyes and his whole countenance lighted up with an expression of the most conciliating sensibility; his attitudes dignified and commanding; his gestures easy and graceful; his voice perfect harmony; and his whole manner that of an accomplished and engaging gentleman. I have reason to believe that the expression of his countenance does no more than justice to his heart. If I be correctly informed, his feelings are exquisite; and the proofs of his benevolence are various and clear beyond the possibility of doubt. He has filled the highest offices in this commonwealth, and has very long maintained a most respectable rank in his profession. His character with the people is that of a great lawyer and an eloquent speaker; and, indeed, so many men of discernment and taste entertain this opinion, and my prepossessions in his favour are so strong, on account of the amiable qualities of his character, that I am very well disposed to doubt the accuracy of my own judgment as it relates to him.

To me, however, it seems that his mind, as is often, but not invariably the case, corresponds with his personal appearance: that is, that it is turned rather for ornament than for severe use: *Pompæ, quam pugnæ aptior*, as Tully expresses it. His speeches, I think, deserve the censure which Lord Verulam pronounces on the writers posterior to the reformation of the church: "Luther," says he, "standing alone against the church of Rome, found it necessary to awake all antiquity in his behalf: this introduced the study of the dead languages, a taste for the fulness of the Ciceronian manner; and hence the still prevalent error of hunting more after words than matter; and more after the choiceness of the phrase and the round and clean composition of the sentence, and the sweet fallings of the clauses, and the varying and illustration of their works with tropes and figures, than after the weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, or depth of judgment."

Mr.'s temper and habits lead him to the swelling stately manner of Bolingbroke; but either from the want of promptitude and richness of conception, or his too sedulous concern and "hunting after words," he does not maintain that manner smoothly and happily. On the contrary, the spirits of his hearers, after having been awakened and put into sweet and pleasant motion, have their tide not unfrequently checked, ruffled, and painfully obstructed by the hesitation and perplexity of the speaker. It certainly must demand my dear S....., a mind of very high powers to support the swell of Bolingbroke with felicity. The tones of voice which naturally belong to it keep the expectation continually "on tiptoe;" and this must be gratified not only by the most oily fluency, but by a course of argument clear as light, and an alternate play of imagination as grand and magnificent as Herschell's dance of the sidereal system. The work requires to be perpetually urged forward. One interruption in the current of the language, one poor thought or abortion of fancy, one vacant aversion of the eye or relaxation in the expression of face, entirely breaks and dissolves the whole charm. The speaker, indeed, may go on and evolve here and there a pretty thought; but the wondrous magic of the whole is gone for ever!

Whether it be from any defect in the organization of Mr.'s mind, or that his passion for the fine dress of his thoughts is the master passion, which, "like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest," I will

not undertake to decide; but perhaps it results from one of those two causes, that all the arguments which I have ever heard from him are defective in that important and most material character, the *lucidus ordo*.

I have been sometimes inclined to believe that a man's division of his argument would be generally found to contain a secret history of the difficulties which he himself has encountered in the investigation of his subject. I am firmly persuaded that the extreme prolixity of many discourses, to which we are doomed to listen, is chargeable not to the fertility but to the darkness and impotence of the brain which produces them. A man who sees his object in a strong light marches directly up to it in a right line, with the firm step of a soldier; while another, residing in a less illumined zone, wanders and reels in the twilight of the brain, and ere he attain his object, treads a maze as intricate and perplexing as that of the celebrated labyrinth of Crete.

It was remarkable of the of the United States, whom I mentioned to you in a former letter as looking through a subject at a single glance, that he almost invariably seized one strong point only, the pivot of the controversy: this point he would enforce with all his powers, never permitting his own mind to wander, nor obscuring those of his hearers by a cloud of inferior unimportant considerations. But this is not the manner of Mr.....; I suspect, that in the preparatory investigation of a subject he gains his ground by slow and laborious gradations; and that his difficulties are numerous and embarrassing. Hence it is, perhaps, that his points are generally too multifarious; and although, among the rest, he exhibits the strong point, its appearance is too often like that of Issachar; "bowed down between two burdens." I take this to be a very ill-judged method. It may serve indeed to make the multitude stare: but it frustrates the great purpose of the speaker, instead of giving a simple, lucid, and animated view of a subject, it overloads, confounds, and fatigues the listener. Instead of leaving him under the vivacity of clear and full conviction, it leaves him bewildered, darkling, asleep; and when he awakes, he

> "——wakes, emerging from a sea of dreams
> Tumultuous; where his wreck'd, desponding thought,
> From wave to wave of wild uncertainty
> At random drove, her helm of reason lost."

I incline to believe that if there be a blemish in the mind of this amiable gentleman, it is the want of a strong and masculine judgment. If such an agent had wielded the sceptre of his understanding, it is presumable that ere this it would have chastised his exuberant fondness for literary finery, and the too ostentatious and unfortunate parade of points in his argument, on which I have just commented. If I may confide in the replies which I have heard given to him at the bar, this want of judgment is sometimes manifested in his selection and application of law cases. But of this I can judge only from the triumphant air with which his adversaries seize his cases, and appear to turn them against him.

He is certainly a man of close and elaborate research. It would seem to me, however, my dear S....., that in order to constitute a scientific lawyer, something more is necessary than the patient and persevering revolution of the leaves of an author. Does it not require a discernment sufficiently clear and strong to eviscerate the principles of each case; a judgment potent enough to digest, connect, and systematize them, and to distinguish at once, in any future combination of circumstances, the very feature which gives or refuses to a principle a just application? Without such intellectual properties, I should conjecture (for on this subject I can only conjecture) that a man could not have the fair advantage and perfect command of his reading. For, in the first place, I should apprehend, that he would never discover the application of a case without the recurrence of all the same circumstances; in the next place, that his cases would form a perfect chaos, a *rudis indigestaque moles*, in his brain:

and, lastly, that he would often and sometimes perhaps fatally mistake the identifying feature, and furnish his antagonist with a formidable weapon against himself.

But let me fly from this entangled wilderness, of which I have so little knowledge, and return to Mr..... Although, when brought to the standard of perfect oratory, he may be subject to the censures which I have passed on him; yet it is to be acknowledged, and I make the acknowledgement with pleasure, that he is a man of extensive reading, a well informed lawyer, a fine *belles lettres* scholar, and sometimes a beautiful speaker.

The gentleman who has been pointed out to me as holding the next if not an equal grade in the profession is Mr..... He is, I am told, upwards of forty years of age; but his look, I think, is more juvenile. As to stature, he is about the ordinary height of men; his form genteel, his person agile. He is distinguished by a quickness of look, a sprightly step, and that peculiarly jaunty air which I have heretofore mentioned as characterizing the people of New York. It is an air, however, which (perhaps, because I am a plain son of *John Bull*) is not entirely to my taste. Striking, indeed, it is; highly genteel, and calculated for *eclat*; but then, I fear, that it may be censured as being too artificial; as having, therefore, too little appearance of connection with the heart; too little of that amiable simplicity, that winning softness, that vital warmth, which I have felt in the manner of a certain friend of mine. This objection, however, is not meant to touch his heart. I do not mean to censure his sensibility or his virtues. The remark applies only to the mere exterior of *his manners*; and even the censure, which I have pronounced on *that*, is purely the result of a different taste, which is, at least, as probably wrong as that of Mr.....

Indeed, my dear S....., I have seen few eminent men in this or any other country, who have been able so far to repress the resulting pride of conscious talents, as to put on the behaviour which is calculated to win the hearts of the people. I mean that behaviour which steers between a low, prostrate cringing sycophancy and ostentatious condescension on the one hand, and a haughty self-importance, and supercilious contempt of one's fellow creatures on the other; that behaviour, in which, while a man displays a just respect for his own feelings and character, he seems, nevertheless, to concentre himself with the disposition and inclinations of the person to whom he speaks: in a word, that happy behaviour, in which versatility and candour, modesty and dignity, are sweetly and harmoniously attempered and blended. Any Englishman but yourself, my S....., would easily recognize the original from which this latter picture is drawn.

This leads me off from the character of Mr....., to remark a moral defect, which I have several times observed in this country. Many well meaning men, having heard much of the hollow ceremonious professions and hypocritical grimace of courts; disgusted with every thing which savours of aristocratic or monarchic parade; and smitten with the love of republican simplicity and honesty; have fallen into a ruggedness of deportment a thousand times more proud, more intolerable and disgusting, than Shakspeare's foppish lord, with his chin new reapt and pouncet box. They scorn to conceal their thoughts; and in the expression of them, confound bluntness with honesty. Their opinions are all *dogmas*. It is perfecly immaterial to them what any one else may think. Nay, many of them seem to have forgotten, that others can think or feel at all. In pursuit of the haggard phantom of republicanism *, they, dash on, like Sir Joseph Banks, giving chace to the emperor of Morocco, regardless of the sweet and tender blossoms of sensibility, which fall, and bleed, and die behind them. What an error is this, my dear S.....! I am frequently disposed to ask such men, "Think you, that the stern and implacable Achilles was an honester man than the gentle, humane, and considerate

* This phrase is scarcely excusable, even in a Briton and a lord.

Hector? Was the arrogant and imperious Alexander an honester man than the meek, compassionate, and amiable Cyrus? Was the proud, the rough, the surly Cato, more honest than the soft, polite, and delicate Scipio Africanus? In short, are not honesty and humanity compatible? And what is the most genuine and captivating politeness, but humanity refined?"

But to return from this digression. The qualities, by which Mr..... strikes the multitude, are his ingenuity and his wit. But those, who look more closely into the anatomy of his mind, discover many properties of much higher dignity and importance. This gentleman, in my opinion, unites in himself a greater diversity of talents and acquirements, than any other at the bar of Virginia. He has the reputation, and I doubt not a just one, of possessing much legal science. He has an exquisite and highly cultivated taste for polite literature; a genius quick and fertile: a style pure and classic; a stream of perspicuous and beautiful elocution; an ingenuity which no difficulties can entangle or embarrass; and a wit, whose vivid and brilliant coruscations can gild and decorate the darkest subject. He chooses his ground, in the first instance, with great judgment; and when, in the progress of a cause, an unexpected evolution of testimony, or intermediate decisions from the bench, have beaten that ground from under him, he possesses a happy, an astonishing versatility, by which he is enabled at once to take a new position, without appearing to have lost an atom, either in the measure or stability of his basis. This is a faculty which I have observed before in an inferior degree; but Mr..... is so adroit, so superior in the execution of it, that in him it appears a new and peculiar talent. His statements, his narrations, his arguments, are all as transparent as the light of day. He reasons logically, and declaims very handsomely. It is true, he never brandishes the Olympic thunder of Homer; but then he seldom, if ever, sinks beneath the chaste and attractive majesty of Virgil.

His fault is, that he has not veiled his ingenuity with sufficient address. Hence, I am told, that he is considered as a Proteus; and the courts are disposed to doubt their senses, even when he appears in his proper shape. But in spite of this adverse and unpropitious distrust, Mr.'s popularity is still in its flood; and he is justly considered as an honour and an ornament to his profession.

Adieu! my friend, for the present. Ere long we may take another tour through this gallery of portraits, if more interesting objects do not call us off. Again, my S....., good night.

[*To be continued.*]

Speech *on the* Powers *of* Juries *in* Prosecutions *for* Libels.

[From Burke's Posthumous Works.]

I HAVE always understood, that a superintendence over the doctrines as well as the proceedings of the courts of justice was a principal object of the constitution of this House; that you were to watch at once over the lawyer and the law; that there should be an orthodox faith as well as proper works: and I have always looked with a degree of reverence and admiration on this mode of superintendence. For being totally disengaged from the detail of juridical practice, we come something perhaps the better qualified, and certainly much the better disposed to assert the genuine principle of the laws; in which we can, as a body, have no other than an enlarged and a public interest. We have no common cause of a professional attachment or professional emulations to bias our minds; we have no foregone opinions, which from obstinacy and false point of honour we think ourselves at all events obliged to support. So that with our own minds perfectly disengaged from the exercise, we may superintend the execution of the national justice; which from this circumstance is better secured to the people than in any other country under heaven it can be. As our situation puts us in a proper condition, our power enables us to execute this trust. We may, when we see cause of complaint, administer a remedy; it is in our choice by an address to remove an improper judge,

by impeachment before the peers, to pursue to destruction a corrupt judge; or by bill to assert, to explain, to enforce or to reform the law, just as the occasion and the necessity of the case shall guide us. We stand in a situation very honourable to ourselves, and very useful to our country, if we do not abuse or abandon the trust that is placed in us.

The question now before you is upon the power of juries in prosecuting for libels. There are four opinions. 1. That the doctrine as held by the courts as proper and constitutional, and therefore should not be altered. 2. That it is neither proper nor constitutional, but that it will be rendered worse by your interference. 3. That it is wrong, but that the only remedy is a bill of retrospect. 4. The opinion of those who bring in the bill —that the thing is wrong, but that it is enough to direct the judgment of the court in future.

The bill brought in is for the purpose of asserting and securing a great object in the juridical constitution of this kingdom; which from a long series of practices and opinions in our judges has *in one point*, and in one very essential point, deviated from the true principle.

It is the very ancient privilege of the people of England, that they shall be tried, except in the known exceptions, not by judges appointed by the crown, but by their own fellow-subjects, the peers of that county court at which they owe their suit and service; and out of this principle the trial by juries has grown. This principle has not, that I can find, been contested in any case by any authority whatsoever; but there is one case in which, without directly contesting the principle, the whole substance, energy and virtue of the privilege, is taken out of it;—that is, in the case of a trial by indictment or information for a libel. The doctrine in that case laid down by several judges amounts to this, that the jury have no competence where a libel is alleged, except to find the gross corporeal facts of the writing and the publication, together with the identity of the things and persons to which it refers: but that the intent and the tendency of the work, in which intent and tendency the whole criminality consists, is the sole and exclusive province of the judge. Thus having reduced the jury to the cognizance of facts not in themselves presumptively criminal, but actions neutral and indifferent, the whole matter, in which the subject has any concern or interest, is taken out of the hands of the jury: and if the jury take more upon themselves, what they so take is contrary to their duty; it is no *moral* but a merely *natural* power, the same by which they may do any other improper act, the same by which they may even prejudice themselves with regard to any other part of the issue before them. Such is the matter, as it now stands, in possession of your highest criminal courts, handed down to them from very respectable legal ancestors. If this can once be established in this case, the application in principle to other cases will be easy; and the practice will run upon a descent, until the progress of an encroaching jurisdiction (for it is in its nature to encroach when once it has passed its limits) coming to confine the juries, case after case, to the corporeal fact and to that alone, excluding the intention of mind, the only source of merit and demerit, of reward or punishment, juries become a dead letter in the constitution.

For which reason it is high time to take this matter into the consideration of Parliament; and for that purpose it will be necessary to examine, first, whether there is any thing in the peculiar nature of this crime that makes it necessary to exclude the jury from considering the intention in it more than in others. So far from it, that I take it to be much less so from the analogy of other criminal cases, where no such restraint is ordinarily put upon them. The act of homicide is *primâ facie* criminal. The intention is afterwards to appear, for the jury to acquit or condemn. In burglary do they insist that the jury have nothing to do but to find the taking of goods, and that if they do, they must necessarily find the party guilty, and leave the rest to the judge, and that they have nothing to do with the word *felonicè* in the indictment?

The next point is to consider it as a question of constitutional policy,

that is, whether the decision of the question of libel ought to be left to the judges as a presumption of law, rather than to the jury as matter of popular judgment, as the malice in the case of murder, the felony in case of stealing. If the intent and tendency are not matters within the province of popular judgment, but legal and technical conclusions formed upon general principles of law, let us see what they are? Certainly they are most unfavourable, indeed totally adverse to the constitution of this country.

Here we must have recourse to analogies; for we cannot argue on ruled cases one way or the other. See the history. The old books, deficient in crown cases, furnish us with little on this head. As to the crime, in the very early Saxon law I see an offence of this species, called folk-leasing, made a capital offence, but no very precise definition of the crime, and no trial at all. The statute of 3d Edward I. cap. 34. The law of libels could not have arrived at a very early period in this country. It is no wonder that we find no vestige of any constitution from authority, or of any deductions from legal science in our old books and records upon that subject. The statute of *Scandalum Magnatum* is the oldest that I know, and this goes but a little way in this sort of learning. Libelling is not the crime of an illiterate people. When they were thought no mean clerks who could read and write, when he who could read and write was presumptively a person in holy orders, libels could not be general or dangerous; and scandals merely *oral* could *spread* little and must *perish* soon. It is writing, it is printing more emphatically, that imps calumny with those eagle wings, on which, as the poet says, "immortal slanders fly." By the press they spread, they last, they leave the sting in the wound. Printing was not known in England much earlier than the reign of Henry VII. and in the third year of that reign the court of star chamber was established. The press and its enemy are nearly coeval. As no positive law against libels existed, they fell under the indefinite class of misdemeanors. For the trial of misdemeanors that court was instituted; their tendency to produce riots and disorders was a main part of the charge, and was laid, in order to give the court jurisdiction chiefly against libels. The offence was new. Learning of their own upon the subject they had none; and they were obliged to resort to the only emporium where it was to be had, the Roman law. After the star chamber was abolished in the 10th of Charles I. its authority indeed ceased, but its maxims subsisted and survived it; and the spirit of the star chamber has transmigrated and lived again; and Westminster-hall was obliged to borrow from the star chamber for the same reasons as the star chamber had borrowed from the Roman forum, because they had no law, statute, or tradition, of their own. Thus the Roman law took possession of our courts; I mean its doctrines, not its sanctions; the severity of capital punishment was omitted, all the rest remained. The grounds of these laws are just and equitable. Undoubtedly the good fame of every man ought to be under the protection of the laws as well as his life and liberty and property. Good fame is an outwark, that defends them all and renders them all valuable. The law forbids you to revenge—when it ties up the hands of some, it ought to restrain the tongues of others. The good fame of government is the same; it ought not to be traduced. This is necessary in all governments; and if opinion be support, what takes away this destroys that support; but the liberty of the press is necessary to this government.

The wisdom, however, of government is of more importance than the laws. I should study the temper of the people before I ventured on actions of this kind. I would consider the whole of the prosecution of a libel of such importance as Junius, as one piece, as one consistent plan of operations; and I would contrive it so, that if I were defeated I should not be disgraced; that even my victory should not be more ignominious than my defeat; I would so imagine that the lowest in the predicament of guilt should not be the only one in punishment. I would not inform against the mere vender of a collec-

tion of pamphlets. I would not put him to trial first, if I could possibly avoid it. I would rather stand the consequences of my first error, than carry it to a judgment that must disgrace my prosecution or the court. We ought to examine these things in a manner which becomes ourselves and which becomes the object of the enquiry: not to examine into the most important consideration, which can come before us, with minds heated with prejudice and filled with passions, with vain popular opinions and humours; and when we propose to examine into the justice of others, to be unjust ourselves.

An enquiry is wished as the most effectual way of putting an end to the clamours and libels, which are the disorder and disgrace of the times. For people remain quiet, they sleep secure, when they imagine that the vigilant eye of a censorial magistrate watches over all the proceedings of judicature, and that the sacred fire of an eternal constitutional jealousy, which is the guardian of liberty, law, and justice, is alive night and day, and burning in this House. But when the magistrate gives up his office and his duty, the people assume it, and they enquire too much and too irreverently, because they think their representatives do not enquire at all.

We have in a libel, 1st. The writing. 2d. The communication, called by the lawyers the publication. 3d. The application to persons and facts. 4th. The intent and tendency. 5th. The matter—diminution of fame. The law-presumptions on all these are in the communication. No intent can make a dafamatory publication good, nothing can make it have a good tendency; truth is not pleadable. Taken *juridically* the foundation of these law-presumptions is not unjust; taken *constitutionally* they are ruinous, and tend to the total suppression of all publication. If juries are confined to the fact, no writing, which censures, however justly or however temperately, the conduct of administration, can be unpunished. Therefore if the intent and tendency be left to the judge as legal conclusions growing from the fact, you may depend upon it you can have no public discussion of a public measure; which is a point, which even those who are most offended with the licentiousness of the press (and it is very exorbitant, very provoking) will hardly contend for.

So far as to the first opinion, that the doctrine is right and needs no alteration. 2d. The next is, that it is wrong, but that we are not in a condition to help it. I admit, it is true that there are cases of a nature so delicate and complicated that an Act of Parliament on the subject may become a matter of great difficulty. It sometimes cannot define with exactness: because the subject matter will not bear an exact definition. It may seem to *take away* every thing which it does not positively *establish*, and this might be inconvenient; or it may seem, *vice versâ*, to *establish* every thing which it does not *expressly take away*. It may be more advisable to leave such matters to the enlightened discretion of a judge, awed by a censorial House of Commons. But then it rests upon those, who object to a legislative interposition, to prove these inconveniences in the particular case before them. For it would be a most dangerous as it is a most idle and most groundless conceit to assume as a general principle, that the rights and liberties of the subject are impaired by the care and attention of the legislature to secure them. If so, very ill had the purchase of Magna Charta have merited the deluge of blood, which was shed in order to have the body of English privileges defined by a positive written law. This charter, the inestimable monument of English freedom, so long the boast and glory of this nation, would have been at once an instrument of our servitude and a monument of our folly, if this principle were true. The thirty-four confirmations would have been only so many repetitions of their absurdity, so many new links in the chain, and so many invalidations of their right.

You cannot open your Statute Book without seeing positive provisions relative to every right of the subject. This business of juries is the subject of not fewer than a dozen. To suppose that juries are something innate in the constitution of Great Britain, that they have jumped like Minerva out of the head of Jove in complete armour, is a weak fancy supported

neither by precedent nor by reason. Whatever is most ancient and venerable in our constitution, royal prerogative, privileges of Parliament, rights of elections, authority of courts, juries, must have been modelled according to the occasion. I spare your patience, and I pay a compliment to your understanding in not attempting to prove that any thing so elaborate and artificial as a jury was not the work of *chance*, but a matter of institution brought to its present state by the joint efforts of legislative authority and juridical prudence. It need not be ashamed of being (what in many parts of it at least it is) the offspring of an Act of Parliament, unless it is a shame for our laws to be the results of our legislature. Juries, which sensitively shrink from the rude touch of Parliamentary remedy, have been the subject of not fewer than, I think, forty-three Acts of Parliament, in which they have been changed with all the authority of a Creator over its creature, from Magna Charta to the great alterations which were made on the 29th of George II.

To talk of this matter in any other way is to turn a rational principle into an idle and vulgar superstition, like the antiquary, Dr. Woodward, who trembled to have his shield scoured for fear it should be discovered to be no better than an old pot-lid. This species of tenderness to a jury puts me in mind of a gentleman of good condition, who had been reduced to great poverty and distress; application was made to some rich fellows in his neighbourhood to give him some assistance; but they begged to be excused for fear of affronting a person of his high birth; and so the poor gentleman was left to starve out of pure respect for the antiquity of his family. From this principle has arisen an opinion, that I find current amongst gentlemen, that this distemper ought to be left to cure itself; that the judges having been well exposed, and something terrified on account of these clamours, will entirely change, if not very much relax from their rigour;—if the present race should not change, that the chances of succession may put other more constitutional judges in their place;—lastly, if neither should happen, yet that the spirit of an English jury will always be sufficient for the vindication of its own rights, and will not suffer itself to be overborne by the bench. I confess that I totally dissent from all these opinions. These suppositions become the strongest reasons with me to evince the necessity of some clear and positive settlement of this question of contested jurisdiction. If judges are so full of levity, so full of timidity, if they are influenced by such mean and unworthy passions that a popular clamour is sufficient to shake the resolution they build upon the solid basis of a legal principle, I would endeavour to fix that Mercury by a positive law. If to please an administration the judges can go one way to-day, and to please the crowd they can go another to-morrow; if they will oscillate backward and forward between power and popularity, it is high time to fix the law in such a manner as to resemble, as it ought, the great Author of all law, in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning.

As to their succession, I have just the same opinion. I would not leave it to the chances of promotion, or to the characters of lawyers, what the law of the land, what the rights of juries, or what the liberty of the press should be. My law should not depend upon the fluctuation of the closet or the complexion of men. Whether a black-haired man or a fair-haired man presided in the Court of King's Bench, I would have the law the same; the same, whether he was born in *domo regnatrice*, and sucked from his infancy the milk of courts, or was nurtured in the rugged discipline of a popular opposition. This law of court cabal and of party, this *mens quædam nullo perturbata affectu*, this law of complexion ought not to be endured for a moment, in a country whose being depends upon the certainty, clearness, and stability of institutions.

Now I come to the last substitute for the proposed bill, the spirit of juries operating their own jurisdiction. This, I confess, I think the worst of all, for the same reasons on which I objected to the others; and for other weighty reasons besides, which are separate and distinct. First, because juries being taken at random out of a mass of men infinitely large, must be

of characters as various as the body they arise from is large in its extent. If the judges differ in their complexions, much more will a jury. A timid jury will give way to an awful judge delivering oracularly the law, and charging them on their oaths, and putting it home to their consciences, to beware of judging where the law had given them no competence. We know that they will do so, they have done so in an hundred instances; a respectable member of your own House, no vulgar man, tells you that on the authority of a judge he found a man guilty, in whom at the same time he could find no guilt. But supposing them full of knowledge and full of manly confidence in themselves, how will their knowledge, or their confidence, inform or inspirit others? They give no reason for their verdict, they can but condemn or acquit; and no man can tell the motives on which they have acquitted or condemned. So that this hope of the power of juries to assert their own jurisdiction, must be a principle blind as being without reason, and as changeable as the complexion of men and the temper of the times.

But after all, is it fit that this dishonourable contention between the court and juries should subsist any longer? On what principle is it that a jury refuses to be directed by the court as to his *competence?* Whether a libel or no libel be a question of law or of fact, may be doubtful, but a question of jurisdiction and competence is certainly a question of law; on this the court ought undoubtedly to judge, and to judge solely and exclusively. If they judge wrong from excusable error, you ought to correct it, as to-day it is proposed, by an explanatory bill; or if by corruption, by bill of *penalties* declaratory and by punishment. What does a jury say to a judge when he refuses his opinion upon a question of judicature? You are so corrupt, that I should consider myself a partaker of your crime were I to be guided by your opinion; or you are so grossly ignorant that I, fresh from my hounds, from my plough, my counter, or my loom, am fit to direct you in your own profession. This is an unfitting, it is a dangerous state of things. The spirit of any sort of men is not a fit *rule* for deciding on the bounds of their jurisdiction. First, because it is different in different men, and even different in the same at different times; and can never become the proper directing line of law; next, because it is not reason, but feeling; and when once it is irritated, it is not apt to confine itself within its proper limits. If it becomes, not difference in opinion upon law, but a trial of spirit between parties, our courts of law are no longer the temple of justice, but the amphitheatre for gladiators. No—God forbid! Juries ought to take their law from the bench only; but it is *our* business that they should hear nothing from the bench but what is agreeable to the principles of the constitution. The jury are to hear the judge, the judge is to hear the law where it speaks plain; where it does not, he is to hear the legislature. As I do not think these opinions of the judges to be agreeable to those principles, I wish to take the only method in which they can or ought to be corrected, by bill.

Next my opinion is, that it ought to be rather by a bill for removing controversies, than by a bill in the state of manifest and express declaration, and in words *de præterito*. I do this upon reasons of equity and constitutional policy. I do not want to censure the present judges. I think them to be excused for their error. Ignorance is no excuse for a judge; it is changing the nature of his crime; it is not absolving. It must be such error as a wise and conscientious judge may possibly fall into, and must arise from one or both these causes—1. A plausible principle of law. 2. The precedents of respectable authorities, and in good times. In the first, the principle of law, that the judge is to decide on law, the jury to decide on fact, is an antient and venerable principle and maxim of the law; and if supported in this application by precedents of good times and of good men, the judge, if wrong, ought to be corrected; he ought not to be reproved or to be disgraced, or the authority or respect to your tribunals to be impaired. In cases, in which declaratory bills have been made, where

by violence and corruption some fundamental part of the constitution has been struck at; where they would damn the principle, censure the persons, and annul the acts—but where the law having been by the accident of human frailty depraved, or in a particular instance misunderstood, where you neither mean to rescind the acts nor to censure the persons, in such cases you have taken the explanatory mode, and without condemning what is done, you direct the future judgment of the court.

All bills for the reformation of the law must be according to the subject matter, the circumstances and the occasion, and are of four kinds—1. Either the law is totally wanting, and then a new enacting statute must be made to supply that want. Or, 2 It is *defective*, then a new law must be made to enforce it. 3. Or it is opposed by power or fraud, and then an act must be made to declare it. 4. Or it is rendered doubtful and controverted, and then a law must be made to explain it. These must be applied according to the exigence of the case; one is just as good as another of them. Miserable indeed would be the resources, poor and unfurnished the stores and magazines of legislation, if we were bound up to a little narrow form, and not able to frame our acts of Parliament according to every disposition of our own minds and to every possible emergency of the commonwealth; to make them declaratory, enforcing, explanatory, repealing, just in what mode or in what degree we please.

Those who think that the judges living and dead are to be condemned; that your tribunals of justice are to be dishonoured; that their acts and judgments on this business are to be rescinded; they will undoubtedly vote against this bill, and for another sort.

I am not of the opinion of those gentlemen, who are against disturbing the public repose; I like a clamour whenever there is an abuse. The fire-bell at midnight disturbs your sleep, but it keeps you from being burned in your bed. The hue and cry alarms the county, but it preserves all the property of the province. All these clamours aim at *redress*. But a clamour made merely for the purpose of rendering the people discontented with their situation, without an endeavour to give them a practical remedy, is indeed one of the worst acts of sedition.

I have read and heard much upon the conduct of our courts in the business of libels. I was extremely willing to enter into, and very free to act as facts should turn out on that enquiry, aiming constantly at remedy as the end of all clamour, all debate, all writing, and all enquiry; for which reason I did embrace, and do now with joy, this method of giving quiet to the courts, jurisdiction to juries, liberty to the press, and satisfaction to the people. I thank my friends for what they have done; I hope the public will one day reap the benefit of their pious and judicious endeavours. They have now sown the seed; I hope they will live to see the flourishing harvest. Their bill is sown in weakness; it will, I trust, be reaped in power. And then, however, we shall have reason to apply to them what, my Lord Coke says, was an aphorism continually in the mouth of a great sage of the law, "Blessed be not the complaining tongue, but *blessed be the amending hand.*"

SELECTION *from the* PRIVATE LETTERS *of* JUNIUS, *addressed to the late Mr. Woodfall.*

* *This truly valuable edition of Junius, published by Mr. Woodfall, contains a great variety of interesting matter: but, perhaps, none more so than some of the private letters addressed by that extraordinary and mysterious person to his publisher, and some of which, as tending to shew, at least, who Junius* was not, *we here present to our readers.*

No. 3.

SIR, *Saturday, July 15th*, 1769.

I HAVE received the favour of your note. From the contents of it, I imagine you may have something to communicate to me; if that be the case, I beg you will be particular; and also that you will tell me candidly whether you know or suspect who I am. Direct a letter to Mr. William

Middleton* to be left at the bar of the New Exchange Coffee-house on Monday as early as you think proper.

I am Sir,
Your most obedient, and
Most humble servant,
C.

No. 5.

July 21st, 1769, Friday Night.

Sir,

I can have no manner of objection to your reprinting the letters, if you think it will answer, which I believe it might, before Newberry appeared. If you determine to do it, give me a hint, and I will send you more errata (indeed they are innumerable) and perhaps a preface. I really doubt whether I shall write any more under this signature. I am weary of attacking a set of brutes, whose writings are too dull to furnish me even with the materials of contention, and whose measures are too gross and direct to be the subject of argument, or to require illustration.

That Swinney is a wretched but a dangerous fool. He had the impudence to go to Lord G. Sackville, whom he had never spoken to, and to ask him whether or no he was the author of Junius—take care of him.

Whenever you have any thing to communicate to me, let the hint be thus C *at the usual place*, and so direct to Mr. John Fretley, at the same coffee-house, where it is absolutely impossible I should be known.

I did *not* mean the Latin to be printed.

I wish Lord Holland may acquit himself with honour. If his cause be good, he should at once have published that account, to which he refers in his letter to the mayor.

Pray tell me whether George Onslow means to keep his word with you about prosecuting. *Yes* or *No* will be sufficient. Your Lycurgus is a Mr. Kent, a young man of good parts upon town. And so I wish you a good night. Yours,

C.

* "Mr. William Middleton's Letter is sent as desired." Answer to correspondents in the P. A. of July 20th, 1769.

No. 6.

Sir, *Sunday, Aug.* 6, 1769.

The spirit of your letter* convinces me that you are a much better writer than most of the people whose works you publish. Whether you have guessed well or ill must be left to our future acquaintance. For the matter of assistance, be assured, that if a question should arise upon any writings of mine, you shall not want it. Yet you see how things go, and I fear my assistance would not avail you much. For the other points of printing, &c. it does not depend on us at present. My own works you shall constantly have, and in point of money, be assured you never shall suffer. I wish the inclosed † to be announced to-morrow *conspicuously* for Tuesday. I am not capable of writing any thing more finished.

Your friend,
C.

Your Veridicus‡ is Mr. Whitworth. I assure you I have not confided in him.

No. 10.

Thursday Night, Oct. 5, 1769.

Sir,

I shall be glad to see the pacquet you speak of.§ It cannot come from the Cavendishes, though there be no end of the family. They would not be so silly as to put their arms on the cover. As to me, be assured that it is not in the nature of things, that they, or you, or any body else should ever know me, unless I make myself known. All arts or enquiries, or rewards would be equally ineffectual.

As to you, it is clearly my opinion, that you have nothing to fear from the Duke of Bedford. I reserve some things expressly to awe him, in case he should think of bringing you be-

* The substance of Mr. Woodfall's reply to Private Letter, No. 3, is not known.

† Junius, Letter xx.

‡ Veridicus was a frequent writer in the Public Advertiser, in the year 1769, and, as already observed in the Preliminary Essay, was Richard Whitworth, Esq. M. P. for Stafford.

§ The nature of this communication is not known.

fore the House of Lords.—I am sure I can threaten him privately with such a storm, as would make him tremble even in his grave. You may send to-morrow to the same place without farther notice; and if you have any thing of your own to communicate, I shall be glad to hear it.

C.

No. 19.

(Private) *Beginning of Feb.* 1770.

SIR,

When you consider to what excessive enmities I may be exposed, you will not wonder at my caution. I really have not known how to procure your last. If it be not of any great moment I would wish you to recall it. If it be, give me a hint. If your affair should come to a trial,* and you should be found guilty, you will then let me know what expense falls particularly on yourself; for I understand you are engaged with other proprietors. Some way or other *you* shall be reimbursed. But seriously and *bonâ fide*, I think it is impossible.

C.

No. 24.

Monday Evening, Nov. 12, 1770.

SIR,

The enclosed,† tho' begun within these few days, has been greatly laboured. It is very correctly copied, and I beg you will take care that it be literally printed as it stands. I don't think you run the least risque. We have got the rascal down, let us strangle him if it be possible. This paper should properly have appeared to-morrow, but I could not compass it, so let it be announced to-morrow, and printed Wednesday. If you should have any fears, I entreat you send it early enough to Miller, to appear to-morrow night in the London Evening Post. In that case, you will oblige me by informing the public to-morrow, in *your own paper*, that a real JUNIUS will appear to-night in the London.—Miller, I am sure, will have no scruples.

Lord Mansfield has thrown ministry into confusion, by suddenly resigning the office of Speaker of the House of Lords.

No. 28.

Jan. 16, 1771.

You may assure the public that a squadron of four ships of the line is ordered to be got ready with all possible expedition for the East Indies. It is to be commanded by Commodore Spry. Without regarding the language of ignorant or interested people, depend upon the assurance I give you, that every man in administration looks upon war as inevitable.*

No. 33.

SIR, *Feb* 21, 1771.

It will be very difficult, if not impracticable, for me to get your note. I presume it relates to Vindex.† I

* The trial referred to is stated more fully in another part of this publication, and alludes to an information filed by the Attorney-General, in consequence of the printer's having published the letter of JUNIUS to the King, No. xxxv. The copy of the information was procured in Hilary term, 1770, and the trial took place at Guildhall, June 13th following. The costs to the printer in defending himself, though ultimately successful, amounted to about 120*l.* a somewhat heavy fine for a person not found guilty.

† Letter XLI. JUNIUS to the Right Hon. Lord Mansfield.

* Inserted in the Public Advertiser, January 17, nearly in the same words. The predicted war, however, did not follow, but the preparation was actually made in the full belief, on the part of the cabinet themselves, that they would be compelled to go to war, by the existing temper of the people, irritated by the dishonourable negotiation concerning the Spanish seizure of Falkland Islands, and that they should be accused of indolence, and even cowardice, by the approaching Parliament. The session opened only four days afterwards, and the question of hostilities was so much upon a balance, that in the lower House not fewer than 159 members divided against the minister, upon the address of thanks and approbation.

† The following is a copy of the letter which Mr. Woodfall addressed to the author under the feigned name of Mr. John Fretley, and directed it to him at the New Exchange Coffee-house, in the Strand:—

leave it to you to alter or omit as you think proper;—or burn it—I think the argument about Gibraltar,* &c. is too good to be lost; as to the satirical part, I must tell you, (and with positive certainty,) that our gracious ——— is as callous as stockfish to every thing but the reproach of *cowardice*. That alone is able to set the humours afloat. After a paper of that kind he won't eat meat for a week.†

You may rely upon it, the ministry are sick of prosecutions. Those against JUNIUS cost the Treasury above six thousand pounds, and after all they got nothing but disgrace. After the paper you have printed today, (signed Brutus‡) one would think you feared nothing. For my own part I can very truly assure you that nothing would afflict me more than to have drawn you into a personal

"SIR,

"To have deserved any portion of your good opinion, affords me no small degree of satisfaction—to preserve it shall be my constant endeavour. Always willing to oblige you as much as lies in my power, I, with great avidity, open your letters; and sometimes, without reading the contents, promise the publication.—Such is my present situation, and I hope you will not be offended at my declining to publish your Letter, as I am convinced the subject of it must, if I was to insert it, render me liable to very severe reprehension. That I am not grown too ministerial in my politics, every day's paper will, I hope, sufficiently evince; though I rather hope some little regard to prudence will not by you be deemed squeamishness, or tend to lessen me in your opinion, as I shall ever think myself

"Your much obliged,

"Humble Servant,

"HENRY SAMPSON WOODFALL.

Feb. 19, 1771.

"I shall not wait your directions what to do with the paper in question, as I did not chuse to trust it under cover till I was further acquainted with your pleasure."

* For the explanation of this passage, see Miscellaneous Letters, No. xc. signed *Vindex*.

† See Vol. II. p. 180, note.

‡ This letter was addressed to Lord North, and as it is short, it is here transcribed, in proof that JUNIUS was not severe in his opinion of it, nor singularly acrimonious in the phraseology originally adopted by himself:

To the Right Hon. Lord North.

MY LORD,

I never address your Lordship but I feel the utmost horror and indignation; for I consider you as a man totally regardless of your own honour, and the welfare of your country.

The severity of a writer cannot be supposed to give your Lordship any uneasiness; a minister, whose schemes extend only to the exigencies of a year, but little regards his present or future reputation; yet it is a duty we owe to the public to trace out and expose the villain wherever we can perceive him working up the ruin of his country.

The choice of your friends is an eminent indication of your abilities and the blackness of your heart.

Nam quicumq; impulerit, adulter, ganeo, alea, manu, ventre, bona patria laceravit, quique alienum æs grande conflavit, immediately flies into your arms, and reimburses himself with the plunder of his country.

Such are the guardians of our liberties and law: such are the men to whom our constitution is entrusted: and cannot we then, without any particular discernment, or any remarkable acuteness of observation, trace out the origin of our present discontents?

It would be needless to follow you through that maze of villany, in which you have long delighted to wander; I shall only attack those measures which occur to our more immediate consideration.

In what manner can you answer to your King for the scandalous prostitution of his crown and himself?

In what manner can you answer to your country for the total disregard of its welfare and dignity?

After all these formidable preparations; after all this expensive armament, you have made shift to patch up a temporary ignominious compromise, at the trifling expense of about three millions, and the British honour.

danger, because it admits of no recompence. A little expense is not to be regarded, and I hope these papers have reimbursed you. I never will send you any thing that I think dangerous, but the risque * is yours, and you must determine for yourself

C.

All the above is private.

No. 40.

Friday, Nov 8, 1771.

The above to that Scotchman should be printed conspicuously to-morrow. † At last I have concluded my great work, and I assure you with no small labour. I would have you begin to advertise immediately, and publish before the meeting of Parliament; let all my papers in defence of JUNIUS be inserted.* I shall now supply you very fast with copy and notes. The paper and type should at least be as good as Wheeble's.† You must correct the press yourself, but I should be glad to see corrected proofs of the two first sheets. Shew the Dedication and Preface to Mr. Wilkes, and if he has any *material* objection, let me know. I say *material* because of the difficulty of getting your letter. C.

(Secret.)

Beware of David Garrick, ‡ he was sent to pump you, and went directly to Richmond to tell the King I should write no more. The Dedication must stand first.

No. 41.

TO MR. DAVID GARRICK.

Nov. 10, 1771.

I am very exactly informed of your impertinent inquiries, and of the information you so busily sent to Richmond, and with what triumph and exultation it was received. I knew every particular of it the next day.—Now mark me, vagabond.—Keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer!—It is in my power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with

JUNIUS.

You imagine yourself sufficiently secured in the pursuit of your infamous intentions, and in the practice of every illegal and unconstitutional measure, by the countenance of the King. Rely not too much on that protection. His Majesty must not be suffered, through a blind and ridiculous attachment to an individual, or through a filial obedience, which then becomes criminal, to ruin and subvert his infatuated kingdoms.

Your late acquisition of Lord Suffolk will not do you much honour. he is of the same stamp with the rest of your adherents. His lordship has given the world a very strong impression of his character; and the disposition of his heart, by deserting his principal, and the cause in which he originally embarked, and by betraying that friendship, which in the more early and virtuous time of his life he had contracted. His former party need not regret the loss of him, for they are by his desertion disencumbered of a ——

But I will now leave you, my Lord, to that mature insensibility which is only to be acquired by a steady perseverance in infamy.

Every principle of conscience you have long ago been hardy enough to discard. There has not been an action in the last two years of your life but what separately deserves imprisonment, the time may come; and remember, my Lord, there is a very short period between a minister's imprisonment and his grave.

BRUTUS.

* This peculiarity is the author's.

† See Letters of JUNIUS, No. LXVI.

* The Letters signed *Philo-Junius*; those numbered LXIII. and LXIV. and the extracts from the letter to the supporters of the Bill of Rights.

† The present respectable proprietor and publisher of the County Chronicle.

‡ Garrick had received a letter from Woodfall just before the above note of JUNIUS was sent to the printer, in which Garrick was told, in confidence, that there were some doubts whether JUNIUS would continue to write much longer. Garrick flew with the intelligence to Mr. Ramus, one of the pages to the King, who immediately conveyed it to his Majesty, at that time residing at Richmond, and from the peculiar sources of information that were open to this extraordinary writer, JUNIUS was apprized of the whole transaction on the ensuing morning, and wrote the above postscript, and the letter that follows it, in consequence.

No. 43.

About Nov. 15, 1771.

If you can find the date of the Duke of Bedford's flogging, insert it in the note.* I think it was soon after the Westminster election.—The *Philos* are not to be placed as notes, except where I mention it particularly. I have no doubt of what you say about David Garrick—so drop the note. The truth is, that in order to curry favour, he made himself a greater rascal than he was. Depend upon what I tell you;—the king understood that he had found out the secret by his own cunning and activity. As it is important to deter him from meddling, I desire you will tell him that I am aware of his practices, and will certainly be revenged, if he does not desist. An appeal to the public from JUNIUS would destroy him.

Let me know whether Mr. Wilkes will give you the extracts. †

I cannot proceed without answers to those seven queries.

Think no more of Junius Americanus. ‡—Let him reprint his letters himself. He acts most dishonourably, in suffering JUNIUS to be so traduced; but this falsehood will all revert upon Horne. In the mean time I laugh at him.

With submission I think it is not your interest to declare that I have done.

As to yourself I really think you are in no danger. You are not the object, and punishing you (unless it answered the purpose of stopping the press) would be no gratification to the King. If undesignedly I should send you any thing you may think dangerous, judge for yourself, or take any opinion you think proper. You cannot offend or afflict me but by hazarding your own safety. They talk of farther informations, but they will always hold that language *in terrorem.*

Don't always use the same signal—any absurd Latin verse will answer the purpose.

Let me know about what time you may want more copy.

Upon reflection, I think it absolutely necessary to send that note to D. G. † only say *practices* instead of *impertinent inquiries.* I think you have no measures to keep with a man who could betray a confidential letter, for so base a purpose as pleasing —— — — — — — — —. Tell me how long it may be before you want more copy.—I want rest most severely, and am going to find it in the country for a few days. Cumbriensis ‡ has taken greatly.

No. 51.

(Private)

Saturday, Jan. 18, 1772.

The gentleman § who transacts the conveyancing part of our correspondence tells me there was much difficulty last night. For this reason, and because it could be no way material for me to see a paper on Saturday which is to appear on Monday, I resolved not to send for it.—Your hint of this morning I suppose relates to this. ‖—I am truly concerned to see that the publication of the book is so long delayed.—It ought to have appeared before the meeting of Parliament.—By no means would I have you insert this long letter, if it made

* See note to Letter XXIII of JUNIUS, *post*, p. 238.

† Referred to in No. 41.

‡ Junius Americanus was a frequent writer in the Pubic Advertiser during the years 1769, 1770, and 1771. His letters chiefly related, as his signature readily suggests, to the disputes of the cabinet with the American colonies; and, in the course of his strictures, he attributed to JUNIUS doctrines, in relation to their dependance on the legislature of Great Britain, which he had never avowed, nor even inclined to. At this time there was some idea of publishing them collectively. They were written by a Dr. Charles Lee, as may be seen by a reference to the private correspondence of JUNIUS and Mr. Wilkes.

* See Preliminary Essay, page *41.

† David Garrick. See No. 41.

‡ See Miscell. Letters, No. CII. Vol. III. p. 415. It was printed in the Public Advertiser, Nov. 18th, 1771, upon the marriage of the late Duke of Cumberland with Mrs. Horton, the sister of Col. Luttrell.

§ Of this gentleman nothing is known.

‖ "*Mutare necessarium est.*" Answer to correspondents, Jan. 18th, 1772.

more than the difference of two days in the publication. Believe me the delay is a real injury to the cause. The letter to M.* may come into a new edition.

Mr. Wilkes seems not to know that Morris published that letter.† I think you should set him right.

No 59.

Thursday, March 5, 1772.

Your letters with the books are come safe to hand. The difficulty of corresponding arises from situation, and necessity to which we must submit. Be assured I will not give you more trouble than is unavoidable.—If the vellum books are not yet bound, I would wait for the index. If they are, let me know by a line in the P. A.—When they are ready, they may safely be left at the same place as last night.

On *your* account I was alarmed at the price of the book.—But of the sale of books I am no judge, and can only pray for your success.—What you say about the profits‡ is very handsome. I like to deal with such men. As for myself, be assured that I am far above all pecuniary views, and no other person I think has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it therefore, and let all your views in life be directed to a solid, however moderate independence. Without it no man can be happy, nor even honest.

If I saw any prospect of uniting the city once more, I would readily continue to labour in the vineyard. Whenever Mr. Wilkes can tell me that such an union is in prospect, he shall hear of me.

Quod si quis existimat me aut voluntate esse mutatâ, aut debilitatâ virtute, aut animo fracto, vehementer errat. Farewell.

No. 63.

January 19, 1773.

have seen the signals thrown out for your old friend and correspondent. Be assured that I have had good reason for not complying with them. In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle, that run mad through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honour of this country, when I see that there are not ten men in it, who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible.

You have never flinched that I know of; and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity.

If you have any thing to communicate (of moment to yourself) you may use the last address, and give a hint.

THE PARTING HOUR. *A Tale in Verse.*

[*From Crabbe's Tales*]

MINUTELY trace man's life; year after year,
Through all his days let all his deeds appear,
And then, though some may in that life be strange,
Yet there appears no vast nor sudden change:
The links that bind those various deeds are seen,
And no mysterious void is left between.

But let these binding links be all destroy'd,
All that through years he suffer'd or enjoy'd;

This letter was thus noticed in the answer to correspondents in the P. A. March 8, 1773:—"The letter from an old Friend and Correspondent, dated Jan. 19, came safe to hand, and his directions are strictly followed. *Quod si quis existimat, aut, &c.*"

* Letters of JUNIUS, No LXVIII.

† Mr. Robert Morris was a barrister, who took a very active part in the city disputes, and on the popular side, and was secretary to the Bill of Rights Society. For a further account of him, see note to Miscellaneous Letters, No. XCIII. Vol. III. p. 358. He occasionally wrote in the P. A. The publication of the letter alluded to, Wilkes attributed to a Mr. Cawdron. See private letter, No. 82.

‡ Woodfall made JUNIUS an offer of half the profits of the book, or if he should decline accepting them for himself, to give a sum of money equal to their amount, to any charity which he should chuse to name.

Let that vast gap be made, and then behold—
This was the youth, and he is thus when old;
Then we at once the work of Time survey,
And in an instant see a life's decay;
Pain mixt with pity in our bosoms rise,
And sorrow takes new sadness from surprise.

Beneath yon tree, observe an ancient pair,
A sleeping man; a woman, in her chair,
Watching his looks, with kind and pensive air:
No wife, nor sister she, nor is the name
Nor kindred of this friendly pair the same;
Yet so allied are they, that few can feel
Her constant, warm, unwearied, anxious zeal
Their years and woes, although they long have lov'd,
Keep their good name and conduct unreprov'd;
Thus life's small comforts they together share,
And while life lingers, for the grave prepare.

No other subjects on their spirits press,
Nor gain such int'rest as the past distress;
Grievous events, that from the mem'ry drive
Life's common cares, and those alone survive,
Mix with each thought, in every action share,
Darken each dream and blend with every prayer.

To *David Booth*, his fourth and last-born boy,
Allen his name, was more than common joy;
And as the child grew up, there seem'd in him
A more than common life in every limb;
A strong and handsome stripling he became,
And the gay spirit answer'd to the frame;
A lighter, happier lad was never seen,
For ever easy, cheerful, or serene;
His early love he fix'd upon a fair
And gentle maid—they were a handsome pair.

They at an infant-school together play'd,
Where the foundation of their love was laid;
The boyish champion would his choice attend
In every sport, in every fray defend.
As prospects open'd and as life advanc'd,
They walk'd together, they together danc'd;
On all occasions, from their early years,
They mix'd their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
Each heart was anxious, till it could impart
Its daily feelings to its kindred heart;
As years increas'd, unnumber'd petty wars
Broke out between them; jealousies and jars;
Causeless indeed, and follow'd by a peace,
That gave to love—growth, vigour, and increase.
Whilst yet a boy, when other minds are void,
Domestic thoughts young *Allen*'s hours employ'd;
Judith in gaining hearts had no concern,
Rather intent the matron's part to learn;
Thus early prudent and sedate they grew,
While lovers, thoughtful—and though children, true.
To either parents not a day appear'd,
When with this love they might have interfer'd:
Childish at first, they car'd not to restrain;
And strong at last, they saw restriction vain;
Nor knew they when that passion to reprove—
Now idle fondness, now resistless love.

So while the waters rise, the children tread
On the broad *Estuary*'s sandy bed;
But soon the channel fills, from side to side
Comes danger rolling with the deep'ning tide;
Yet none who saw the rapid current flow,
Could the first instant of that danger know.

The Lovers waited till the time should come,
When they together could possess a home:
In either house were men and maids unwed,
Hopes to be sooth'd, and tempers to be led.
Then *Allen*'s mother, of his favourite maid
Spoke from the feelings of a mind afraid:
"Dress and amusements were her sole employ,"
She said,—"entangling her deluded boy;"
And yet, in truth, a mother's jealous love
Had much imagin'd, and could little prove;
Judith had beauty—and if vain, was kind,
Discreet, and mild, and had a serious mind.

Dull was their prospect—when the Lovers met,
They said, we must not—dare not venture yet:
"Oh! could I labour for thee," *Allen* cried,
"Why should our friends be thus dissatisfied?

"On my own arm I could depend, but they
"Still urge obedience, — must I yet obey?"
Poor *Judith* felt the grief, but grieving begg'd delay.

At length a prospect came that seem'd to smile,
And faintly woo them from a Western Isle;
A kinsman there a widow's hand had gain'd,
'Was old, was rich, and childless yet remain'd;
'Would some young *Booth* to his affairs attend,
'And wait awhile, he might expect a friend.'
The elder brothers, who were not in love,
Fear'd the false seas, unwilling to remove;
But the young *Allen*, an enamour'd boy,
Eager an independence to enjoy,
Would through all perils seek it,—by the sea,—
Through labour, danger, pain or slavery.
The faithful *Judith* his design approv'd,
For both were sanguine, they were young and lov'd.
The mother's slow consent was then obtain'd;
The time arriv'd, to part alone remain'd
All things prepar'd, on the expected day
Was seen the vessel anchor'd in the bay.
From her would seamen in the evening come,
To take th' advent'rous *Allen* from his home;
With his own friends the final day he pass'd,
And every painful hour except the last.
The grieving Father urged the cheerful glass,
To make the moments with less sorrow pass;
Intent the mother look'd upon her son,
And wish'd th' assent withdrawn, the deed undone;
The younger sister, as he took his way,
Hung on his coat, and begg'd for more delay:
But his own *Judith* call'd him to the shore,
Whom he must meet, for they might meet no more;—
And there he found her—faithful, mournful, true,
Weeping and waiting for a last adieu!
The ebbing tide had left the sand, and there
Mov'd with slow steps the melancholy pair:
Sweet were the painful moments,—but how sweet,
And without pain, when they again should meet!

Now either spoke, as hope and fear impress'd
Each their alternate triumph in the breast.

Distance alarm'd the Maid—she cried,
'Tis far!'
And danger too—' it is a time of war:
'Then in those countries are diseases strange,
'And women gay, and men are prone to change:
'What then may happen in a year, when things
'Of vast importance every moment brings!
'But hark! an oar!' she cried, yet none appear'd—
'Twas love's mistake, who fancied what it fear'd:
And she continued,—' Do, my *Allen*, keep
'Thy heart from evil, let thy passions sleep;
'Believe it good, nay glorious, to prevail,
'And stand in safety where so many fail;
'And do not, *Allen*, or for shame or pride,
'Thy faith abjure, or thy profession hide:
'Can I believe *his* love will lasting prove,
'Who has no rev'rence for the God I love?
'I know thee well! how good thou art and kind;
'But strong the passions that invade thy mind.—
'Now, what to me hath *Allen* to commend?'
"Upon my mother," said the youth, "attend;
"Forget her spleen, and in my place appear,
"Her love to me will make my *Judith* dear:
"Oft I shall think, (such comfort lovers seek)
"Who speaks of me, and fancy what they speak:
"Then write on all occasions, always dwell
"On hope's fair prospects, and be kind and well,
"And ever choose the fondest, tenderest style."
She answer'd, 'No,' but answered with a smile.
"And now, my *Judith*, at so sad a time,
"Forgive my fear, and call it not my crime;
"When with our youthful neighbours 'tis thy chance
"To meet in walks, the visit or the dance,
"When every lad would on my lass attend,
"Choose not a smooth designer for a friend;

"That fawning *Philip!*—nay, be not severe,
"A rival's hope must cause a lover's fear."

Displeas'd she felt, and might in her reply
Have mix'd some anger, but the boat was nigh,
Now truly heard!—it soon was full in sight!
Now the sad farewel, and the long good-night;
For, see!—his friends come hastening to the beach,
And now the gunwale is within the reach.
'Adieu! farewel! remember!' and what more [shore!
Affection taught, was utter'd from the
But *Judith* left them with a heavy heart,
Took a last view, and went to weep apart!
And now his friends went slowly from the place,
Where she stood still, the dashing oar to trace,
Till all were silent!—for the youth she pray'd,
And softly then return'd the weeping maid.

They parted, thus by hope and fortune led,
And *Judith's* hours in pensive pleasure fled;
But when return'd the youth?—the youth no more
Return'd exulting to his native shore;
But forty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man with wither'd limb, and lame,
His mind oppress'd with woes and bent with age his frame:
Yes! old and griev'd, and trembling with decay,
Was *Allen* landing in his native bay,
Willing his breathless form should blend with kindred clay.
In an autumnal eve he left the beach,
In such an eve he chanced the port to reach:
He was alone; he press'd the very place
Of the sad parting, of the last embrace:
There stood his parents, there retir'd the maid,
So fond, so tender, and so much afraid;
And on that spot, through many a year, his mind
Turn'd mournful back, half sinking, half resign'd.

No one was present; of its crew bereft,
A single boat was in the billows left;
Sent from some anchor'd vessel in the bay,
At the returning tide to sail away:
O'er the black stern the moon-light softly play'd,
The loosen'd foresail flapping in the shade:
All silent else on shore; but from the town
A drowsy peal of distant bells came down:
From the tall houses here and there, a light
Serv'd some confus'd remembrance to excite:
"There," he observ'd, and new emotions felt,
"Was my first home—and yonder *Judith* dwelt:
"Dead! dead are all! I long—I fear to know,"
He said, and walk'd impatient, and yet slow.

Sudden there broke upon his grief a noise
Of merry tumult and of vulgar joys:
Seamen returning to their ship, were come
With idle numbers straying from their home;
Allen among them mix'd, and in the old
Strove some familiar features to behold;
While fancy aided memory:—"Man! what cheer?"
A sailor cried; "Art thou at anchor here?"
Faintly he answer'd, and then tried to trace
Some youthful features in some aged face:
A swarthy matron he beheld, and thought
She might unfold the very truths he sought;
Confus'd and trembling, he the dame address'd:
"The *Booths!* yet live they?" pausing and oppress'd:
Then spake again:—"Is there no ancient man,
"*David* his name?—assist me, if you can.
"*Flemmings* there were—and *Judith*, doth she live?"
The woman gaz'd, nor could an answer give;
Yet wond'ring stood, and all were silent by,
Feeling a strange and solemn sympathy.
The woman musing, said, "She knew full well
"Where the old people came at last to dwell;
"They had a married daughter, and a son,
"But they were dead, and now remain'd not one."

"Yes," said an elder, who had paus'd intent
On days long past, "there was a sad event;—
"One of these *Booths*—it was my mother's tale—
"Here left his lass, I know not where to sail:
"She saw their parting, and observ'd the pain;
"But never came th' unhappy man again:"
"The ship was captur'd"—*Allen* meekly said:
"And what became of the forsaken maid?"

The woman answer'd, "I remember now,
" She us'd to tell the lasses of her vow,
" And of her lover's loss, and I have seen
" The gayest hearts grow sad where she has been:
" Yet in her grief she married, and was made
" Slave to a wretch, whom meekly she obey'd,
" And early buried—but I know no more.
" And hark! our friends are hast'ning to the shore."

Allen soon found a lodging in the town,
And walk'd a man unnotic'd up and down.
This house, and this, he knew, and thought a face
He sometimes could among a number trace:
Of names remember'd there remain'd a few,
But of no favourites, and the rest were new:
A merchant's wealth, when *Allen* went to sea,
Was reckon'd boundless. Could he living be?
Or liv'd his son? for one he had, the heir
To a vast business, and a fortune fair.
No! but that heir's poor widow, from her shed,
With crutches went to take her dole of bread:
There was a friend whom he had left a boy
With hope to sail the master of a hoy
Him after many a stormy day, he found
With his great wish, his life's whole purpose, crown'd.
This boy's proud captain look'd in *Allen's* face.
" Yours is, my friend," said he, "a woful case:
" We cannot all succeed; I now command
" The Betsey sloop, and am not much at land:
" But when we meet, you shall your story tell
" Of foreign parts—I bid you now farewel!"

Allen so long had left his native shore,
He saw but few whom he had seen before;
The older people, as they met him, cast
A pitying look, oft speaking as they pass'd,
" The man is *Allen Booth*, and it appears
" He dwelt among us in his early years;
" We see the name engrav'd upon the stones,
" Where this poor wanderer means to lay his bones."
Thus where he liv'd and lov'd—unhappy change!
He seems a stranger, and finds all are strange.

But now a widow, in a village near,
Chang'd of the melancholy man to hear:
Old as she was, to *Judith's* bosom came
Some strong emotions at the well-known name;
He was her much-lov'd *Allen*, she had stay'd
Ten troubled years, a sad afflicted maid:
Then was she wedded, of his death assur'd,
And much of mis'ry in her lot endur'd;
Her husband died; her children sought their bread
In various places, and to her were dead.
The once-fond lovers met; not grief nor age,
Sickness or pain, their hearts could disengage:
Each had immediate confidence; a friend
Both now beheld, on whom they might depend:
" Now is there one to whom I can express
" My nature's weakness, and my soul's distress."
Allen look'd up, and with impatient heart,
" Let me not lose thee—never let us part:
" So heaven this comfort to my sufferings give,
" It is not all distress, to think and live."
Thus *Allen* spoke; for time had not remov'd
The charms attach'd to one so fondly lov'd:
Who with more health, the mistress of their cot,
Labours to soothe the evils of his lot.
To her, to her alone, his various fate,
At various times, 'tis comfort to relate;
And yet is sorrow—she too loves to hear
What wrings her bosom, and compels the tear.

First he related—How he left the shore,
Alarm'd with fears that they should meet no more:
Then, ere the ship had reach'd her purpos'd course,
They met and yielded to the Spanish force;
Then 'cross th' Atlantic seas they bore their prey,
Who grieving landed from their sultry bay;
And marching many a burning league, he found
Himself a slave upon a miner's ground:
There a good priest his native language spoke,
And gave some ease to his tormenting yoke;
Kindly advanc'd him in his master's grace,
And he was station'd in an easier place:
There, hopeless ever to escape the land,
He to a Spanish maiden gave his hand;
In cottage shelter'd from the blaze of day,
He saw his happy infants round him play;

Where summer shadows, made by lofty trees,
Wav'd o'er his seat, and sooth'd his reveries;
E'en then he thought of England, nor could sigh,
But his fond *Isabel* demanded 'Why?'
Griev'd by the story, she the sigh repaid,
And wept in pity for the English maid:
Thus twenty years were pass'd, and pass'd his views
Of further bliss, for he had wealth to lose:
His friend now dead, some foe had dar'd to paint
'His faith as tainted: he his spouse would taint;
'Make all his children infidels, and found
'An English heresy on Christian ground.'

"Whilst I was poor," said *Allen*, "none would care
"What my poor notions of religion were;
"None ask'd me whom I worshipp'd, how I pray'd,
"If due obedience to the laws were paid:
"My good adviser taught me to be still,
"Nor to make converts had I power or will.
"I preached no foreign doctrine to my wife,
"And never mentioned Luther in my life.
"I, all they said, say what they would, allow'd,
"And when the Fathers bade me bow, I bow'd:
"Their forms I follow'd, whether well or sick,
"And was a most obedient Catholic.
"But I had money, and these pastors found
"My notions vague, heretical, unsound:
"A wicked book they seiz'd; the very Turk
"Could not have read a more pernicious work;
"To me pernicious, who if it were good
"Or evil question'd not, nor understood:
"Oh! had I little but the book possess'd,
"I might have read it, and enjoy'd my rest."

Alas! poor *Allen*, through his wealth was seen
Crimes that by poverty conceal'd had been:
Faults, that in dusty pictures rest unknown,
Are in an instant thro' the varnish shown.

He told their cruel mercy; how at last,
In Christian kindness for the merits past,
They spar'd his forfeit life, but bade him fly,
Or for his crime and contumacy die;
Fly from all scenes, all objects of delight:
His wife, his children weeping in his sight,
All urging him to flee, he fled, and curs'd his flight.

He next related how he found a way,
Guideless and grieving, to Campeachy-Bay:
There in the woods he wrought, and there, among
Some lab'ring seamen, heard his native tongue:
The sound, one moment, broke upon his pain
With joyful force; he long'd to hear again:
Again he heard; he seiz'd an offer'd hand,
"And when beheld you last our native land?"
He cry'd, "and in what county? quickly say"—
The seamen answer'd—strangers all were they;
One only at his native port had been;
He, landing once, the quay and church had seen,
For that esteem'd; but nothing more he knew.
Still more to know, would *Allen* join the crew,
Sail'd where they sail'd, and many a peril past,
They at his kinsman's isle their anchor cast;
But him they found not, nor could one relate
Aught of his will, his wish, or his estate.
This griev'd not *Allen:* then again he sail'd
For England's coast, again his fate prevail'd:
War rag'd, and he, an active man and strong,
Was soon impress'd, and serv'd his country long.
By various shores he pass'd, on various seas,
Never so happy as when void of ease.—
And then he told how in a calm distress'd,
Day after day his soul was sick of rest;
When, as a log upon the deep they stood,
Then rov'd his spirit to the inland wood;
Till, while awake, he dream'd, that on the seas
Were his lov'd home, the hill, the stream, the trees:
He gaz'd, he pointed to the scenes:—
"There stand
"My wife, my children, 'tis my lovely land;
"See! there my dwelling—oh! delicious scene
"Of my best life—unhand me—are ye men?"

And thus the frenzy rul'd him, till the wind
Brush'd the fond pictures from the stagnant mind.

He told of bloody fights, and how at length
The rage of battle gave his spirits strength:
'Twas in the Indian seas his limb he lost,
And he was left half-dead upon the coast:
But living gain'd, 'mid rich aspiring men,
A fair subsistence by his ready pen.
"Thus," he continued, "pass'd unvaried years,
"Without events producing hopes or fears."
Augmented pay procur'd him decent wealth,
But years advancing undermin'd his health:
Then oft-times in delightful dream he flew
To England's shore, and scenes his childhood knew:
He saw his parents, saw his fav'rite maid,
No feature wrinkled, not a charm decay'd;
And thus excited, in his bosom rose
A wish so strong, it baffled his repose;
Anxious he felt on English earth to lie,
To view his native soil, and there to die.

He then describ'd the gloom, the dread he found,
When first he landed on the chosen ground,
Where undefin'd was all he hop'd and fear'd,
And how confus'd and troubled all appear'd;
His thoughts in past and present scenes employ'd,
All views in future blighted and destroy'd:
His were a medley of bewild'ring themes,
Sad as realities, and wild as dreams.

Here his relation closes, but his mind
Flies back again some resting-place to find;
Thus silent, musing thro' the day, he sees
His children sporting by those lofty trees,
Their mother singing in the shady scene,
Where the fresh springs burst o'er the lively green;—
So strong his eager fancy, he affrights
The faithful widow by its pow'rful flights;
For what disturbs him he aloud will tell,
And cry, "'Tis she, my wife! my *Isabel!*"
"Where are my children?"—*Judith* grieves to hear
How the soul works in sorrows so severe;
Assiduous all his wishes to attend,
Depriv'd of much, he yet may boast a friend;
Watch'd by her care, in sleep, his spirit takes
Its flight, and watchful finds her when he wakes.

'Tis now her office; her attention see!
While her friend sleeps beneath that sha-

Careful, she guards him from the glowing heat,
And pensive muses at her *Allen*'s feet.

And where is he?—Ah! doubtless in those scenes
Of his best days, amid the vivid greens,
Fresh with unnumber'd rills, where ev'ry gale
Breathes the rich fragrance of the neighb'ring vale;
Smiles not his wife, and listens as there comes
The night-bird's music from the thick'ning glooms?
And as he sits with all these treasures nigh,
Blaze not with fairy-light the phosphor fly,
When like a sparkling gem it wheels illumin'd by?
This is the joy that now so plainly speaks
In the warm transient flushing of his cheeks;
For he is list'ning to the fancied noise
Of his own children, eager in their joys:
All this he feels, a dream's delusive bliss
Gives the expression, and the glow like this.
And now his *Judith* lays her knitting by,
These strong emotions in her friend to spy;
For she can fully of their nature deem—
But see! he breaks the long-protracted theme,
And wakes and cries—"My God! 'twas but a dream!"

DEFENCE *of the* POETRY *of* HAMMOND.

[From Mudford's Life of Cumberland, and Critical Examination of his Writings.]

NOR was this the only trifle with which he amused his vacant hours at York. He had renounced Spenser, and adopted Hammond as a model to imitate; but the same judicious mentress who had ridiculed his folly in the former instance, attacked it in the present; and so sensible was he to her suggestions, that he soon abandoned his love master in writing, and took his leave of him in the following spritely lines, written almost extempore:

"When wise men love they love to folly,
When blockheads love they're melancholy,
When coxcombs love, they love for fashion,
And quaintly call it the belle passion.

Old bachelors, who wear the willow,
May dream of love, and hug the pillow
Whilst love, in poet's fancy rhyming,
Sets all the bells of folly chiming.

But women, charming women, prove
The sweet varieties of love,
They can love all, but none too dearly,
Their husbands too, but not sincerely.

They'll love a thing, whose outward shape
Marks him twin brother to an ape;
They'll take a miser for his riches,
And wed a beggar without breeches.

Marry, as if in love with ruin,
A gamester to their sure undoing,
A drunkard raving, swearing, storming,
For the dear pleasure of reforming.

They'll wed a lord, whose breath shall falter,
Whilst he is crawling from the altar:
What is there women will not do,
When they love man and money too?"

If the reprehension of his mother extended only to the danger of imitation, as a practice which is apt to enfeeble the mind, and make it diffident of its own powers, I fully accord with the prudence of her proceeding, for no imitator has ever risen to eminence; but if she implied, in her disapprobation of the practice, any censure of the writer whose strains were the object of her son's imitation, I should reluctantly believe the testimonies which I have mentioned, of her superior capacity and taste. No writer in our language has written with more tender elegance than Hammond, if a living author perhaps be excepted; and though it were said that his love, his woes, his sighs, and his prayers, were fictitious; that he threatened to kill himself when he meant to live, and that he sung of being in despair when he was perfectly happy and contented, it would not therefore follow that his imagination was not soft and persuasive, that his language was not melodious and appropriate, or that his images were not, in the highest degree, affecting and pathetic. If praise be denied to him, whose topics are imaginary, though his descriptions are natural, to whom shall it be given? Poetry is perfect in proportion as it is an accurate representation of life, of things that are real and probable; and if it can be shewn, as surely it may be shewn, that authors have written upon fictitious subjects, with a warmth and expression which the reality could not have inspired in a higher degree, the greatest praise will be due to that skill which hides the art by which we are made to believe in representations that have no foundation but in the poet's fancy.

Tickell, in his elegy upon the death of Addison, has these lines:

Slow comes the verse that real grief inspires;
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?

And the question is asked with a plausibility of truth which deceives the reader into an assent of what is implied by it. But if there be any justice in the opinion, that what we feel most we can best express, I see no reason why the deepest grief should not be uttered with the deepest pathos. At all events, if neither visionary nor real sorrows can be truly depicted; if the one must be frigid, and the other insufficient, where are we to look for that which poetry has always been supposed capable of giving—a vivid transcript of our feelings? We must reform our notions of the power of language to express the sentiments of the heart, and receive words only as tokens of imaginary value.

Johnson, whose mental perception was often as defective as his visual one, has attempted to deride the plaintive effusions of Hammond's muse, by talking of their pedantry; but I suppose no reader will be disposed to defer very implicitly to his opinions upon a question of amatory feeling. The first requisite to excellence is to understand the subject we are discussing; and I doubt if Johnson knew much of love in its refined state. His was a mind formed to embrace the vast, but not to seize the minute; and though he wrote verses which mentioned love in all its languishing sensibility of desire, I suspect his images were borrowed from writers who had been faithful to nature, and whom to imitate therefore, could not be to err. What his notions of this passion were, may be easily inferred from various parts of his writings; especially from Rasselas, and his ob-

servations upon Pope's *Elegy on the Death of an Unfortunate Young Lady.* Yet, it is upon record, that he was susceptible of amorous fondness; of a sort of sensual dalliance, which is quite distinct from love in its state of purity. Such lascivious endearments have not even the quality of Pope's description of lust, which,

Through some certain strainers well refined,
Its gentle love that charms all woman kind.

Let us not wonder that such a man should indistinctly comprehend the delicate sentiments of a writer like Hammond, or that he should have pronounced of his elegies that they have "neither passion, nature, nor manners," which surely he could not have done had he read, or if he read, had he been capable of feeling, the beautiful strain of thought and expression which peculiarly distinguishes the thirteenth elegy. Is there not nature also in the following stanza:

Let others buy the cold, unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part;
While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
And scorn the person, where I doubt the heart.—*Elegy II.*

May we not believe there is truth in the following:

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace;
No poisons in the cup have I conveyed,
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face.—*Elegy IV.*

And is there not passion in these stanzas:

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray;
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not what we say.

Remember now the flow'ry wreaths I gave,
When first I told thee of my bold desires;
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave,
Venus will favour what herself inspires,
She guides the youth who see not where they tread,
She shews the virgin how to turn the door;
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beams of light,
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way;
Sacred he wanders through the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling winds, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings o'er the dewy ground;
If all the hardships I for love sustain,
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd.—*Elegy V.*

That Johnson should have attempted to degrade such poetry as this, may displease, but need not excite our surprise, when we recollect that Burleigh thought Spenser a mere ballad-maker; that Locke regarded Blackmore as the greatest genius, except Milton, which this country had produced,* and that Gray, in a letter to Mason, speaks of the *Nouvelle Heloise* of Rosseau in terms of ridicule and sarcastic contempt. Such are the diversities of opinion among mankind; and so utterly may one man differ from the rest of his fellow-creatures upon a question of mere taste.

* See his correspondence with Mr. Molineux, who says, in a letter to Locke, "Mr. Churchill favoured me with the present of Sir Richard Blackmore's King Arthur. I had read P. Arthur before, and read it with admiration, which is not at all lessened by this second piece. *All our English poets* (Milton excepted) *have been mere ballad-makers in comparison to him.*"—To this, Locke replied, "I shall, when I see Sir R. Blackmore, discourse him as you desire. *There is, I with pleasure find, a strange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine.*" And in another letter, he says that Sir Richard shews as *great strength and penetration* of *judgment*, as his *poetry shews flights of fancy.*

Some INTERESTING PARTICULARS *concerning the* LANDING *of our* TROOPS *in* EGYPT, *under Sir* RALPH ABERCROMBIE.

[From Clarke's Travels. Part II.]

AT the time of our arrival, the French had been defeated in three successive actions; that of the eighth of March, the day of landing our troops; the thirteenth, when the English drove them from the heights to which they had retreated; and the memorable battle of the twenty-first, when Abercrombie fell. There had been a skirmish on the twelfth, in which Colonel Archdale, of the 12th dragoons, lost an arm, and Captain Butler of the same regiment was taken prisoner. In the action of the twenty-first, the French lost five thousand men, eleven hundred of whom the English themselves buried before their own lines, and in different parts of their camp. We saw the trenches wherein they were deposited.

It is a subject of wonder, that our troops should have succeeded in this instance so well as they did. They landed under every possible circumstance of disadvantage, and yet drove from their posts, with the bayonet, the veteran legions of Bonaparte's army; a mode of fighting in which the French were supposed, at that time, to be superior to every other nation. It was there manifested, as it has since been so decidedly proved, that, man to man, they have no chance of success when opposed to British soldiers. The laurels acquired by our army in Egypt can never fade. Posterity will relate the heroism, which, on these remote and almost unknown deserts, enabled an inexperienced army to vanquish an enemy, not only in possession of the territory, but also inured to the climate, and well acquainted with the country. The obstacles encountered by our troops were greater than have ever been described. The most powerful originated in their want of information. Never did so much ignorance accompany an expedition. The maps they brought with them would have disgraced a Chinese atlas. The instruction they had received was a mere mass of error; and their guides were unable to direct them. It is said, Sir Ralph Abercrombie lamented, in his last moments, the false notions he had been taught to entertain of Egypt, and of the situation in which the French were there placed. In fact, every one possessed more information than the conductors of the British armament. There was not a clerk in the factory of Constantinople or Smyrna who was not better informed. Instead of the flat sands they expected to find between Aboukir and Alexandria, they discovered a country full of eminences and advantageous posts; so that the French, when defeated, had only to fall back from one strong position to another. Once having effected a landing, our troops were told, and they believed the tale, that they might march without interruption to the walls of Alexandria. It may be important to the interests of our empire to state the truth at this distance of time; and to afford a brief record of this memorable campaign, as far as it can be communicated by a writer destitute of any military science: it will be given as he received it, from the most impartial among the French, as well as the most candid of his own countrymen.

The divisions and cabals among the chiefs on both sides, were productive, often of failure, and sometimes of disaster. The rare military talents and valour of Sir Sidney Smith, beloved too as he was by the soldiers and sailors of the expedition, could not be viewed without jealousy by the commanding officers both of the army and navy. The most unpardonable resistance was therefore opposed to his measures, and to his suggestions. His situation was, in truth, singular. Certain of the captains in the fleet felt umbrage because one of their profession associated so much with landsmen, and was often on shore; while the generals of the army could ill brook counsel, or even assistance, from a naval officer. On this account, the important project, recommended by him, of sending gun-boats into the lake of Aboukir*,

* In the extraordinary changes, to which this part of Egypt has been liable, the very limited observations of the author do not authorize even

previous to the action of the thirteenth of March, and the voluntary offer he made of conducting that operation, with a view to impede the retreat of the French, was not only rejected, but his information respecting that lake was scouted as false: it was even asserted, that there was not water sufficient in the lake for the free passage of boats of burden, fit for the conveyance of artillery or troops; although Sir Sidney Smith had himself been there, in his ship's cutter, and had sounded every part of it. One of his private letters, about this time, to his brother† in Constantinople, reflects so much credit upon his patriotism and national character, that it deserves a place in the history of the expedition. Having stated the peculiarities of his situation, and the obstacles he had to encounter in his earnest endeavours to serve his country, he added, "*It is true, I once held the helm where I must now work a labouring oar; but I shall not pull less stoutly on that account.*"

The fleet with our army arrived in Marmorice Harbour, upon the coast of Caria, on the twenty-eighth day of December, 1800. Having waited there near two months, during which time a small reinforcement arrived from England, it sailed for Egypt on the twenty-second* of February. The troops, burning for action, in excellent health and spirits, arrived in Aboukir Bay upon the second of March, at ten o'clock A.M. A sham descent had been practised in Marmorice, to exercise the soldiers. By this it was found, that six thousand men might be landed, in the most perfect order, and ready for immediate action, in the short space of twenty-three minutes. Their passage had been boisterous. Several Greek transports parted from the fleet during a gale of wind, and disappeared for many days, with part of the 12th, the 26th, and Hompesch's, regiments of dragoons. Owing perhaps to this circumstance, or finding it was too late to land the troops upon the day of their arrival, the undertaking was postponed until the next: an unfortunate circumstance, although perhaps unavoidable, as an opportunity was thereby lost not to be afterwards recovered. Had the landing been then effected, it is certain we should have encountered no opposition; and it was well known that the reserve at least might have been put on shore. The enemy, although long before informed of our approach, was totally unprepared; and the lives of many brave soldiers might have been spared. The following day proved unpropitious, and our army was unable to land: in consequence of this, the enemy gained time to strengthen himself, and to spread news of the invasion in all parts of the country where his forces were stationed. Preparations were accordingly made for a stout opposition. The succeeding morning was equally unfavourable, and six days were lost in the same manner; during all which time, the English fleet remained in sight of the French army,

an attempt to reconcile the existing appearance of the country with the descriptions of ancient geographers. Strabo (lib. xvii. p. 1135. ed. *Oxon.*) journeying by land from the Canopian Gate of Alexandria towards the east, arrives, after the distance of one hundred and twenty stadia (fifteen miles), at the city of *Canopus*. This seems to coincide with the position of Aboukir. But as to the present lake, the result of an inundation during the year 1784, whether it cover the original course of the Διώρυξ, by means whereof, as distinct from the Alexandrian Canal, the annual voyage took place from *Canopus* to Alexandria; or occupy territory formerly inundated, in a similar manner, by the sea; or whether the site of Aboukir may be not rather that of *Taposiris* than of *Canopus*, according to Forster's conjecture, in his Notes upon Granger, supported by the testimonies of Niebuhr; may remain for future determination.

† John Spenser Smith, Esq. his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, previous to the arrival of the Earl of Elgin, at the Ottoman Porte.

* According to Sir R. Wilson's narrative, this happened on the twenty-third. The author gives his information as he received it from the captains of the fleet, and from the log-books of their ships.

and were at length so little regarded, that the French, becoming dupes by the delay, believed the whole was intended to operate as a feint, in order to beguile their attention from the part of the coast where the descent was really meditated. So completely did this opinion finally prevail, that the time thus allowed them to prepare for their defence was not employed so advantageously as it might have been. A Greek deserter, sent, as they afterwards believed, by our army, had circulated among them a report, to which implicit credit was given. This man affirmed, that our intention was to land the army at Jaffa, upon the coast of Syria.

The delay shewn upon this occasion was not solely owing to the weather. A principal source of it might be referred to another source. Major M'Arras, chief engineer, had been forwarded in a vessel, previous to the sailing of our fleet from the Bay of Marmorice, in order to reconnoitre the country, and to obtain information necessary for expediting the landing of our troops. This officer had been twice on shore, either in the Penelope's or Petrell's boat, and with the greatest success. He had observed the Lake of Aboukir; had surveyed all the adjoining territory; ascertained the different heights; and selected a convenient place for landing. Having finished all his plans, he unfortunately ventured on shore the third time, to confirm the accuracy of certain observations, and was observed by a French armed boat, in the very instant when he was

Thus was the descent of our army postponed until the eighth of March. The French had gained even more time than they thought proper to employ for the means of defence; and were stationed upon the sandy heights eastward, and within gun-shot, of Aboukir Castle, between that fortress and the entrance to the Lake Said. The spot selected for landing the troops was immediately under this hill; and that a worse place could hardly have been chosen, is evident from this circumstance, that the enemy had, besides their artillery upon the heights, a covering for their flanks, of eight field-pieces upon the right, and four upon the left. These, together with the guns of the castle, bore down upon the place of landing†. The day prior to that of the descent, signals were made to cook three days' provisions for the troops, and for boats of every description to put off from their respective ships, and repair to the Mondovi brig, as a point of rendezvous, when a false fire should be shown from the Foudroyant, the ship of the commander-in-chief. On the following morning, the eighth of March, at three o'clock A.M. the expected signal was made. Agreeably to the instructions given, every boat then repaired to take in her proportion of troops from the ship, or ships, to which they were allotted; and then proceeded to the appointed station, close in under the hill, about a league from the enemy, whence they were to move, according to the order of battle: there they all remained, until the whole of the reserve

of his boat finding every effort ineffectual, suffered it to fall alongside, and surrendered. By a most dastardly instance of cruelty on the part of the French, they poured a volley of musquetry into the boat, after the surrender had taken place; by which Major M'Arras was killed. Soon after this disaster, our fleet arrived; and the commander-in-chief, instead of obtaining the information confidently expected, was reduced to the dilemma of waiting until the business of reconnoitring, now rendered more difficult than ever, could in some measure be again accomplished.

greater regularity. The French, to their astonishment, as they afterwards often related, instead of beholding a

† It is known to every officer who attended this expedition, that the army might have been landed anywhere to the eastward, near Rosetta, without the loss of a single man. Whenever it is asked, Why was not this the case? there is but one mode of reply; namely, that suggested by another interrogation; Why were we as ignorant of the country whereof we came to take possession, as of the interior of Africa?

number of men landed pell mell, saw the British troops preserving a regular line, as they advanced in their boats, although the wind was directly in their teeth; and, finally, landing in regular order of battle, under the heaviest fire perhaps ever experienced. Shells, cannon balls, and grape-shot, coming with the wind, fell like a storm of hail‡ about them; yet not a soldier quitted his seat nor moved, nor did a single sailor shrink from the hard labour of his oar. Not a musket was suffered to be charged, until the troops could form upon the strand. They were commanded to sit still in the boats; and this command, with inconceivable firmness, did these men obey; with the exception only of returning for each volley of shot from their enemies three general cheers, an effect of ardour in which their officers found it impossible to restrain them. The feelings of those who remained in the ships were not proof against such a sight. Several of our brave seamen wept like children; and many of those upon the quarter-decks, who attempted to use telescopes, suffered the glasses to fall from their hands, and gave vent to their tears.

But the moment of triumph was at hand. For three long miles, pulling in this manner against the wind, did our brave tars strain every sinew. Several boats were sunk by the bursting of the shells, and about two hundred and seventy men were killed before they reached the shore. At length, with all their prows touching the beach at the same instant, the boats grounded. Then a spectacle was presented that will be ever memorable. Two hundred of the French cavalry actually charged into the sea, and were seen for a few seconds hacking the men in the boats: these assailants were every one killed. It was now about ten o'clock; and within the space of six minutes, from this important crisis, the contest was decided. The 42d regiment, leaping up to their middle in water, formed rapidly upon the shore: and with a degree of impatience nothing could restrain, without waiting to load their muskets, broke from the main line before it could be formed, and ran gallantly up the hill, sinking deep in the sand at every step they took§. In this perilous situation a body of French cavalry pushed down upon them; but instead of being thrown into any disorder, they coolly received the charge upon the points of their bayonets, and the rest of the army coming up, routed the enemy on all sides. The French fled with the greatest precipitation. Our troops had been taught to expect no quarter, and therefore none was given. The wounded and the dying neither claim-

‡ The sailors upon this occasion compared the thick shower of shot falling about them to a violent storm of hail the fleet had experienced in the Bay of Marmorice, when the hail-stones were said to have been as large as musket-balls. "On the eighth of February," says Sir R. Wilson, (Hist. of the Exp. p. 5.) "commenced the most violent thunder and hail storm ever remembered, and which continued two days and nights intermittingly. *The hail, or rather the ice stones, were as big as large walnuts.*"

§ Sir R. Wilson relates, that the 28d and 40th ran first up the hill, and, charging with the bayonet the two battalions which crowned it, carried the two Nole hills in the rear, and took three pieces of cannon. "The 42d," says he, "*had landed, and formed as on a parade.*" Hist. of Exped. p. 14. Where "*almost præternatural energy*" was everywhere displayed, it is of little moment to ascertain the most impetuous. Sir Robert had every opportunity of ascertaining the truth; but a difference in his statement would not justify the author in altering notes made from testimony upon the spot, in order to copy the narrative even of a more accurate writer. Having afterwards an occasion to examine the place of landing, the author visited the hill here alluded to; and was at a loss to conceive, how troops could charge rapidly with fixed bayonets against a heavy fire, where, unimpeded by any other difficulty than the sinking of his feet in the loose sand, he found it almost impracticable to ascend. The fact, however, only proves what ardent valour may accomplish; for that this was really done, it would be absurd to doubt.

ed nor obtained mercy; all was blood, and death, and victory. It is in the midst of the glory this day's success reflected upon the British arms, that Humanity remembers some things she may wish to forget, but never will record. The cool and patient valour with which our soldiers had sustained the torrent of French artillery, and beheld the streaming wounds of their companions, previous to their landing, could but prove a prelude to the fury they would manifest, when it became their turn to attack; and a consequence so inseparable from human nature must bring along with it thoughtless havock, and indiscriminate slaughter. Our loss in killed and wounded upon this occasion amounted to five hundred and sixty.

When our troops landed, Jaques Abd'allah Menou, commander-in-chief of the French forces in Egypt, was in Cairo. Intelligence had been repeatedly sent to him, accompanied by entreaty, that he would hasten to the relief of Alexandria The French described him as a pompous, obstinate corpulent man, entirely absorbed in composing or in delivering harangues to his soldiers. No persuasion could induce him to move. He considered the affair of our invasion as of little importance. Until our army had actually gained footing in the country, and twice defeated the French troops, he took no measures to interrupt their progress. According to the French statement, General Friant, with a body of cavalry, amounting to fifteen hundred men, was the only force upon the spot to oppose the landing of the English army. Had the resistance been greater, and Menou present, it is believed, that, with all the advantages possessed by the French, a descent upon the coast would have been impracticable.

Some ACCOUNT *of the* LIFE *of the late Right Honourable* WILLIAM WINDHAM. *Abstracted from* MR. AMYOT'S *Narrative, prefixed to his Speeches.*

WILLIAM WINDHAM, the lamented subject of this narrative, was the descendant of a line of ancestors which is traced to a very remote period. The name is derived from a town in Norfolk, generally written *Wymondham*, but pronounced *Windham*, at which place the family appears to have been settled as early as the eleventh, or the beginning of the twelfth century, Ailward de Wymondham having been a person of some consideration in the time of Henry the First. His posterity remained there till the middle of the fifteenth century, when one of them, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, purchased considerable estates on the north-east coast of Norfolk, in Felbrigg and its neighbourhood, which, from that time, became their principal residence. Among the Windhams of Felbrigg, many might be enumerated who distinguished themselves by services to their country in the army, the navy, and on the judicial bench; and from them descended not only the present noble family of Egremont, but others of considerable eminence, long since settled in distant parts of the kingdom, by whom the name of Windham has been preserved, though generally with a slight deviation from that orthography.

Colonel William Windham, an inheritor of the Felbrigg patrimony, and the son of Ash Windham, who had represented the county of Norfolk in Parliament, was a man of versatile talents and an ardent mind. He was the associate of the wits of his time, the friend and admirer of Garrick, and the distinguished patron of all manly exercises. In his father's lifetime, he had lived much on the continent, particularly in Spain. Of his proficiency in the language of that country, he gave proofs in some printed observations on Smollett's Translation of Don Quixote. While abroad, he entered as a Hussar officer into the service of the deserted, though finally successful, Maria Teresa, Queen of Hungary. This commission, at his father's desire, he at length very unwillingly relinquished; but his military ardour was revived many years afterwards, on the passing of the Act which established the Militia Force upon its present footing. Upon that occasion, which happened in the year 1757, he assisted

his friend, the first Marquis Townshend, in forming a battalion of Militia in his native county, of which he afterwards became Lieutenant Colonel. Though his military education had not been regular, he not only proved an active and skilful officer, but distinguished himself as the author of a "Plan of Discipline, composed for the use of the Militia of the County of Norfolk," which was much esteemed, and generally adopted by other corps of the establishment. Unhappily Colonel Windham's feeble constitution by no means seconded the ardour and activity of his mind. A victim to a consumptive habit, he died on the 30th of October 1761, when only in the 44th year of his age.

He had married Mrs. Lukin, the mother of the present Dean of Wells, by whom he had but one son, William Windham, who was born in 1750, on the 3d of May (old style), in Golden Square. At seven years of age, young Windham had been placed at Eton, where he remained till he was about sixteen; distinguishing himself by the vivacity and brilliancy of his talents, among school-fellows of whom many were afterwards highly eminent for their genius and acquirements. He was the envy of the school for the quickness of his progress in study, as well as its acknowledged leader and champion in all athletic sports and youthful frolicks. The late Dr. Barnard, then head-master, and afterwards Provost of Eton College, used to remark when Fox and Windham had become conspicuous in the senate, that they were the last boys he had ever flogged. Their offence was, that of stealing off together to see a play acted at Windsor. The sub-master, Dr. Dampier, afterwards Dean of Durham (the father of the present Bishop of Ely), was Mr. Windham's guardian, in conjunction with David Garrick, Mr. Price of Hereford, and the celebrated Benjamin Stillingfleet, who is noticed by Colonel Windham, in the introduction to his "Plan of Discipline," as having contributed some learned information respecting the antiquity of the use of music in war.

On leaving Eton, in 1766, he was placed in the university of Glasgow, under the tuition of Dr. Anderson, Professor of Natural History, and the learned Dr. Robert Simson, the editor of Euclid. Here he remained about a year, having by diligent application to study laid the foundation of his profound mathematical acquirements. He was then removed to Oxford, where, in September 1767, he was entered a gentleman commoner of University College, Sir Robert Chambers being his tutor. While at Oxford, he took so little interest in public affairs, that, as the writer of this narrative has heard him relate, it was the standing joke of one of his contemporaries, that "Windham would never know who was prime minister." This disinclination to a political life, added to a modest diffidence in his own talents, led him at the period which is now spoken of, to reject an offer, which, by a youth not more than twenty years of age, might have been considered as a splendid one—that of being named secretary to his father's friend, Lord Townshend, who had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

After four years residence, he left Oxford, in 1771. He always retained feelings of gratitude towards *Alma Mater*, and preserved to the last an intimate acquaintance and correspondence with some of the most distinguished resident members. He did not, however, take his master's degree till 1783. That of doctor of laws was conferred on him in 1793, at the installation of the Duke of Portland. It is related that on this occasion, almost the whole assembly rose from their seats, when he entered the theatre, and received him with acclamations of applause. Nor was his memory forgotten at the late installation of Lord Grenville: for in the recitations made on that occasion, due honours were paid to the genius, taste, and acquirements of which the public had recently been deprived.

After leaving Oxford, he passed some time on the continent. In 1773, a voyage of discovery towards the North-Pole having been projected, and placed under the command of the late Lord Mulgrave (then Commodore Phipps), Mr. Windham, with his characteristic ardour, joined as a passenger in the expedition. To his

great mortification, however, a continued sea-sickness of an unusually severe and debilitating kind, rendered it necessary for him to be landed on the coast of Norway. Here, accompanied by a faithful servant, (now living, who had attended him from his childhood, he passed through a series of adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes," in which his courage and humanity were conspicuous. The recital of them might agreeably occupy a considerable space in a work less limited in its nature and extent than the present.

His earliest essay as a public speaker was occasioned by a call which was made on the country, for a subscription in aid of Government, to be applied towards carrying on the war with our American colonies. It was on the 28th of January 1778, at a meeting of gentlemen of the county of Norfolk, (held at Norwich) that Mr. Windham gave the first promise of that eminence which he afterwards attained as an orator and statesman.

Some time before the event which has been last noticed, he had entered himself as an officer in the western battalion of Norfolk Militia. In this character, he proved that he inherited the military turn and talents of his father, to whom the very corps in which he served had been so greatly indebted for its formation and discipline. When the militia were called out in 1778, Mr. Windham held the rank of major, and those who remember him in that post, bear ample testimony to his zeal, expertness, and personal activity. On his battalion being ordered to march from Norwich, to be quartered in the adjoining county, he shewed an instance of resolution, which, as it made considerable impression in the county where it happened, must not be passed over in silence. The marching guinea, as it is called, was, contrary to Major Windham's advice, ordered by the lieutenant-colonel not to be paid, till the corps should have actually marched out of the county. The men, however, became clamorous for immediate payment, and proceeded to open mutiny. On their being assembled near the Castle at Norwich, Major Windham (in the absence of the lieutenant-colonel) ordered them to march: but instead of obeying this command, they grounded their arms, and insisted on the payment of their guineas. The order being repeated in a very resolute tone, some of them prepared to attend to it; when a man stept out of the ranks, and reproved them for their want of firmness. This man Major Windham seized with his own hand, in order to commit him a prisoner to the guard-house, and in this attempt, assisted by some of the men belonging to his own company, he at length succeeded, though amidst a shower of stones, and in defiance of the interruption offered by the soldiers, and the populace in their train, three of whom he was compelled to silence by blows. As a rescue seemed likely to be attempted, the Major determined to remain with his prisoner all night. At four in the morning, the expected attack was begun by a party of the militia, with fixed bayonets. On their demanding the prisoner to be given up, Major Windham, standing at the door, with his sword drawn, plainly told them, that while he had life to defend the guard-house, the offender should not be allowed to escape. The soldiers, encouraged by the mob, were now proceeding to acts of violence, when the prisoner, stepping forward, requested them not to hurt his major, who was the best of men, and declared if they released him, he would again surrender himself into custody. This declaration contributed to appease the mutineers, who, however, were not effectually reduced to obedience, until the civil power had found it necessary to interfere; after which the battalion proceeded on its march to Southwold and Aldborough, two small towns on the Suffolk coast.

This intrepid conduct only served to increase the respect of the corps towards him, while they were desirous to forget the occasion which had called for it. By his humanity, as well as by his courage, he secured their esteem, having, as far as lay in his power, discountenanced corporal punishments, which were then more frequently inflicted in the army than at present. But his useful services as a militia officer were soon brought to

a close. It happened, on a march, that imprudently, and in a sort of frolic, he joined two brother officers in riding through a deep rivulet, after which they were obliged to keep on their wet clothes for many hours. The consequences of this adventure were fatal to one of the party, who died soon afterwards—another, now living, is said to have saved himself by a timely application of brandy; while Mr. Windham was thrown into a fever of a most alarming kind, from the effects of which it is certain that his constitution never thoroughly recovered. For many days he kept his bed at Bury St. Edmund's, without any hopes being entertained of his recovery. At length he was thought to have regained strength enough to undertake a tour on the Continent, which was recommended for the re-establishment of his health. He accordingly employed nearly two years of his life in a journey through Switzerland and Italy.

From this tour he returned at a critical moment, in September 1780. The Parliament had just been dissolved, and Sir Harbord Harbord (the late Lord Suffield), who had represented Norwich for more than twenty years, and had been obliged to relinquish his hopes there, in consequence of a powerful coalition which his colleague Mr. Bacon (one of the Lords of Trade) had formed with Mr. Thurlow, a citizen of the place, and a brother of the Lord Chancellor. But the friends of Sir Harbord being determined not to give him up tamely, invited him back again, and placed him in nomination, jointly with Mr. Windham, whom they supposed to be then out of the kingdom, but whose vigorous speech against the American war had made so strong an impression on them that his absence had not weakened his popularity. It happened, singular enough, that, without the least knowledge of what had just passed in his favour, he arrived at Norwich, in his way from London to Felbrigg, just three days before the poll commenced. It was too late, however, to secure his election; but his colleague, Sir Harbord Harbord, was returned with Mr. Bacon; while Mr. Windham, with all the disadvantages of his situation, had the satisfaction of counting a very respectable poll, as well as of securing warm assurances of support, whenever a future occasion might require it.

Though he did not obtain a seat in Parliament, he lived from this time much in town, and connected himself with some of the most eminent political and literary men of the day. Before he made his tour to the Continent, he had become a member of the celebrated Literary Club. On his return, he cemented his friendships with the leading members of that society, and more particularly with its two most distinguished ornaments, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke. For the former he entertained sentiments of the highest respect and regard, which the Dr. appears to have returned with equal warmth. The high commendation with which Johnson noticed him, in a letter to Dr. Brocklesby, though it had been often repeated, ought not here to be omitted. "Mr. Windham," said he, "has been here to see me—he came I think forty miles out of his way, and staid about a day and a half; perhaps I may make the time shorter than it was. Such conversation I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature, and there Windham is *inter stellas Luna minores*." This letter was written at Dr. Taylor's house at Ashbourne. An eulogium like this, proceeding from a literary giant of seventy, certainly no professor of the art of pleasing, must be thought a valuable testimony to the merits of a young man, who could hardly be said to have yet rendered himself eminent on the stage of public life †. When Johnson

† Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iv. p. 374. 3d edition.

† At a still earlier period, Mr. Windham's character was duly appreciated by a writer of no ordinary class, in the letters first published in 1779, under the name of the younger Lord Lyttleton. After describing the most conspicuous wits of the day, and comparing their respective powers in conversation, the author says to his correspondent, "It surprises me that you should leave Windham out of your list, who (observe my prophecy) will

was on his death-bed, Mr. Windham manifested the kindest attention to him, by his frequent visits, as well as by lending him the services of Cawston the faithful servant before alluded to), who sat up with Johnson the night before his death. The funeral was attended by Mr. Windham, whom his deceased friend had remembered in a codicil to his will, by the bequest of a book * selected from his library.

By the famous coalition of Mr. Fox, and his friends with Lord North, and the remains of the former ministry, Lord Shelburne, after effecting a general peace, was driven from his post in April 1783. Under the new ministry, of which the Duke of Portland was the nominal head, Mr. Windham accepted the office of Chief Secretary to the Earl of Northington, then appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. An anecdote, which has often been repeated, is connected with his acceptance of this appointment. On his expressing to his friend Dr. Johnson, some doubts whether he could bring himself to practise the arts which might be thought necessary in his new situation, the Doctor humourously replied, "Don't be afraid, Sir; you will soon make a very pretty rascal †." It appears, however, that Mr. Windham's doubts were not ill founded. He yielded up his secretaryship to Mr. Pelham (now Earl of Chichester) in August 1782, about four months after his appointment: and his resignation is ascribed, in a late publication §, to a certain distribution of patronage by the Viceroy, in favour of the old court party, which had given a just offence to Lord Charlemont and his friends, who had been the best supporters of the Whigs of the mother-country before they came into office. The writer alluded to relates, that "Mr. Windham, who had served as a bond of union, on the Viceroy's first coming to Ireland, between him and Lord Charlemont, now wisely preferred the county of Norfolk to the Phœnix Park near Dublin, and retired from his situation. Lord Charlemont had long known and esteemed him as an accomplished, amiable man. This secession added much to his (Lord C.'s) chagrin, as might reasonably be expected." In a letter, dated Dublin, 26th August 1782, which at the time found its way anonymously into a newspaper, but which is believed to have been written by a gentleman who had good means of knowing the facts connected with this resignation, it is stated to have been occasioned by a want of "due requisites in Mr. Windham to become a supple and venal courtier." "Some assert," this writer adds, "that his resignation was chiefly owing to a coolness between him and a certain great personage (the Lord Lieutenant).—Mr. Windham is a man of deep science, and of great penetration and abilities—the great personage likes a deep bottle—to penetrate a cork—and has strong abilities of bearing wine. The one was an enemy to thinking;—the other to drinking, and so they parted."

The same writer adds an anecdote which ought not to be omitted. "It is given in these words: "The following circumstance respecting Mr. Windham is an absolute fact, and shews more and more the loss this country (Ireland) has experienced by his resignation. A few days previous to his leaving Ireland, a gentleman from England waited on him with a strong letter of recommendation from Mr. Burke, requesting Mr. Windham would embrace an opportunity of presenting him with some little preferment that might fall in the gift of government. Mr. Windham assured the gentleman he should be happy to present a person so strongly recommended by Mr Burke with a much greater piece of preferment than that requested: but that it was his fixed determination, should he remain in the secretaryship (of which he had some doubts), to give every place in

become one of the ablest and most shining characters that the latter part of this age will produce. I hazard little in such a presentiment; his talents, judgment, and attainments will verify it."

* Poetæ Græci Heroici per Henricum Stephanum. See Boswell, vol iv. p. 431, 8d edit.

† Boswell, vol. iv. p. 208. 3d edit.

§ Hardy's Memoirs of the Earl of Charlemont, p. 254.

his power to Irishmen; as he had long been persuaded that the natives had the best right to the bread of their own land." Whatever may have been the cause of this resignation, which has, by other accounts, been attributed to ill health, it appears that on this, and on a former occasion, when he visited his friend, Lord Townshend, during his Vice-royalty, he was long enough in Ireland to form many valuable friendships, which lasted till his death.

Mr. Windham made his first speech in Parliament on the 9th of February 1785, early in the second session after his election. In the course of the same session, Mr. Windham, spoke in opposition to Mr. Pitt's shop-tax, which he pronounced to be partial, oppressive, and unjust; on the same grounds upon which he afterwards uniformly reprobated all bills that had for their object a taxation, not on the community at large, but on certain classes of men invidiously selected from it.

It now becomes necessary to advert to the share which Mr. Windham took in the impeachment of Mr. Warren Hastings, for his conduct while administering the government of India. This measure, though considered in its time to be of the very first importance, is now only remembered by the unparalleled combination of talents called forth in the prosecution of it. Of the impeachment itself, it is, perhaps, needless to say more, than merely to remark, that, though it was countenanced by Mr. Pitt, directed by Mr. Burke, and supported by almost unrivalled efforts of eloquence on the part of that extraordinary man, as well as of Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Fox, it lingered on from session to session, till even its power to excite attention seemed exhausted; and it was at length dismissed almost to oblivion, by the very few peers who could be induced to give a vote upon it. The particular charge, however, which was intrusted to Mr. Windham's management, must be concisely noticed. It alleged perfidy and oppression in the Governor general, in the breach of a treaty which had been made with the Nabob Fyzoola Khan in 1774, after his territories had been invaded by the Company's troops, and the sum of 150,000*l.* had been paid by him upon ratifying the convention. The case, as it was stated, was certainly one which could not fail to call forth indignation from a man of whom a high sense of honour, and a warm sympathy with the injured, were striking characteristics. In maintaining this charge, Mr. Windham extended his parliamentary reputation; and throughout the proceedings against Mr. Hastings, he fought by the side of Mr. Burke, always ready as well as proud to defend him against the attacks which were personally, and sometimes coarsely, made upon him, as the acknowledged leader of the impeachment.

Late in the autumn of 1788, the King became afflicted with the disorder, with which recently he has again been visited, and under which he still unhappily labours. On this occasion Mr. Windham warmly entered into the feelings, and supported the opinions of his political friends, who contended, both for the hereditary right of the Prince of Wales to assume the Regency, and, during that assumption, for his full enjoyment of the royal prerogatives, unfettered by restrictions. On each of these points, however, the minister was triumphant. The right of the two Houses of Parliament "to provide means of supplying the defect of the personal exercise of the royal authority," was recognized in a formal resolution; and the Prince of Wales, by an exertion of this right, was to be empowered to administer the royal authority, under the title of Regent, subject to limitations, which restrained him from granting peerages, reversions, and offices for life. But before the bill for this purpose had passed through the forms of the House of Lords, it was rendered unnecessary by his Majesty's happy recovery, which was announced to Parliament, on the 10th of March, 1789.

In the session of 1790 (4th March) he gave his firm and decided opposition to Mr. Flood's motion for a Reform in Parliament. It will be remembered, that upon this question he had made up his mind at an early period; and it will hereafter be seen that the opinions he then formed, re-

mained unshaken to the close of his life. On the present occasion he differed from Mr. Fox, and his principal political connexions in that house, (Mr. Burke excepted. His speech was pronounced by Mr. Pitt to contain "much ingenuity, and, in some respects, as much wisdom and argument as he had ever heard in the walls of that house." Mr. Pitt, however, professed himself to remain, after the most mature deliberation, a firm and zealous friend to parliamentary reform; though, fearing that the cause might suffer disgrace from its being brought forward at an improper moment, he recommended Mr Flood to withdraw his motion. Mr. Windham, in the course of his speech on this occasion, made a strong allusion to the "swarms of strange, impracticable notions which had lately been wafted over to us from the Continent, to prey like locusts on the fairest flowers of our soil;—to destroy the boasted beauty and verdure of our constitution." It appears, therefore, that, at this early stage of it, he foresaw the evil results of the French Revolution.

In June 1790, the Parliament was dissolved, and Mr. Windham was again elected for Norwich; after a very slight opposition, which had been occasioned chiefly by a supposed but disavowed coalition of his interest with that of the late Mr. Hobart.

During the first session of the new Parliament, he strongly reprobated the conduct of the ministers, in relation to their armaments against Spain and Russia, which had respectively been occasioned by disputes concerning the possession of Nooka Sound and Oczakow. On a renewal of the latter question, in the succeeding session, he again forcibly expressed his disapprobation of the measures which had been pursued by government. It should also be noticed, for the sake of recording hereafter, a proof of the consistency of his sentiments on another subject, that in February 1791, he earnestly supported a bill which was brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Mitford, (now Lord Redesdale,) for the purpose of relieving from certain penalties and disabilities the protesting Catholic Dissenters of England.

In the beginning of 1793, the country was at war with France. It would be superfluous in this place to trace the series of outrages at Paris, which occasioned the recal of our Ambassador, and were followed by the trials and executions of the unfortunate Louis and his Queen. They were events which made a deep impression upon Mr. Windham, strengthening both his abhorrence of French principles, and his conviction of the necessity of opposing the progress of them by our arms. In the session of 1793 and 1791, he gave, on every occasion, his unqualified support to the measures of government for prosecuting the war, and for repressing seditious practices. And in the month of April, in the latter year, he distinguished himself in Norfolk by eloquently recommending the measure of a voluntary subscription to be applied in defence of the country. On this occasion, he was reminded of the conduct he had observed in 1778, with respect to subscriptions in aid of the American war; and he defended himself by adverting to the striking difference that existed between the circumstances of the two contests.

About this time, an offer was made by Mr. Pitt's administration, to form a new cabinet, which should include the leaders of the Whig *Alarmists*. This proposal Mr. Windham at first wished to be rejected; thinking that his friends and himself, by continuing out of office, could give their support to the general objects of government more effectually and independently than they could with seats in the cabinet; and, at the same time, would be left more at liberty to declare their opinions respecting any particular measures connected with the conduct of the war, upon which there were likely to be grounds of variance. Mr. Burke, however, thought differently; his opinion was, that the usefulness of his friends to the country would depend on their being placed in situations which would give them a fair prospect of being able to direct the counsels of government. His advice prevailed with the majority of those to whom the offer had been made, though not at first with the Duke of Portland. Arrangements were then proposed, under which Mr. Windham

was to become one of the secretaries of state; but at length the Duke of Portland's reluctance to accept office, having been overcome, it was thought proper, in consideration of his high rank and influence in the country, to place him in the office which had been intended for Mr. Windham, the latter consenting to accept the inferior one of the Secretary at War, with a seat in the cabinet. The emoluments of this office amounted only to 2,480l. a-year. The distinction of a seat in the cabinet was first annexed to it on this occasion, and has since been granted only for a few months to one of Mr. Windham's numerous successors Lords Fitzwilliam and Spencer also joined the cabinet. Lord Loughborough (afterwards Earl of Rosslyn) had received the appointment of Lord Chancellor a few months earlier. Mr. Burke accepted a pension, which was justly due to his merits and services, and withdrew from Parliament, considering himself disqualified, by age and declining health, for taking an active part in the measures of government.

On going down to Norwich in July 1794, to be re-elected, in consequence of his acceptance of office, Mr Windham met with an opposition, which was raised in favour of Mr. Mingay, the King's counsel, but without that gentleman's knowledge. Though Mr. Windham was completely triumphant on the poll, he found a rough reception from the populace, who considered themselves to be severely suffering by the war. On his being cheared in the evening, a stone was thrown at him, but he avoided the blow, jumped down from his chair, seized the culprit, and delivered him over into the hands of an officer.

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

A FATHER'S ADVICE *to his* DAUGHTER; *or, Instructive Narratives from Real Life. By the Author of "A Father's Tales to his Daughter."* 1 vol. 12mo. 1813.

THE various narratives of which this volume is composed, are professed to be drawn from real life; but though we doubt the accuracy of that statement, and feel, indeed, very confident that much of what is told must be fictitious, yet we are no less inclined to admit that the whole work presents a very pleasing selection for the amusement and instruction of youth. Each of the tales is made subservient to the inculcation of some moral truth or some social duty; and we extract the following as a very favourable specimen:—

"The Collection at the Ball.

No festival can be complete which is not shared by the indigent and the unfortunate.

"The impression made upon my mind by the relation of a fact of which one of my relatives was the fortunate witness, makes me hope, my Flavia, that it may produce an equal effect upon thine. It will, I trust, interest thee more particularly, by the amiable picture it presents of a venerable old man, whose presence I have sometimes seen thee eagerly seek. This anecdote, in giving a just idea of the most exemplary piety, may be a lesson to overstrained moralists, who censure severely some of the most delightful sallies of the virtuous mind. It forcibly illustrates to those hard hearted egotists who think only of themselves—to those senseless Sibarites, who, sunk in the bosom of pleasure and luxury, never bestow a thought on the numerous sons and daughters of misery by whom they are surrounded, of how much happiness they fatally deprive themselves.

"Paris will long cherish with the warmest gratitude and affection, the memory of that venerable patriarch, who for nearly a century was the admiration of his country, the model to all people of real worth and goodness, —of that excellent pastor, who amid the wildest tempests remained the faithful guardian of his flocks;—of that prince of the church, who by his

merits may be said to have increased the lustre of the Roman purple;—in a word, of the Cardinal du Belloy. It is sufficient to name him, to point out at once the most indulgent pontiff, the most enlightened minister, the father of the poor, the support of the unfortunate, the representative on earth of that God whose goodness he constantly endeavoured to imitate.

"The eminent rank to which his virtues raised him, made no change in the mildness and gentleness of his habits, nor in the affecting simplicity of his character. His palace was open to every body; it was sufficient to be unfortunate, to obtain ready access to it. The time which he could spare from his devotions was consecrated to administering to the temporal or spiritual wants of others. Occupied incessantly with endeavouring to make the religion, of which he was the apostle, beloved by its votaries, he never suffered his benevolent hands to wield the pomards of fanaticism. *Convince, but do not tyrannize!*—such was his motto. To command any one to believe, was, according to his opinion, to destroy faith, but to engage confidence by true piety, to persuade by example, to soften by charity, to subdue the heart by moderation and tolerance—these were the only arms with which this admirable prelate endeavoured to make converts—these were the means he employed to attract the love and respect of those by whom he was surrounded.

"It was above all when he officiated at the church of Notre Dame that he experienced a delight by which he was so much affected, that it even sometimes made his voice falter, and brought tears of rapture into his eyes. This temple, vast and magnificent in itself, and rendered still more remarkable by the memorable events which have taken place within its bosom, could then scarcely contain the crowds that thronged to it to contemplate their honoured pastor, the pride and glory of the country. The most celebrated men of all classes and of all religions were to be seen there; citizens and foreigners followed him as he passed along, eager to see and admire that venerable head, where, beneath the snow of nearly a hundred winters, so much life and animation still appeared, so much mildness, yet so much dignity. All were eager to receive his blessing; all invoked blessings upon him.

"Those who study nature, and the different characters of men, have often remarked that persons of true piety always bear in the countenance that tranquil delight which is produced by the calm that reigns in the soul from the constant habit of doing good; and the mild gaiety which reigned in the countenance of the Cardinal du Belloy was a strong illustration of this truth. In the confined circles of friendship, as in the midst of the most numerous assemblies, the smile that indicated the love of society constantly illumined his countenance; he listened with pleasure to the anecdotes of the day, to the sprightly sallies that enliven conversation without offending against religion and good morals, he loved an innocent joke, nor took offence at the little gallantries which form so distinguishing a feature in the French character.

"He was Bishop of Marseilles when the first traces of a very severe war extended themselves even to the southern provinces of France.—Recalling to his virtues the idea of the celebrated Monsieur de Berzunce, who distinguished himself so highly by his pastoral devotion to the service of his fellow-citizens at the disastrous epoch when the plague made such ravages in that city, Monsieur du Belloy was unwearied in the distribution of alms, in administering relief and consolation to the abodes of misery. He did not delegate to others this honourable employment; he reserved it for himself, and by his revered presence doubled the benefits which he conferred. He had a large sum distributed every day in the court-yard before his palace, round which were constantly assembled a number of the poor, particularly maimed and disabled mariners. He often joined them, and, entering into conversation with them, exhorted them to brave the rigours of the cold, and set them the example of it himself. The gates of his palace were always thronged with a grateful multitude, who, the moment they saw their pastor and benefactor, made the air resound with their shouts and blessings: it seemed as if it was an adored father appearing

among his numerous family. His mansion had rather the appearance of an hospital, than of the abode of grandeur and opulence.

"The cold, however, diminishing towards the end of January, the greater part of these unfortunate objects were then enabled to resume their occupations, and the episcopal palace was no longer surrounded except by a few infirm old men who were unable to work. The good bishop, relieved from a great part of the cares which his benevolence had imposed upon him, thought that he might now be permitted to give a grand dinner, according to his usual custom at this season of the year, to those persons of the town who were his most usual visitors. Among others invited to this dinner was the commandant of the place, with his wife and their only daughter Emily. This young lady, though scarcely yet sixteen years of age, was already celebrated throughout the town for the sweetness and benevolence of her disposition, for her attention to the poor, and for the kindness with which her charities were always distributed. The pious bishop had often met with her in his own visits to the abodes of indigence, where, accompanied only by an elderly woman, who was more of a friend than a governess, she was occupied in administering consolation to those who stood in need of it. To increase the charm of her good works, she always desired that they might remain a secret between herself and those who were benefited by them.

"Monsieur du Belloy received the young Emily with a peculiar degree of kindness and interest. While he was occupied in doing the honours of his house to his guests, Emily placed herself by a window which looked upon the court, where being recognised by some of the poor and infirm, who were always attending about the house, they were holding up their hands to her in attitudes of supplication. She was at first on the point of yielding to the emotions which such a spectacle could not fail of exciting in a bosom like hers, and opening the window to throw them out what money she had about her; but, on a moment's reflection, she thought that this would have been arrogating to herself the rights of her venerable host; that it belonged to him alone to relieve the supplicants who presented themselves before his palace. What above all excited her compassion, and her regret that she did not think herself justified in bestowing her alms at the moment, was a young woman with two children by her side, and a third in her arms which she was suckling; she had the appearance of a foreigner, and, by her manner, it seemed evident that asking alms was not a thing to which she had been accustomed. Her paleness and the feebleness of her steps indicated, as Emily thought, that it was long since she had taken any food, and the signs she made seemed to say, that her child sought in vain at her breast the nourishment of which it stood in need.

"Emily, with her eyes fixed upon this unfortunate creature, experienced emotions which she scarcely knew how to control, and would perhaps have yielded to them, had not dinner been at that moment announced. The worthy prelate giving his hand to her mother, the whole company followed into the dining-room; but the bishop as he quitted the room, casting his eyes on Emily, perceived her emotions, and was anxious to learn the cause of them. His astonishment and curiosity were not a little increased, by observing that at dinner she accepted every thing offered to her with an extraordinary avidity, and give a part immediately to one of her father's servants who waited behind her chair, with which he instantly went out of the room, returning only to receive something else from the hands of Emily, which again he carried away. The delight that sparkled in her eyes, and the significant signs made to her by the servant, increased the good bishop's curiosity to such a degree, that when dinner was over he could not help applying to his fair guest for an explanation of the mystery.

"She on her part, confident that what she had done could not fail of being approved by such a man as her host, frankly acknowledged the constraint she had been obliged to put upon herself in not assisting the poor whom she had seen from the window;

but that the appeals made by the young woman to her compassion were wholly irresistible, nor could she forbear, though she acknowledged it to be an encroachment upon him, administering the relief he had witnessed. 'Indeed, sir,' said she with the sweetest and most affecting tone and manner, 'I thought that a mother suckling her child ought not to suffer hunger at the gates of your palace; and I felt assured of your concurrence with my sentiments, that *No festival can be complete which is not shared by the indigent and the unfortunate.*'

"'You are in the right, madam,' replied the venerable prelate, taking her hands repectfully, and pressing them between his; 'these are sentiments indeed worthy of you. The pious maxim you have inculcated cannot be too strongly enforced; I promise you that it shall often be repeated by me; and when I cite you as the model for young people of your age,—when I represent you as one of the fairest and most virtuous of your sex,—I shall say, after you, that *No festival can be complete which is not shared by the indigent and the unfortunate.*'

"The commandant and his wife were not less affected than the good bishop with the sentiments Emily had expressed, and the congratulations they received from all the company present filled their bosoms with the most delightful transports that can be experienced by parents.

"A short time after, the next house to that in which the commandant resided took fire, from the imprudence of the owner, who was a turner, going with a candle into his work-room. The flames had already begun to catch one of the wings of the commandant's house, and it would perhaps have been reduced to ashes but for the eagerness of the people in rendering every assistance possible to save it. Such were the zeal and assiduity shewn by all for its preservation, that they seemed like children anxious to save the property of a parent. Those, above all, who had been the objects of Emily's benevolence were eager to evince their gratitude by their exertions in her father's service. The fire was consequently stopped before it had done any injury of importance to the commandant's house; but the poor turner's was reduced to ashes, and himself with a numerous family deprived entirely of their means of support.

"This misfortune happened just before the season when it was usual for the commandant to give a grand ball to the officers of the garrison and the principal inhabitants of the town. A very long gallery, which ran from one wing of the house to the other, was on this occasion elegantly decorated with beautiful chandeliers, interspersed with flowers and treillage. All that taste, opulence and rank could devise was combined to render the entertainment one of the most splendid ever given in the place. Emily had planned every thing which she thought could be most pleasing and gratifying to the young people of her own age; and she herself who was to preside as queen of the ball, was presented with a crown of white roses, as a symbol of the purity of her soul. The company consisted of more than twelve hundred persons, all of whom were emulous to appear with the utmost splendour that their rank and fortunes would permit.

"The good bishop, without being the enemy of innocent pleasures, yet on occasions such as these seldom passed the evening out of his own palace. As he returned after dinner to his usual sitting-room, he said to his servant, 'Simon, you must have my robes ready, I shall go out this evening at eleven; order the coachman to prepare my state carriage with my two best horses, and all my servants to be in their best liveries.' The servant looked surprised, and observed that he supposed his lordship was going to some great christening or marriage. 'I am going to fulfil an important duty,' said the bishop; 'so observe that every thing is ready according to my directions.'

"The servant executed the orders punctually, and at the hour appointed the carriage was at the door, and the prelate appeared dressed in his episcopal robes. The orders they had received occasioned abundant speculation among the servants, and each had his conjecture as to their worthy master's motives in this nocturnal sally.

As he got into the carriage he said to the footman who held the door, 'To the hotel of the commandant.'—'My lord!' said the man, almost stupefied with astonishment. 'Did you not hear?' said the bishop; 'To the hotel of the commandant.'—'My lord does not know, perhaps, that there is a great ball there to-night?'—'I know it very well.'—'That all the young people, and all the military officers, are there?'—'I know it very well,' said the bishop, smiling, 'and intend to make one of the party.'—The servant then shut the door of the carriage, and gave his order to the coachman, 'To the hotel of the commandant.'—'What do you mean, you fool, with your commandant?'—'I thought, like you, that I did not hear right; but there you are to go.'—'Don't tell me. I'm sure his lordship would not go to the ball.'—'It is a fancy he has taken, and he won't be put off.'—'Let those drive him that will then, I'm sure I won't.'—'You'd have him go on foot, I suppose?'—The good bishop here, smiling involuntarily at this debate between his faithful servants, let down the front glass, and said mildly, 'Yes, Thomas, I would have you drive to the commandant's house.'—'Well,' said the footman, 'am I right or not?'—'I don't know what to make of it,' said the coachman; 'a bishop at a ball will be quite a new thing. If it were any other than his lordship, I should think he was mad—but God's will be done! So, jehu!' and off he set at a full gallop.

"They arrived at the commandant's among a crowd of other carriages, the company in which were all in the utmost astonishment to see the bishop's carriage rolling one among the throng. He alighted, and traversed a long vestibule, surrounded by men and women who looked at him earnestly, scarcely able to believe their eyes. At the same time one of the gentlemen ushers appointed for the occasion, hastening up stairs to the gallery where the young people were dancing, announced the Lord Bishop! 'Is it possible!' exclaimed the commandant. 'Indeed, sir, it is very true; I was stepping forward to present him with a nosegay, supposing I was to receive some lady of distinction, and never was so astonished in my life as when I saw his lordship, he is now coming up stairs.'—The commandant immediately ordered the music and dancing to stop, and a dead calm succeeded in a moment to the noise and bustle, every one drew back to show the respect with which they were inspired by the presence of the venerable prelate, nor could refrain from speculating inwardly upon the motive which could have attracted him into such an assembly.

"The commandant received him just as he arrived at the top of the staircase:—'This is indeed an honour,' he said, 'which I was far from expecting.'—'And why so?' answered the prelate, with a tone and manner of more than even his usual mildness and affability, 'I am not by any means averse to pleasures confined within the bounds of propriety; they are necessary to youth, and you behold in me one of the most devoted cavaliers of your amiable daughter.—But what do I see!' continued he as he entered the gallery, 'no more music, no more dancing?'—'Do not be surprised at this sudden change,' returned the commandant, 'it is a homage paid to your lordship, and to the sacred character you bear.'—'Well, then,' said the bishop, 'since to compliment me this amiable assembly have suspended their amusements, I hasten to take advantage of it, in order to justify, if possible, a step which austerity may perhaps think it has some right to condemn.' Then addressing himself to the lovely Emily, who had approached him with respectful eagerness, he said, 'It is you, madam, who are the occasion of my appearing here at this moment. You are doubtless astonished; but you will recollect that not many days ago, when I had the honour of receiving you at my palace, you observed that *No festival could be complete unless shared by the indigent and the unfortunate.* I promised to bear constantly in mind this excellent maxim, and to bring it forward upon every possible occasion. Since, therefore, you have now assembled here all the most distinguished, the most amiable persons that Marseilles can boast, and receive from them the homage which is so justly your due,—

it must not be forgotten, that near you anguishes a family, reduced, by a fire at their humble dwelling, to the most deplorable necessity. It is not a very large sum that will be requisite to restore these unfortunate sufferers to ease and happiness; permit me then to accompany you round the room as a joint appellant with yourself to the bounty of your amiable guests in their behalf. I only ask of you, when you present to any one this plate consecrated to collecting alms for the poor, to repeat the adage which does you so much honour, and which from your mouth will appear like the voice of an angel speaking his message from heaven, '*No festival can be complete unless shared by the indigent and the unfortunate.*'

"Every one applauded with transport this proposal of the excellent bishop, while Emily, whose eyes sparkled with a delight that greatly increased her beauty, hastened to take the plate with one hand; and giving the other to her venerable cavalier, he handed her round, while according to his request she frequently repeated her interesting adage. The utmost eagerness was shown by all the guests to make their offerings, and prove to the excellent prelate and the charming young creature whom he attended, the effect which so interesting a scene produced upon their hearts, so that in a short time the sum of five hundred pounds was collected. On such an occasion beneficence is commonly profuse, ostentation imitates it, and indigence is relieved.

When the collection was concluded, the good bishop handed his amiable Emily back to her seat amid a general murmur of applause, which ran through the whole room, and then said to her, 'Now that the young mother of the poor of Marseilles has so admirably performed her part under that character, I have only to entreat the queen of this ball to give her orders for the amusements which my arrival suspended, to recommence. The deference shown me, which will always remain gratefully impressed upon my heart, would be changed into the most cruel privation, or into a hint to withdraw, if I were longer to feel that I interfere with the pleasures of others; and I really am so happy among this company, that I should be sorry not to be suffered to remain here awhile longer.'

"Emily, more than ever charmed with her cavalier, instantly obeyed. Orders were given for the music to strike up and the dancing to be resumed and in a moment the air echoed again with the sounds of joy and hilarity. The good bishop retired into a corner of the room, where he stood, with a countenance expressive of the extremest candour and benevolence, contemplating the happy groupe, among whom the utmost grace combined with the strictest decorum was to be observed in all their movements; nor could he forbear often repeating even with a tear, 'How charming is youth!—Oh, how charming is youth!'

"After having enjoyed for a short time this charming spectacle he retired, the commandant himself attending him to his carriage: he was even obliged to lean for support upon the arm of the commandant, so much was his benevolent mind interested and affected by the scene he had witnessed. He had intended to steal away unperceived by the company,—but he attempted it in vain,—again the dance and the music stopped, while the homage of the whole room attended his departure in like manner as it had been evinced at his entrance. He on his side, still more deeply affected, could not help turning round as he went out at the door, and exclaiming once more—'How charming is youth!—Oh, how charming is youth!'—He ascended his carriage surrounded by a crowd of people, who learning from the servants of the house what was passing had assembled there; and the shouts and benedictions which resounded on all sides, were a strong assurance to the admirable prelate that the step he had taken, far from being condemned, would be ranked among the noblest actions by which his life had been distinguished.

"The next day nothing was talked of throughout the town but the *Collection at the Ball*, and it increased tenfold the general admiration in which the good bishop's character was held. Vainly did envy and fanaticism seek to derogate from the merit of a

step for which they could find no precedent; it was legitimatized and applauded by gratitude and humanity. Emily, still attended by her venerable cavalier, carried the money collected to the unfortunate sufferers, who falling on their knees, could scarcely find words in which to express their acknowledgements and their transports. The honest artisan's house and shop were soon rebuilt exactly such as they had been before the fire; and the whole story had interested the town so much, that all people were eager to afford him their countenance, and his business increased every day. He had thus the happiness of seeing himself enabled to give his numerous family a good education, and to establish them all as they grew up in very advantageous situations. From this time neither the venerable prelate nor the amiable Emily ever appeared in the streets of Marseilles without receiving even more marked distinctions than before; and perpetually heard repeated as they passed along, '*No festival can be complete which is not shared by the indigent and the unfortunate.*'"

There are some plates to the volume: but we cannot say much in praise of them. Neither can we praise the style in which the work is composed.

A CRITIQUE *on the* ADDRESS *written by Lord* BYRON, *spoken at Drury Lane Theatre. By Lord* —— ——. pp. 24. 1812.

WE can offer but very little praise to this Lord ——, if he be any other than a lord upon paper, and of his own creation. He wishes to be very severe on Lord Byron's address: but he seems to want the praise that might second his will. Of that address indeed, our opinion is, that it disgraced both the occasion and the writer; and of his lordship's present critic, we think him just equal to the task of examining such a production.

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

SONNET.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

I WANT not friends, the joke, the laugh, who love
The loud, the thoughtless, noisy, and the gay,
With such 'tis wearisome to pass the day;
Far other Inmates must my bosom prove.

I want the friend who'll wipe my tears away,
Hear my sad griefs, my sighs with her's combine,
With kindest sympathy my woes allay,
And her heart's feelings kindly mix with mine.

With such a friend, with one, whose gentle soul
Is made for sentiment, and tenderest ties;
Whose breast each melancholy feeling knows,
Whose love, whose confidence, have no controul:—

O! if there's aught of comfort 'neath the skies,
With SUCH A FRIEND—my heart would find repose.

SONNET, *on asking for a Book at the Inn at* CHATSWORTH, *and having* "ZIMMERMANN ON SOLITUDE" *brought me by an interesting Female.*

By CLIO RICKMAN.

BRING'ST thou a book on SOLITUDE to me?
Ah! needless is the theme to meet my eye,
For I have felt its most severe decree,
Have known its bitterest tear, and heaviest sigh.

I need not wander Derwent's silver tide,
Or seek in Chatsworth's bowers to be alone;
I know what 'tis, admid the City's pride,
To be a widow'd wretch, to sigh, and moan.

When living objects twine not round the heart,
Sacred to wounded minds are scenes like these,
Where Nature's graces glow in every part,
And hallowed silence! lives in every breeze.

Unfetter'd here, my raptured soul can rove,
And meet its sainted JANE! in every grove.

SONNET TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR of descending night, thy beam I hail!
Sacred to peace, to friendship, and to love;
Which, slowly rising o'er the sleeping vale,
Invites the pensive wanderer to rove.

When meek-ey'd Eve her balmy treasures pour,
I love to mark thee in the western skies,
For dearer to my soul the shadowy hour
Than all the charms that glowing morn supplies.

Thine is that hour, fair Light, to fancy dear,
By feeling cherished and by taste approved:
Thine is the tender sigh, the startling tear,
And thought of friends deplored, and scenes beloved.

Then still, when evening trembles o'er the stream,
Be mine to wander by thy pensive beam.

MARY HOUGHTON.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

FRENCH NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

Report made by M. LESCHENAULT, *travelling Naturalist, relative to a Lake of Sulphuric Acid found at the bottom of a Volcano of Mont Idienne, in the Province of Bagnia Vangni, on the eastern Coast of the Isle of Java.*

THE province of Bagnia Vangni is in the most eastern part of Java; it is separated from the Isle of Bali by a strait of about two leagues in breadth. Its territory is formed out of the declivity of Mont Idienne, which commands it on the west, and the extended base of which is covered with lofty forests. This country is one of the finest and the most fertile; but likewise one of the most unwholesome in Java. It is only within the last forty years that it has been subject to the Dutch. Previously to this it was governed by its own prince, who, being driven out by the Dutch, died at Bali. Some time after the subjection of this country, the inhabitants revolted, in consequence of some wrongs done them by the East India Company. They were afterwards vanquished and dispersed by the Europeans, and most of them perished by famine and disease.

Bagnia Vangni is completely isolated from all the other countries which are inhabited in the Isle of Java. In order to arrive at Pannaroukan, it is necessary to traverse a forest twenty-four leagues in length; and this thro' a single path which has been cut for the purpose about two feet in breadth. Upon this route not more than two small villages of about ten or twelve houses each are to be found; these are resting-places for travellers, who are received in these wretched caravanseras, and entertained by the chiefs. Some other villages the inhabitants have been obliged to abandon, on account of the tigers, who carry off the cattle and very often attack the owners.

The desolate situation of Bagnia Vangni, and the difficulty of escaping from it without discovery, on account of the number of tigers that infest the forests, so that persons cannot travel but in great numbers even at noon-day, had induced the company to make this a place of exile. Here the unhappy natives are detained and employed in the gardens in which pepper is cultivated. They are also employed in the coffee plantations belonging to the Company, which coffee is superior to that of the rest of the cantons of Java.

During a sojourn of two months, which I made here, I visited Mont Idienne, not merely to examine the volcano at its summit, but to explain the phenomenon of a river some leagues from Pannaroukan. The waters of this river are of a yellowish white, and in this state they have no bad taste, and are not noxious to animals or vegetation; but all at once this colour disappears, and they assume a dark green, and taste extremely acid; then these waters are deadly to the animals that drink them, and the vegetables on their borders perish also.

This phenomenon is intermittent, and has no fixed period or duration. Of course the banks of the river cannot be cultivated. When I left Samarang to visit this island, M. Engelhard, a governor of Java, engaged me

to undertake the investigation of the causes of these changes in the waters, and to ascertain whether some remedy could not be applied.

On the 30th of September, 1805, I wrote him the following letter, which includes my observations and description of the volcano, to which this phenomenon is attached.—

Sir,

Within a few days, I have returned from the journey I made to Mont Idienne. I have enjoyed one of the most imposing spectacles that Nature could offer: not that benevolent Nature affording to mankind plenty, happiness, and repose, but Nature in its most terrific form, exhibiting the image of disorder and destruction, while she secretly prepares that inflammable matter which, perhaps, will one day desolate and overwhelm a fertile country. I would wish to transfuse into your soul a part of those sensations which I have experienced, but I feel that to paint my thoughts, expression will fail me; my narrative, therefore, will be but a cold description of a spectacle great and imposing.

The object of my journey was to inquire into the cause of the changes of the colour, and into the nature of the White River, called in the language of the country *Songi Ponti*, and to examine the volcano situated on the south-east side of the upper part of Mont Idienne. M. Vikerman, since he had been commandant of Bagnia Vangni, always intended to visit this volcano, from whence the Company has obtained sulphur for its gun powder. The natives never spoke of this exploration, and the difficulties and dangers attending it, but with horror. Every visit previously made to the summit of the mountain had, hitherto, been fatal both to men and beast: the Dutch commandant, wishing to be acquainted with these difficulties and dangers, resolved to accompany me.

M. Vikerman, M. Lisnet (his son-in law), and M. Lois (pilot of the port), M. Howersten, and myself, set out on horseback on the morning of the 18th of September, 1805. We were accompanied by the *Pati*, the Intendant of the Police, and the *Ingucbey*, the Chief of the District, with a number of Javanese and slaves, as servants, and to carry our provisions. We stopped and passed the night at Bantyar, a village, distant only three leagues from Bagnia Vangni, situate upon the lower side of Mont Idienne: the road to this place is rather steep; the country is fertile, well watered, and covered with forests, in the midst of which are some small villages.

On the 19th we left Bantyar, and arrived in the evening at Ohonponoph, a valley which joins Mont Idienne to Mont Rantè: this is the resting-place for those who visit the summit of Mont Idienne; it is about six leagues from Bantyar. Upon the road we saw a village newly established, named Litienne, peopled by some of the malefactors banished to hard labour in the pepper gardens. Good conduct in these people entitles them to be restored to their liberty. At a small distance we traverse the rivers Sevant, Boncho, and Pakis. The shores of the rivers are very steep, and during the rainy monsoon, they become the channels of impetuous torrents.

From the village of Litienne to the river Pakis, the country offers nothing but a forest of bamboo. From thence to Ohonponoph we see no more bamboo, no more rivers nor fountains, but we traverse deep vallies hollowed out by torrents formed in the rainy season. The higher we ascend the more steep the mountain becomes; however, this part of it is shadowed by trees of a considerable height. Among a great variety of vegetables, we meet with *La fougere en arbre*, *le choupalmiste*, and the small species of *Arequier sauvage*, called by the Javanese *Lindpigi*. Under this colouring of vegetables, one cannot recognize the quality of the primitive soil, because it is nothing but a composition of the wreck of vegetation. The rays of the sun never enter this impenetrable forest; thus we breathe a cold and humid air sensibly affecting the lungs. The trunks of the trees are covered with mosses, champignons, and the *epidendrum*, the *fougere parasites*, &c. The fallen vegetables soon putrify, the natural consequence of the concentrated and habitual humidity of the air.

In the valley of Ohonponoph a few isolated trees are to be found, among which we remark *Le casuarina equisetifolia*, and a new species of the oak.

The soil all around is covered with high grass, which serves for nourishment of a number of deer which people the neighbouring forests. This grass serves also as a kind of thatch which covered the huts in which we reposed. When the skies are clear, the air is dry and thin, but very often the vapours exhaled during the day by the vast forests which cover Bangnia Vangni, fall in the night, and form a thick fog. A fog of this kind, cold and wet, accompanied with rain, some years since, in one night only, caused a man and fifty horses to perish. They had been sent to bring away sulphur for the company.

We slept at Ohonponoph, and the next day M. Vikerman and myself went to visit the back of the mountains to the westward. Our object was to examine the White River, and the cause of its vicissitudes. This river has its source in Mont Rao; its course is rapid, and it runs in a northerly direction towards the mountains of Kneudan. Its waters, at first, have the appearance of being milky, but if put into a glass they appear perfectly clear and transparent, and are without taste. In this state the natives assure us they fertilize the country they pass through.

The waters of the White River, when they issue from Mont Rao, run over a white clay, from which they derive their colour; the changes they undergo results from their junction with the other river which they join about three leagues from their source. This sulphureous river, when it is not swelled by the rains that frequently fall in these mountains, is but inconsiderable, and in this situation is sometimes gradually absorbed by the sandy soil over which it runs: but when no longer absorbed, and when it discharges its waters into the White River, the fish are sure to die; persons who drink of this river are seized with violent cholics, and, as has been said before, vegetation on its borders perishes altogether.

When I descended into the bed of this sulphureous stream, at the bottom of the volcano, it was not more than 18 inches broad, and about the same depth. In fact, it is seldom more than 25 feet broad and 2 deep. The height to which it has at any time attained, is easy to be distinguished by the traces of corrosion which it leaves upon the rocks, as well as by the want of vegetation.

One evening, a little while after our return from Ohonponoph, the valley was covered with one of those unwholesome fogs of which I have spoken. It smelt so disagreeably, and was so dense, that one could not see a light at the distance of 25 paces.—Happily for us, a strong east wind carried it off about nine o'clock at night, and thus cleared the atmosphere of these malignant vapours, which, if they do not occasion immediate death, often cause violent fevers, long in their duration and difficult to cure.

To descend into the bottom which contains the volcano, it was necessary to use ladders made of bamboo, however, upon the border of the crater the travellers were extremely surprised at finding the excrements of tigers, especially as the rarefaction of the air is considerable, in consequence of the degree of elevation. Having safely reached the desired spot, this was the first time I saw those terrible magazines where Nature prepares those revolutions which change the surface of this habitable globe. Whether fear or admiration predominated in my mind at this time, I cannot determine; but whatever may be the degree of a man's courage in these cases, when threatened by every object around him, the sentiment of self-preservation must predominate. Here the pensile rocks over our heads seemed ready to fall upon us; under our feet the ebullition of the combustible matter, with a noise like that of waves breaking against the shores, with the sharp and inflammable air which we respired, all contributed to the formation of sentiments bordering upon astonishment. However, having recovered my recollection, I approached the volcanic apertures through which the smoke issued; there are four of them on the eastern side of the volcano. The first opening is the largest; this is a hole perfectly round, about seven feet in diameter. By the side of this there is another, an imperfect resemblance of a grotto, from the bottom of which a thick smoke arises. These two openings are at some distance encircled by a kind of sulphureous ef-

florence, resembling powdered gold: the sides of these openings appear to be decorated with a tapestry of small but brilliant crystals of sulphur. One may safely approach very near both these apertures: but M. Vikerman and Lisnet, unacquainted with the nature of sulphureous vapours, entering one of these places, were seized with the exhalations, and escaped with difficulty from being overcome by them. In the mean while all our hands and faces appeared as red as blood.

The two other apertures to the east of these are near each other: here the subterraneous roaring is much louder. Matter from these is discharged every ten seconds, which occasions a kind of hissing similar to that of water passing through the pipe of a fire-engine. The substances thrown out during the night appear to be inflammable, but otherwise during the day. In consequence of the heat of the ground and the difficulty of access, it was impossible to obtain specimens of all the earths, cinders, rocks, &c. The visit, however, had very nearly been accompanied by a tragical event: M. Lisnet having approached too near the steep border of the lake, the incrustated ashes gave way beneath him and he fell; and if a rock had not broken his fall, long before he reached the bottom, he must have inevitably perished.

In the situation we had chosen, we remained an hour and a quarter, the air we then breathed affected our eyes, our lips, our nostrils, and our lungs: even the soles of our shoes were burnt by the heat of the ground.

I am, your's, &c. &c.

The author of this report expressed much regret for the want of a thermometer; for when at Batavia, one of these instruments could not be procured at any price. The summit of Mont Idienne he estimated at 1000 fathoms above the level of the sea.—Some fragments of rock found at Batiol Mati, about a league and a half from Mont Idienne, which appeared to the author to be a half-melted lava, he has designated as a species of pouding.

N B. A lake of sulphuric acid, found at the bottom of a *Souffriere*, being a new circumstance in geology, I have, says the author, transmitted to France half a bottle full of the waters of this lake: of this we understand an analysis has been made by the learned professor M. Vanquelin.

VARIETIES, LITERARY & PHILOSOPHICAL,

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MR. Millard, of the Surrey Institution, will shortly publish a second edition of his New Pocket Cyclopædia, or Elements of Useful Knowledge; with numerous corrections and additions, in which particular attention has been paid to the present improved state of scientific knowledge.

Dr. S. W. Wilson announces an Exposition of Facts, relative to the Systematic Corruption of the Ephemeral Press of the Metropolis. The chief object of this new and curious work is to explain the real origin of the daily misrepresentations with which our morning and evening papers abound, and to prove that the whole is the effect of a regularly organized plan, for deluding the people, and encouraging a spirited of protracted warfare.

In the press, a work on the Grounds of Protestantism, or the causes which contributed to the secession of our forefathers from the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome, by the Rev. Dr. Robertson.

The Rev. J. Hewlett has in the press a concise History of the Jews.

Mr. Parkyns has in the press a new work, entitled, Monastic Remains, in two vols. 8vo. illustrated by various engravings.

The Rev. B. Brook, of Tutbury, has in the press, the Lives of the Puritans, containing a biographical account of those divines who distinguished themselves in the cause of religious liberty, from the Reformation under Queen Elizabeth, to the Act of Uniformity in 1662, in three vols. 8vo. This work will form a comprehensive appendage

to Neal's History of the Puritans, and Palmer's Nonconformist's Memorial.

The Rev. Robert Walpole is preparing for publication, Memoirs on European and Asiatic Turkey, from the manuscript journals of some modern travellers in those countries, in one volume quarto, illustrated by engravings.

Mr. Rippingham is preparing for publication, Observations on the comparative Dangers to be apprehended from the Ascendency of the Catholics or Dissenters.

Mr. Flindall will speedily publish his Amateur's Pocket Companion to the scarce and valuable engraved British Portraits, chiefly selected from the works of Grainger, Bromley, Noble, &c.

Preparing for publication, a Dictionary of all living Authors of the British Empire, specifying the time and place of their nativity, and the title of their works, chronologically arranged. Booksellers and even authors are solicited to contribute information to the publisher of this new and curious work.

In the press, in two octavo volumes, Shakspeare set free, being an Examen of the Readings and Interpretations of the later Editors, comprised in a series of sixteen hundred notes, and further illustrative of the difficult passages in his plays.

The publishers of the Annual Register state, that, having entered into new engagements in the future conduct of that work, they feel warranted in pledging themselves not merely to a greater degree of regularity in the time of publication, but also that the executive department shall be so filled that the work may in no degree disgrace that bright period of the series when the Annual Register was published by Mr. Dodsley, under the immediate superintendance of that distinguished statesman and eminent writer, the late Mr. Burke. The volume for the year 1812 is in preparation, and will be published with due expedition. Sets from 1759 to 1810, may be immediately completed.

Sermons, by the late Rev. W. B. Kirwan, Dean of Killala, with a sketch of his Life, in two octavo volumes, are in the press.

Vaga, or a Picture of Nature, by Mrs. Peck, is in the press, in three vols. 12mo. with a portrait.

A Parochial History of Hampstead, in the County of Middlesex, by Mr. J. J. Park, will appear in the course of the spring.

An Introduction to Arithmetic is just published, in which the Four principal Rules are illustrated by a variety of Questions, geographical, biographical, and miscellaneous, by Richard Chambers.

A second edition of the New Art of Memory, founded upon the principles taught by M. Von Feinagle, with some important additions and improvements, will be published in a few days. It will be embellished with a portrait of the Professor.

Speedily will be published, Sicily and its Inhabitants, by Wm. Henry Thompson, Esq. one volume, 4to. with engravings, from drawings taken on the spot.

Mr. Rusher, of Reading, has a new Catalogue at press, which is expected to be ready for delivery in February. We understand that it will comprehend a numerous collection of the best authors in the various departments of literature; and that the classes of Ancient, Curious, and Rare Articles of English History and Biography—of Arts and Sciences—and of Theology,—are particularly interesting and valuable.

Early in 1813, Mr. Colburn, of Conduit-street, will publish an entire new work, to be continued annually, entitled, The Literary and Scientific Calendar of the British Empire, for the year 1812. It will contain, 1, The dictionary of all living authors, announced for some time past. 2, A similar catalogue of painters, engravers, sculptors, and musical composers. 3, A register of all the universities and public schools, with lists of the heads of colleges, professors, tutors, masters, &c. promotions, appointments, prize questions, and other interesting particulars, relative to those seminaries. 4, An account of all public societies, institutions, libraries, and exhibitions, for the promotion of literature and the arts and sciences in every part of the united kingdom; their officers, an abstract of their proceedings, lectures, &c. during the pre-

ceding year. 5, Useful and interesting articles on every subject connected with literature, science, and the arts. 6, Biographical sketches of eminent literary characters, artists, and men of science, deceased in 1812. With various other useful and interesting tables, &c. The friends to this undertaking are earnestly requested to favour the publisher as early as possible (free of postage) with any information on the subject it may be in their power to communicate.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

It is stated, that, in a late exhibition and trial of the various systems of short hand, it was found that a writer of *Mavor's system* could follow a speaker faster than writers of any other system in the proportion of nine to eight.

Mr. Bakewell has lately discovered, among the granitic rocks in the Forest of Charmood, in Leicestershire, a variety of Scenite of singular beauty, surpassing that from Egypt, or the continent of Europe. It consists principally of Hornblende and Felspar; the latter is of a pale red colour, the former is crystalline, and of a beautiful green, resembling Smaragdite. It exists in large blocks, and might be applied to purposes of ornamental or sepulchral architecture, and sculpture. It is from this kind of stone that the durable monuments of antiquity were constructed. Mr. Bakewell is engaged to deliver a course of Lectures on the Natural History of the Earth, and its mineral productions, at the Surrey Institution, which commenced this month.

It has been recently discovered that iron, at a red heat, may be sawed with a common saw, in the manner of wood. In this way a block of iron may be sawed into iron planks, for numerous purposes. At a white heat it is found to clog the saw.

Thirty specimens of home-made wines have been sent to the Caledonean Horticultural Society in consequence of their advertising a prize medal for the best.

It appears from the late bills of mortality, that not less than 111 persons have died of the small pox within the short space of 14 days. These are mostly the children of the poor, and most uninformed, who have unhappily conceived an absurd prejudice against vaccination.

M. Pierre, a Bavarian artist, has invented a new instrument of music, which renders the notes visible by means of colours, and which he has named *Harmonicon à tons visibles.*

Such is the state of improvement in the French departments of the Alter and the Elbe, that not less than 33,560 acres of common land have been parcelled out and cultivated from April 1810, to January 1811; and since that period 107,165 acres have been parcelled out.

A new Denoting Substance.—The first meeting of the Royal Society heard read a communication from Sir Humphry Davy to the President, containing an account of the discovery formed by the action of chlorine on ammonia, being a compound of chlorine and azote. It appears in the form of a yellow oil, it freezes by cold, and becomes elastic by heat, and explodes most violently by gentle heat or by friction. Sir Humphry, in operating on a particle not bigger than a grain of mustard seed, was severely wounded in the eye by the explosion. It is supposed, on the authority of a private letter, that a similar substance has been discovered in France, but that preparation has been concealed with a view of applying it to the purposes of war.

The members of the Turin Academy have offered prizes of 600 franks for each of the Memoirs, viz.—An account of the origin, appearance, or formation of aerolites, either ancient or modern, but founded upon just principles, and upon conclusions from incontrovertible facts, and which will consequently agree with the various atmospherical phænomena which precede, accompany, and follow the fall of aerolite:—Determine the epoch of the perihelion return of the comet of 1759, generally known by the name of Halley's Comet, taking a minute account of the perturbations.

America.

A correspondent informs us, that considerable interest has been excited

at Philadelphia, for some months past, by the exhibition of a machine for the PERPETUAL MOTION. It was invented by a millwright of that city, after fifteen years laborious study, and after numerous experiments of various continuance, none of which succeeded until the present attempt. As yet, no deception had been discovered, and the machine, it is said, now turns a grind-stone. It is not improbable but the inventor may visit London in the course of the present year.

Mills used in Tanning Leather.—An American writer states, "we have three tanneries, 672 vats, and three bark mills; we have also three little mills for softening foreign hides for taking off the hair, and working the hides. To these we have added three rolling machines, also worked by water. These produce a very advantageous effect in perfectly extending and consolidating the leather of the sole, which supersedes the necessity of the shoe makers hammering it, and give it a closeness of texture far beyond what hammering can do."

France.

The gold medal of 3000 francs for the best Essay on the Mathematical Theory of the Laws of the Propagation of Heat, has been awarded to M. Fourier, a Member of the Legion of Honour, and a Baron of the Empire.

Talk of splendid editions in England! Splendid engravings and magnificent typography are now carried on at Paris in a degree beyond any precedent in any former reign. At least twenty great works are in progress, the cost of which will not be less than two hundred guineas per book. At the head of all the subscriptions appear the names of the Emperor and Empress, the Members of the Imperial Family, and often the Marshals and other great officers of the state. Distinguished titles also continue to be bestowed on men of letters, and all other public encouragement given to literature and Science.

Several members of the Institute attended the French Emperor in his late progress through Russia, and splendid accounts are hereafter to be published of that Empire, similar to the great work on Egypt. Some curious manuscripts and literary relicts, have already been sent from Moscow to Paris.

In France, there was no work published last year on galvanism, which the class thought worthy of the prize proposed by the emperor.

The French papers notice an extraordinary improvisateur, named Armani, who has lately appeared at Caen. He is said to possess vast erudition, joined to great poetical excellence. He declaims with so much rapidity, that he appears to be reading a poem instead of composing it. His ordinary rate of composition is twelve sonnets, upon as many different subjects, in twenty minutes, with the terminating word of each line furnished by the conductors.

A very interesting narrative of a journey of M. de Valenberg, the object of which was, to discover the height of the Lapland mountains, and observe their temperature, has been just published in Stockholm. The mountains visited by M. de Valenberg form a part of the great chain which runs through Sweden and Norway, and some of the branches of which run into Finland and Russia; they are situate between the 67th and 68th degrees of Northern latitude, and belong to the Polar regions; they frequently run into the sea, and from their summits the eye wanders over the vast extent of the North Sea; they had never hitherto been visited but by the Lapland shepherd; they had been seen from a distance by a few travellers; a learned German, M. de Bruck, was the only person who had approached them; but no investigator had as yet penetrated into those asylums of nature, nor had any one endeavoured to overcome the obstacles presented by those summits covered with frost and snow of eternal decoration. The enterprise was, in many respects, very difficult; the declivities were, for the greater part, excessively abrupt; and, in attempting to scale them, the traveller frequently found himself suspended over deep excavations, lakes, torrents, marshes, and bottomless abysses. He

wanted an intelligent guide; there was no dwelling on his route; finally, he could expect no assistance whatsoever. In order to reach the summit of a mountain M. de Valenberg was more than once obliged to go a round of several leagues, and frequently to traverse indurated snow-fields of ice, full of chasms and marshes, in which he was in danger of being buried in mud, or drowned in stagnant pools. He passed the night in the open air, and was frequently obliged, in order to quench his thirst, to drink melted snow, which inflamed his mouth, and produced very painful ulcers. M. de Valenberg gives the mountains of Lapland a height of from 5 to 6000 feet above the level of the sea. Although this is a lesser elevation than that of the mountains of Switzerland and the Pyrenees, all the phenomena of the Alpine regions, and particularly of the Glaciers, are to be seen there. At so small a distance from the Polar Circle the region of eternal frost begins at about 4000 feet above the level of the sea, while in the Alps it does not begin till we rise to the height of 7 or 8000 feet, and in the Pyrenees at 8000. On the 14th of July, M. de Valenberg ascended the most considerable of these glaciers, known by the name of the *Sulitelma*, a Lapland word, which means sacred mountain, because formerly the Laplanders worshipped their principal idol upon its summit. This mountain, which is the *Mont Blanc* of the North, is composed of a chain of summits, the base of which is several leagues in extent. In order to reach this elevation, our traveller was obliged to pass across wide chasms, by the opening of which, several huntsmen had been recently swallowed up together, with their game and their dogs. Seas of ice swept into the vallies 700 feet beneath the zone of snow. The ice of the Sulitelma is almost transparent, but it is not so heavy as that of the sea. The traveller gives various details with respect to its interior composition, the figures by which it is marked, and the chasms which are formed in it. The snow is sometimes 100 feet thick, and so hard, that the tread of a man leaves no trace. That which is detached from the summits of the mountains, rolls to an immense distance. Fortunately these *avalanches*, in their fall, act seldom but on inanimate nature; whatever direction they take, they scarcely ever meet in their passage with living creatures, or human habitations. The traveller concludes his narrative by general reflections upon the climate, and by tables of meteorological observations. He defines with precision the different regions of the mountains, which he characterises by the natural productions found in them. The productive power of nature decreases in the ratio of the proximity of the snow, 2600 feet below the zone which it forms; the pine disappears as well as all traces of cattle and human habitations. The birch is the only tree to be seen at the height of 2000 feet, and even the stinted growth of this and the thinness of its foliage, indicate the rigour of the climate beneath which it vegetates. The greater part of wild animals disappear at the same elevation, and there are no fish found in the lakes: 800 feet beneath the same line, the progress of the Laplander is stopped for want of moss to feed his rein deer, and further up, all is death.

New Telescope.—M. Rochon has constructed one of these, the object of which is made of Iceland Spath. It has two foci, equi-distant from each other, so that it produces the effect of two glasses of different lengths, by enabling the observer to see, at the same time, an object at a great distance, and one very near. This curious instrument has made much noise amongst the philosophers of France: so much so, that the Chevalier Delambre declines offering any opinion on the subject, though a long dissertation on the invention has appeared in the Moniteur. M. Rochon presented this instrument to the National Institute on the first of April, 1811; he stated that it would serve to measure horizontal refractions, and requested that Messrs. Molus and Arags might be employed to verify his experiments.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

STOCKS have risen—peace is talked of—congratulations are every where heard on the annihilation almost of the French army in Russia—the probable capture or death of Bonaparte—and the expested revival of all the corruptions, absurdities, and iniquities of the governments which he was the instrument, in the hands of Providence, to destroy. During the late eventful years, as they may be called, of the French revolution, nothing more astonishing has been presented to our view than what has been announced in the course of last month. Lord Wellington and his retreating army have been entirely lost sight of. He has made, it is said, a glorious retreat, or if not, people are more ready to believe so than to trouble themselves with enquiries after him. Every sensation is absorbed in the contemplation of the horrors in the retreat of Bonaparte from Moscow, the repeated defeats and surrenders of corps of his armies, and the anxiety on the want of intelligence as to the motions of this great commander, whether he is really alive, and what forces he has remaining to act on the defensive against the hordes of Russians, which may now be expected to rush with eagerness on their prey, and to destroy every Frenchman that remains in Lithuania and Poland.

Great indeed has been the change in the last month. Making all the allowances that the exaggerations of a Russian gazette require, it cannot be doubted that the loss of the French must be very great; and we may not err, probably, much in stating it to amount to at least one-half of the army that left Moscow under the command of Bonaparte. In this retreat two corps, according to the Russians, one of 9000, and another of 12,000, laid down their arms. They were indeed the rear-guard of the army; but the advance was diminished by a great battle, and perpetual skirmishes. At first the weather was fine, but winter then came on with all its horrors; for, fine as the weather is, though cold, when the frost is set in, nothing can be conceived worse to an army on its march, than the commencement of winter in those inhospitable regions. The French bulletins themselves do not disguise the injury sustained by their troops, by their bivouacing, as they call it, or remaining all night under arms without shelter; and they, who were in the Duke of York's army, when he left them to make their retreat to Deventer, may, from the distresses of that march, form some idea of what must have been experienced by the French in a worse country, a more rigorous climate, and a fiercer enemy.

If the capital of England has been so agitated, we may easily imagine what must be the state of Paris: yet, through the admirable police, that has been there established, and the number of persons interested in the support of the present order of things, no convulsion has hitherto taken place. They must there be in as great suspence as we are on the probable result of this change of fortune in the great Emperor. Yet, in France, they who have experienced the horrors of a revolution, must look with fearful anxiety on the death or captivity of the head of their monarchy, lest anarchy should again prevail, and all the improvements that have been made in their country should be torn up by the roots, and desolation again pervade the land. Our papers indeed represent Bonaparte as a most horrid tyrant: *nullâ virtute redemptum:* yet there are some exploits by which he will merit the gratitude of posterity, and few sovereigns can boast of conferring such benefits on their subjects as he has done by the roads he has made over the Alps, and the draining of the Pomphine marshes. We say nothing of the magnificence of his buildings in Paris, his quays at Antwerp, his canals and harbours, which prove at least that his treasures are expended on noble objects, as well as on the gratifications of courtly splendour.

It is a homely proverb in our language, that we should not paint the devil blacker than he is. Bonaparte is a great character. Compared with him the hereditary sovereigns of Europe, for the most part, sink into insignificance. He has raised himself by his talents from a low situation in

life to be the head of Europe. In his progress to greatness he has employed the means by which it is too generally acquired; yet, of the crimes laid to his charge, how many have been perpetrated by monarchs in the midst of peace, and without any of the apologies that the unsettled state of the times might offer for the French Emperor. He is now in a fallen state: he is no longer the object of dread and fearful anxiety. Still he is a great man fallen, and the manner in which he bears his reverses, and the expedients he employs to extricate himself from his present difficulties, must interest every one who has contemplated his former triumphs. Will he end his wonderful history, as the celebrated madman of the north, and add another to the list of warriors in the tales of the moralist:

> I curre per Alpes,
> Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.

Be it as it may, posterity will do justice to his merits, when it is painting his inordinate ambition; and we shall be the more inclined to look at the former, now he is fallen, than we should have been when he was at the summit of all his greatness.

The plans of Bonaparte cannot be at present developed. What could have detained him so long among the ruins of Moscow, that his retreat must be interrupted by the weather, is a circumstance for future information. By many it is thought that his knowledge of the Russian cabinet led him to make overtures of peace, which were received in such a manner as to lull him for a time in a state of security; and thus he was kept far beyond the time that prudence would have dictated for his retreat. Still we can hardly conceive, that so consummate a politician as Bonaparte could have been so deceived. And, on the other hand, we are equally at a loss to devise the reasons for stay in a General, who must have been well acquainted with the nature of the country, and known the rigours of the Russian winter. Suffice it, however, that he did retreat, and encountered in it two enemies, [illegible] which the most experienced com[illegible] will be baffled—winter and [illegible] it is probable, that it be is alive, the wrecks of his Russian army, joined to the corps stationed in different parts of Prussia, Lithuania, and Poland, will make a very great force, with which it is not impossible that he may, during the winter, keep possession of his conquests in Poland. It remains to be seen what effect the change of his affairs will have produced on his allies and his dependent kings. This is the critical time in which advantage must be taken of his distresses: but the question will recoil upon us: Will Europe be delivered by the death of Bonaparte, or plunged into greater misery?

One of the obvious steps to be taken evidently was to detach Austria from the confederacy, and a minister on our part is said to have been sent for that purpose from Petersburgh to Vienna. Lord Walpole, a young man, is employed upon this important mission; and, if he succeeds in it, will establish a character in diplomacy. On the one hand, the alliance contracted by marriage between the two Emperors may not easily be broken; and on the other, the offer of independence, and of an increase of territory, is a tempting bait, which few sovereigns can resist. Austria, by withdrawing her troops only from the French army, would weaken it considerably; but if added to this she could commence hostile operations, and place the French between two fires, their ruin seems to be inevitable. The fate of the dependent kings will then be decided by the united cabinets of London, Petersburgh, and Vienna. France will be confined within new limits: Italy will be portioned out in a different manner, and fuel in abundance will be prepared for new wars. Should Austria, however, remain firm in its alliance, contemplating with dread another commotion of Europe, Bonaparte may not only retain his ground in Poland, but even threaten Petersburgh itself before the next summer. Never, perhaps, was a more eventful crisis in European affairs, nor was the life or death of one single man of greater importance.

Russia is exulting, and with reason, in its triumphs; for though it has been aided more by the weather than its own skill or courage, it cannot do

too much to raise the spirits of the country. We are told that the peasants have exerted themselves beyond measure, and that slaves could excel freemen in energy of character. The Cossack Platow has been among the most active of the warriors, and his Hurrahs, the cry of his corps, will be long remembered. One of his letters he terminates with an Hurrah, a term by the way, which shews a degree of affinity between his savage hordes and the now refined Englishmen; for it is not improbable, that two thousand years ago our ancestors were yelling out their hurrahs, and eating horse-flesh on the ground, trod over by the followers of this general. At Petersburgh also a general subscription is entered into to relieve the distresses of the people round Moscow, and our Parliament sets England down in it for 200,000*l.* every farthing of which we should be glad to know was expended in the object for which it is so generously voted. Whether this donation is to be sent in money or goods, we know not; but in whatever way it goes, it would be curious to ascertain how many persons in real distress received their portions from it, and whether any who have not partaken of suffering either in this country or Russia were entitled to a per centage on this sum, and generously gave it up to the cause of humanity.

The affairs in the North, we have observed, so occupied the public mind, that little attention could be paid to the peninsula. Lord Wellington was on his retreat, before the news had arrived of that of Bonaparte: the French had joined their forces, but the allied army secured a good position near Badajoz and the frontiers of Portugal. Probably the French were prevented from pursuing, and their measures were broken by the tidings they received from their own country; and it was reported that Caffarelli, who commanded the army, (late Marmont's) had actually gone back with it into France. If this were really the case, Soult must follow the example, and we should hope with the perfect permission of Lord Wellington, who might then retire into Portugal, leaving the Spaniards to arrange their matters as they pleased: and if they elected the General, who had done so much for them, to be their King, it would probably be more for the benefit of their country, than to have either a Napoleon or a Bourbon on their throne. His elevation, however, to the office of Generalissimo in Spain was viewed with a jealous eye, and occasioned the dismission of the Spanish General Ballasteros, who, notwithstanding his eminent services, was ordered to be transported to Ceuta for his remonstrances on the appointment, and consequent dereliction of duty. The fate of Spain evidently depends on that of the affairs on the North. The people themselves are little to be depended upon, and indeed little has been offered to them to encourage any great spirit of patriotism; for it may justly be questioned, from which of the parties contending on their soil they will receive greater benefit or detriment.

The silly, foolish war, in which the United States of America and England are engaged, has been carried on to the injury of the former, and the disgrace of their military operations. Another of their armies has been defeated, though the General on our side lost his life. Thus the Canadas are freed from hostile inroads, and aggressions may be expected on the American territories, into which our very useful allies, the savages, will carry their wonted spirit of desolation and accustomed barbarities. Congress is now sitting; it was opened by a message, as usual, from the President, on Nov. 4th, which entered fully into the subject of the war, but was very reserved on the general topics of the relations with foreign powers. It lamented the misfortunes of their armies, and complained bitterly of the use we made of the savages, taunting us on this subject with the boasts we are continually making of our religion and morality. We cannot by any means blame the President on this score; for nothing can be more nauseous than the compliments which our country receives from its own subjects on its religion and morality, when every day's newspaper almost is replete with instances which shew how little their influence is felt among us. A fact of some importance came out in the message,

namely, that the governor of the Massachusets and Connecticut refused his quota of militia to the defence of the country, relying on some clause of their militia laws, which, if he has rightly interpreted them, must evidently call for emendation; for in no country can it be allowed, that one party should sit quiet, whilst the rest are active, either in the common defence or in aggressions on the enemy. The victory obtained by their frigate was matter of great triumph, and there was considerable exultation on the success of their privateers. The blame of the war was, as might be naturally expected, thrown upon us, upon which, after other remarks, the President says, "Above all, we have the inestimable consolation of knowing that the war, in which we are actually engaged, is a war neither of ambition, nor of vain glory; that it is waged not in violation of the rights of others, but in maintenance of our own; that it was preceded by a patience without example, under wrongs accumulating without end, and that it was finally not declared until every hope of averting it was extinguished by the transfer of the British sceptre into new hands, clinging to former councils." A determination to prosecute the war with vigour is manifested, and a very favourable account is given of the finances. On the whole, however, this speech would not destroy our hopes of conciliation, if on each side an able statesman was deputed to adjust the existing grievances between the two nations. If the war continues long, an alienation of mind may be produced, which both will hereafter lament; and should we proudly drive them from the seas, the triumph is only to our own injury. We should be only like a misguided tradesman, beating his own customers.

The great events on the continent have so filled the public mind, that the meeting of Parliament, and the address from the throne by the Prince Regent, excited little interest. Two extraordinary trials have, however, occurred, ending in a conviction; in one the sentence has taken place; in the other, from the temper of the judge on the bench in delivering his charge to the jury, little lenity is expected. A newspaper writer, found guilty of a libel, an expression by the way not very intelligible, is not uncommon; but for a Marquis of the united kingdom to hold up his hand at the Old Bailey, is a circumstance that will surprise surrounding nations.

The trial for libel has given rise to much conversation, not so much for the thing itself, as for the very extraordinary language from the bench on the subject of adultery, and on the defence made by the counsel. The defendants were charged with vilifying the Prince Regent in their newspaper, the *Examiner*; and, assuredly, the character under which he is described is one of the most contemptible that can well be imagined. The counsel for the defendants made a most eloquent speech in their defence, and met in the course of it with frequent rebuffs from the bench; and in the charge to the jury, he was said to have imbibed the spirit of his client, and to seem to have inoculated himself with all the poison and mischief that this libel was calculated to effect. We shall not enter into the case itself, upon which every man will entertain his own private opinion; and, if the people of England gave it by ballot, we do not imagine that any great difference would prevail: but we must say that it appears to us a novel doctrine, that a counsel is to be charged with the errors of his client, and that zeal in his defence, the most honourable thing in a counsel, should give rise to censure from his superiors. But we were more struck with another particular, which referred to the Prince having taken into his councils a person who had been convicted of adultery, in allusion to one tried for that crime, and convicted with very high damages. There were, venial circumstances, it was said, stated with that offence, and it was asked whether the Prince stood singular in this respect. "Let us look back upon his Majesty's reign, distinguished as it has been for his private morality, and see if no person was ever intrusted by him with counsel, who had incurred a similar *misfortune*." By that name it is stated to have been called, and expressly so called, for this reason, that "there were circumstances which rendered the crime of adultery either

enormous or venial." Upon several occasions we have ventured to express our dissent from the bench, but upon none have we done it with such a feeling of awe and horror, as in this instance. Whatever may be thought of the libel under prosecution, no consequences could be derived from it, so dangerous to the public morality, as this palliation of one of the worst crimes that saps its very vitals. Adultery, a misfortune, a venial offence! A crime noted in the decalogue next to murder, and for which both parties were, in the law of Moses, condemned to death! We will hope that this language may be considered as unguarded, and arising from the apparent heat of the judge's mind, from the libel under consideration, and his warmth against the counsel. Murder is murder, though murderers differ in degree of guilt; so adultery is adultery, whatever circumstances may be brought in to palliate the offence. It is in all cases a high crime, not a misfortune. The jury retired to consider their verdict, in which, for a considerable time, they were not unanimous; but, at last, opposition was withdrawn, and the defendants were both found guilty. They will of course be brought up for judgment next term, and from the temper displayed on the bench, cannot expect other than a rigorous administration of the law.

It is not often that the nobility of this country expose themselves to a trial at the Old Bailey: but it is a good example held out to Europe, that men of the highest rank cannot here commit crimes with impunity, for even-handed justice deals out the sentence of the law equally to the peer and the peasant. The Marquis of Sligo, a young man, had a ship of his own in the Mediterranean, in which he amused himself in voyaging about the Grecian isles, and to the Levant. His rank gave him great countenance from the officers of the navy, of which he proved himself unworthy, by depriving it of the services of several seamen; and withdrawing them from their duty to serve in his private ship. Of this crime, specified in an indictment with a vast number of counts, he was, after a long trial, found guilty at the Admiralty Sessions, and received, with the sentence of the court, a very solemn charge from the judge on the bench, who pointed out, in strong terms, the forgetfulness of his rank, in withdrawing inferiors from their duty, and in the prosecution of his design, descending to practices of dissimulation and deceit. His lordship was exhorted to make amends to his country, and to efface the memory of these transactions by an application of all his efforts to its safety, prosperity, and glory. The country expected a present example to be made of every man who violated its laws, by which might be confirmed the boasted principles of the English constitution, that no rank however high, no fortune however ample, no regret however severe, could prevent the due administration and enforcement of justice. The sentence was then pronounced: that the Marquis should pay a fine of five thousand pounds to the crown, and be confined four months in Newgate, and till the fine be paid. His lordship was then taken from the bar, and conveyed through the felons door to Newgate, where accommodations suited to his rank and wealth would doubtless be provided; yet still he must endure the privations of confinement, and feel the reflections of a criminal. A similar crime is not likely often to occur, and in the restoration of his lordship to society, we shall hope that his fault will be amply repaid by a course of life worthy of his rank and education.

Sir Francis Burdett continues to perform the duty of a faithful representative, who has more regard to the interests of his country, than the squabbles of party. He has given notice of a motion to settle the regency on the Princess Charlotte, in case of the demise of her father, and thus to prevent those debates and that delay, which may arise, should this question be unsettled. He has also introduced a petition from some persons confined in the jail of Ilchester, complaining of their ill treatment in it. The crime, for which they are committed, is for a sort of riot at Bath, in which a few windows were broken: but the question in the present case is not the crime, for till

they have been tried they cannot be considered as guilty of it, but their treatment in prison, which, should they be innocent of the offence, all must allow to be a very severe hardship, and should they be guilty, it was premature. The point is, and a very important point it is, What is the discipline of the prison, and how far is it compatible with justice, and the freedom, which is an Englishman's boast, that an innocent person should be liable to be treated with that severity which, perhaps, is hardly justifiable in a condemned criminal? We wish that some worthy man would arise, and give to the public a fair view of the new discipline exercised in our prisons, which we have great reason to believe is worse than that which prevails generally in any kingdom of Europe. We owe much of this to the schemes of the benevolent Howard, as he is called, who unhappily, however, has been the cause of a system being adopted in this country, at which our ancestors would have been struck with horror.

We have heard little, lately, of the society for the suppression of vice, whose proceedings in the case of the gentleman's house near Hyde Park Corner, sufficiently exposed them to any trick that might be played upon them. How easily they were caught may be seen from the following hoax, as it is called, which was lately played upon them, and which they were simple enough to publish in their last Report, No. VI. pages 10 and 11.— Some wag of Oxford sent them a string of resolutions, purporting to have been past in the convocation house, where the vice-chancellor was president, in a full and general meeting of the Oxford society for the suppression of vice. The resolutions stated the increase of immorality from the frequent journies of the young men to London, and to improper pictures on snuff-boxes, and to suppress this latter practice, cautionary letters are to be sent to offenders. The gullibility of the society, in supposing that the University of Oxford would associate with them is apparent; but since the retiring of the most respectable of its members, we have been little attentive to its proceedings, and it is not improbable, that the management has gotten into such hands, that similar hoaxes upon it may be played with similar success.

An extraordinary instance of apparent self-denial has appeared in the conduct of two noble lords, Buckingham and Camden, in giving up to their country part of those enormous fees, which accrue to them from its increasing distresses. They are tellers of the Exchequer, and are paid for their labour in telling out its money, (a labour, in former days, of some magnitude; but now, from the use of paper-money, scarcely any thing), by a per centage, which in time of peace is far too great, and of course in time of war is out of all proportion to the service performed. They have signified, however, their intentions, and the treasury has accepted the offer, which is to commence from the 5th of next January, of one-third of all the fees paid to them quarterly, and if the amount of the fees in any year should exceed that of the present year, then the surplus shall also be given to the public. We do not know how far the Parliament could interfere in curtailing their enormous profits; but if it could not, the nation may praise the noble lords for the example they have set; and if it could, we should think the noble lords exceedingly fortunate, if instead of giving up one third, the duties of their office were increased, and a salary of a thousand a year allotted for the performance of them.

At the opening of the Parliament, the Prince Regent delivered from the throne his condolences on the state of the King, and congratulations on the brightening prospects of public affairs; the successes in Russia formed the principal part of the speech, though the victories in Spain were dwelt upon, and hopes entertained of the thorough deliverance of the Peninsula. On the subject of America, appearances were not so flattering, as to peace, though the success of our arms afforded us every reason to be satisfied with our military defences. The restoration of peace was an object of utmost desire, but in failure of it, a vigorous prosecution of the war was to be expected. The affairs of India were recommended to their consider-

ation, and due confidence was placed in the Commons for supplies.

In the two Houses addresses were voted, as usual, echoes to the speech. The upper House was distinguished by the speech of Lord Wellesley, recommending the most strenuous exertions in Spain; and he entered into a detailed history of the war in the Peninsula, in the conduct of which the army deserved all praise, and the ministry were very defective. The latter did not receive higher eulogiums for its conduct with Sweden and Russia, and the American war afforded room for fresh censures; but the great point was the war in Spain, which he pressed with the utmost earnestness in the house, stating that there was no alternative between vigour and defeat: it must be pursued with a new heart and mind, or abandoned. The Earl of Liverpool signalized himself in reply, by his mode of husbanding his strength, so as to be prepared for future campaigns. Was it not the duty of government and parliament, he asked, to look to the wants of the country, not for one year only, but for futurity? Was every thing to be risqued on the turning up of a single die? and for an extraordinary flourish this year, were we to throw away all our resources and debilitate all our future exertions? We had important interests to guard in other parts of the world besides Spain. An altercation took place between Lords Bathurst and Wellesley on the question, whether the latter had proposed, when in power, a better system, who pledged himself, that he would, with the Prince's permission, whether in public or private, state the measures which he had strenuously advised.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Canning pursued nearly the same course as Lord Wellesley in the upper House, and received a similar reply from Lord Castlereagh; but Mr. Whitbread went into a wider field, and from his view of things, was emboldened to make an amendment to the address, in which he introduced the promises of the House to attend to economy; to discuss the Catholic question; to investigate the causes of the farther depreciation of paper-money, and above all, a statement to his Royal Highness, that at a moment when the glory of the British arms transcends the glory of all former periods, in the situation of the contest between Russia and France, there can be nothing derogatory to the honour of his Majesty's crown, in a proposition made directly to all the belligerents on the part of his Majesty, for a general pacification of Europe. This was thought extremely ill-timed by some, and very proper by other members. It served, however, as a good manifesto for Mr. Whitbread, and we are sorry that he met with no success, for the original question was carried without a division.

When the report of the address was brought up on the next day, Mr. Creevey objected to it, on account of the omission in the speech with respect to the revenue, and the state of commerce in the country. For his own part, he knew that the finances were in such a state, that the annuitant was robbed of one-third of his income for the sake of the bank, and not for the sake of the country; he therefore moved, that the report be brought up at the end of a week. The amendment being seconded, a long discussion ensued of matters foreign to the purpose: but Mr. Rose reprobated the tax on capital talked of in the last Parliament, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, from whom the idea was supposed to have originated, denied it entirely; but he gave the melancholy information that in eleven months and a half of this year, eleven millions and a half had been applied to the services and emancipation of Spain. Lord Castlereagh informed the House, that the East India question would come on soon after the recess, and the report was agreed to.

The thanks of both Houses were voted on a subsequent day to Lord Wellington, which gave rise to encomiums without end, and no explanation of the failure at Burgos, or of his lordship's journey to Madrid. Sir Francis Burdett, indeed, in a very manly manner expressed his dissent from the motion, till the whole of the campaign was explained; for as he justly observed, such was the inherent feebleness of the army (or misconduct of the general) after the

battle of Salamanca, that we did not follow up our advantages over the enemy in his exhausted state. How was our defeat at Burgos to be accounted for? Either Lord Wellington had not the means of victory put into his hands, or with those means he had completely failed. Somewhere was defect. Either Lord Wellington was not entitled to these unqualified praises, or the ministers were to blame. The question ought to be duly investigated. He denied that we were fighting for liberty in Spain, when our superiority in any district revived into it the powers of the Inquisition, destroyed by the French. The motion, however, passed without a division. The worthy Baronet was equally unsuccessful in his wish to postpone the motion for 1 hundred thousand pounds to Lord Wellington, till after the holidays. It is certainly curious to contrast the eminent services or rewards and honours of Lord Nelson, with those of the new Marquis, which shews, however, how much less is required from our landsmen than our seamen, and how much greater are the rewards of the former.

Considerable debates took place on the paper currency, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer denied that guineas were bought up by government; he allowed, however, that a very great quantity had been offered to him, at the rate of twenty-five shillings a piece. This is much below the real value, which varies at present between twenty-eight shillings and thirty. To go through the debate would be to as little purpose, as to enter into all the old exploded arguments on transubstantiation. The commercial popery of the present days vies in absurdity with the religious one of the dark ages, and all reasoning is wasted with one, who sees no difference between one hundred guineas and one hundred and five one pound notes.—He is in the same state as the poor man, who worships and swallows his God in the shape of a wafer made of flour.

BOOKS PUBLISHED, DECEMBER 1812.

ARTS, FINE.

CRAIG'S Characteristics of the Great Schools of Painting. 4to.

DRAMA.

Reynolds' Renegade: a grand historical Drama; in Three Acts. 2s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Ferand's Vocabulary and Dialogues. In Three Languages, English, Spanish, and Portuguese. square.

Roome's Companion to the English Grammar, or Familiar Exercises: adapted to the Capacities of Children. 1s.

Sams's Complete and Universal System of Stenography, or Short-hand. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Geography, in Question and Answer. By Two Ladies. 18mo. 3s.

Pelham's Parent's and Tutor's First Catechism. 1s.

Adair's Five Hundred Questions on Murray's Grammar and Irvery's Elements of Composition. 1s.

HISTORY.

Temple's History of the Irish Rebellion, printed 1716, reprinted 1812. 4to. 16s.

LAW.

Roe's Practical Treatise on the Law of Elections relating to England, Scotland, and Ireland. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Dyer's Four Letters on the English Constitution. 5s.

A Report of the Trial, "The King v. John and Leigh Hunt," for a Libel on the Prince Regent, before Lord Ellenborough and a Special Jury, Dec. 9, 1812. 1s.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL.

Cooper's Epitome of Modern Surgery. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

Farre's Morbid Anatomy of the Liver. Part I. imp. 4to. 15s.

Thomson's Edinburgh New Dispensatory. 8vo. 12s.

MILITARY AND NAVAL.

Observations on Lieut.-Col. Malcolm's Pamphlet, relative to the Disturbances in the Madras Army. 3s. 6d.

Major-Gen. Mackinnon's (the late) Journal of the Campaign in Portugal

and Spain, from the Year 1809 to 1812. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Hodgskin's Essay on Naval Discipline. 8vo. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Portraiture of Hypocrisy, or a Narrative of Facts; supported by Letters and other Documents relative to the extraordinary Conduct and numerous Artifices of the Rev. J. N-t-n-g-le. 2s.

J-d-c-l Anticipation, or Candidates for the new J—geships. 2s.

A Father's Advice to his Daughter, or Instructive Narratives from real Life. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

M. Gener; or, a Selection of Letters on Life and Manners. By the Rev. J. Muckelsey. Vol. III. 8vo. 8s.

Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books. Vol. VI. 8vo. 14s.

Foulis's Essay on the Merits of Catholic Emancipation. 3s.

Dallas's Miscellaneous Works and Novels. 7 vols. fc. 2l. 2s.

Gregor's Remarks on the Proceedings of the Lords and Commons in the late Parliament respecting the Catholics.

Objections to the Project of creating a Vice-chancellor of England. 1s.

Disney's Remarks on the Bishop of Lincoln's Charge delivered to the Clergy of his Diocese, 1812. 1s. 6d.

Toulmin's Letters to the Rev. J. Freeston. 2s.

A Dissertation on the Defence of the British Territorial Possessions in Hindostan. 5s.

Major's Theory of Money and Exchanges, and the Causes of its present Depreciation indisputably pointed out. Part I. 5s.

Character of the Irish Roman Catholics, illustrated by historical Facts. 2s. 6d.

Anecdotes of Father Murdo: containing Complaints against Heretics. 1s.

The Works of the Right Hon. E. Burke. Vol. IX and X. 8vo. 24s.

The Good Aunt. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

NOVELS.

Popular Romances; consisting of imaginary Voyages and Travels. To which is prefixed an introductory Dissertation. By H. Weber, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 20s.

Alinda, or the Child of Mystery. 4 vols. 20s.

POETRY.

Mitford's (Miss) Narrative Poems on the Female Character in the various Relations of Life. Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Dovaston's Fitz-Gwarine: a Ballad of the Welsh Border, with other Rhymes. fc. 7s.

Jefferson's Battle of Salamanca: a Poem. 4to. 2s. 6d.

Naish's Minor Poems, preceded by a Translation of the First Epistle of Ovid. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

A Sequel to the "Rejected Addresses;" or the Theatrum Poetarum Minorum. By another Author. fc. 4s.

Stewart's Last Trifles, in Verse. 4to. 7s. 6d.

Commemorative Feelings, or miscellaneous Poems; interspersed with Sketches, in Prose, on the Sources of Pensive Pleasure. fc. 10s. 6d.

Strong's Cruise, and other Poems. 8vo. 5s.

Tricker's Honiton Hill: a Poem. 2s. 6d.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Burdon's Cobbett and the Reformers impartially examined. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Brougham's Speech to his Friends assembled in Clayton-square, Liverpool, Oct. 16. 1s.

Monastery of St. Columb, or the Atonement. 5 vols. 27s. 6d.

RELIGION.

The Character of Moses established for Veracity as an Historian, recording Events from the Creation to the Deluge. By the Rev. J. Townsend, M.A. 4to. 3l. 3s.

Cogan's Theological Disquisitions; or an Enquiry into those Principles of Religion which are most influential in directing and regulating the Passions and Affections of the Mind. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Hannah More's Christian Morals. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 12s.

Particulars of the Life of a Dissenting Minister. Written by Himself. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Turner's Sermons, preached at Newcastle, Manchester, and Stand. 1s.

L'Oste's present State of the Established Church. 2s.

Bush's Sermon, preached at the Visitation in Canterbury, 1812. 1s.

Bradney's Contemplations of an ancient Layman on the Christian System. 2s 6d

Gandolphy's Congratulatory Letter to the Rev. H. Marsh, D.D., together with a Sermon on the Inadequacy of the Bible to be an exclusive Rule of Faith. 3s. 6d.

Strictures on the Christian Instructor: in a Letter to that Work. 1s.6d.

Sharp's Remarks on the 68th Psalm. Addressed more particularly to the Consideration of the House of Israel. 1s.

A Defence of Moderation in religious Doctrine, Practice, and Opinion; applied to the present Times. 2s. 6d.

A Second Letter from the Bishop of St. David's to the Clergy of his Diocese, on the Independence of the ancient British Church on any foreign Jurisdiction. 2s.

An Appeal to the common Sense and professed Principles of all Protestants on the Consequences of what is falsely called Catholic Emancipation. 1s.

Daubeny's Reasons for supporting the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, in Preference to the New Bible Society. 2s. 6d.

Protestant Rights contrasted with Catholic Claims; including the Sentiments of Dr. Porteus, the late Bishop of London, on the Catholic Question. 1s.

Strong Reasons for rejecting the Roman Catholic Claims. 8vo. 10s.6d.

An Appeal against the Catholic Claims. 1s.

Necessity of Protestant Petitions against Popish Claims. 6d.

Middleton's Letter from Rome, shewing an exact Conformity between Popery and Paganism. 3s. 6d.

Evidence and Arguments for and against Catholic Emancipation. 2s.6d.

Protestants' and Papists' Manuel. 1s.

Jervis's Brief Statement of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the antient Christian Church, and its Change to Papal Apostacy. 1s.

Hollingsworth's Sermons, preached at Lincoln's Inn, in 1806 and 7. 8vo. 10s.6d.

A Series of Letters, shewing the Insecurity and Danger of granting what is termed Catholic Emancipation.—8vo. 10s.6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Langdale's Topographical Dictionary of Yorkshire. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Thomson's Geographical and Historical Dictionary of America and the West Indies. Vol. III. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

Considerations on the Danger and Impolicy of Laying Open the Trade with India and China. 4s. 6d.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Pinkerton's Collection of Voyages and Travels. Vol. XIV. (containing South America). 4to. 2l. 2s.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

GAZETTE INTELLIGENCE.

DISPATCHES FROM THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL.

THE Gazette Extraordinary of Thursday, Dec. 3, contains Dispatches from the Marquis of Wellington, of which the following is an extract:—

Pitiegue, Nov. 7, 1812.

The enemy repaired the bridge at Taro at a much earlier period than I expected. I therefore desired Sir R. Hill to continue his march by Frotiveres upon Alba de Tormes, and as I found that he was sufficiently forward, I broke up yesterday morning from the position which I had held in front of Tordesillas since the 30th of last month, and I am in march towards the heights of St. Christoval, in front of Salamanca.

The enemy has not pressed at all upon the rear of the troops under Lieutenant Gen. Sir R. Hill, nor have those on the Douro followed the march of the troops under my command; I conclude that the two corps will unite, which, in consequence of the situation of the Douro, I could not prevent.

Cuidad Rodrigo, Nov. 19.

The troops under the command of Lieutenant General Sir Rowland Hill crossed the Tormes, at Alba, on the

8th instant, and those under my command took their position on the heights of St. Christoval de la Cuesta on the same day; Brigadier-Gen. Pack's brigade occupying Aldea Lengua, and Brigadier-General Bradford's Caberizos on the right; and the British cavalry covering our front. I had desired Lieutenant-General Sir R. Hill to occupy the town and castle of Alba, with Major-Gen. Howard's brigade of the second division, leaving Lieut-Gen. Hamilton's Portuguese division on the left of the Tormes, to support those troops, while the 2d division was posted in the neighbourhood of the fords of Encinas and Huerta; and the 3d and 4th divisions remained at Calvarassa de Aribe, in reserve.

On the 9th the enemy drove in the picquets of Major-General Long's brigade of cavalry, in front of Alba; and Major-General Long was obliged to withdraw his troops through Alba on the morning of the 10th. In the course of the day, the enemy's whole army approached our positions on the Tormes, and they attacked the troops in Alba with 20 pieces of cannon and a considerable body of infantry. They made no impression on them, however, and withdrew the cannon and the greater part of the troops on that night, and this attack was never renewed.

I inclose Lieut. Gen. Hamilton's report to Sir Rowland Hill of the transactions at Alba, which were highly creditable to the troops employed. From the 12th till the 14th, the time was passed in various reconnoissances, as well of the fords of the Tormes as of the position which the troops under my command occupied on the right of that river, in front of Salamanca; and on the 14th the enemy crossed that river in force, at three fords near Lucinas, about two leagues above Alba.

I immediately broke up from St. Christoval, and ordered the troops to move towards Arapiles; and as soon as I had ascertained the direction of the enemy's march from the fords, I moved with the 2d division of infantry and all the cavalry I could collect, to attack them, leaving Lieut. Gen. Sir Rowland Hill with the 4th, and Lieut. Gen. Hamilton's divisions, in front of Alba, to protect this movement, and the 3d division in reserve on the Arapiles, to secure the possession of that position.

The enemy, however, were already too numerous, and too strongly posted at Mozarbes, to be attacked; and I confined myself to a cannonade of their cavalry, under cover of which I reconnoitred their position.

In the evening I withdrew all the troops from the neighbourhood of Alba to the Arapiles, leaving a small Spanish garrison in the castle, having destroyed the bridge. In the course of the following morning, I moved the greatest part of the troops through Salamanca, and placed Lieut. Gen. Sir E. Paget with the 1st division of infantry on the right, at Aldea Tojado, in order to secure that passage for the troops over the Zunguon, in case the movements of the enemy on our right flank should render it necessary for me to make choice either of giving up my communications with Ciudad Rodrigo or Salamanca.

On the 15th in the morning I found the enemy fortifying their position at Mozarbes, which they had taken up the night before, at the same time that they were moving bodies of cavalry and infantry towards their own left, and to our communication with Ciudad Rodrigo. It was obvious that it was the enemy's intention to act upon our communications; and as they were too strong, and too strongly posted for me to think of attacking them, I determined to move upon Ciudad Rodrigo. I therefore put the army in march in three columns, and crossed the Zunguon, and then passed the enemy's left flank, and encamped that night on the Vamusa. We continued our march successively on the 16th, 17th, and this day, when part of the army crossed the Agueda, and the whole will cross that river to-morrow.

The enemy followed our movement on the 16th with a large body, probably the whole of the cavalry, and a considerable body of infantry, but they did not attempt to press upon our rear.—They took advantage of the ground to cannonade our rear guard, consisting of the light division, under Major General Charles Alten, on the 17th, on its passage of

the Huebra at San Munoz, and occasioned some loss.

The troops have suffered considerably from the severity of the weather, which, since the 15th, has been worse than I have ever known it at this season of the year.

I am sorry to add, that we have had the misfortune to lose Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Paget, who was taken prisoner on the 17th. He commanded the centre column; and the fall of rain having greatly injured the roads, and swelled the rivulets, there was an interval between the 5th and 7th divisions of infantry. Sir Edward rode to the rear alone, to discover the cause of this interval; and, as the road passed through a wood, either a detachment of the enemy's cavalry had got upon the road, or he missed the road, and fell into their hands in the wood. I understand that Sir Edward was not wounded; but I cannot sufficiently regret the loss of his assistance at this moment.

In my dispatch of the 7th instant, I communicated to your Lordship my opinion of the strength of the enemy, as far as I could judge of it from the reports I had received, and from what I had seen. I have since learnt that General Caffarelli, with the army of the North, certainly remained joined with the Army of Portugal. Joseph Bonaparte left Madrid on the 4th instant, and arrived at Penaranda on the 8th, leaving at Madrid the Civil Authorities of his Government, and a small garrison. These Authorities and troops evacuated Madrid on the 7th, and marched for Castile; and Colonel Don Juan Palarea, took possession of that city.

Your Lordship will have seen Gen. Ballasteros' letter of the 24th of Oct. to the Regency; from which you will observe, that he had disobeyed the orders of the Government, given to him at my suggestion, to march his troops into La Mancha, and hang upon the enemy's left flank, because the Regency and Cortes had offered me the chief command of the Spanish armies.

The whole of the enemy's disposeable force in Spain was therefore upon the Tormes in the middle of this month; and they were certainly not less than 80,000 men, but more probably 90,000, of these 10,000 were cavalry; and as the army of Portugal had 100 pieces of cannon, it is probable that they had not less in all the armies than 200 pieces.

Alba de Tormes, Nov. 11.

SIR,—I have the honour to report the steps I have taken to carry into effect your instructions for the defence of this place, which I am happy to say, have obliged the enemy to withdraw the greatest part of the force opposed to us; and I feel almost confident we shall be able to retain our position as long as you may deem expedient. I yesterday garrisoned and provisioned the castle, and by the exertions of Captain Goldfinch, of the engineers, it is put into as good state as circumstances will admit, he is continuing strengthening it. Captain Goldfinch has been of great assistance to me. I have appropriated to each regiment a district of this town, and the Commanding Officer has barricaded the streets and buildings in a very judicious manner. Brigadiers Da Costa and Campbell's brigades are in our position on the left bank of the Tormes. Brigadier Campbell reports his having caused the enemy some loss, in their attempt to cross a ford near his position. Lieut-Colonel Tulloch has made so good an arrangement of his two brigades of guns, that, united with the position of the two brigades of infantry on the left bank of the Tormes, I consider my flanks secure. Early yesterday morning Major-General Long, commanding the cavalry in front, reported that the enemy were advancing in great force; I was therefore induced to retire with the cavalry. About ten o'clock the enemy appeared on the heights in considerable force of cavalry, and a few infantry, covering, as I conceived, a reconoissance of several Officers of rank. About two o'clock the enemy's force was increased to fifteen squadrons, and 6,000 infantry, and 20 guns, including six 6-inch howitzers, which immediately commenced firing, and continued until it was dark. The enemy's light troops advanced close to the walls we had hastily thrown up; but from the cool and steady conduct of the 51st regiment, Colonel Stewart; 71st regiment, the Hon. Colonel Ca-

dogan; the 92d, Colonel Cameron; General Howard's brigade, the enemy dared not attempt the town. About eight o'clock in the evening I was repeatedly informed that the enemy's infantry was considerably increasing, which induced me to order three battalions of Brigadier Da Costa's brigade into the town, leaving his other battalion for the protection of the fords. The enemy during the night withdrew their artillery, and I have to regret the loss of a considerable number of men; but I trust you will not deem it great, when you consider the heavy and incessant fire of artillery for so many hours. The loss of the Portuguese was while on duty this morning, and I have real pleasure in reporting their steady and animated conduct.

I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) JOHN HAMILTON,
Lieut. Gen.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,
Tuesday, Dec. 8.

Foreign Office, Dec. 8.

Dispatches, of which the following are copies, were yesterday received from General Viscount Cathcart, K.T. his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Court of Russia, addressed to Viscount Castlereagh:—

St. Petersburgh, Nov. 11.

My Lord,—I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship, that Bonaparte has escaped from the government of Moscow, and has followed the road to Smolensko by which he came. Generals Count Platoff and Count Orloff Denizoff have been incessantly in his rear, and on both flanks of his line of march; the former attacked a position defended by infantry and cannon, which he carried, taking two colours, 22 pieces of artillery, and such prisoners as could be saved. Count Orloff Denizoff has likewise met with resistance, which he has every where overpowered, and has taken many trophies and quantities of baggage, ammunition-waggons, with prisoners, and some ordnance. From the quantities of ammunition blown up by the enemy, and from the state of the road, described to be covered with the bodies of dead men and horses, the retreat of the rear divisions of the French is stated to have every character of continued flight. On the 3d November General Millaradovitch, with the column under his command, reached the main road near Viasma, where he had a sharp engagement with the rear guard, which is reported by the prisoners to have been composed of the divisions of Beauharnois, of Davoust, and Ney; their divisions in vain attempted to arrest his progress; and, after several brilliant charges by the Russian cavalry, were driven through the town of Viasma at the point of the bayonet, and pursued to Krenina by the light cavalry under Gen. Platoff: the loss of the enemy, in killed and wounded, in this affair is stated to be at least 6000, with 2500 prisoners, among which are Gen. Peltier, of the artillery, and Colonel Mocat, Ajd-de-Camp to Marshal Davoust. In the course of the pursuit from Viasma, great numbers of the enemy were killed, one standard and three pieces of cannon were taken, and upwards of 1000 made prisoners. In the former part of the retreat, Ramasier, Secretary to the Duke of Bassano, was taken with all the Chancery.

Referring to the relations which have been regularly transmitted for more minute details of the several actions, I will briefly recapitulate the few great movements which have taken place since the arrival of the French at Moscow. Marshal Kutusoff continued in his position behind the river Pokhra till the 25th of Sept. covering the old road to Kalouga, the Toula and Rezan roads; but having made occasional movements on the same line, according as the enemy's operations appeared to point to either flank. A considerable portion of the army under Murat occupied the intermediate country between Moscow and the Pokhra. It was presumed that the French, having it in their power to bring forward their whole force to either flank of Murat's position, would endeavour to manœuvre so as to induce Marshal Kutusoff to retire behind the Oka, in order to procure a more extensive theatre of ground, with the convenience of moving either on Kalouga or Smolensko; to avoid which, and with a view to preserve a more certain conveyance for provisions and reinforcements from

the south, and at the same time to hold the command of the Smolensko road, the Russian army began its march to occupy the position behind the river Nura, changing its front to the right, upon or parallel to the old Kalouga road. The movement was completed on the 3d of October; on the 4th a smart affair of advanced guards took place with the most decisive success on the side of the Russians, which was followed on the 5th by the flag of truce sent by Bonaparte, with an overture to obtain an armistice, and to open a negociation, which was rejected. At this period several considerable detachments were made to harass the enemy, which appear to have been conducted with equal skill and success. The most important of these was the one against Verrea, which place was taken by assault on the 14th October. On the 16th, several regiments of Cossacks having arrived, it was proposed to attack Murat; the attack did not take place till the 18th. The enemy after this affair, of which I had the honour to transmit to your Lordship a report, (*see our last Magazine, page* 429) retreated behind the little river Moza. Bonaparte was not heard of out of Moscow or its vicinity till after this period. The Russians occupied Moscow on the 22d October, with the loss of Lieut. General Winzengerode, most treacherously carried off, with his aid-de-camp, while advancing with his flag of truce to remonstrate against a protracted and unnecessary resistance on the part of the rear guard.—On the 24th October the French army was reconnoitered by an officer of Cossacks belonging to the corps of Moscow, who saw four camps, one on the new Kalouga road near Boroisk, and three on the left bank of the Protva.

In the night of the 24th of October General Dorocoff was ordered to occupy Mala-Jaroslaff, a post town on the new Kalouga road, between Borosk and that place; that General already found it occupied in force by a French detachment; a very obstinate contest immediately took place, in the course of which the troops on both sides were reinforced, and the town was taken and retaken eleven different times.—The Marshal, in the mean while, put his army in motion by the left, and arrived at Mala-Jaroslaff, establishing his head-quarters two wersts to the southward of that town, which was burned, and detaching a considerable corps, under General Platoff, to Medina, on his left, where he took eleven pieces of cannon, and left the ground covered with dead. The obstinacy of this contest for Mala-Jaroslaff, with other circumstances, tended to confirm the Field Marshal's opinion, that the object of the enemy was to force a passage to the Southern Provinces; and although there were strong grounds to believe that he was prepared to attempt a retreat upon Smolensko, and by Vilna to the Niemen, yet the Marshal deemed it necessary to direct his principal attention to the roads pointing to the southward; and, with a view to obtain more complete command of them, retired to a position within 40 wersts of Kalouga, near Gorki. Finding that the enemy was moving, by Verrea, on Mojaisk, he again advanced upon Medina, and having received intelligence that the French head quarters were, on the 30th, at Coloki, a monastery not far from Borodino, he formed his disposition to attempt to intercept him near Smolensko. Platoff and the Cossacks having been detached for the purpose of harassing and surrounding the enemy, Marshal Kutusow reinforced Gen. Millaradovitch's corps to upwards of 18,000 men, and directing him to march by his left towards Viasma, the Marshal himself proceeded by Spaskoi and Celinka, in a parallel direction to that allotted to Gen. Millaradovitch; the main road forming an arch, these parellel lines of march were shorter, but exposed to greater difficulties, the roads being less practicable. The head of Gen. Millaradovitch's column reached the main road first, near Viasma; the head-quarters of Marshal Kutusow were established at the village of Bikovoi, a little to the southward of Viasma.

Thus the fruits of the incursions of the French to Moscow, at the expence of the lives of so many brave officers and men, seem to have been limited to the burning and destruction of that city, and to the ruin and desolation of the inhabitants and proprietors near the great road, and in the vicinity of Moscow; while, on the other hand, it will, to the latest period of history,

reflect lustre on the spirit and patriotism of the Russian Empire.

The last accounts from Count Wittgenstein are dated 3d November, at Tchashnik, two stages east of Lepel. After the affair of Polotsk, that General detached a corps to observe Macdonald, whilst he sent Gen. Steinheit on the road to Wilna, who, after having cut off the Bavarian corps from that of St. Cyr, and entirely dispersed it with the loss of cannon and colours, joined Count Wittgenstein, who proceeded to attack the remainder of the French under the command of Le Grand, Marshal St. Cyr having retired on account of his wound. This corps was reinforced by Marshal Victor at the head of 15,000 men; and having taken post near Tchashnik, was there defeated on the 31st Oct. by Count Wittgenstein, who considering the enemy's position a good one for himself, has continued to occupy it, detaching a corps to take possession of Witepsk.

Admiral Tchichagoff's late dispatches of the 22d of October, from Brestitow, report the success of a detachment under Gen. Tchaplitz, who, on the 20th October, took the Polish General Konotkoff with the whole of the 3d regiment of Hulans of the French guard. Prince Schwartzenberg had crossed the Bog without giving the Admiral an opportunity of bringing him to action. Sir Robert Wilson, with his usual activity, has been in every action, and has contrived to see every remarkable occurrence; his last dispatches are dated at Viasma, the 4th November; his accounts tally with the official bulletins which have been published here.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(signed) CATHCART.

St. Petersburgh, Nov. 15.

My Lord,—Several officers arrived here in the course of last night, dispatched from the head-quarters of Marshal Kutusoff, at Elnee, on the 9th November. The Field-Marshal reports, that the flight of the enemy continues with increased precipitation; and that the pursuit, by the several corps of the Russian army, has been constant, vigorous, and successful.—On the 5th Nov. Gen. Millaradovitch reached a village 40 wersts from Viasma, on the road to Smolensko, in pursuit of the enemy. General Platoff marched to the right of the road, to endeavour to reach the head of the column, while the main army moved on the left of it, under the Field-Marshal, towards Elnee. Sir R. Wilson describes the march on the main road as one which exhibited scenes of destruction without example in modern war, from the number of dead and dying men, and carcases of horses, many of them cut up for food: peasants' houses every where on fire, ammunition carriages blowing up, and quantities of wreck of every description. The effect of famine, fatigue, and cold upon a flying army, through a country full of exasperated peasants, may be easily understood. In the course of this march the Cossacks took two standards from the Hulans of the Imperial Guard, who are left behind with the army now retreating, and the enemy also abandoned a howitzer.

On the morning of the 7th of Nov. Gen. Millaradovitch entered Dorogobuzh. The enemy attempted some resistance, but was driven from his advantageous position by the Russian chasseurs, with the loss of 300 men taken prisoners, exclusive of the sick and wounded. In this attack, and on the preceding day, one howitzer and three guns were taken, and 140 ammunition waggons.—The number killed must have been very great. Two Russian officers of note were retaken on this occasion. On the 9th Nov. Marshal Kutusoff had arrived at Elnee, where he received a report from Gen. Platoff, of his having overtaken four divisions of the French army, under the command of Beauharnois. The Cossacks charged through this body, dividing it into two parts, with great slaughter, and the capture of 62 pieces of ordnance, some standards, many plans and papers of consequence, and upwards of 3000 prisoners, including many officers of distinction. General Sanson, Quarter-Master-General of the whole French army, was taken, with 500 men of different ranks, upon the right flank of Gen. Platoff, near Doughovtchstchina. It does not appear that the march of the French guards, and of the 1st division, has been effected without great loss, many of their bodies having been found on

the road. Field-Marshal Kutusoff intended to continue his march upon Krasnoy, two stages beyond Smolensko, leaving that town upon his right hand, and intersecting the communications towards Mohilow.

I have the honour to be, &c,
(Signed) CATHCART.

Lord Cathcart also encloses two intercepted letters from the Viceroy of Italy to the Prince of Neufchatel, one dated Lascli, Nov. 7; the other, Before passing the Vop, Nov. 8; both expressing, in strong terms, the critical situation of his army. In the latter, the Viceroy says,—"I am sorry to find myself reduced to the disagreeable necessity of owning to you the sacrifices which we have made in order to hasten our march. The last three days journey have cost the army two-thirds of its artillery. Yesterday 400 horses perished, and to-day perhaps twice as many, not including the great number which I had caused to be added both for military and private carriages. Sometimes all the horses that were drawing a carriage perished at once; several carriages were even furnished three times with fresh sets. To-night I intend sending a strong reconnoissance to Douboutchina, and hope to arrive there to-morrow, if the enemy does not prevent it by serious opposition; for I must frankly own to your Highness, the sufferings during the last three days have so dispirited the soldiers, that I think them little able at present to make an effort. Many men have died with hunger or cold; others being driven to desperation, suffer themselves to be taken by the enemy."

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,
Wednesday, Dec. 16.

This Gazette contain further dispatches from Viscount Cathcart, dated at St. Petersburgh, 23d and 25th Nov. 1812, of which the following are extracts:—

My Lord,—In my dispatch of the 15th instant, I had the honour to detail such operations of Marshal Kutusoff's army as had come to my knowledge up to the 9th November; since that date no report has been received of the further proceedings of the corps entrusted to General Platoff. The Field-Marshal had calculated to reach Krasnoi on the 14th instant, but although he had approached within a few wersts of that place, I have not heard that his head-quarters were established there on the 16th.—On the 9th of Nov. Count Denizoff, being advanced on the roads towards Smolensko and Krasnoi, received intelligence of the march of a French corps from Smolensko, in the direction of Kalouga, composed of fresh troops intended for the different regiments of guards; this force was under the command of Gen. Barragé D'Hillier, having with him Gen. Charpentier and Brigadier-Gen. Augereau, brother to the Marshal of that name. They were distributed in the three villages of Yasvin, Lakoff, and Dolgomust. A disposition of attack was immediately made by three partizan corps, commanded by Capt. Seslavin, Col. Davidoff, and Capt. Phigner. The result was, that the corps under Charpentier was nearly cut to pieces, that Barragé D'Hillier, having patiently heard a cannonade for several hours in the quarters of Augereau's division, made good his retreat to Smolensko, and that Augereau's corps of 3000 men, after losing nearly one-third of their number, laid down their arms, and capitulated to Capt. Phigner, who had not 1500 men, and who appears to have conducted this affair with infinite address and gallantry. The prisoners amounted to 1 general, 60 staff and other officers, and 2000 rank and file.

Since this affair, 8 general officers, upwards of 20 pieces of cannon, and 4000 prisoners have been taken near Smolensko, but the particulars are not yet reported.

On the 14th instant, General Count Wittgenstein was attacked by Marshal Victor, who had orders to drive him to the other side of the Dwina. The enemy was repulsed, with the loss of two or three thousand men, and was pursued the next morning in his retreat towards Senno, when 600 prisoners were taken. I have the honour to inclose a copy of Major-General Baron Donberg's report of this affair.

Maj. General Baron Winzengerode and his aid-de-camp, Capt. Narishkin, were rescued between Vilna and Minsk; they were proceeding towards the fron-

tier, under an escort of gens d'armes, and had been marched from Verrea, where they were presented to Bonaparte, with the French guards under the charge of Junot. Col. Chernichef also took three couriers, one coming from and the other going to Paris.—From these sources of intelligence it is ascertained, that Bonaparte was at Smolensko on the 13th instant.

(Signed) CATHCART.

Report of Maj. Gen. Baron Dornberg.

Jamich, Nov. 15.

My Lord,—I am very happy to inform your Lordship, that Victor has failed in fulfilling the orders he received from Bonaparte, to drive Count Wittgenstein behind the Dwina. He attacked yesterday morning. Count Wittgenstein ordered the advanced guard to retire to the Position. This was executed in a masterly manner they retired in echiquier, under a very heavy fire, as if it was a field day.—In the position the French were received by a well-directed fire from the artillery, by which they must have lost a great number in killed and wounded, I suppose between 2 and 3000. The firing only ceased about seven in the evening. The French had made strong demonstrations on both wings, but the centre was chiefly engaged. This morning they began their retreat towards Senno. The troops who are in pursuit have as yet made about 600 prisoners. —It is really a pleasure to see these troops fight. The new-raised militia vie with the oldest regiments. One battalion of this militia being with the advanced guard, on receiving orders to fall back, first refused to do so, saying, the Emperor had not sent them there to retire, but to advance and beat the enemy, which they were willing to do.

(Signed) DORNBERG.

Journal of the Operations of the different Corps of the Army under the Command of Field-Marshal Kutusoff, from the 11th to the 15th November.

On the 11th Nov. Gen. Millaradovitch reports, that on the 9th the advanced guard under his command was to be at the village of Alexecoly; the next day at that of Yakoff. Lieut. General Sheppelef reports, that a detachment, sent by him on the 29th, met a body of the enemy, and drove it out of Elnee; part of the Don Cossacks pursued it on the Smolensko road. The head quarters of the army were this day at the village of Lobcoff.

Nov. 12.—Lieut. Gen. Count Denizoff, learning that a considerable foraging party of the enemy's cavalry and artillery depot were dispersed in the villages, attacked them, killed upwards of 1500, made 1300 prisoners, and took 1000 horses, and 400 carriages, mostly loaded with stores.

Nov. 13.—Capt. Naschokin, of the hussars of the guards, detached by Adj. Gen. Count Orgeroff, attacked a detachment of the enemy in the village of Himorai, with some chasseurs and light cavalry; the combat lasted four hours, when the enemy retreated to the village of Michailoff, where he pursued and took them. Detachments under Col. Prince Radholki and one sent out by Maj. Gen. Carpo, made upwards of one hundred prisoners.

General Millaradovitch reports on the 12th Nov. that Maj. Gen. Neoff had made 150 prisoners at Charvanoff.

Maj. Gen. Volosdini reports, that Col. Kreiganobski defeated a detachment of 700 men, under Maj. Aberju, killing a part, and making prisoners the remainder, 370 men, 18 officers, and 1 staff surgeon.

Maj. Gen. Platoff reports, on the 9th Nov. that having pursued Beauharnois' corps, he came up with it at the river Bone, near the estate called Yandsoff, and without regarding the advantages of his position, he attacked the enemy; on this occasion, besides numbers of killed and wounded, he took 33 pieces of cannon and 200 prisoners. He further reports, that, during the pursuit of Beauharnois' corps on the 8th Nov. 69 guns were taken, and not 62, as formerly stated.

Adj. Gen. Denizoff, attacked the enemy on their march to Krasnoi, killed 500 and took 400 on the 12th instant. The next day he took some prisoners, some of which were officers.

Nov. 14.—Admiral Tchichagoff reports, on the 11th instant, having left in the principality of Warsaw, a corps under the command of Gen. Sachen, he marched with the remainder to Preyan, intending to pursue his march through Slonim & Neswich, to Minsk, where he proposed to arrive about the

17th or 19th Nov.; that he sent orders to Maj. Gen. Leiders and Lieut. Gen. Eartel, to march upon the same point.

Intelligence having been received from some French artillery prisoners, of the places where the enemy had concealed cannon and arms near Boldinsky monastery, 27 cannon, 5 or 6000 stand of arms, 500 sabres, and 15,000 shells, have been dug out. The head-quarters of the army were this day at the village of Uroff.

Nov. 15.—Maj. Gen. Platoff reports of the 11th instant, that Beauharnois' corps having turned from Duckotchina road towards Smolensko, he continues to surround it, and cut off all provisions and forage.

Adj. Gen. Count Orjeroff reports, under date 14th Nov. that he attacked the village of Krasnoi. The yagers, disregarding the fire of grape, attacked the enemy's columns with their bayonets, and after a combat, in which our artillery and cavalry were engaged, took possession of the town; but observing strong columns of the enemy moving from Smolensko upon Krasnoi, they fell back three wersts, to the farm of Kulkoff. One colonel and 250 rank and file were taken.

Lieut. Gen. Count Tolstoy reports, that being with his division of infantry on the 14th, in the village of Kovisoff, and learning that the enemy was within half a werst of that place, he detached a squadron of the Kalmopolsky regiment, which killed a part and took 10 prisoners.

Gen. Millaradovitch reports, on the 12th, that being at the village of Knageneim, he sent a patrole upon the road from Smolensko to Krasnoi, to reconnoitre the enemy, which returned, having 17 prisoners. The same day, Count Tolstoy sent the Pskofki regiment of dragoons to examine the state of the villages occupied by the enemy. This regiment, perceiving three squadrons of cavalry, attacked, and took 5 officers and 290 men.—Adj. Gen. Count Denizoff also sent in two Generals and a Brigadier-General, with an account of his having taken 20 pieces of cannon, near the town of Krasnoi.

St. Petersburgh, Nov. 25.

My Lord,—In addition to my dispatch of the 23d instant, I have now the happiness to inclose a translation of reports which have been received from Field-Marshal Prince Kutusoff, of the 10th and 20th inst. containing the details of the total defeat of the divisions of the French army, under the commands of Marshals Davoust and Ney.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) CATHCART.

The Commander in Chief General Field-Marshal Prince Kutusoff, from his quarters at the village of Dubrovo, submits to his Imperial Majesty the two following reports:

First Report dated 18th November.

After the battle, near Viasma, of the 22d October, my army made every effort to turn, if not all the enemy's corps, at least its advanced guard, on the road from Telna to Krasnoi, in which it completely succeeded on the 17th and 18th November.

The 16th November the army made a movement by advancing five wersts, as far as the town of Krasnoi. The advanced guard fell in with the enemy, who were completely defeated by Lieut.-Gen. Onverow. On this occasion we became masters of one standard, some cannon, and a great number of prisoners, one of whom was a General.

General Millaradovitch, commanding the advanced guard, with the 2d light corps of infantry, and the 2d of cavalry, perceiving the corps commanded by Marshal Davoust advance near Krasnoi, detached thither Lieutenant-General Prince Galatzin. The enemy conceiving himself turned on all sides, began to defend himself. Our artillery made a terrible carnage in the enemy's ranks. Napoleon himself was an eye-witness of the battle, and not waiting for the issue, he fled with his whole suite to the village of Liadam, and abandoned the corps of Davoust.

The battle lasted the whole day; the enemy were completely defeated and dispersed in the neighbouring wood, for a distance of five wersts along the banks of the Dnieper—thus the corps of General Davoust has been completely destroyed. The loss in killed and wounded is immense. We have made prisoners two generals, fifty-eight officers of different ranks, nine thousand one hundred and seven-

ty prisoners, seventy cannon, three standards, and taken the bâton of Marshal Davoust.

On the 17th November, being informed that the corps of Marshal Ney, forming the rear guard of the enemy, was moving in the road leading to Krasnoi, I made the following dispositions:

Second Report.

In order to obtain a certain victory over Marshal Ney, and cut off entirely his communication with the rest of the army, I reinforced General Millaradovitch with the 8th corps, giving him orders to prevent the Marshal's advance, and to take a position near the villages, Syroherbnie and Teherniska. Major General Lourkonski perceived, about three in the afternoon, the enemy advancing. The thickness of the fog prevented him from ascertaining his numbers, who kept marching forwards till they were close to our batteries. The enemy attempting in vain to pierce through our lines, received, at the distance of two hundred and fifty paces, a general discharge of musketry and of forty pieces of cannon: the effect of this fire upon the enemy was extremely fatal. Finding he had no hope of escaping, he at length sent a flag of truce to General Millaradovitch. At midnight the whole corps d'armée of the enemy, amounting to twelve thousand men, were obliged to lay down their arms. All their artillery, in number twenty-seven pieces of cannon, all the baggage and military chest, were the fruits of our victory. In the number of prisoners are above one hundred officers of different ranks. Marshal Ney was wounded, but saved himself by flight, and was pursued by the Cossacks beyond the Dnieper. The loss of the enemy is enormous: according to the report of the prisoners, four generals of division were wounded. We have not lost above five hundred men in killed and wounded.

The army is at present at Krasnoi, and the advanced guard at Dowbrowna, from whence we shall follow the movements of the enemy.

General Platow informs me by a private letter annexed, that the enemy left behind him, seventeen wersts from Smolensko, a great quantity of artillery, amounting to one hundred and twelve pieces.

Letter of General Count Platoff to the Gen. Field Marshal, dated 17th Nov.

After the signature of my report to your Highness, Capt. Parkin arrived with the rations, and states that at the distance of seventeen wersts from Smolensko, in the great road, he had counted 112 cannon, besides a great number of tumbrils and carriages. I am not able to send your Highness a report in form, not having received it from the Governor of Smolensko, I join the unanimous voice of the troops in pronouncing, *Hourra! your most serene Highness!*

Bulletins of the French Army in Russia.

[*Continued from p. 485.*]

The *Twenty-Sixth*, dated Borowsk, Oct. 23.—"After the battle of Moskwa, General Kutusou took a position a league in advance of Moscow; he established several redoubts to defend the town; he remained there till the last moment. On the 14th September, seeing the French army march towards him, he took his resolution, and evacuated the position, passing through Moscow. He crossed through the city with his head-quarters at half nine o'clock in the morning. Our advanced guard passed through it an hour after noon. The Commandant of the Russian van guard requested to be allowed to defile in the city, without firing; it was allowed him, but in the Kremlin, the Canaille, armed by the Governor, made a resistance, and were immediately dispersed, 10,000 Russian soldiers were the next and following days collected in the city; into which they were brought by their thirst for plunder; they were old and sick soldiers, they augmented the number of prisoners. On the 15th, 16th, and 17th of September, the Russian General, commanding the rear guard, said, that they should fire no longer, that they ought to fight no more, and talked much about peace. He marched upon the road of Kolomna, and our advanced guard placed itself five leagues from Moscow. During this time the Russian army left the Kolom-

na road, and took that of Kalouga by cross roads. He thus made the half tour of the city, at six leagues distance. The wind carried thither clouds of flame and smoke. This march, according to the statements of the Russian Officers, was sombre and religious: consternation filled their souls; they assert, that officers and soldiers were so penetrated, that the most profound silence reigned throughout all the army as during prayers.—We quickly perceived the enemy's march. The Duke of Istria marched to Disna, with a corps of observation. The King of Naples, at first followed the enemy upon Podol, and afterwards marched upon their rear, threatening to cut them off from the Kalouga road. Although the King only had with him the advanced guard, the enemy only allowed themselves time to evacuate the entrenchments they had constructed, and marched six leagues in the rear, after a glorious battle for the advanced guard. Prince Poniatowski took a position behind the Nara, at the confluence of the Isha. General Lauriston having, on the 5th of Oct. gone to the Russian head-quarters, the communications were re-established between our advanced posts and those of the enemy, who, between themselves, agreed not to attack each other without giving three hours notice; but on the 18th, at seven o'clock in the morning, 4000 Cossacks came out from a wood, situated within half cannon shot of General Sebastiana, forming the extreme left of the advanced guard, who had neither been occupied nor inspected that day. They made an attack upon this light cavalry at a time when they were on foot, at the distribution of meal: this light cavalry could not form, but at a league at farthest. Whilst the enemy penetrated by this hole, a park of twelve pieces of cannon and twenty caissons, of General Sebastiana, were taken in a ravine, with baggage waggons in number thirty; in all 65 waggons, instead of one hundred, as stated in the last Bulletin. At the same time, the enemy's regular cavalry, and two columns of infantry, penetrated into the hole. They hoped to gain the wood and the defile of Voronovo before us; but the King of Naples was there, and he was on horseback: he marched and penetrated the Russian cavalry in ten or 12 different charges. He perceived the division of six enemy's battalions, commanded by Lieut.-General Muller, charged and penetrated it. This division was massacred; Lieut. Gen. Muller was killed; whilst this was passing, Gen. Powniatowski successfully repulsed a Russian division. The Polish General Fischer was killed by a ball. The enemy not only suffered a loss superior to ours, but have the shame of having violated the truce concluded between the advanced guard, a thing hardly ever done. Our loss amounts to 800 men in killed, wounded, and taken; that of the enemy is double: several Russian Officers were taken; two of their Generals were killed; on this day the King of Naples has proved what presence of mind, valour, and a knowledge of war can effect. In general, throughout all this campaign, this Prince has shown himself worthy of the supreme rank in which he is placed. However, the Emperor wishing to oblige the enemy to evacuate his entrenched camp, and drive them several marches back, in order to be able tranquilly to proceed to the countries chosen for winter quarters, and actually necessary to be occupied for the execution of his ulterior projects; on the 17th ordered Gen. Lauriston, with his advanced guard, to place himself behind the defile of Winkowo, in order that his movements might not be perceived. After Moscow had ceased to exist, the Emperor had determined either to abandon this heap of ruins, or only occupy the Kremlin with 8000 men; but the Kremlin, after fifteen days labour, was not judged sufficiently strong to be abandoned for twenty or thirty days to its own forces. It would have weakened and incommoded the army in its movements, without giving a great advantage. If we wished to protect Moscow from the beggars and plunderers, 20,000 men would have been necessary. Moscow is at present a truly unhealthy and impure sink. A population of 200,000, wandering in the neighbouring woods, dying with hunger, come to these ruins to seek what remains, and vegetables in the

gardens, to support life. It appeared useless to compromise any thing whatever for an object which was of no military importance, and which has now become of no political importance. All the magazines which were in the city having been carefully examined, the others emptied, the Emperor caused the Kremlin to be mined. The Duke of Istria caused it to be blown up, at two o'clock A.M. on the 23d; the arsenal, barracks, magazines, all were destroyed.—This ancient citadel, which takes its date from the foundation of the Monarchy, this first Palace of the Czars, has been destroyed. The Duke of Treviso has marched for the Vereja. The Emperor of Russia's Aid de-camp, Baron Winzingerode, having, on the 22d, attempted to penetrate at the head of 200 Cossacks, was repulsed and taken prisoner with a young Russian Officer, named Narishkin. On the 19th, the head-quarters were in the castle of Troitskoi; they remained there on the 20th. On the 21st they were at Ignatien; the 22d at Pomenskoi, all the army having made two flank marches; and the 23d at Borowsk. The Emperor reckons upon marching on the 24th to gain the Dwina, and taken a position which will bring him within 80 leagues of Petersburgh and Wilna, a double advantage; that is to say, 20 marches nearer his means and his object. Of 4000 stone houses which were in Moscow, not more than 200 remain. It has been said a fourth remained, because at that calculation 800 churches were comprehended, a part of which are undamaged. Of 8000 houses of wood, nearly 500 remain. It was proposed to the Emperor to burn what remained of the city, to treat the Russians in their own way, and to extend this measure round Moscow.—There are 2000 villages, and as many country houses and chateaux. It was proposed to form four columns of 2000 men each, and charge them with burning every thing for 20 leagues round Moscow. That will learn the Russians, said they, to make war according to rule, and not like Tartars. If they burn a village, a house, we must make them answer for it by burning 100. The Emperor refused to allow these measures, which would have aggravated the misfortunes of this population. Of 9000 proprietors, whose castles would have been burned, 100 perhaps would have been sectaries of of the Marat of Russia; but 8900 are brave men, already too much the victims of some wretched men. To punish 100 guilty persons, 8900 would have been ruined. We must add, that it would absolutely have left, without resources, 200,000 poor boors, innocent of all this. The Emperor, therefore, contented himself with ordering the destruction of the citadel and military establishments, according to the usages of war, without doing any thing to ruin individuals, already too unhappy by the consequences of this war. The inhabitants of Russia do not recollect such a season as we have had for the last twenty days. It is the sun and fine days of a journey from Fontainbleau. The army is in an extremely rich country; it may be compared to the best in France or Germany."

Twenty Seventh dated Vereja, Oct. 27th.—On the 27th Prince Poniatowski marched upon Vereja. The 23d the army was about to follow this movement, but in the afternoon we learnt that the enemy had quitted his entrenched camp, and was on march to the little town of Maloiardslavitz. It was found necessary to march after him, and obstruct his intentions. The Viceroy received orders to march. Delzon's division arrived on the 23d, at six in the evening, on the left bank, took possession of the bridge, and caused it to be repaired. In the night between the 23d and 24th the Russian division arrived in the town, and took possession of the heights on the right bank, which are extremely advantageous. On the 24th, at day-break, the battle commenced. During this time the enemy's army appeared quite entire, and took a position behind the town. The divisions Delzon, Broussier, and Pino, and the Italian guard, were successively engaged. This engagement does the greatest honour to the Viceroy, and the 4th corps of the army. Two-thirds of the enemy's army were engaged to maintain his position; but this was in vain, for the town was taken as well as the heights. The enemy retreated so precipitately that he was obliged to throw 20 piece

of cannon into the river. Towards night, Marshal Prince Eckmuhl debouched with his corps, and all the army was in battle array with its artillery on the 25th, in the position which the enemy occupied the night before. The enemy moved his head-quarters on the 24th, to the village of Gherodnia. At seven in the morning 6000 Cossacks, who had glided into the wood, made a general dash upon the rear of the position, and took six pieces of cannon which were parked. The Duke of Istria set off a gallop with all the horse guards; this horde was sabred, brought back, and thrown into the river, the artillery it had taken was recovered, and several of his waggons were captured; 600 of these Cossacks were killed, wounded, or taken; 30 men of the guards were wounded, and three killed. The Emperor marched to Maloiardlavitz, reconnoitred the position of the enemy, and ordered an attack for the next morning, but in the night the enemy retreated. Prince Eckmuhl followed him for six hours. The Emperor then let him go, and directed the movement upon Vereja. Prince Eckmuhl is, to night, at Borowsk; the Duke of Elchingen at Mojaisk. The General Baron Delzons, a distinguished Officer, was killed with three balls. Our loss was 1500 men killed or wounded; that of the enemy is 6 or 7000. We found on the field of battle 1700 Russians, amongst whom were 1100 recruits, dressed in grey jackets, having hardly served two months. The old Russian infantry is destroyed; the Russian army would have no consistence but for the numerous reinforcements of Cossacks recently arrived from the Don. Well informed persons assure us, that in the Russian infantry the first rank only is composed of soldiers, and that the second and third ranks are filled with recruits and militia, and who, notwithstanding the promises made them, are incorporated. The Russians had three Generals killed. General Count Pino was slightly wounded.

Twenty-Eighth, dated Smolensko, Nov. 11.—The imperial head quarters were, on the 1st of November, at Viasma, and on the 9th at Smolensko. The weather was very fine up to the 6th, but on the 7th the winter began. The ground is covered with snow. The roads have become very slippery, and very difficult for carriage horses. We have lost many men by cold and fatigue; night bivouacings are very injurious to them. Since the battle of Maloiardlavitz, the advanced guard has seen no other enemy than the Cossacks, who, like the Arabs, hover upon the flanks, and fly about to annoy. On the 2d, at two in the afternoon, 12,000 Russian infantry, covered by a cloud of Cossacks, intercepted the communication, a league's distance from Viasma, between the Prince of Eckmuhl and the Viceroy. The Prince of Eckmuhl and the Viceroy marched upon this column, drove it from the road, and overthrew it in the wood, took a Major General with a good number of prisoners, and carried off six pieces of cannon; that time we have not again seen the Russian infantry, but only Cossacks. Since the bad weather, from the 6th, we have lost more than 3000 carriage horses, and nearly 100 of our caissons have been destroyed. General Wittenstein having been reinforced by the Russian divisions from Finland, and by a great number of troops from the Militia, attacked, on the 18th of October, Marshal Gouvion St Cyr; he was repulsed by that Marshal and General Wrede, who took more than 3000 prisoners, and covered the field of battle with his dead. On the 20th ult. Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr having been informed that Marshal the Duke of Belluno, with the 9th corps, was marching to reinforce him, repassed the Dwina, and marched to meet him, in order, on having effected a junction with him, to fight Wittgenstein, and oblige him to repass the Dwina. Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr bestows the highest eulogiums upon his troops. The Swiss division distinguished itself by its *sangfroid* and bravery. Colonel Guchenew, of the 26th regiment of light infantry was wounded. Marshal St. Cyr received a ball in the foot; Marshal the Duke of Reggio has arrived to replace him, and retaken the command of the 2d corps.—The health of the Emperor has never been better.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

KENT.

LATELY one hundred poor women and children, who reside at Waldershare, Kent, and in its neighbourhood, were clothed from head to foot, in suitable apparel for the winter season, by the benevolence of Lady Lilenborough, the amiable hostess of Waldershare house. The poor persons afterwards accompanied her Ladyship and family to Waldershare church, and returning to the mansion, were plentifully supplied with soup to carry to their respective homes, and each of them were further relieved with one shilling in money.

The Tunbridge Bank, owing to some heavy losses, was under the necessity of stopping payment The principal creditors have held a meeting, when it was agreed to take their respective debts at four six monthly instalments in order to give time for the partners to dispose of their landed property and collect their debts The meeting likewise declared it to be their opinion, that it would be advisable to continue to receive the 1*l.* and 2l. notes of the Bank now in circulation, until the first instalment of the debts due to the creditors should become payable.

MIDDLESEX

A singular robbery was lately committed at Tottenham The premises of Mr. Goodman, baker, were broken open by some villains, who carried off a bay mare, six geese, three ducks, and about thirty brace of rabbits. Mr. Goodman's dog was also missing, and it is supposed followed the horse, having been accustomed for years to accompany the animal whenever he went from home in the cart —The thieves are supposed to be gypsies, as they left behind them part of coverings such as these people generally use to sleep under, on commons, and in lanes.—What is remarkable, their dog was found in the stable watching and protecting the coverings, nor would he give them up without an arduous struggle. It is probable that the dog, which Mr. Goodman has detained, may be the means of discovery.

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

Dec. 24, 1812.

DOCKS.

Commercial, 135*l.* per share
East-Country, 68*l.* ditto
East-India, 105*l.* per cent.
London, 104*l.* ditto
West-India, 147*l.* ditto

CANALS.

Ellesmere Canal, 66*l.* per share
Grand Junction, 200*l.* ditto
Grand Surrey, 107*l.* ditto
Grand Union, 24*l.* per share disc.
Huddersfield, 18*l.* per share
Kennet and Avon, 21*l.* 10s. ditto
Leeds and Liverpool, 205*l.* ditto
Leicester Union, 96*l.* ditto
Monmouth, 110*l.*
Regents, par.
Stafford and Worcester, 808*l.* per share
Swansea, 180*l.* ditto
Wilts and Berks, 17*l.* 10s. ditto.

WATER-WORKS.

East London, 63*l.* per share
Kent, 58*l.* ditto
West Middlesex, 40*l.* ditto

INSURANCE-OFFICES.

Globe, 105*l.* per share
Albion, 47*l.* ditto
Imperial, 50*l.* ditto
Rock, 2*l.* 5s.

BRIDGES.

Strand Bridge, 46*l.* per share disc.
Vauxhall, 48*l.* ditto.

SUNDRIES.

Beeralstone Lead and Silver Mines, 55*l.* per share premium.
London Institution, 54*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, 14*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, and Stock Brokers.*

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Dec. 19, 1812.

INLAND COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	130	4	73	0	62	5	53	
Surrey	128	0	72	0	62	8	53	0
Hertford	121	4	69	0	62	0	55	0
Bedford	119	11	76	0	59	4	48	0
Huntin.	121	10	———		63	8	48	4
Northa.	121	8	92	0	64	6	44	8
Rutland	121	0	———		70	0	53	0
Leicest.	121	3	84	8	68	0	46	10
Notting.	119	4	82	0	68	0	49	8
Derby	121	4	———		70	10	52	10
Stafford	126	1	———		69	8	49	6
Salop	127	4	97	8	69	6	41	10
Herefor.	113	7	73	7	63	9	37	4
Wor'st.	127	11	———		66	7	48	11
Warwic	134	2	———		73	8	53	4
Wilts	116	0	———		66	4	47	
Berks	131	1	———		59	9	45	
Oxford	122	6	———		58	6	48	
Bucks	131	4	———		58	8	48	6
Brecon	117	9	82	0	65	7	32	
Montgo.	120	9	———		64	0	40	
Radnor.	116	6	———		64	0	38	

MARITIME COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Kent	128	6	———		62	0	50	6
Sussex	119	0	65	3	62	4	46	
Suffolk	120	0	———		61	6	45	6
Cambridge	119	8	70	8	59	6	46	8
Norfolk	121	5	67	6	59	8	39	10
Lincoln	116	3	70	6	58	4	48	3
York	116	5	94	0	66	8	43	9
Durham	120	7	97	8	59	2	44	2
Northumberlan	107	6	———		65	0	44	8
Cumberland	101	8	79	4	57	2	43	1
Westmorland	111	4	95	0	58	11	40	5
Lancaster	126	2	108	0	60	9	46	6
Chester	117	5	———		———		48	6
Flint	120	0	———		81	4	48	4
Denbigh	139	8	———		81	11	———	
Anglesea	136	1	———		79	10	46	11
Carnarvon	———		———		———		40	0
Merioneth	116	8	———		61	4	40	4
Cardigan	121	4	———		70	6	44	8
Pembroke	110	6	———		48	6	24	6
Carmarthen	90	2	———		54	9	30	0
Glamorgan	103	10	———		54	1	28	3
Gloucester	121	8	———		65	6	30	8
Somerset	124	6	———		70	11	———	
Monmouth	132	11	———		69	4	40	8
Devon	126	2	———		68	2	———	
Cornwall	127	2	———		63	6	———	
Dorset	114	8	———		58	7	33	4
Hants	127	11	———		66	4	39	6
	123	5	———		61	3	46	6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 121s. 0d.; Rye 81s. 6d.; Barley 64s. 4d.; Oats 44s. 1d.; Beans 88s. 6d.; Pease 87s. 8d.; Oatmeal 48s. 5d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from NOV. 25, to DEC. 22, 1812.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males	957	1943	Males	750	1498
Females	986		Females	748	

Whereof have died under two years old 601

Between 2 and 5 - 265; 5 and 10 - 84; 10 and 20 - 64; 20 and 30 - 109; 30 and 40 - 158; 40 and 50 - 175; 50 and 60 - 156; 60 and 70 - 147; 70 and 80 - 126; 80 and 90 - 59; 90 and 100 - 8

Peck Loaf, 6s.2d. 6s.2d. 6s.2d. 6s 3d.

Salt, 90s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

Total Christenings, and Burials from Dec. 10, 1811, to Dec. 15, 1812.

Christened				Buried			
Males	10388	In all	20404	Males	9396	In all	18295
Females	10016			Females	8899		

Whereof have died,

Under 2 years of age	5636	20 and 30	1226	60 and 70	1425	100	-	0	
Between 2 and 5	1907	30 and 40	1685	70 and 80	1193	101	-	0	
5 and 10	685	40 and 50	1841	80 and 90	492	102	-	1	
10 and 20	620	50 and 60	1543	90 and 100	71	103	-	0	

Increased in the Burials this year 1252.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from NOVEMBER 28, to DECEMBER 26, 1812, both inclusive.

Day. 1812	Bank Stock.	3 p. Cent Reduc.	3 p. Cent Consols.	4 pCet. Annu.	5 p Cent Navy.	5 p. C. 1797.	Irish 5p.C	Long Anns.	Imperial 3 p Cent.	Imperial Anns.	Omnium.	India Stock	India Bonds.	S. S. Sto.	Old S. Sea Anns.	New S. Sea Anns.	Exche. Bills.	Cons. for Jan. 19.
Nov.																		
28		57¼ ⅜	58¼ ½	73¼	90⅛			14 15-16ths					1s.dis.				5s.pm	59⅛
30		57⅜ ⅛	58¼ ⅛	73	90⅜								1s.dis.				5s.pm	59
Dec.																		
1	216	57⅜ ¼	58⅛ ⅜	73	90			14 13-16ths	55⅜	4⅝	4¼ pm.		3s.dis.				5s.pm	59
2	216	57⅜ ¼	58¼ ⅛	73	89⅞			14 13-16ths	55⅝		4⅛ pm.	Shut	4s.dis.				5s.pm	58⅞
3	216¼	57⅜ ⅞	58⅜ 77/8	72⅞	90⅜			14 11-16ths			3⅞ pm.	Do.	6s.dis.	Shut			5s.pm	58¾
4	216	57⅛ ⅝	58⅛ ¾	73	90¼			14⅞	55½		5 pm.	Do.	5s.dis.	Do.		Shut	5s.pm	59½
5	216	57¼ ⅞	Shut.	73¼	90½			14⅝		4⅛	5 pm.	Do.		Do.		Do.	5s.pm	59½
7		57⅞ 84	Do.	73½	Shut.			15	56⅛		5¼ pm.	Do.	6s.dis.	Do.		Do.	5s.pm	59⅝
8	218	58⅛ 60	Do.	75¾	Do.			15⅛			3¼ pm.	Do.	7s.dis.	Do.		Do.	5s.pm	61⅜
9		59½ ⅛	Do.	75½	Do.			15 5-16ths	57½	4⅛	7⅜ pm.	Do.	7s.dis.	Do.		Do.	5s.pm	61⅝
10	218	58⅞ 91	Do.	75⅛	Do.			15 3-16ths	57½		7¼ pm	Do.	5s.dis.	Do.		Do.	5s.pm	61¼
11	218	58⅛ 92	Do.	75⅜	Do.			15 5-16ths			2⅛ pm.	Do.	4s.dis.	Do.		Do.	5s.pm	61⅜
12		59⅛ ⅝	Do.	75⅜	Do.			15 5-16ths			2 pm.	Do.	4s.dis.	Do.		Do.	5s.pm	61½
13		59½ ¼	Do.	75½	Do.			15⅛	57¼		7⅜ pm.	Do.	4s.dis.	Do.		Do.	5s.pm	61¼
15	219	59¼ ½	Do.	75½	Do.			15 5-16ths			7⅜ pm.	Do.	4s.dis.	Do.	59⅛	Do.	5s.pm	61½
16		59⅜ 60⅜	Do.	76⅛	Do.			15 9-16ths	58⅜		10 pm.	Do.	6s.dis.	Do.		Do.	5s.pm	62½
17	222½	61⅜ 60⅞	Do.	77⅛	Do.			15⅝			10⅞ pm	Do.	6s.dis.	Do.	60¾	Do.	5s.pm	63
18	223	60½ 61⅛	Do.	77⅛	Do.			15 9-16ths	58⅜	4⅝	10¼ pm	Do.	7s.dis.	Do.	60⅝	Do.	5s.pm	62⅝
19	223½	60⅞ 61⅜	Do.	77⅜	Do.			15⅝			10¼ pm	Do.	5s.dis.	Do.		Do.	5s.pm	62⅞
21		61⅛ ⅞	Do.	77⅜	Do.						10⅛ pm	Do.	6s.dis.	Do.		Do.	5s.pm	62¾
22	223	60⅞ 61⅛	Do.	77¼	Do.			15⅝	59		10½ pm	Do.	6s.dis.	Do.		Do.	5s.pm	62⅝
23		60⅞ ¼	Do.	76¼	Do.			15⅝				Do.	7s.dis.	Do.		Do.	4s.pm	62½
24		59⅞ ⅛	Do.	76⅛	Do.			15¼			7⅞ pm.	Do.	9s.dis.	Do.		Do.	4s.pm	61⅞
25	holida.																	
26	holida.																	

N. B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols, the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks, the *highest* only.

J. M. RICHARDSON, STOCK BROKER, No. 23, Cornhill.

INDEX TO VOL. XVIII.

ABERCROMBIE, Sir Ralph, account of the landing of the British troops in Egypt under his command, 473.
Account of the English spice plantations, 197.
——— Palermo, 211.
——— the different harbours on the coast of Ireland, 219.
——— Djezzar Pacha, 278.
——— some Moravian Missionaries in Southern Africa, 383.
Address on the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, 324.
Advantages of confinement in a prison, 360.
Adventures of a Dramatist, 392.
Aerolites, fall of, near Toulouse, 232.
Aerostation, two fatal instances of, 408.
African Society, sixth annual report of the, 232.
America, political state of, 149.—War declared by, against Great Britain, 244.—Progress of this war, 334, 420.
——— Message of the President on opening Congress, 501.
Analogy between plants and animals, 310.
Anecdotes respecting the literary taste of Dryden, 11.
——— of Guy and Buxton, 313.
——— of Peter the Great, 371.
Antraigues, Count and Countess D', murdered by their own servant, 84.
Apple-trees, method of reviving, 63.
Ariosto, observations on the works of, 89.
Arts and Sciences, improvements in and notices relating to, 59, 138, 235, 318, 407, 496.
Autumn, stanzas on the close of, 52.

Bees, the culture of, in Sweden, 67.
Berkshire, occurrences in, 435.
Bill of Mortality, monthly, 87, 174, 263, 351, 439, 522.
——— annual, 522.
Bittorf, M. killed in an aerial ascension, 408.
Board of Agriculture—Report on the boiling of potatoes, 404.
Books, new, published in July, 76.—August, 150.—September, 246.—October, 334.—November, 422.—December, 506.
Brewer, Mr. J. N. literary shreds and patches collected by, 10.
British Spy in America, the, 26, 109, 202, 287, 368, 448.
Brothers, the, a tale, 297.
Buckinghamshire, occurrences in, 347.
Bugs, effectual remedy for, 268.
Bulletins of the French Army in Russia, 82, 158, 255, 344, 433, 517.
Burdett, Sir Francis, his letter and address to the electors of Westminster, on his re-election to parliament, 336
Burdon, Mr. in defence of his opinions, 270.
Burgoyne, Montague, Esq. his speech at a meeting of Essex freeholders, 167.
Burke, Edmund, his speech on the powers of juries in prosecutions for libel, 452.
Byron's, Lord, address on the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, 324.—Review of Lord ——— Critique on this address, 490.

Cambridgeshire, occurrences in, 85, 166.
Canal, Dock, Fire-office, Water-works, and other commercial concerns, monthly prices of shares, 87, 175, 263, 351, 439, 521.
Cheshire, occurrences in, 348.
Child of Chance, a new afterpiece, 66.
Christianity, remarks on the various opinions concerning the nature of, 353.
——— prophetic evidences of, 441.
Cochrane, Lord, his address to the electors of Westminster, 338.
Colman's Poetical Vagaries, review of, 54.
Cobbett, Mr. meeting to celebrate his release from prison, 71.
Collins, interesting particulars relating to, 33.
Confinement in Prison, the advantages of, 360.
Conspiracy at Paris, three generals executed, 418.
Continuation of Coxe's Travels in Switzerland, 13, 97, 184, 361, 444.
Cooke, George Frederic, account of his death, 413.
Cookery, some useful receipts in, 139.
Corn, monthly return of the prices of, 87, 175, 263, 351, 439, 522.
Covent Garden Theatre, performances at, 63, 326, 414.
Cowley, the causes of his melancholy, 388.
Criticism, original,—One Night, 49.—Dyer's Poems, 52.—Colman's Poetical Vagaries, 54.—Speeches in Parliament of the Right Hon. Wm. Windham, 135

—Rhydisel; the Devil in Oxford, 226.—Diurnal Readings, 309.—Account of Leamington Spa Charity, 316.—The Adventures of a Dramatist, 392.—Memoirs of the Margravine of Baraith, 394.—Chamberlaine's Tirocinium Medicum, 401.—A Father's Advice to his daughter, 484.—A Critique on Lord Byron's Address on the opening of Drury-lane Theatre, 490.
Croup, cure for the, 63.
Cumberland, occurrences in, 436.
Curse of Curses, 329.

Dawson, Daniel, trial of, for poisoning horses, 85.—His execution, 166
Derbyshire, occurrences in, 258.
Devonshire, occurrences in, 348.
Djezzar, Pacha of Acre, interesting account of, 278.
Dispatches from the British army in Portugal, 79, 152, 248, 424, 508.
Drowning, a preventive against, 321.
Drury-lane Theatre, description of this new building, 252.—Opening of, 324.—Address spoken on the occasion, ib.
Dryden, anecdotes of the literary taste of, 11.
Dyer, Mr. George, on painting and engraving, 39.—Review of his work entitled Poetics, 52.

Eagles, Thomas, Esq. death of, 412.
Earthquakes in South America, 254.
Eastern Conquerors, 309.
Eggs, method of preserving, 67.
Egypt, some interesting particulars of the landing of the British troops in, 473.
Elegy on the death of Dr. Morton, 136.
England Dick, a well-known character, his death, 144.
English spice plantations, 197.
Essex, occurrences in, 167.
Evening-Star, sonnet to the, 491.
Execution of Daniel Dawson, 166.

Female Literature, remarks on, 378.
Foreign Events, 254, 341, 431.
Fortune Hunters, a new comedy, 240.
France, extensive establishments for learning there, 138.
French National Institute—Report of M. Leschenault relative to a lake of sulphuric acid found at the bottom of a volcano, 491.

Gazette Intelligence, 79, 152, 248, 424, 508.
Gleaner, the,—Vyshney Voloshok, 133.—Blackstone's Commentaries, ib.—Practical effect of religion, ib.—Turkish bazars, 134.
Gloucestershire, occurrences in, 436.
Gravel, valuable hints on the cure of, 140.
Greece, the present state of, and the causes that led to its decline, 302.
Hammond, a defence of the poetry of, 470.
Hampshire, occurrences in, 86, 258.
Haymarket Theatre, performances at, 65, 240.
Hertfordshire, occurrences in 86, 259.
Hell Fire, inquiry into the nature and meaning of, as applied to the future punishment of man, 17.
Highgate Tunnel, a new after-piece, 66.
Historical Chronicle, 79, 152, 248, 336, 424, 508.
History of Russia, Poland, Sweden, &c. the seat of war in the north, 90.
——— the mnemonic art, 272.
——— a caterpillar, 311.
Hopkins, Rev. David, death of, 68.
Horticultural Society, list of premiums offered by the, 139.
Hydrophobia, effectually cured, chiefly by bleeding, 110.

Jack and Jill, a new afterpiece, 240.
Jerningham, E. Esq. short memoir of, 413.
Jerusalem, singular phenomenon observed at, 253.
Jews, the gathering of the, 342.
Improvements in the metropolis, 318.
Johnson, Dr. lexicographical peculiarities of, 269.
Ireland, occurrences in, 173, 350.
——— account of the different harbours on the coast of, 219.
Junius, selections from the private letters of, to the late Mr. Woodfall, 458.

Kent, occurrences in, 168, 259, 521.

Lake of sulphuric acid at the bottom of a volcano of Mont Idienne, account of a, 491.
Lambert, Daniel, epitaph to the memory of, 259.
Lapland, narrative of a journey to discover the height and temperature of the mountains of, 497.
Libels, on the powers of juries in prosecutions for, 452.
Liberality of Sentiment, some remarks on, 122.—Mr. Burdon in answer to the remarks, 270.
Lice that infest Peas, method of destroying them, 320.
Life of an Authoress, 224.
——— the Right Hon. Wm. Windham, 477.
Lime, remarks on the efficacy of, as a manure, 141.
Lincolnshire, occurrences in, 169, 259, 349, 436.
Lind, Dr. James, death of, 412.

Literary shreds and patches, 10.
London Philosophical Society, 402.
Lord of the Manor, revival of this piece, 414.
Look at Home, a new play, 241.
Love, Law, and Physic, a new afterpiece, 414.
Lyceum Theatre, performances at, 66, 239, 325.

Mallet, Philip, Esq. death of, 69.
Mandar, T. biographical sketch of, 130.
Margravine of Bareith, Princess Royal of Prussia, memoirs of the, 391.
Mayne, Mr. stanzas to Nelson, by, 232.
Melancholy of Cowley, inquiry into the, 388.
Memoir on Tunis, 22, 117.
——— the Upas-tree, 208.
Meteoric Stones, fall of, 233.
Millenium, the approach of the, 342.
Mingay, James, Esq. death of, 69.
Mirabeau, Comte de, biographical sketch of his life, 43.
Mnemonic Art, sketch of the history of, 272.
Mojaisk, dreadful battle of, 331, 344.
Montesquieu, Baron de, interesting particulars relating to, 282.
Morton, Dr. short memoir of, 68.
——— elegy on the death of, 136.
Moscow, march of the French army to, 332. —Destruction of this city by the Russians, to prevent its falling into the hands of the French, 346.—Observations on the policy of this measure, 416.
Mother Red-Cap, 254.
Mudford, Mr. disproval of some gross calumnies insinuated against him by Miss Churchill and her mother, 3.
Murder of the Count and Countess D'Antraigues, 84.
——— extraordinary cases of, 169, 171, 348.
Music, a disquisition on, 119.

Nature, the study of, 313.
Neglected Biography, No. X.—Honore Gabriel-Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, 43.
——— No. XI.—T. Mandar, Vice-President of the Temple Section, 130.—Fouquier Tinville, 132.
——— No. XII.—Eliza Ryves, 224.
——— No. XIII.—Tusser, 327.
Nelson, a dirge, 232.
New South Wales, great improvements at, 254, 322.
Nightingale, Mr. his lecture on stenography, delivered at the London Philosophical Society, 401.
Norwich, the Bishop of, his answer to an address of the Catholic Board at Dublin, 174.

Obituary.—Lieut. Col. Squire, 66.—Dr. Morton, 68.—Rev. D. Hopkins, ib.—Rev. C. Taylor, ib.—Lord Massey, ib.—P. Mallet, Esq. ib.—Mary Harris, ib.—J. Mingay, ib.—M. de Malide, 142.—M. de Montagnac, ib.—W. Antony de Luc, ib.—Pinedo, a Jew, ib.—Admiral De Winter, ib.—Sonnini, 143.—Brockman, ib.—Rev. L. Dutens, ib.—Jean Roy, ib.—Wm. Napier, ib.—Dandon, ib.—Sir J. Parnell, ib.—V. Joyeuse, ib.—Miss E. Pindar, 144.—H. Berry, ib.—Gen. Vallancy, ib.—Dick England, ib.—Wm. O'Leary, ib.—Mungo Park, 237.—Sir T. D. Hatton, 239.—Mr. Isaacs, ib.—Sir John Eden, 327.—Mrs. Boyce, ib.—Countess of Romney, ib.—Mrs. Hogg, ib.—Earl of Aylsford, ib.—Baroness Dimsdale, ib.—Mrs. Edwards, M. M. Abdool Ali, ib.—Mr. Hodson, ib. Earl of Kintore, ib.—Mr. Mercer, ib.—Mr. Wilson, ib.—Countess of Kingston, 328.—T. Hammersley, Esq. ib.—Mrs. Gatehouse, ib.—Mrs. J. A. Campbell, ib.—T. Eagles, Esq. 412.—Dr. Lind, ib.—Mr. M. Swinney, ib.—I. Solomons, ib.—Heyne, 413.—G. F. Cooke, ib.—E. Jerningham, Esq. ib.—Mr. Ross, 414.—J. Walter, Esq. ib.
Observations on Ariosto, 89.
——— the oriental apologue, 191
——— in defence of pithing of animals, 207.
Ode to Music, 200.
——— Wine, 201.
——— Sadi, 238.
O'Leary, Wm. Esq a dwarf, 141.
One Night, review of this work, 49.
Onions, improved method of managing, 141.
Oriental Apologue, observations on the, 291.
Ostrovno, battle of, between the French and Russians, 164.

Painting and Engraving, disquisition on, 39.
Palermo, interesting account of, 211.—Manners and customs of the inhabitants, &c. 212.—Trade, 218.
Palfrey, Mr. W. exemplary benevolence of, 170.
Park, Mungo, the celebrated traveller, narrative of his death, 237.
Parliamentary Proceedings, 504.
Parliamentary Reform, plan of the Westminster Club, for effecting this object, 430.
Parting Hour, the, a tale in verse, 164.

Paupers, singular case relative to the affording relief to, 437.
Perpetual Motion, said to be discovered by a mill-wright of Philadelphia, 497.
Peter the Great, curious anecdotes of, 71.
Pindar, on the measures of, 199.
Pithing of Animals, more painful than the ordinary method of slaughtering, 124.—Observations in defence of pithing, 207.
Plants and Animals, analogy between, 310.
Poetry, original and selected,—Stanzas written at Pennsylvania Castle, 57.—Elegy on the Death of Dr Morton, 136. A Reckoning with Time, 137.—Ode to Sadi, 231.—Nelson, a dirge, 232.—Lines to Anacreon Moore, ib.—Extempore lines by Clio Rickman, 401.—The Plumbian Professor, 402.—Sonnets by Clio Rickman, 489.—Sonnet to the Evening Star, by Mary Houghton, 469.
Potatoes, the best method of cooking, 404.
Prejudice, effects of, on liberality of sentiment, 182.
Privateer, the, a new opera, 239.
Prophetic evidences of christianity, 441.
Provincial Occurrences, 85, 166, 253, 347, 435, 521
Public Affairs, state of, for July, 69.—August, 144.—September, 241.—October, 328.—November, 416.—December, 499.
Public Defaulters,—Mr. Chinnery, 322.—Mr. Hunt, 323.—Lord Tyrawley, ib.—Mr. V. Jones, ib.

Rauzzini, Venanzio, inscription to the memory of, 437.
Reaping Machine, a new-invented one, 438.
Reckoning with Time, 137.
Recruiting Officer, revival of this comedy, 415.
Reflections on the present state of Greece, 302.
Regal Government, oration of Isocrates on, 177.
Rejected Addresses, extracts from this work,—The Rebuilding, (R Southey), 378.—A Tale of Drury-Lane, (Walter Scott), 380.—Fire and Ale, (M. G. Lewis), 382.
Reply of Sagnyn Whathah to the address of a missionary at a council of chiefs of the Six Nations, 314.
Rhydisel: the Devil in Oxford, review of, 226.
Rich and Poor, a new comic opera, 239.
Rickman, Clio, stanzas by him, written at Pennsylvania, 57.—Elegy on Dr. Morton, 136.—Extempore lines in the Grounds of Cannons, 401.—Sonnets by him, 489.
Ross, James, Esq. on the oriental apologue, 191.
Roxburgh, Duke of, sale of his library, 59.
Roy, Jean, short memoir of, 142.
Russia, France declares war against, 73.—March of the French army into Russia, ib.—For a detail of the events of this war, read the Bulletins of the French Army, and Gazette Intelligence.
Ryves, Eliza, some account of the life of, 224.

Sadler, Mr. account of his aerial ascension from Dublin, intending to cross the channel, 350.
Salamanca, official account of the battle of, French defeated with great loss, 153.
———— French account of the battle of, 157.
———— on the supposed mistatement of numbers at this battle, 190.
Savage cruelty to conquered enemies, 312.
Schneiderkins, a new farce, 326.
Scotland, occurrences in, 173, 438.
Seraglio at Constantinople, a minute and interesting account of the interior of the, 103.
Serampore, destruction of the missionary printing office at, by fire, 319.
Shropshire, occurrences in, 170.
Sicily, a revolution in, 420.
Sleep Walker, the, a new farce, 65.
Sligo, the Marquis of, tried and found guilty of inducing seamen to desert his Majesty's service, 503.
Smolensko, dreadful battle of, between the French and Russians, 242, 255
ety of Arts, 404.
Somersetshire, occurrences in, 170, 259, 437.
Southern Africa, account of some Moravian missionaries in, 383.
Spanish Patriots a Thousand Years ago, a new drama, 240.
Squire, Lieut. Colonel, sketch of the military life of, 66.
Stael-Holstein, Madame de, on female literature, 373.
Staffordshire, occurrences in, 438.
Stenography, a lecture on, 402.
Stocks, prices of, 88, 176, 264, 352, 440, 523.
Strawberries, best mode of cultivating, 410.
Switzerland, continuation of Coxe's travels in, 13, 97, 184, 361, 444.
Suffolk, occurrences in, 437.
Summer and Winter, difference observed in these seasons, 140.
Surrey, occurrences in, 170.
Sussex, occurrences in, 170, 260, 437.

Taylor, Rev. C. death of, 68.
Theatrical Recorder, 63, 239, 324, 414.
Touch at the Times, a new comedy, 63.
Toulmin, Dr. his translation of Isocrates' oration on regal government, 177.
——— speech of, at the annual meeting of the Auxiliary Bible Society at Birmingham, 265.
Transactions of Learned and Economical Societies, 232, 402, 490.
Trinity, curious dedication to the, 89.
Trial of Daniel Dawson, for poisoning horses, 85.
——— E Wolger and S. Lyal, for the murder of a new-born infant, 171.
——— the Editors of the Examiner, remarks on the, 502.
Tunis, historical memoir on, 22, 117.
Turkey-Red, methods employed in dying, —Persian, 35.—Greek, 36.—German, 37.—Scotch, 38.
Turkish Bazars, account of the, 134.
Tusser, short memoir of, 307.

Valenberg, M. de, narrative of a journey performed by him to the mountains of Lapland, 497.
Vallancy, General, death of, 144.
Varieties, literary and philosophical, 58, 127, 233, 316, 405, 490.
Upas-tree, a memoir on the, 208.

Wales, occurrences in, 172, 262.
——— alterations in the manner of living there, 172.
Wapentake, origin of this term, 11.
West Wind, a new musical farce, 325.
Westminster Club, for promoting parliamentary reform, 430.
Wellington, Marquis, official details of the operations of the forces under the command of, 79, 152, 248, 508.
Wheat, extraordinary crop of, 260.
Wiltshire, occurrences in, 171, 260.
Windham's, Right Hon. Wm Speeches in Parliament, review of, 135.
——— some account of the life of, 477.
Winter, Admiral de, death of, 142.

Yorkshire, occurences in, 171, 261, 349.

Zambeccari, M. killed in an aerial ascension, 408.

END OF VOLUME XVIII.

Charles Squire, Printer,
Furnival's-Inn-Court, London.